Interventions

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Interventions

by JiminsJeans

Summary

Jungkook isn’t adjusting well to his new life as a bunnyboy. When Seokjin catches the baby rabbit rubbing his little cock obscenely against the furniture, the men are forced to do what’s best for their maknae.

Jungkook objects vehemently.
Intervention One

Chapter Notes

Please don't be deceived by the cute fluffy surface of this story. This story is centered around forced infantilism, forced age play, training and manipulation.

It is not a rescue fic. Nor is it a comfort or recovery fic. I have very purposefully not tagged those. Please read through the tags carefully. Please stop reading this story if it makes you uncomfortable.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Ever since the transformation, Jungkook was constantly rutting against things. He'd start the day with one hand wrapped around his little cock and the other hand trying to fill his greedy leaking bunnyboy hole. Completing the daily erotic choreography of bringing himself to completion was made all the more difficult by his newly exacerbated oral fixation. He didn't have enough hands for all the things his body needed him to do yet he had a will so he found a way. If sometimes that "way" involved sucking on a large carrot, no one had to know.

The performance was repeated multiple times, separated by the shortest refractory periods known to mankind, until, limbs exhausted, he could no longer build himself up to the moment of ecstasy his body craved. Even when his arms were no longer up to the task, his cock remained rock hard and he'd realize that he needed to find stimulation some other way.

This often came in the form of humping the sofa arm or a pillow or a plushie, and once Seokjin even caught a pajama-clad bunny rubbing himself up against the dining table leg and had to unceremoniously drag the kid away.

Jungkook had cried angrily and pulled on his bunny ears in frustration.

That's when the first intervention occurred.

**********************************

They purposely caught him in a rare moment of flaccidity and lucidity so they could have his full attention - or as much of it as possible.

“Jungkook-ah,” Seokjin started as gently as he could, “I know you're going through a lot of changes but this can't be good for you. You're doing nothing else all day but shooting your little bunnycock all over our furniture and the amount of laundry we've had to do is unholy.”

“What Jin-hyung is trying to say,” Namjoon took over calmly, “is that we're worried about you. Obviously as a new bunnyboy we don't expect you to help around the house or anything. This isn't a guilt trip Kookie, we all made this decis- ” Namjoon suddenly found himself unable to continue at the sight of Jungkook's pudgy-cheeked pout and his large watery eyes.

“Bun, don't cry,” Jimin cooed, running over to give the bunny's ears gentle pets, which Jungkook
responded to with his whole body. “We're just worried. You're not doing anything you used to enjoy. You haven't even touched your computer since you got back. It's making us all so sad,” Seokjin made a noise in agreement, “We just want to see you happy, you know?”

“I'm so sorry,” he sniffed, his ears drooping sadly, “I know it's a problem but I- I can't help it. I don't know what to do.”

Hoseok joined Jimin, stroking the little bunny's back soothingly as he explained, “We called the hybrid doctor for advice. He said it's natural and can be fixed easily with a bit of discipline.” Jungkook stiffened but Hoseok continued to rub calming circles on his back.

“Hey, Kookie, look at me,” Jimin took a hold of his face, his thumbs wiping away the tears that had spilled over, “There's no need to be scared. It's us, it's your hyungs. You trust us, right?”

Jungkook responded with a tiny nod.

Taehyung took something out from behind him and passed it to Jimin who passed it to Hoseok. The object was small and pink like a sugary Turkish Delight.

Yoongi, purely observing up until this point, took it upon himself to explain. Perhaps he thought his stoic tone would make it less horrifying. It didn't. “It's just a cockcage Bun.”

Both Hoseok and Jimin were prepared for Jungkook's immediate attempt to run away. Before anyone could blink they had a hold of an arm each. That didn't stop him from protesting and jerking in their restraint, pulling all three of them to the floor as his legs flailed in panic. “I'll be good, I promise! Hyungs! You don't have to do this!,” he pulled urgently against Hoseok’s hold, “I can stop, I just have to try harder. I'll- I'll be a good bunny... please. Please.”

“Someone take this from me,” Hoseok said about the cockcage, needing both hands to hold down the frightened bunny. Jungkook was smaller than before, so Hoseok was surprised by how much strength was needed to keep him still.

Yoongi took the offending object from Hoseok while Namjoon instructed Seokjin to restrain a leg or two before someone got a bruise.

While the others wrestled to keep the bunny from bolting, Namjoon took it upon himself to calm the baby rabbit down.

“Kookie,” his warm voice was firm. The boy stopped struggling for a moment to look up at the authoritative tone with wide twinkling eyes. No one was surprised by the way the maknae immediately ceased fussing. “The doctor said you're not going to be able to stop without help. So that's what we're doing baby bunny. We're helping. You'll let your hyungs help you, right Kookie?”

The boy's answer was small, “Yes, Hyung.” Jungkook always squirmed when they spoke to him like a child. Whether from embarrassment or arousal or both, no one was certain but that didn't stop them from enjoying it.

“Good,” Yoongi said, holding up the cockcage so Jungkook could get a better look at it, “So will you let me put this on you without being a brat?”

A soft tinkling sound came from the cockcage and Jungkook's horrified expression returned afresh. “Why- why does it have a bell?”

“Oh, this little thing?” Yoongi replied nonchalantly. It resembled a bell one usually sees on a cat collar and it made a similar noise when Yoongi flicked at it. “It's just to remind you it's there, remind
you to be good. It's not a big deal.” Yoongi’s unbothered demeanour was not transferring successfully to the distressed bunny.

“If it's not a big deal then- then- then can't we take it off?” Jungkook pleaded softly. His cotton tail was twitching in agitation and Jimin tightened his grip as if anticipating another escape attempt.

“Sorry Bun, that's not how this works,” Seokjin said sympathetically, pulling Jungkook’s shorts down before he could think about fussing again, “We'll explain the rest after we've locked up this naughty little pee pee, okay?”

Jungkook couldn't have blushed harder if he tried, “Don't call it that.”

“Well we can't call it a cock. Look how small it is.” Seokjin had a unique way with humiliating words.

With little pomp or ceremony, the cockcage was secured and locked, the key pocketed while the little baby rabbit was still trying to come to terms with this development.

Taehyung came over to give him a comforting hug and then lifted him quite suddenly to his feet, making the bunny yelp. Jungkook had lost significant stature after the transformation and people had taken to manhandling him a lot ever since. Hoseok was the biggest perpetrator, like an over enthusiastic kid with a puppy - a little too rough but all good intentioned.

Taehyung just liked that Jungkook was littler. The others said he was getting revenge on when a muscle-heavy Jungkook had enjoyed tossing a helpless Taehyung around. Taehyung would disagree: he also enjoyed manhandling Jimin and that had nothing to do with revenge, purely size. And Jungkook being so much smaller now brought him great joy.

For Jungkook, his new size was still taking some getting used to and he found himself yelping in surprise far too often when someone - often someone in a hurry - just picked him up by the waist and placed him elsewhere.

“Come on Gguk. Lots to discuss,” Taehyung said cheerfully after Jungkook was fully upright.

“Who-” the bunny stammered, overwhelmed, “Who has the key?”

“We all do. I mean, we all have one. So there's no reason to stress little rabbit,” Taehyung answered, “Questions at the end, okay?”

They all had one. Jungkook didn't have one. The bunny looked dejectedly down at his bubblegum pinkly caged cock and it looked so tiny. Tinier than before and the colour made it look like it was blushing. The cage wasn't the kind with metal bars but rather it was solid, completely encasing, making it look neatly wrapped. It even had a bow designed into it near the base, part of the plastic. It looked so... decorative. Like his cock was there purely for viewing pleasure. He was promptly aware of everyone watching him as he stared at it.

He realized immediately how unnecessary the bell was. There was no way he'd be able to forget the cage's presence. Not only was it obnoxious in color but the feeling was hard to ignore and his cock was already making an uncomfortable but valiant effort to harden. “Don't worry,” Yoongi said, in what was possibly supposed to be a reassuring tone, “It'll stop trying after a while.” Jungkook didn't look convinced.

“Dinner table everyone! I made jjajangmyeon,” Seokjin announced with a loud clap of his hands that startled the bunny. “Oh, sorry Bun,” he lowered his voice after noticing how Jungkook had jumped, “Forgot about the new ears.”
The bunnyboy hurried to grab his shorts and as he did, a soft tinkling sound rang through the air. He froze, suddenly a red-faced statue but everyone seemed to either not notice or pretend not to notice, making their way to the dining area.

Hoseok stayed behind to help Jungkook, or rather, manhandle Jungkook back into his shorts.

Soon everyone was seated in front of overflowing bowls and digging in.

Seokjin reached over and removed Jungkook's saliva-soaked shirt from between his teeth. The baby rabbit instinctively replaced it with his fingers which Seokjin then immediately removed too with a gentle hand, placing chopsticks between Jungkook's now saliva-slippery fingers. Without hesitation, the chopsticks went straight into the bunny's pouty mouth and he sucked on them pornographically.

“I gave you those to eat with Bun,” Seokjin sighed.

Jungkook’s tummy grumbled with hunger, but he was distracted by the strange feeling of the cockcage as well as the copious amounts of slick now leaking from his hole. He couldn't help squirming but his restless movements caused the light sound of a jingling bell to ring clearly from between his legs. Everyone looked up from their food as he flushed crimson. “Sit still Kookie. At least until you finish your food.”

“Can't,” he groaned, bouncing in his chair. The bell seemed to be more of a reminder to everyone else than the bunny.

“We know it's an adjustment baby but try,” Namjoon placated.

“Feels... feels funny.”

“The cage or your little bunny hole?”

“Both,” Jungkook barely blushed at Seokjin's choice of words, too riled up at this point. “Really wet.”

“Aww I know sweety. But can you try listen just for a little bit?”

“Dunno. I think I need to go to my room.” They all knew why. The boy was squirming uncontrollably, back to sucking on the chopsticks.

“We were gonna discuss when you can take your cage off,” Taehyung said sadly, as if personally hurt that Jungkook wanted to leave, “Don't you want to stay and listen?”

The little rabbit's ears and tail twitched at this, “Yeah.”

“And I'm sure you had questions for us. We'd loved to answer them. Can you sit still like a big boy while we chat?” The wording of the question made Jungkook squirm more and he pouted.

“Okay.”

It was unlikely that the bunny still remembered any of his questions.

“Good. So it's just going to be a simple system for good behaviour, alright?” He sat up in attention when Seokjin took out a pack of stickers, visual aid to his explanation. There was a plethora of brightly coloured images, everything from hearts and stars and little flowers to fruit and cartoon animals. “When you're a good boy, we'll put a cute sticker on your little pee pee.” Jungkook visibly cringed. Perhaps at the thought of them decorating his cockcage with childish stickers. Or perhaps at
the repeated use of that dreadful word.

“When you get 10, you just come show one of us and we'll unlock it for you. Bun can cum once and then we have to lock it back up again okay? That means whoever unlocked it has to be there to monitor- Are you listening Kookie?”

The bunny’s round eyes had glazed over at the mention of cumming. They all knew the boy’s hole was yearning for attention and if he didn't focus, he'd end up filling it with his fingers right there at the dinner table. “I- I'm listening.”

“Good boy.” From the look on Jungkook's face, these words made him leak some more. “Now, if you stay and finish your dinner, we'll have some fruit afterwards and then hyung will give you your first sticker, okay?”

Jungkook perked up at that and stuck his chopsticks in his noodles without hesitation, “Okay Hyung!”

A small laugh came from further down the table, probably Jimin.

The boy's attempt at eating was rather sad - he couldn't sit still, although it was evident he was trying. And his hand was trembling far too much for him to get a proper grip on the noodles.

Jungkook was so focused on his mission that he didn't notice that everyone had finished eating and was simply watching him, expressions ranging from amusement to fondness to Yoongi’s lack thereof. The boy's extreme determination to complete this absolutely miniscule task showed in his adorable frown and the baby pink tongue poking out from between his newer, slightly longer bunny teeth.

After his fourth failed attempt at getting food into his mouth, he let out a plaintive whine that was met with an unexpected good-hearted chuckle from Yoongi. “Aish this kid,” he muttered, grabbing up Jungkook’s chopsticks to feed the boy himself.

“Hyung!” Jungkook protested, snatching the cutlery back, “I can do it myself!” But his expression changed at the sight of his hyung’s disappointed face.

“Sorry Jungkook. It just looked like you needed help.”

“No! You're right! Here!” shoving the chopsticks back into his hyung’s clasp, Jungkook climbed into Yoongi's lap and opened his mouth expectedly, wide like a baby bird.

“Someone wants that sticker real bad,” Taehyung grinned before Jimin smacked his arm, causing him to wince.

“He's already embarrassed leave the little bun alone,” Jimin defended, reaching over to pet the top of Jungkook's head where his soft hair lay in disarray around his long ears. Jungkook leaned into the touch but Yoongi gently guided his face back to feed him.

“He's not embarrassed. Jin-hyung said he was humping the table right here in the dining room,” Taehyung argued, “Takes a lot to embarrass this little one, right Bun?”

Jungkook nearly choked, cheeks reddening around his mouthful of saucy noodles. But trying to be good, the boy’s pouty mouth continued to chew quietly.

“He can't help it. You know that,” Namjoon said to the bickering youngsters who just stuck out their tongues at each other petulantly.
“Anyway,” Seokjin dismissed them, “We've solved the issue. Look how good he's being.” At hearing these words, Jungkook's tail twitched reflexively in Yoongi's lap.

Everyone looked hopeful and Jungkook opened his mouth for another bite of food, as if wanting to please them some more. Yoongi couldn't help the huge smile that took over his face as Jungkook chased the food with his mouth while Yoongi playfully moved it away.

“Hyunggg,” the young one whined, trying again and getting sauce all over his chin and nose.

The table laughed in light-hearted amusement as Yoongi gave in and let the bunny have the last bite of food. This left only the barrier of berries between Jungkook and his sticker.

The maknae was given the chopsticks to suck on while everyone else cleaned the table.

Seeing as he was still perched comfortably on his hyung's lap when the mix of berries was brought out, he was happy to let Yoongi feed them to him.

No one was surprised when between each berry, the baby rabbit licked his hyung's fingers clean until he became completely absorbed by the task; no one except for Jungkook who would seem to suddenly realize he was holding his hyung's hand up to his mouth like a treat, with the long fingers nearly at the back of his throat. He was quick to drop them, blushing and apologizing profusely each time and then waiting patiently for the next berry. “Sorry hyung. Didn't mean to- you know- do… that.”

"It's okay Bun. As long as you're eating,” Yoongi said, colorless tone in complete contrast to the fond smile stretching his cheeks.

Everyone seemed to slowly disappear as they finished snacking and soon only Hoseok, Seokjin, Yoongi and one horny bunnyboy remained.

When Seokjin got up to leave, he tossed the pack of stickers towards Hoseok. “Hobi-”

“Got it hyung,” Hoseok pocketed the stickers, not needing instructions.

Jungkook was too far gone to notice. Sucking wetly on two of his hyung's perfectly knuckly fingers, he had begun rocking back and forth in a way that made Yoongi use his unoccupied hand to gently cup the cage between the little one's legs, “Calm down there baby boy.”

“No, it's hurting,” Jungkook whined.

Hoseok leaned in to join the hushed exchange of words, “What's hurting bunny?”

Jungkook didn't answer, he just sucked harder and rolled his body, searching for friction that he couldn't get.

Yoongi put his lips right up against Jungkook's neck to whisper his words into the boy's skin, “Is it your little bunnycock?” He used a finger and thumb to shake the caged thing, causing the bell to make a light cheery sound.

Jungkook groaned around the fingers in his mouth but didn't answer with words. Yoongi moved his other hand to wrap around the bunny's waist, an attempt to keep him from wrigglng quite so much.

“Or,” Hoseok’s voice was sweet with concern, “Is it your little nipples?” The question sounded so genuine, Jungkook was taken by surprise when Hoseok lightly pinched his nipples through his shirt.
The bunny seemed startled by his own body’s reaction, shuddering like it had suffered an electric shocked. Fortunately Yoongi’s arm was an unyielding restriction, preventing him from bucking too hard so Hoseok could continue rubbing the hardening pebbles through his shirt. “Are your nipples hurting Gguk?”

Jungkook denied it with a tearful shake of his head but Hoseok continued to draw slow circles around the little buds.

It was common knowledge that Jungkook had become more sensitive in many respects but both men were delighted to observe his reactions regardless.

“Ah,” Yoongi sighed dramatically, as if about to break the news of a tragedy, “that means it’s probably your greedy little hole.”

The bunny nodded, ears flopping cutely.

“We’re really sorry to hear that Bun,” Hoseok said sympathetically, “I’m sure it’ll feel better tomorrow.”

The bunny seeming to realize that his mouth was now empty and Hoseok was merely caressing his long ears lovingly, tried to get his bearings. “Th-thanks Hyung. I think I should um-” he was already trying to stand up but Yoongi’s arm pulled him back down firmly into his lap. Old Jungkook would’ve been able to escape his grasp with little effort, but baby rabbit Jungkook was having a difficult time.

“Not so fast pet.” They had never called him that before and he blinked rapidly, expression difficult to read. “Aren’t you forgetting something?”

“Oh! My sticker!”

“That’s right baby,” Yoongi praised into his ear, “Can you be a good boy and pull your shorts down so hyung can put the sticker on?

“Mkay.” Taking them off with Yoongi’s unmoving arms constricting his waist was a difficult manoeuvre but he succeeded. The back of the bunny’s shorts were undeniably wet as he pulled them down causing him to stammer out an awkward apology that his hyungs assured him was unnecessary (“It’s not your fault.” “Don’t apologize.”)

Hobi pulled out the pack of stickers and held them up.

“Bun, why don’t you choose one?” Yoongi encouraged gently. Jungkook shut his eyes tightly and with the stubbornness of a toddler, shook his head in an adamantly no, soft ears flopping about.

“You want Hyung to choose?” Hobi asked kindly. Jungkook only made a small sound of acceptance. “Okay, let’s see…”

Hoseok took his time flipping through each sheet of stickers, occasionally showing a sheet he thought was particularly cute to Yoongi while Jungkook avoided looking.

The bunny’s nipples were still visibly at attention through his thin white shirt and his cock tied up all prettily in a bow sat blushing between his legs but both hyungs barely acknowledged him, too preoccupied with the stickers.

The bunny whined impatiently and Yoongi without hesitation gave the bunny’s thigh a gentle smack. “Quiet bun.”
Jungkook stilled.

He tried closing his legs but Yoongi, maintaining the discussion of colourful animal stickers with Hoseok, parted his legs again with a firm grip and held them open without missing a beat in the conversation. The bunny tried again but Yoongi’s grip was unyielding.

“That's it. That's the one.”

“Agreed.”

At the sight of the little white cartoon rabbit sticker, Jungkook immediately began twisting away, making little noises of protest.

“Hey Kookie. C'mon. You were being so good,” Hoseok sulked, “We don't want to have to take a sticker away before it's even on.”

The distressed bunny froze. “Wh-what? No one said anything about- about taking stickers away...”

“You must have been distracted by your aching little hole Bun. I’m sure Jin-hyung mentioned it,” Yoongi said flatly, “Now hold still.”

Hoseok asked where he should put it and the little one responded predictably, “Anywhere.”

After some debate between the two men about placement, Hoseok confidently stuck the cartoon rabbit right above the shiny bell. When there was nothing more to do, they helped the boy pull his shorts back up and patted his bottom lightly, sending him on his way.

The bunny was quick to scamper down the hall.

In the privacy of his bedroom, he didn't hesitate to pull down his shorts again, shoving three fingers into his dripping hole and moaning at the euphoria of finally having something inside him, something for his tight rim to clench around. He wasn't full but it was better than nothing, better than fidgeting in Yoongi-hyung's lap where his hyung could feel the wetness seeping through his shorts and onto his thigh.

His other hand provided fingers for his berry-stained lips to wrap around but then he couldn't touch his nipples so he just rubbed his chest against the bed sheets while his fingers pumped violently in his gushing hole.

At short intervals, he'd remove his fingers from his hot mouth to give attention to his nipples, covering the sensitive buds in saliva and bucking wildly as sparks of pleasure shot through his body. But then his mouth would salivate, yearning for something to suck on, prominent front teeth gnawing at his lip or biting at his duvets, leaving them wet from spit.

The bunny's cock straining in it's small pink device was a sad reminder that he was never going to tumble over the edge of the pleasure cliff tonight but his ass didn't seem to notice this fact nor care. It just wanted to be filled and fucked, desperate and sensitive, taking him to the edge of the cliff and keeping him there, unable to fall.

Tears of frustration began to roll down his burning face like the streams of slick rolling down his
thighs.

Not knowing what else to do, not knowing how to continue without touching his cock, he pulled roughly on his bunny tail and cried out in both pleasure and agony. He caressed his own ass cheeks like a lover, enjoying its new roundness, its new sensitivity while his rim continued to contract involuntarily, spilling slick like a plea.

The baby rabbit’s sheets were now saturated with slick, saliva, sweat and salty tears. Soaking. He cried some more. Nipples aching, he lay on his back, breathing heavy, face wet. Looking down at the pink cage, the bright sticker seemed to shine in the darkness, mocking him.

One question circled his cloudy mind, *how was he ever going to survive until 10 stickers?*

*His hyungs. His hyungs would help him. They cared so much for him. They'd help. They were all so helpful, his hyungs.*

Exhausted from the inevitable failed pursuit of an unobtainable orgasm, he eventually drifted off to sleep, never realizing that he hadn’t gotten to ask any of his questions.

Chapter End Notes

Twitter:  
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Bribery

Chapter Notes

Warning: This fic involves noncon aspects, forced infantilism and abuse of power.
MIND THE TAGS.

The baby rabbit woke up groggy, cockcage still exposed, shorts tangled up between his ankles and little cottontail still damp.

His first thoughts were ones of regret. He was ashamed of how much he had fought his hyungs the day before when they had made it abundantly clear that they only wanted what was best for him.

It couldn't have been easy for them either, to bring up such a thing to their dongsaeng. And he had gone and made it more difficult. He seemed to be doing that a lot lately, making things more difficult when his friends were trying to make things better for him.

And then last night, in his sexual desperation he had even considered asking them for more help. How were they supposed to help him any more than they already had?

God, he was so selfish. This situation was hard on everyone and he wasn't making it any better. His hyungs had even called the hybrid doctor for him and that's something he should have thought of himself. It would have probably crossed his mind if he hadn't been so fucking horny every waking moment.

He should have accepted the cockcage quietly, admitted he had a problem and thanked his hyungs for trying to solve it with him. Instead he had kicked and cried.

discipline, Hobi-hyung had said. he could do discipline. he was jeon jungkook. his self-discipline had been one of the most impressive things about him. when he decided to do something, he'd do it.

but. but. his hyungs weren't his owne- parents. how had they just put themselves in charge of him? he hadn't asked for that. if he wanted to beat his cock raw, he should be allowed to. why was it any of their business?

because they love you.

no, they just think you're irresponsible.

His coherent string of thoughts, after waking, didn't remain coherent for very long.

His cock wasn't the only thing being held captive by the cage. His mind was too. It was incapable of wandering very far before it was dragged violently back to his body's desires, shivering, trembling, writhing.
A part of him understood why the cockcage was necessary. He was a mess. Obviously his hyungs had made the right decision, to protect him and to help him.

But a larger part of him was fighting. That part of him wanted to scream and kick and yell that it wasn’t fair. He hadn't chosen this. That part of him was also starting to feel claustrophobic from his hyungs’ constant care. He had to remind himself that they were being supportive in the best way they could. He couldn't blame them for overdoing it; they were all such loving people. And they had always loved their maknae a ton.

Ever since the cockcage had gone on, Jungkook's nipples had hardened and stayed that way, as if ludicrously trying to compensate for his cock being taken hostage. In fact, his whole body seemed to be in protest of its captivity. And his body's outrage was manifesting in different ways.

His mouth wanted to suck, in the same way that he used to sometimes crave pizza and be unable to think about anything else until he had a slice in his mouth. Except now he wanted something heavy and hard, something too big, that his tongue could caress and lick, cover in saliva and then suck off. He thought about lollipops but ice ones disappeared too quickly and candy ones were too small. But the stickiness was so good. That's what his lips wanted. They wanted something thick and creamy like a milkshake but those never satisfied him, even when he used the thickest straw. It was frustrating.

His nipples were the most complicated to understand and he continuously struggled to figure out what they wanted. They constantly yearned for attention, standing visible behind his shirt. The little nubs were temperamental but he didn't give up. He knew they liked to be rubbed and caressed and tweaked. But sometimes they wanted to be pinched and pulled at. Sometimes they liked the feel of soft silky materials but they also liked the coarse fabrics that scratched and itched. If the poor bunny had ever had his nipples sucked, he would know that they wanted that too. They wanted something hot and wet to tug at them with a suction that pulled his breath from his lungs and sent sparks of pleasure racing to the ends of his limbs, making his fists clench and his toes curl.

His nipples, the sensitive little things, were the most troublesome, but they certainly were not the most demanding. That award went to his wet hole.

It was always winking, hungry, open and spilling slick out like a siren call to be filled. His insides felt empty, yearning, hollow. Even just a light touch of a fingertip to his sensitive rim made his whole body buck wildly, out of control, nerves on fire. Yet he always pushed through the sensitivity because his tight dripping hollow needed to be filled, needed to be fucked, stuffed with something huge that would make him feel both fragile and strong. Something so big that it hurt. He didn't have anything like that around, so his hole wept, drowning his bed in its tears while his fingers tried to mollify it. For some reason that seemed to make it angrier, seemed to rile it up, make it wetter and more desperate. It was like he was prodding a tied-up wolf with a stick while dangling a bloody piece of meat in front of it.

Jungkook was that wolf (he acknowledged the irony), and the piece of meat was the 6 men he lived with. Or their cocks. But he wouldn't let himself think about that. That's why he had to lock his door. That's why he had to stay inside. That's why he was ignoring the incessant knocks at his door, the shouting, the calls to come eat.

At least once every hour, Jungkook would think about asking his hyungs to buy him a dildo. But the embarrassment of that conversation was too difficult to imagine. Hybrids didn't have financial autonomy, which means he couldn't get a job, neither did he have any money to his name. The laws worked on a vague ownership foundation that he hadn't yet had time to properly educate himself about. He didn't know what had happened to his money, or where it went. He hoped it went to his
parents. Money was part of the reason he knew he owed his hyungs some cooperation. They were making sacrifices to help him. He hadn't had any time to find out about legal matters, about who owned him. It would probably be his parents now but that hardly mattered when his hyungs were buying him everything he needed and taking such good care of him.

On occasion, he would imagine asking Seokjin to buy a dildo. And then he'd imagine Seokjin scolding him for wanting a dildo when there were six perfectly functioning dicks right there. And then Seokjin would bend him over and shove his cock so hard up Jungkook's ass that he'd wail in pain and ecstasy. This fantasy would take over his thoughts and body and he'd never get around to asking for that dildo.

Sometimes his body would give him moments of respite in which his thoughts would declutter themselves and his cock would relax as if defeated by its captor. But he didn't know what triggered these moments or how long they would last.

Still, he tried to use these times of clarity to dash to the kitchen and grab snacks and rehydrate himself. He was so quick that his hyungs barely saw him but he was sure they noticed the food was missing and figured out he was still keeping himself alive. He also used these moments for bathroom visits. Showering, he realized, was a rather difficult task when one was trying to avoid accidentally peeling a sticker off one’s cockcage, which was not a challenge Jungkook ever thought he would face in his life.

It was during one of these masturbation interludes that he earned his second sticker. It wasn't owed to anything remarkable. Jungkook had simply offered to do all the household laundry, largely motivated by the fact that the state of his bedding was not something he thought anyone deserved to see or experience.

Doing the laundry that day had been both a victory and a tragedy to the bunny hybrid. He had been in a rush and had somehow managed to shrink almost all of his clothes. On the plus side, his shorts fitted his smaller waist better now but they were...well, shorter. And they rode up. He didn't wear his old trousers anymore because they were too long for his new height. His shrunken shirts on the other hand, better hugged his narrower shoulders but now also exposed his midriff if he lifted his arms even a little.

For the first couple days, whenever he was scampering about outside his room, the tinkling bell alerting his roommates to his every movement, an excitable hyung would leap out of a crevice for a casual chat. About the cockcage. About the stickers. About the bunny’s behaviour. (They didn’t seem to notice or acknowledge that his shrunken clothing was failing at its only job.)

Namjoon was particularly fond of doing this. “How's the collection coming along Kookie?” he'd ask, “We gonna be unlocking that pee pee soon?”

Seokjin was always a catchphrase aficionado but the term “pee pee” seemed to have had an exceptionally contagious quality.

Without waiting for a response, Namjoon would stretch the waistband of the little one's shorts and take a look himself, commenting on how cute Jungkook's cock looked all locked away, how the pink cage reminded him of a marshmallow. Jungkook would squirm and blush and try to hide and Namjoon would praise him for being so cooperative and for trusting them and being so good until Jungkook was squirming more and rubbing his thighs together because he had gotten wetter between the ass cheeks.

And then Namjoon would give him gentle scratches behind the ears that the bunny hadn't known he wanted or needed but he'd hum in satisfaction and push into his hyung, overcome with the need to
rub against him, to feel him close. He'd imagine how good that office shirt would feel against his nipples and he'd notice a sensation in his knees like they were about to give up. The embarrassment of fainting from head scratches would push him over the limit of the amount of humiliation he could handle in one day. He was already close to maximum capacity when Namjoon called his cock a marshmallow. Fainting would break the camel's back.

He imagined all his hyungs making a game of trying to get the bunny to faint from a good ear scratch. First one to do it, wins. The thought was both mortifying and pleasant, as were most things these days.

When Namjoon said those nice things and touched his hair in that way, Jungkook wanted more. He wanted a proper cuddle. And he knew his hyung would give it to him if he went in for it. But he couldn't. He shouldn't. Not after what happened when he sat on Yoongi's lap at dinner that night.

His mind had been so clouded but he remembers sucking on the man's fingers, the taste of his skin, berries and also something distinctly Yoongi.

Ugh. Had he told them about how his hole was aching? He had, hadn't he? Well shit. Had Hoseok touched his nipples or had his fantasies gotten too vivid?

Once and only once, Namjoon, instead of ear scratches, had given the bunnyboy a gentle encouraging pat on his plump bottom, right below his floofy twitchy round tail. The casual gesture had felt like a proper spank to the poor bunny. He had jumped in alarm and fought to hold back tears (and when he thought Namjoon wasn't looking he had rubbed soothingly at his butt, trying to take away the lingering sting) Namjoon hadn't done it again after that.

Namjoon had learnt something new about Jungkook's body that day. And everyone knew Namjoon loved learning.

But Jungkook had learnt something too. Pain made him leak more, made his stomach beat in his chest, made his heart hammer inside his skull, made his cock strain against its confinement. It was awful and wonderful in a way he couldn't describe.

The bunny knew his ass cheeks were more sensitive to caresses but now he knew they were also more sensitive to spanks. It should have been obvious but it wasn't something he thought about often.

It didn't help that his group of friends were accustomed to playful fights, platonic ass pats and general mischief. He'd have to be more vigilant, lest he unwittingly burst into tears when everyone was just having fun. He couldn't remember when last he'd had fun with them though. This made the bunny sad. He'd been too busy spraying semen on his ceiling. And now that that wasn't an option anymore, he was too busy filling his hole behind his bedroom door.

It also didn't help that Jungkook's butt now looked more spankable after its sudden growth. It was perky in a way that seemed like it was trying to get attention, like it wanted to be noticed. He couldn't be aware of his ass cheeks, their size was the reason he had stopped wearing underwear. His rounder bottom would pull the fabric taut and if he moved a little, the material would disappear between his butt cheeks and become trapped against his sensitive hole, where it would rub and tickle and generally cause more problems than underwear was worth. And now his bottom was also peeking out below his shrunken shorts. Nothing was on his side.

He'd just have to stay alert and aware.

Especially of Taehyung, the hyung that for some inexplicable reason like to leap onto Jungkook's
back without warning and pretend he was riding a horse, patting the maknæ's behind and shouting “giddyup!” Jungkook wasn’t even sure if he could hold Taehyung’s weight anymore and he was scared to find out. Fortunately, there had been no leaping or horsing around as of late.

It was soon after the accidental spanking incident with Namjoon that Jungkook had approached Jimin about borrowing some less revealing shorts.

“I don’t really wear shorts, Bun,” he had informed the maknæ regretfully, “And I think all my sweatpants and jeans are going to be a bit too long for you. We don’t want you tripping all over the place, you’re already getting clumsier by the day.”

Jungkook pouted at this and Jimin booped his nose.

“Kookie I didn’t even notice anything shrunk and I doubt anyone else did either. It looks fine, relax.”

The maknæ just blinked at him.

“Bunnyyyyyyy~” Jimin whined, “Don’t pout at me like that. You’re making me feel useless.”

“Sorry,” he muttered, feet shuffling, wet eyes glistening unintentionally.

“Hold on!” Jimin exclaimed in realization, turning to his wardrobe and rifling through the hangers. “Here!”

He tossed a large garment at Jungkook, expecting the boy’s usual fast reflexes to help him catch it. Except they didn’t and the large sweater landed on his top of his fluffy ears, covering his whole head and his shoulders, making him squawk in fright.

Jungkook had noticed. It was too big for Jimin. But it looked cute so he Jungkook let him keep it. Sometimes Jungkook was fond of a cliché.

His fluffy ears made it through the neck hole of the sweater but when he started huffing and looking stuck, Jimin helped him get his arms through the long sleeves.

Jungkook looked down at himself. The hem of the sweater covered his shorts completely. Of course it did.

why had he thought this was an okay idea?

Jimin was staring at him unblinkingly. Not moving. Seemingly not breathing either.

The longer Jimin stared, the more the smaller boy could feel blood rushing to his face. With a hurried, “Thank you,” Jungkook scurried back to his room, the sound of a small bell following him all the way.

The bunny now had a collection of tiny shirts, even tinier shorts and one overly large sweater.

At least he didn't need to go anywhere.
Past

Jungkook had been on his way home from the gym when he experienced the first of what would soon become many strange and frequent headaches. Living with six other guys in their twenties, he wasn't a stranger to headaches but this was unlike anything he'd felt before.

There was a pounding underneath his skull in two distinct spots at the top of his head. It was likely an exhaustion headache and he hoped it would go away on its own.

When he got home, his petite smiley roommate was emerging from the kitchen with a pyramid of snacks in his arms, “Oh Kookie! You're back! We were just about to watch a movie. Are you gonna jo-” he broke off at the sight of the maknae’s pained expression. “What's wrong? You better not have been at the gym until this hour,” Jimin scolded, noticing the gym bag slung around the taller boy's muscled shoulder.

“I'm alright hyung. I've just got a headache. I'll come watch.”

“Okay Gguk. But if you're not feeling well, then it's straight to bed, okay?”

“Yes Hyungnim” he said sarcastically, rolling his eyes. He reached over and took the mountain of food from his small hyung with just one arm and used his free hand to ruffle Jimin’s hair on his way to the tv room.

“Yah! Brat!” Jimin shouted after the taller boy, rearranging his hair. Jungkook expected Jimin to follow him into the tv room but instead he heard his hyung’s chiming voice call again from the kitchen, “Jungkookie! You want some juice?”

“That'd be great, thanks hyung!”

Seokjin had introduced Jungkook to some sort of new energy health juice that his company was launching, saying something about how it helped to build muscle and Jungkook didn't need to hear more. It was now his favourite thing, the only thing he drank. Granted, he didn't seem to be gaining any more muscle than usual but it tasted incredible and left him feeling sort of new? It was hard to explain.

He felt strongly that the miracle juice would help alleviate his headache. But maybe that was his natural brand loyalty speaking. Seokjin often told him he was born to be sponsored.

While he was waiting for Jimin, an arm from a mystery person behind him reached over his shoulder to snatch the packet of crisps he was eating out of his hand. But they were too slow. Jungkook grabbed the thin wrist without a second thought, yanking the owner of the arm over the back of the couch so that he tumbled into the seat next to him. The pile of limbs was Taehyung. His roommate seemed unfazed as he untangled himself and immediately went for the crisps again.

“Give up Tae,” he said, seizing both of Taehyung’s thin wrists in one hand's grip, using the other hand to pop another crisp into his own mouth with a self-satisfied smirk, “Yum. Honey butter.”

“You're an asshole.”
“Indeed my twinky friend. Indeed.”

“Just one crisp, Gguk! It's HONEY BUTTER! Have some humanity!”

“I'll think about it.”

“Who has Twinkies?” Hoseok yelled from somewhere far away.

“Give Tae a crisp Gguk,” Jimin reprimanded from the kitchen.

“Fine,” Jungkook huffed. At hearing this, Taehyung tried to pull his hands free but Jungkook wasn't relaxing his grip even a little. “Here,” Jungkook smiled, holding a single crisp up to his friend’s face.

“No one has Twinkies Hoseok-hyung!” Jimin was yelling through the house as he made his way to the chaos in the living room.

“Jiminnnnnnnn~” Taehyung whined.

“What?” Jimin sighed, turning to the bondage scene playing out on the sofa.

Taehyung made a face like, “Look at this. Look at the injustice.”

“What do you want me to do Tae, wrestle him?”

“If you can,” he pouted, long fringe curtaining his eyes pitifully. Jimin let out a carefree laugh and carried on with his business, placing the drinks on the coffee table and then moving to sort the movie out.

“C'mon puppy,” Jungkook teased, shaking the golden crisp enticingly.

Taehyung blushed so hard, Jungkook was surprised he wasn't cooking his internal organs with the heat. “Stop that.”

“Stop what, puppy?”

“You're a bit of a dick Jeon Jungkook,” Jimin said from where he had sunk into an armchair.

“We're having fun!”

“Are we?” Taehyung whined.

“Drink your juice Gguk,” Jimin reminded him.

“Oh! Right!” Jungkook let Taehyung take the crisp with his mouth before letting him go. “Which one's mine?”

Jimin reached over, and honest-to-god placed an actual sippy cup in Jungkook’s hand, funeral-face serious.

Jungkook stared at it like he had just watched it swallow a cat.

“It's a sippy-cup” Jimin offered as if that explained everything.

“I see that. But why?”

“Because you're a child,” Taehyung muttered grumpily at the same time as Jimin answered.
“So you don't spill. You seemed kind of shaky when you came in. Just thought it would be easier.”

“Why on earth do we have a toddler cup in this house?” Jungkook asked.

“Jungkookie,” Jimin sighed dramatically, “Dear dear Jungkookie. Surely you've lived here long enough to realize that these kinds of questions don't have answers and possibly never will.”

Jimin was right.

Jungkook drank from the cup, appreciating Jimin's consideration but trying not to show it. He did feel kind of shaky. Didn't they have normal plastic bottles though?

They sat in silence for a while waiting for the rest to join, Taehyung munching on the crisps that he'd managed to “sneak” from Jungkook, Jimin tapping away at his phone, and Jungkook strangely absorbed by the action of drinking his juice.

Jimin made eye contact with Jungkook and jerked his head in Taehyung's direction.

Jungkook sighed and turned to Taehyung, “Hyung I'm sorry. I was just messing around. You know I love you, right?”

“I know,” Taehyung answered softly, not looking at Jungkook so Jungkook reached over and yanked him into his lap. Taehyung shrieked as he flew across the sofa, clutching tighter to his bag of Honey Butter crisps so they didn't get lost in the war.

“Jungkook let go!” Taehyung squealed but he was laughing now because Jungkook was hugging him tightly, crushing his bones with affection and nuzzling his nose into Taehyung's soft hair.

“Kookie! Kookie! Let go! Jimin save the crisps!”

“Tae-hyunggg I'm sorry.”

“Okay okay okay I forgive you and I love you now let go. My lungs weren't made for this. I'm an air-breather!”

Jungkook released him and they were both laughing when Hoseok arrived, looking tired, “I'm just here for the Twinkies.”

“There are no Twinkies, Hyung. Gguk was calling Taehyung a twink.”

“These kind of misunderstandings are dangerous for my mental health,” Hoseok replied, staring dead-eyed at nothing in particular.

“Don't joke about mental health,” Yoongi grunted as he walked in to take a seat.

“Twinkies are no joke,” Hoseok glared.

Yoongi was followed closely by Namjoon and Seokjin.

“Thank you Ahjussi's for gracing us with your presence,” Jimin said, standing up and bowing a full 90 degrees.

Namjoon gave him the middle finger without even looking at him. “Let's get the show on the road shall we?”

“Hey who's sippy cup is this?” Seokjin asked.
“Jungkook’s,” Jimin answered.

“Oh okay.” Jin responded. Jungkook looked around, suprised by the unfazed expressions around him.

“Jimin! Press play!” Hoseok yelled.

“Alright alright. Calm your farm.”

The movie started.

It starred a chiseled muscled man whose every line was blatant plot exposition and a dainty confident cat hybrid as the lead female who barely did more than look pretty.

Everyone seemed to be enjoying the movie despite its flaws.

Jungkook still couldn't quite wrap his head around the idea of hybrids. Sure, he knew the facts (kind of) but he had met only a handful and he really couldn't understand making that kind of choice.

Some experts in genetic research had discovered that almost all humans possessed dormant genes for animal traits. People usually only had the gene combinations for one species of animal, although this wasn't a hard and fast rule.

With the right kind of chemical stimulation, a person could activate their latent genes to make the traits present themselves. Apparently the transformation process also involved an electromagnetic something but science wasn't Jungkook’s strongest suit.

The biggest issue with this whole concept was that you wouldn't know which species' genes you possessed or which of its traits would manifest, unless you sent a DNA sample to the labs of the Genetic Consortium for Hybrid Research and Engineering.

After sending the sample, they'd send back a detailed report of your genetic make up and the traits that you'd display if you chose that path. Most often the traits were so useless that no one really wanted to waste their money on them. Or they were just traits of appearance that were less than functional. Another huge deterrent were the unstable laws surrounding hybrids. Jungkook doesn't think they're allowed to earn money, which makes the movie actress somewhat intriguing but it's also likely that she's a fake. People have been doing that a lot lately. Especially on social media. It made money.

If, after looking at the report, you decided that that's what you wanted, you could begin taking whatever medication it was that initiated the physical changes and then some doctors would help you through the rest probably.

At least, that's how it normally went, as far as Jungkook knew.
After the first few days of awkward, embarrassing and sometimes funny encounters between the bunny and his roommates, the atmosphere in the house began to shift.

When the baby rabbit ran into a roommate, he was no longer met with smiles and playful banter but with frowns of concern.

“Jungkook! Have you eaten?” Hoseok would yell down the hall at a long-eared boy scampering away from him. “Hey!” The door was already shut and locked and Hoseok was left to bang on it angrily, “Kookie! I'm telling you, if you don't open this door…”

No response.

“I will physically remove this door from it's hinges and it'll stay off. I have screwdrivers Gguk. Don't test me.”

The voice that replied was breathless but resolute.

“You're not my dad Hobi-hyung!”

“Yeah but that doesn't mean I'm not afraid to spank that disrespectful little bunny butt.”

The moan he heard then was so sinful that Hoseok backed away quite quickly. He'd get Seokjin to talk to the kid later.

Seokjin’s attempt wasn't any better. “Yah! Jungkook!” knock knock knock. “You wanna come to gym with me?”

Again, silence.

“Have you showered?”

Silence.

“Are you even fucking alive kid?”

Seokjin took the answering whine as a yes and departed with his shoulders sagging in defeat.

The 95 duo were successful but only because of their bribery skills.

“Kookie! We got you a present!” Jimin shouted through the door while Taehyung rapped his knuckles on the wood.

“Uh- thanks hyung! I'll uh- get it from you later okay?” Jungkook's muffled voice had replied.

“We've been waiting Kookie. Tae wanted to give it to you personally but you never come out. Can we just see you for a moment?”

“Kinda busy right now Jimin hyung,” Jungkook called back.

Taehyung responded this time. “It's fine Kookie. It's a stupid gift anyway,” he sniffed. A sad
Taehyung could break a person. “We’ll just leave it outside the door, okay? C’mon Jimin.”

“Okay wait wait wait!” They could hear the rabbit scrambling urgently behind the door and they shared a silent high-five and then composed themselves right as the door flew open, revealing a small figure with long twitching ears. He was drowning in a sweater and appeared, to Taehyung at least, not to be wearing bottoms. It was just a case of the shrunken shorts.

When Jungkook opened the door, he was looking straight ahead at eye-level, having forgotten that he was now shorter than everyone. He blushed as pink as his cockcage as he was forced to lift his eyes and even tilt his chin up to properly look Taehyung in the face. Taehyung loved it.

“How can we come in?” Taehyung asked with his ever-present optimism.

Jungkook looked stressed. “Uhhhh I think it’s best if you… don’t.”

“We won't be long,” Taehyung said. And with that, he reached forward, gripping the little one’s waist with both hands and lifting him high into the air. The bunny squeaked loudly, limbs flailing. Taehyung stepped into the room, putting Jungkook down to the side. Jimin followed, shutting the door behind them.

The little one pouted, looking ready to complain before he got distracted by the bright package in Jimin’s hands.

“This is for you, bun,” Jimin said, handing over the package. “Why don't you open it while we're here? We might need to explain how it works.”

“What the fuck is this?” Jungkook asked, shooting a look of scepticism at the strange device he had unwrapped.

“You know, that sort of language doesn't suit your new look,” Jimin scolded.

“Shut up.”

“I'm kidding bun, relax,” Jimin soothed, scratching that special spot near the base of the bunny's ears. And Jungkook did relax. Too much. His eyelids drooped in pleasure and his knees wobbled visibly, threatening to cave.

“Hyung~” his moan was syrupy sweet and Taehyung felt like licking it up. “Hyung stop.”

“Stop?” Jimin whispered incredulously. “You sure?”


“Why baby? Doesn't it feel good?”

“It does hyung...but ,” his voice sounded so small.

“But?”

The bunnyboy looked incapable of responding, he was just leaning towards Jimin, looking like he might tip over. Taehyung was on standby, to catch if necessary.

“It's a gift we got especially for you Kookie,” Jimin answered Jungkook's earlier question, but the bunny just blinked at him hazily, “Don't you think you should be a little kinder when someone gives you a gift?”
Jungkook's mind was trying make sense of the words and thankfully Jimin stopped petting him so his brain could catch up.

“I'm sorry hyung. It looks… it looks really nice,” the bunny mumbled shamefully, letting Taehyung pull him into his lap as his two hyungs took a seat on his bed. His shorts were wet but Taehyung didn't mind.

“Didn't mean to be rude,” Jungkook said, sad eyes tearing up in apology, “I'm really grateful hyung. Thank you. But wha-what is it?” he whispered hesitantly.

Taehyung and Jimin shared a smile at Jungkook's sudden noticeable change in attitude.

“Well,” Jimin started, “To cut a long story short we wanted to get you something to suck on. It's just something we noticed you need, there's no reason to blush.”

Jungkook’s tail was quivering. “I don't- It's not- I'm okay I swear. You don't have to worry-”

“Jungkook. Hyung is talking now.”

“Sorry.” He withdrew into Taehyung's embrace.

“So Namjoon-hyung suggested a pacifier. A little obvious if you ask me but everyone agreed.”

“It looks a bit like a pacifier…” Jungkook thought out loud.

“Interrupting again, bun?”

“No. Sorry, I'm sorry.”

“Anyway, they all put Tae and I in charge of choosing and purchasing it for you. Which honestly, was their mistake. And it's the reason you've ended up with this,” he explained, taking the gift from the bunny's hands.

Jungkook was still waiting patiently for the explanation of what “this” was.

Taehyung’s hand that had been supporting his back had drifted lower and was now fiddling playfully with his cottontail. The bunny looked like he was trying his hardest not to squirm.

“It does look a bit like a pacifier, doesn't it Kookie?”

It sounded like he was allowed to speak now so he did. “Yeah but the part to suck on looks funny.”

“You're right bun. And do you know why?”

Jungkook shook his head no. Taehyung had begun to stroke gentle circles on his ass cheeks and the bunny's whole body shivered.

“Because Tae and I know little rabbits prefer to suck on big things.”

Taehyung made a sound of agreement

It sounded like Jungkook choked on his own spit so Taehyung patted his back gently.

“We keep finding all these wet objects around the house with little bunny teeth marks on them. The tv remote, a salt shaker, Hoseok-hyung's tennis racket handle, Namjoon-hyung's robot figurines..."
"My hairbrush," Taehyung continued for him, "Jin-hyung's deodorant can, the ketchup bottle, Yoongi's shampoo bottle..."

"It's a mystery Tae, isn't it?" Jimin said, a bit like he was on a kid's tv show.

"A mystery," Taehyung confirmed, going back to stroking the bunny's restless little bottom.

"Some of those things are huge," Jimin breathed thoughtfully, staring into the distance as if mentally recalling each one, each piece of evidence. "We'd rather not have to replace every phallic shaped item in the house. The costs add up, you know?"

"Oh bun," Taehyung cooed, "Don't hide. We got you this gift so that it's not a problem any more." He reached up to pull the boy's hands down and move his limp ears out of the way so they could see his glowing red face.

"Right, so this is basically a penis gag. That's why the funny shape. And uh, we chose this one specifically because it looks like a pacifier on the outside and um... well your other hyungs still think we're buying you a pacifier," Jimin said with a grimace, "So shhhh!"

"It's a secret?" Jungkook asked, getting excited now.

"That's right Bun. So you got to make sure that the only time the other hyungs see your paci is when it's locked in your mouth, alright?" Taehyung explained.

The bunny's nose twitched in confusion and slight agitation so Jimin went on, "Don't worry bunny, you can do it yourself. We'll show you how.

The little rabbit looked like he wasn't sure what Jimin meant but he opened his mouth wide, "Can we try now?"

"Sure."

Jimin helped get the cock-shaped piece of silicone into Jungkook's waiting mouth and then the bunny closed his lips around it, breathing hard through his nose.

"Does your mouth feel nice and full now?" Taehyung asked, large hand still holding the boy's ass. Jungkook nodded his head yes, humming in pleasure.

The baby rabbit had started rocking and writhing so Taehyung held him still. "None of that bun. You need to pay attention to this part."

Jungkook made a deflated sound around the gag and Jimin chuckled.

"Okay you're sucking on it now so it's staying where it should, but because of the penis-shape, if you stop sucking, it'll probably fall right out. And we wouldn't want that to happen in front of one of your other hyungs would we?"

Jungkook shook his head aggressively. No, no he wouldn't want that. That was the worst possible thing he could imagine.

"So, you see this part here," Jimin explained, gesturing to the plastic loop on the outside of the pacifier, like a little handle, where sometimes people connected a plastic chain that they used to clip a baby's pacifier to their clothing. Jungkook’s eyes crossed trying to look at it and Taehyung held in his laugh with great difficulty. "If you give that little handle a full 360 turn, you should feel a kind of soft piece of plastic distend from the base of the cock. It'll sit between your gums and the inside of
your cheeks, so that the gag can't be pulled out. When you want that large part to retract, just turn the handle back a full revolution, okay?"

Jungkook nodded, looking frightened.

“*You want to give it a try baby?*”

He nodded again. He reached up and started turning the handle. It was slowgoing but the further he turned it, the wider his eyes got. His cheeks bulged slightly with the new addition to his gag and the sight was painfully cute.

“*Feels okay bun?*” Taehyung checked.

The rabbit nodded enthusiastically. He'd probably be smiling if his mouth wasn't stuffed with a plastic penis.

“I think it feels more than okay Tae,” Jimin smirked. The bunny nodded even more enthusiastically at this and made some indistinguishable sounds.

“And now it can't fall out, see?” Jimin said, taking hold of the small pacifier handle to demonstrate.

"And no one can steal it," Taehyung added with a playful wink, making the baby rabbit let out a muffled giggle.

Jimin pulled on the gag and Jungkook's whole head moved with him, causing him to make panicked sounds as he nearly fell out of Taehyung's lap. Fortunately Taehyung held onto him just in time.

But the bunny was shaken so they cuddled him for a bit. “Ready to take it out now?” Taehyung asked.

Jungkook frowned at this, shaking his head no and making strong noises of disagreement. This was the best gift ever. He couldn't believe how perfect his hyungs were. If he could choose to never part with it, he would.

“Okay okay don't stress. We'll just keep cuddling, okay?”

Jungkook hummed.

He was so satisfied. His hyungs always took care of him, always knew exactly what he needed. This feeling of having his mouth full was what he had been yearning for. He wanted Taehyung to touch him more but he worked hard to stop his thoughts before they strayed too far in that direction. He was trying to stay calm, trying to stay in this soft comfortable mental place.

His dick was still trying to harden in its cage but he made every effort to ignore it and focus on the feeling of having something to suck on. Even with slick leaking non-stop from his desperate hole, and his sensitive nipples crying out for attention, Jungkook felt safe and warm and loved between his hyungs.

He drifted off into his first peaceful slumber in a long while, listening to his hyungs talk about how the colour of the pacifier matched his cockcage exactly, just like they thought it would.
The day of the incident had started out the same way as the days before it. The house was busy as usual, people going in and out through the front door for work, errands and gym trips, as usual. And Jungkook was ignoring the knocks on his bedroom door in favour of writhing around on his bed in frustration and tears, as usual.

It was becoming a problem. Everyone knew it. And Jungkook knew it.

It had been so long since the bunny had cum and his body and mind was exhausted. He just wanted to curl up on the couch with something big to suck on. He was tired of his room and tired of his bed, tired of the same stupid light fixture and the same stupid pillows and the same stupid paint colour on the stupid walls.

So when the house sounded like it had quietened a bit, he emerged cautiously from his room and with his pacifier in hand, padded softly down the hallway to the tv room.

Before he got there, he remembered that his older hyungs weren't supposed to see the pacifier like this so he quickly shoved it into his mouth and turned the dangling plastic loop one complete revolution to lock the phallus in place. It forced him to rely on breathing through his nose but he liked it.

Collapsing onto the sofa, he switched on the television to relax with some mindless entertainment. He didn't know how much time was passing as he let himself enjoy having something solid to wrap his lips around. He loved the way the pacifier kept his tongue almost immobile and if he moved too suddenly, made him struggle a tiny bit to breathe. All he could do was suck and swallow his spit. It would be hard for him to explain to his old self why this feeling was so good but it was.

While he was passively sitting through some banal reality show, Namjoon came in and promptly started showering the boy with praise, startling him. His hyung was gushing about how proud he was of his bunny, what a good boy he was, how his perfect little boy was making him so happy.

The maknae froze, staring at his hyung in wide-eyed confusion. Even though he didn't yet know why he was being praised, his first thought was that he wasn't a little boy. Petite, perhaps. But he wasn't... little. He wasn't younger, just small. Sure, they called him little bunny sometimes but he overlooked it because, that made sense, didn't it? It was true. But “little boy”? That made him pause. He was a grown up. He had grown up thoughts and spent 90% of the day imagining being fucked by his hyungs.

He wasn't a little boy. He tried expressing this but the gag converted his words to indecipherable sounds - almost making it sound like he was responding positively to all the praise - and then Namjoon started cooing excessively.
oh that's right. it looks like he's sucking on a pacifier. great.

His body was beginning to respond instinctively to the compliments and his thighs started to rub together subconsciously. He didn't want to imagine how he must look to Namjoon, blushing, squirming, his cheeks bulging around a pacifier.

Eventually, Jungkook’s mind was able to sift through the words of approval to find the reason behind them. It seemed as if Namjoon was genuinely pleased to see the boy outside his room, breathing fresh air. So pleased in fact, that he wanted to reward him with a sticker.

Jungkook was ashamed that something so meagre was considered impressive. It was pitiful. It was a problem. He knew something needed to be done but he also knew he couldn't do it on his own.

“Oh Gguk, I'm so happy you're using the gift we got you! It looks adorable. I was worried you'd be too embarrassed to use it.”

The bunny couldn't respond but Namjoon didn't seem to mind. “I'll just go grab some stickers and then you can choose one alright?”

Jungkook didn't want to choose one. Choosing one made an embarrassing situation all the more embarrassing. He couldn't disagree verbally so he shook his head furiously but Namjoon, having already disappeared, didn’t notice.

While he waited for Namjoon to return, a reason for concern flashed like a siren in his mind. Would his hyung think he was rude if he just kept a pacifier in his mouth while he spoke to him? But he couldn't take it out because Namjoon would see it. He supposed it would have to stay in then. Even though he had no other choice, he was nervous. He felt like there should be another option.

When Namjoon still hadn't returned, Jungkook’s mind wandered back to the problem of Namjoon calling him “little boy”. Was it really a problem? Each time a new pet name had been introduced after his transformation, it had been a bit of a mental hurdle for Jungkook in terms of how he saw himself. “Bun” was the easiest one, closely followed by “bunny”. “Little rabbit” was slightly more difficult. “Baby” and “baby boy” were just terms of endearment, right? But “little boy”? That was horribly hard to accept for some reason. It made him think that they actually saw him that way.

In general Jungkook was a rational guy and he had to admit that he sometimes acted strangely young when he was feeling needy. Whether he was horny or just needed attention and cuddles, in those moments he felt the need to look to someone for guidance. His hyungs were always so good to him in those moments, like they were expecting it. His emotions were wildly out of control, closer to the surface and ready to burst but nothing surprised them and they always remained calm and handled him so well.

Perhaps his hyungs were just responding to that, just finding a way to cope with that change. It was probably their way of supporting him, calling him “little boy” to show that they accept him. He shouldn't put up a fight for nothing. His concerns were unnecessary. His hyungs always wanted to help.

Namjoon returned, bearing stickers. “Okay bun,” he instructed, “Hop up.”

Jungkook stood instantly, sucking furiously because saliva tended to gather quite quickly around the gag.

“You're such an obedient little boy, Kookie” Namjoon cooed.

A new question rose in Jungkook’s mind then. Did they actually see him as younger? Were they
confused? He hadn't deaged. Did they know that?

He realized another thing. If Namjoon kept talking to him like that, Jungkook would struggle to keep thinking rationally. He couldn't explain why. Were his hyungs responding to his child-like behaviour or was he naturally responding to the way they treated him? His distress was growing. He needed to talk to them about it. He would do it right now if his mouth wasn't otherwise occupied.

“Pants off.”

Namjoon sat down on the sofa, facing Jungkook, legs manspread wide.

After a few seconds of Jungkook blinking at him, Namjoon quirked the side of his mouth, “Do you need help bunny?”

Jungkook shook his head vigorously. With a sharp tug, the bunny rid himself of his shorts.

No. No, he didn't need help. He was a big boy. A grown up. An adult. Yes, that's what he meant. He was an adult. Shit.

Apparently, he was standing a bit too far off because suddenly Namjoon's hands were at his lower back, pulling him forward so that he was right between the man's long legs. Even with Jungkook standing at full height and Namjoon seated on a sofa, his hyung still had to cast his eyes downward to look at the bunny's cock. The new height difference was stark in this position and it didn't go unnoticed by the blushing bunnyboy.

“Wow, I keep forgetting how small it is,” Namjoon whispered as if mesmerized.

Jungkook made a soft plaintive sound behind his gag. Why was this process always much longer than necessary?

On the plus side, Namjoon didn't appear to have any problem holding up a one-sided conversation. It was almost like he didn't even notice that Jungkook hadn't spoken a word. Jungkook thought it strange.

Just as he was thinking this, Namjoon took out a large collection of sticker packs.

“Time to choose a sticker baby boy. You can choose any one you like!”

Jungkook shook his head no again, so aggressively that his floppy ears were likely a blur.

“You don't want a sticker?” Namjoon sounded shocked. “Why not bunny?”

No no he still wanted a sticker! That's not what he meant!

Not knowing how to correct Namjoon’s assumption, Jungkook let out a sound of agitation. Somehow, it successfully conveyed what he wanted to say. His eyes may also have welled up involuntarily.

“Okay okay, you're still getting a sticker, Gguk. Calm down,” Namjoon assured him, rubbing the boy's forearms soothingly.

Jungkook gave a mental sigh of relief. After he had calmed down a bit, Namjoon spoke again.

“Bunny,” his hyung was reaching towards Jungkook's mouth, “Don't you think it would be easier if we take this out for a bit and use our words?”
Faster than a blink, Jungkook snatched a hold of Namjoon’s hand mid-air before it even got a chance to get close to the handle.

Heart pounding anxiously, he held Namjoon's stare for a minute. He still had a restricting hold of Namjoon's fingers but they both knew that Jungkook’s grip wasn't very strong. If Namjoon's hand decided it was going somewhere, he wouldn't really be able to stop it.

Fortunately, Namjoon seemed to get the message. “It's okay Gguk, you don't have to be embarrassed. You can suck your paci as long as you want, okay?”

Everything about that sounded extremely contradictory to Jungkook. What wasn't there to be embarrassed about? He was standing there, locked-up cock hanging out, pink like a fucking marshmallow, and he was sucking on a large plastic dick that his hyung thought was a pacifier. There were an extraordinary number of reasons to be embarrassed and the pacifier was definitely one of them.

“Oh okay bun, I'll just hold up each sheet. Shake your head for no, nod for yes.”

Namjoon demonstrated goofily and Jungkook was torn between giggling in amusement and being offended that Namjoon was acting like Jungkook couldn't comprehend basic instructions.

They went through each sheet of stickers, with Jungkook wondering why he had to stand there with his pants around his ankles for this. His cockcage was right below his hyung’s gorgeous face. It was hard to concentrate on much else. Why couldn't they have chosen a sticker before undressing his lower half? Did Namjoon just take pleasure in exposing the bunny's pathetic little penis?

After Jungkook stopped him at only the third sheet (which was weather-related), Namjoon started doing the same thing as he pointed to each sticker on the page one-by-one. Jungkook nodded randomly at the second sticker so as not to prolong the torture. It was a frowny crying little cloud with rain drops falling from it. Jungkook couldn't help but notice how appropriate it was to his situation.

Namjoon took his sweet sweet time peeling the sticker and thinking about where to place it, narrating his thoughts out loud. Eventually, the bunny was arching toward him, pushing his cockcage closer to try hurry him. It didn't work.

The waiting, and the sucking and Namjoon staring was starting to have an effect. He could feel his penis trying to do things inside its cage but failing.

“Poor thing,” Namjoon said rather aptly. “You must be so frustrated.” He started lightly stroking his index finger up and down the cockcage and even though he couldn't feel the touch, the visual of it made Jungkook's brain short-circuit. “But you know it's for your own good, right bunny?”

Jungkook closed his eyes so he wouldn't have to see it. But Namjoon kept talking “You know we're doing what's best for you because we care so much about our little boy.”

Oh no oh god. His hole was clenching. Slick was going to start dribbling out and when it started it would be too much. It would roll down his thighs and Namjoon would see. Why wouldn't he just hurry and put the sticker on?

Jungkook whined softly around the gag but Namjoon ignored him. “Your naughty pee pee is closer to freedom. Aren't you excited, little guy?”

He was. But he was more mortified than anything else right now. Finally, Namjoon stuck the stupid cloud on. He placed it right next to the second sticker which was a cartoon banana with a cheerful
smiling face on it. The contrast between the two could be amusing but the thought of his childishly
decorated penis was too humiliating for him to find amusement in it. He couldn't believe his penis
was his behaviour chart. Couldn't they have found another way to do this?

With very few parting words, Namjoon stood up and left, taking the rest of the stickers with him.
The humiliation of the whole ordeal was rushing through Jungkook’s bloodstream like a narcotic. He
felt floaty and he could tell his body was returning to it's wildly drunken state of desperation but there
was nothing he could do to stop it.

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When Yoongi walked into the living room, what he saw confused him at first. It wasn't rare for any
of the roommates to walk in accidentally on a masturbating bunnyboy. Obviously it had happened, it
was unavoidable.

But this was a new sight and Yoongi was transfixed. Was that… a pacifier, bobbing between the
boy’s ass cheeks? It couldn't be. But it was.

Eyes closed and frowning in concentration, the bunnyboy was playing with his hard nipples,
tweaking them and pinching them even though they looked sore and red.

And the pacifier. Sweet lord. It looked like Jungkook had just left the thing in his bunnyhole for it to
suck on. It was so obscene, Yoongi was speechless. He couldn't move, couldn't speak. Watching this
boy who couldn't reach orgasm, pleasure himself like this, it was filthy.

The small-bodied bunny changed position, dropping his shoulders to the sofa, with his glistening
thighs propping up his round ass cheeks, angled to face Yoongi as though purposefully putting his
hole on better display.

The baby rabbit ran his hands up the inside of his thigh, collecting slick on his finger and then
bringing it to his mouth to taste and suck.

Yoongi choked. If Jungkook heard it, he didn't react.

The fact that the maknae was doing this in the living room said a lot about his current mental and
hormonal state. If Yoongi were to yell at him right now, the bunny wouldn't stop, wouldn't flinch.

The pacifier was still bobbing slightly, right below a fluffy cotton tail, and above a tiny caged dick.
The pitiful penis was hanging between Jungkook’s thighs sadly, dripping ludicrous amounts of
precum onto the sofa below him. The pink pacifier above the matching pink chastity device was
almost overwhelming to Yoongi. He hadn't realized how well they matched in color until this strange
moment.

While Yoongi was appreciating the sight, Jungkook reached a hand behind him to grab a hold of the
pacifier. As he pulled it out to fuck it back in, Yoongi saw the part of it that was hidden, the part of it
that was a whole dildo. He was less confused now.

Of course, Yoongi thought, of course those little gremlins would find such a novelty item and buy it
without asking. But Yoongi wasn't mad. Not even a little. Not if he got to watch the sight in front of
him.
But Yoongi was Yoongi, and logic quickly won him over. They needed to know they couldn't just do things like this without consulting the rest of the house. He supposed he ought to scold some scoundrels.

“HEY! IDIOT ONE AND TWO! WHY IS JUNGKOOK FUCKING HIMSELF WITH A DILDO PACIFIER?”

Yoongi guessed they'd know immediately who he meant.

Jungkook didn't even pause in his actions, his mind was so far away.

The two youngsters came skidding around the corner, looking frazzled. “He's doing what?” Jimin yelled.

Why did they sound so distressed? Scared, but not for themselves, for Jungkook.

Both boys froze at the sight before them, before their brains seemed to reboot. “Kookie stop! You're gonna hurt yourself!” One of them shrieked.

Yoongi was confused to say the least. Where was the danger? Was he missing something?

The two younger men looked ready to wrestle the dildo away from their maknae but just as they were about to move into action, all three of them noticed something.

Something white began dribbling from the tip of the bunny's cockcage. It was cum. Actual cum. But it wasn't spurting from an erect cock because that was impossible. It was leaking, slowly. The bunny had managed to milk himself.

The boy didn't seem to be getting pleasure from it, it was just something that was happening. In fact he seemed more frustrated.

“Jungkook please, you need to stop,” Taehyung managed to choke out earnestly around what was probably a lump of arousal in his throat.

The two concerned men moved towards the bunny to restrain him. It wasn't difficult with him already being in such a vulnerable position. Jimin swiftly and effortlessly pinned the boy's hands at his lower back, just above his frantically twitching bunnytail while Taehyung held down his kicking legs.

Crying out immediately in distress the bunny tried to fight, “No! No! Not done! Please! Please please!”

“Hyung!” Jimin called to Yoongi. “Give us a hand here!”

Yoongi found himself moving quickly without knowing why.

“We need to hold him down, so can you take out the dildo? Just do it gently,” Jimin instructed further.

Hearing this, the bunny's distress grew, “No Yoongi-hyung! Please leave it inside! Please please!” he was sobbing, choking on his tears, overcome with emotion.

Yoongi ignored him. For some reason, he was trusting Jimin about this. He removed the dildo slowly and the bunny let out a guttural groan of displeasure.

“Noooooo! Hyung! Please no!”
There wasn't much the bunny could do about it except whine, but he seemed to do that really well. He was trying to pull his wrists apart but he couldn't and slick was spilling from between his ass cheeks, glistening globules rolling down his fleshy thighs. The bunny's tiny wet pucker was empty and open, and contracting around nothing and Yoongi wanted to touch it so badly, wanted to see it open and close beneath his finger in desperation. God, there's nothing he loved more than having someone whiny and desperate below him, begging. And bunny Jungkook did whiny and desperate so well.

Instead, Yoongi examined the dildo he held in his hand. He accidentally turned the little handle and discovered the gag function.

Oh. Ohhhhh.

This day could have ended in a hospital trip, he realized.

He was about to give Jimin and Taehyung a piece of his mind - the torturous guilt trip they deserved.

Seeing his face, the two fools suddenly let go of Jungkook and bolted out the door, Taehyung's voice trailed behind them, “Take care of the bunny Yoongs!”

Yoongi was going to kill him.

“Hyung?”

Yoongi looked at the rabbit. The rabbit was looking at him. And the pacifier. And back to him. And back to the pacifier.

“Can I have it back please?”

Shit.

“Please? I'm so-” Right there on the sofa, Jungkook shoved his fingers in his ass and moaned. “Hyung please.”

It would seem the excuse for intervention two had just presented itself. Yoongi grinned, Cheshire-Cat-wide.

This could be the most fortunate thing to happen. He just had to stay strong. He couldn't fuck the bunny. That would ruin everything. No, he couldn't even put a finger up that tight little pucker. He definitely couldn't give him the pacifier back.

It looked like the little one was trying to bounce on his fingers but it seemed to require an uncomfortable contortion of his body. He couldn't do it for very long. He was red in the face with effort, hair hanging wet over his forehead.

“Can't. Can't r-reach like this.” Groaning in frustration, the bunny fell forward in exhaustion.

Yoongi didn't know what to do. He briefly considered running away with the pacifier but he couldn't just leave the baby rabbit like this. God. What was he supposed to do?

“Hyung, you can reach.”

Huh?

The boy had locked eyes on Yoongi with a new hunger in his eyes. Shrinking into the other side of
the couch, Yoongi tried to let the pillows absorb him.

Crawling into his hyung’s space like the predator he really wasn't, Jungkook's eyes were alive and wild.

Yoongi found his legs suddenly straddled by a pantsless bunnyboy.

“Daddy, please.”

He felt his face catch alight. He was burning. His dick had never been so hard in his life. Fuck.

Jungkook was looking at him with so much self-satisfaction, like Yoongi had already lost.

“Daddy? Aren't you gonna help your little boy?”

Holy shit. Did the maknae know? Was Jungkook’s subconscious manipulating him? What was going on?

Too much blood was rushing to his dick so there wasn't enough going to his brain. He still hadn't even said anything, he was just sitting there like a stone. God, he wished he was a stone.

The bunny wasn't even trying at all to get the pacifier back. Apparently he had his sights set higher.

When Jungkook nuzzled his face into his hyung’s neck, he knew the bunny was disguising his motives with affection. Yoongi wasn't stupid, just painfully aroused.

“What- what is that?” Jungkook asked innocently into the side of Yoongi's neck, suddenly grinding his hips. “Is that your cock, daddy?” Jungkook pressed closer, rubbing against the now prominent shape of Yoongi's dick. Yoongi bit back curses.

“Can I have it?” the bunny whined. “Please?”

“No, Jungkook.” It was the first time he had spoken and it made the boy whimper.

“But why? I'll be good I promise. Do you want me to suck it first?” As if giving him a sample, Jungkook started mouthing at Yoongi’s neck, his tongue lapping at the sensitive skin there, hot and wet, but also sloppy and confused, like he was doing it accidentally.

“Gguk stop. I can't fuck you.”

Jungkook only stopped sucking at his hyung’s neck to pout. “Why? I-” the bunny's eyelids were blinking rapidly like he was trying to stop tears from appearing. Yoongi couldn't tell what was real anymore. “Are you worried coz your cock is big? It'll fit, daddy, I swear.” the bunny’s cherry lower lip was trembling and Yoongi couldn't take his eyes off it. “I know I'm little and my hole is little but I practiced.”

“God of fucks,” Yoongi said it out loud but Jungkook looked unbothered, the bunnyboy was already sliding off his lap and onto the ground in front him, the cockcage bell tinkling as he moved.

“Can I lick it?”

“No, bunny.”

“Just wanna taste.” Jungkook was on his knees, eyes pleading, Yoongi’s weakness. “Please please please?”
“Bun. Daddy said no.”


Yoongi was sweating.

“I can't Jungkook. You're not in your right mind.” It was better to always stay as close to the truth as possible, as Namjoon had said, and that was a pretty decent excuse Yoongi thought.

“I am, I promise,” The kneeling boy replied with his hands already at the waistband of Yoongi's pants, trying to pull them down.

“Jeon Jungkook. Stop it right now.”

The bunny didn't stop. He wasn't succeeding but he was still trying.

Yoongi gathered all his willpower for what he said next. He couldn't keep cowering away from the bunny’s advances. Jungkook was feeling powerful, it was evident. Something needed to be done.

“Gguk, if you're going to behave like a disobedient pet with no self-control then you will be spanked like one.”

The bunny seemed to not have heard him. Or worse, he was pretending.

“I’m dead serious Jungkook. If you're going to call me daddy, then I'm going to act like one and you won't like it. I refuse to fuck you when you're acting like this but I won't hesitate to discipline you.”

Tilting his head while focused on Yoongi's crotch, Jungkook seemed to have made up his mind about something. Completely abandoning all efforts to remove his hyung's pants, the bunny leaned forward and put his open mouth right on top of the fabric. Yoongi swallowed a moan as the clothing quickly grew wet under the bunny's tongue. Jungkook was mouthing at the protrusion in his pants, as if trying to taste it through the material. Yoongi had to intervene.

It was probably too soon. It would probably ruin everything but it was better than the alternative. The guys would forgive him. They had to.

“Little one, you're not going to be able to sit for a week.”

Yoongi was surprised by how easy it was to pull Jungkook off the floor and lay him across his lap.

Once he was there and realized what was happening, the boy's hands instinctively went to shield his bottom. Yoongi moved them away without difficulty.

“Little rabbit, I warned you didn't I?”

Jungkook nodded tearfully, miraculously appearing to have accepted his fate. Despite his trembling, the bunny was staying in place.

“Now keep your hands away or I'll fetch my belt.”

Removing his hands from his buttocks, Jungkook lay surprisingly pliant. Yoongi readjusted the boy across his lap so that his firm bottom poked proudly into the air, his tail a ball of quivering fluff.

Yoongi couldn't resist. He spread the boy's cheeks apart as far as they would go, exposing the bunny's tiny hole, red and already leaking fresh slick.
"What a greedy little pucker." He wasn't allowed to stick anything inside but he could admire. He spread the boy's cheeks further, thumbs so close to grazing the sensitive, rosy flesh.

"This shameless little thing is what got you in trouble Kookie. Look at it opening for me, begging for a big cock to swallow up."

If a little humiliation is what it took to stop Jungkook's chaotic sexual advances, then so be it.

Jungkook whined, “Daddy please just put your cock inside. It'll feel good I promise.”

Yoongi didn't doubt it. Jungkook was so docile right now but he still hadn't given up. Yoongi, however, found it much easier to resist now that he was in the position in which he was most comfortable, one of power.

“You sound like a little boy who wants more spanks.”

“No! No! I'm sorry! Wait!”

“There it is. That's the first sorry I've heard. I expect I'll be hearing a lot more soon.”

Jungkook just whined as though he had actually given up this time but Yoongi wasn't falling for it.

He allowed himself to look for a few more seconds at the bunnyboy's tiny wet hole quivering with need between the two cheeks in his grasp, before letting the two mounds bounce back together. They were already slightly red from being manhandled but Yoongi was ready to make them redder.

Before starting, he gave the twitching cottontail a small squeeze that caused Jungkook to let out a startled yelp.

He brought his palm down quick against one cheek so that a hand-shaped mark bloomed red on the round buttock. Beautiful.

“Owww! Wait, Hyung! Stop! Please!”

It appeared that Jungkook had only just realized how much shit he was in and was trying to get away. The boy tried to lift himself up off his hyung's lap but in this position, head tilted towards the ground, his feet were unable to get any leverage so Yoongi held him down with little fuss.

“Oh, it's Hyung now, is it?”

He delivered a smack to the other cheek, with an upward sweeping motion that caused the fleshy mound to wobble delectably.

“I'm sorry! I'm sorry! It hurts daddy, please- please stop!”

Yoongi lifted his knee so that the boy's bottom was in prime spanking position, completely defenseless.

“What are you sorry for, bunny?”

He snapped his hand down on each cheek again and the sound of the bell on the bunny's tiny cock rang clear after each smack.

“Owww!”

“Do you need to be spanked right on your little hole so you remember why you're sorry?”
“No no! I remember! Daddy, wait plea- Ow!”

“Hands out the way, Kookie. Did you forget what I said about the belt already?”

The bunny whimpered but moved them out of the way.

Yoongi trailed his fingers lightly across the burning bottom in front of him, enjoying the way it flinched under his touch. “Someone’s a very forgetful little rabbit today. Can you tell me why you’re being disciplined, Gguk?”

Jungkook was panting, trying to find his voice. “Because I kept asking when daddy said no?”

“That’s right clever bunny. What else?”

“Uh...I didn't stop when you said stop?”

Yoongi knew it was a little mean to continue so unexpectedly but he couldn't help it, Jungkook’s squeals were his new favourite sound.

He brought his hand down across the boy's cheeks with sudden force, making them jiggle and reddened under his palm.

“Owww!”

“Daddy was trying to look out for you, because he cares. But my naughty boy only thought about his little bunny hole.”

Jungkook clenched his bottom and sobbed.

“I'm sorry daddy. Please stop. My bottom hurts.”

“Your shameless little pucker is still leaking slick Kookie, maybe it needs its own lesson.”

“No! Please don't! Daddy please!”

“Jungkook, I know you can't help how desperate your hole is, especially with your little pee pee all locked away.” Yoongi landed a strong smack on the bunny's sit spot and he cried out.

“You're just a baby rabbit. We understand if you need to beg. You can beg all you want.” He gave the reddened bottom a few more quick spanks in succession. The bunny was trying to writhe.

“But if someone says no, it means no. Stop means stop, you've heard that before, right bun?” Yoongi felt the irony dripping from his words as he said them.

“Y-yeah. I was bad. I was so bad daddy I'm sorry.”

“It's okay bunny, you're learning now, aren't you? Daddy is helping you learn.”

“Ow! Yes daddy. Th-thank you.”

Jungkook was starting to part his legs a bit as if in invitation and Yoongi found this more interesting than anything that had happened so far.

“Little rabbit. What are you doing? Are you still trying to tempt me with that naughty little hole?”

Jungkook snapped his legs together immediately, like he wasn't aware they had fallen open in the
first place. “No daddy, I didn't m-mean that. Was an accident. Y-you don't have to fuck me if you
don't wanna.”

“Oh Kookie, my sweet baby rabbit, you think I don't want to fuck you?”

“Y-yeah. Daddy said stop- Ow!” Yoongi had laid down another smack then, “And I didn't listen. I
w-as forcing you. I was selfish and horrible.”

“Jungkook I want nothing more right now than to bounce you up and down on my dick, stuff this
leaking hole so impossibly full that you're crying from pleasure. I want you moaning and
whimpering just like this but because my cock is so far up that tiny hole that you think you're going
to break.”

Yoongi punctuated this sentence with another spank to the restless bunny, before yanking the boy's
pink cheeks apart, disregarding how the boy hissed and whimpered at having the burning skin
touched.

“You have no idea how many sinful things I want to do to this pretty little hole. I wanna kiss that
little rim bunny and feel it flutter when I dip my tongue inside.”

Jungkook's legs started flailing like he had lost control over them, writhing in arousal and humiliation
from having his hole inspected so closely but not touched. The pop of a slick bubble was audible as
fresh slick appeared from the hungry hole.

Yoongi let go of the boys cheeks to hold his kicking legs down.

“I do want to fuck you, Kookie. So badly. It just wouldn't be right.” Yoongi swept his hand down
one last time on the well-punished bottom and Jungkook wailed and sobbed.

“Bunny, sit up, let me look at you.” Jungkook let himself be guided up to straddle his hyung's lap,
wincing when his sore bottom had to rest on his thighs.

“Spankings done?” the bunny sniffled, eyes red and sparkling with tears.

“Yes, spankings are done Kookie. And you did so so well.”

“I did?”

“Yes bunny.” Yoongi couldn't help it. He leaned forward and kissed the bunny on the nose, making
it twitch in surprise. “You learnt a lesson and that was the point.”

The boy's reply was soft and breathy as he still tried to cope with the stinging on his bottom without
squirming too much. “Thank you daddy f-for helping me learn,” he wrapped his arms around his
hyung's neck and pressed his whole body against him, wetting his neck with salty tears, face hidden.
“I'll be good, I promise.”

Yoongi hugged him back, pouring all his affection for the bunny into the simple gesture, “I know
you will, Gguk.” He rubbed his hands up and down the boy's back in comfort, and even patted the
little bunny tail gently when he noticed it wiggling. The boy hummed in pleasure but didn't let go.

“Bunny, do you want to suck on daddy's fingers until you fall asleep?”

The boy sat up in surprise, blinking at him. “C-can I? Really?”

“Yes, baby boy.” The bunny still looked a little hesitant. “It's alright, I promise,” Yoongi reassured
him but the bunny wasn't making a move. “Jiminnie and Tae told me that you sleep really well when your mouth is full. Is that right?”

The boy gave him a floppy-eared nod.

“I can't give you your paci back because it's dirty now. But you can have my fingers if you want.”

“Thank you daddy,” Jungkook picked up Yoongi’s hand, the same one that had just been used to spank the bunny, and brought it to his lips. From his stiff back, Yoongi could feel how tense the boy was.

“Go ahead bun,” Yoongi encouraged.

Jungkook pulled two of the fingers into his mouth and gave them a shy suck. His eyes drifted closed, and his body relaxed, falling forward into his hyung's chest.

Yoongi adjusted him as best as he could into a better position for sleeping while sucking, making sure not to touch Jungkook's freshly spanked bottom too much.

Fuck. Yoongi hoped the bunny fell asleep quickly because he really needed to rub one out if he didn't want his balls to explode.

This had gone way better than expected. Perhaps it wasn't too soon at all. The rest of the guys had better erect a whole fucking shrine in his honor.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you to anyone who is still reading this.
Let me know what you think!
xx
Changing

Chapter Summary

Warning: This fic involves noncon aspects, forced infantilism and abuse of power. MIND THE TAGS.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Past

Jungkook had finished his juice. No one was really paying attention to the movie anymore. They were all debating whether or not the main actress was a real hybrid. Seokjin had some clever points about the texture of the ears being a bit strange. Hoseok said he didn't trust some of the camera angles. Taehyung was convinced she was real but Taehyung liked to believe in things. Jungkook had nothing to contribute.

Namjoon turned to him, “What do you think, Jungkookie? Think she's the real thing?”

Jungkook opened his mouth to answer with his usual nonplussed “dunno” but instead he felt a sudden wetness where he sat that stopped words from coming out.

“Gguk, are you okay?” Namjoon looked worried.

Was he? Jungkook didn't know. Had he just pissed himself? Without answering Namjoon’s question, he stood hastily and raced to the bathroom.

Predictably, it wasn't long before a concerned hyung was shouting through the locked bathroom door. Jungkook had his pants around his ankles.

It wasn't pee. It was something else. Something clear. Was it coming from his ass? It felt like it. Had he ruptured an organ?

“Jungkook! What happened?” Hoseok was yelling with urgency. “Jimin's cleaning the sofa. Do you want us to call a doctor?”

Oh. They had seen. Of course they had.

Jungkook’s strange headache was still present and there was also an odd feeling developing at the bottom of his spine.

What if he was dying.

“Yeah Hyung, I think, maybe call the doctor. Something’s not right.”

“Can we get you anything?” It was Taehyung this time. “More juice?” Someone must've hit him because it was followed by an, “Ow! I’m trying to help.”

“Don't worry guys! I'll be out in a second!” Jungkook tried to convey a calmness that he certainly
wasn't feeling.

Everyone was kind enough to leave him alone while he changed his jeans and underwear. He decided to roll up a wad of tissue and put it in the clean pair as a precaution. It was uncomfortable but necessary.

Seokjin came in soon after that and without a shred of awkwardness that Jungkook thought the situation warranted, announced, “Jimin said it's not pee. It's something else. We think you should go to the hospital.”

*Like- like an emergency? Well shit.*

Jungkook agreed, obviously. And he soon found himself in an expensive looking ward (thanks to Kim Seokjin and his dad's empire), being pricked and poked for blood tests and even DNA samples.

The pain in his head and lower spine was getting worse so they kept him overnight to administer analgesics. At least the fluid leaking in his underpants wasn't a permanent issue, it came and went and Jungkook was able to manage it by stuffing wads of tissues wherever they needed to be stuffed. That was until a nurse discovered it and told him it was best to stop, that wet tissue in orifices was not safe, that he'd be fine if he left it alone, that girls managed just fine and he would too.

*Girls. Girls?*

The test results were released after a few days and he was discharged from hospital with some pain pills to take home, which made him feel hopeful about what the blood tests had to say. He was told to see Doctor Lee, Seokjin's family doctor, to discuss the results.

Seokjin helped him make an appointment and within a day, Jungkook found himself sat awkwardly across from the stoic man, answering his peculiar questions.

The doctor was a wiry man with thick-rimmed glasses, contributing to his inexpressive face and demeanour, like a shield between him and the rest of the world. But he was a specialist and Seokjin trusted him. So Jungkook trusted him.

“Have you recently ingested any gene-stimulating medication, hormones or chemicals? Voluntarily or otherwise?”

“No.”

“Have you undergone any procedures or treatments to awaken dormant genes for hybrid traits?”

“No sir.”

“I have to be honest with you, Jungkook-ssi. An occurrence such as this one is so rare that it should be impossible.”

“What does that mean?” Jungkook wanted to pick the man up by the ankles and shake him until all the information fell out.

“It means we'll probably have to admit you to hospital for a while again. But you'll have to decide that for yourself after we've discussed the matter further.”

“Doc, please I'm panicking over here. I need- like- an explanation or something. Am I dying?”

“I can assure you, you're not dying. I'm sorry for dragging this out.” He took out an intimidating
stack of papers. “It’s not as bad as it sounds. Let's jump into it, okay?”

The doctor was like an information vending machine. Jungkook could only get small items out at a time and he had to wait for one to fall before getting the next one.

“According to the results from your blood test,” Doctor Lee explained, “We found no trace of any chemicals or hormones to activate dormant genes or initialize a hybrid transformation.”

Jungkook thought that sounded about right. Didn't that make all the previous questions redundant? The doctor paged through the stack until he found what he was looking for.

“The problem, Jungkook-ssi, is that they seem to be activating spontaneously.”


The doctor actually smiled at him. Maybe because Jungkook looked cute. He got that response a lot when he was confused. “There’s no need for alarm, Jungkook-ssi. Tell me, do you know anything about your dormant genes? Have you ever sent a DNA sample to the GCHRE before?”

“No.” That question sounded like a reason for alarm to Jungkook.

“Okay, well we’ll go through their feedback now.”

“Wait, why?”

The doctor looked resigned. “It would seem that the symptoms you're experiencing correlate to the animal traits we would expect to see from your genetic composition.”

“You mean, I'm becoming a hybrid?”

The doctor hesitated. “Yes. But it's no reason for panic.”

Bullshit. Jungkook was panicking.

“We should see the rest of the traits manifest slowly over time. It might be painful as you're already exp-”

“Wait what traits?” What if he turned into something tiny like a mouse? How did that work? What if he started growing hair everywhere? What if he turned into a bat and could only screech? Why was his brain choosing this moment to be so fucking creative?

“Like, I said, we’ll go over that now. Here, we can take a look together and you can ask me anything you need to.”

The doctor handed him some papers stapled together and he appeared to be holding a copy for himself.

“This is the detailed list of traits you'd expect to receive if you had sent your DNA to the labs out of curiosity or if you were considering voluntary transformation. You're very fortunate that it's exclusively a single species and not a confusing mix. That can be very difficult.”

Jungkook wouldn't use the word fortunate.

The front page had all his personal details on it, including who he lived with and a date from the previous year which Jungkook found odd. The next page was informative in the worst way. Right at the top, printed in bold was, “Oryctolagus cuniculus” and below it, “European rabbit”.
The traits were divided into physical and hormonal.

The first trait was sufficiently shocking. Jungkook wasn't sure if he wanted to read the rest. “Ears?” he exclaimed. “Like actual rabbit ears flopping about?” He couldn't process it.

“Yes Jungkook-ssi. That's those headaches you're getting all the time. They'll start growing soon. And they won't be flopping about. You'll have fairly good control over them.”

“No way. There's no way.” He had just noticed the part about a tail.

Oh my god. It got worse. *Anal lubrication. Decrease in size of genitalia.*

Jungkook was proud of his dick. He was proud of a lot of things. But his dick size was something he hadn't had to work for, he could just reap its benefits. His hyungs always made jokes about how he had won the genetic lottery, how unfair it was that he had everyone's good qualities, that the least God could've done was give him a small dick. They'd be pleased to know that balance was being restored to the universe.

Decrease in size? How much of a decrease though? He couldn't bring himself to ask. So he just continued reading the list.

*Loss in height. Loss in muscle mass. Improved senses: hearing, smell, taste. Reduction in hair growth. He was going to go bald??* He read the description below it for clarification and was slightly but not fully relieved. Underarm, abdominal, chest, pubic, facial.

*Great. So, reverse puberty?*

“What does it mean by reduction in hair growth? I was expecting the opposite.”

The doctor looked surprised at Jungkook's choice of question. Understandably so. There were stranger things on the list.

“No all the traits are direct manifestations of an animal quality. Sometimes it's an interaction between the animal genes and your human ones. That trait is probably hormone related but they've put it under physical changes. It's affecting the secondary sexual characteristics caused by testosterone. It also explains the height loss. You might find your voice sounding slightly younger as well.”

“I'm gonna lose testosterone?” Jungkook was appalled.

“No, no. Just a few of its effects. From this document, I’d say just secondary male characteristics. Nothing major. Your sex drive won't decrease at all but I think we're still getting to that section.”

Jungkook hadn't considered that but now he was considering it a lot. “Why didn't they put the voice thing here on the list?”

“Maybe the change won't be significant enough, I'm not sure. It's just an educated guess. For example, I might also assume your Adam's apple will become less prominent.”

The doctor going through these results with him could only mean that the transformation was inevitable, but still, Jungkook had to ask.

“Is there no way to stop it? To reverse it? There must be a way.”

The doctor made a face that Jungkook assumed was intended to convey sympathy. “I'm afraid not. Especially since we don't know what caused it to initialize. Jungkook-ssi, you're young. Is it possible
you’ve experimented with a new drug? Maybe at a party? You can tell me. It's important that I know.”

“I really haven't Doc. I promise,” Jungkook answered in earnest. “I take my health quite seriously.”

“As you should. But are you certain? Has a stranger offered you anything unusual to eat or drink?”

“No. Nothing like that that I can remember. You said you didn't find anything in my blood.”

“Yes but it's still always best to ask. Maybe something triggered it and then left your system before we could catch it. But if you're certain… would you like to continue looking at the traits?”

“Yeah.” Jungkook was naturally a restless guy but his jitters were out of control, knee bouncing involuntarily with nerves.

He flipped to the hormone section and understood none of it.

“What's all this?” he asked, gesturing vaguely at the table of data.

“Well, to put it colloquially, you're probably going to be very horny.” Jungkook hadn't been expecting such a candidly lewd interpretation of numbers and the doctor's expression didn't change in the slightest. “It shouldn't be too much of a problem, you'll just have to masturbate more often than usual. ‘Jackin the beanstalk’ as the kids say I think.”

“No one says that.”

“Apologies.”

Jungkook couldn't believe anything that was coming out of the doctor's mouth. It was all bizarre and ridiculous. But the pain in his head and spine was real. He also hadn't imagined the “anal lubrication”. So this was really happening.

The doctor continued the conversation with zero signs of embarrassment. The lack of emotion helped in a way. A little. “I recommend asking whoever's going to be financially responsible for you, to buy an adult toy. Like a dildo, a vibrator-”

“I know what an adult toy is.” Jungkook was cringing and simultaneously wondering why he had only suggested penetrative toys and not something more obvious like a fleshlight.

“Good. Well that's another thing you're going to have to consider. Someone will have to support you financially. You realize you won't be allowed to work?”

Shit. Jungkook was feeling light-headed. There was so much to think about. His brain was melting.

“Jungkook-ssi, do you need a minute? Would you like to call someone?”

“No, I'm alright. Please, continue.”

“Okay well, whoever your carer is going to be, I suggest you bring them with you to the next consultation.”

“Will do, Doc.” Jungkook didn't know why he was trying so hard to be casual when he felt like crying. Surely doctors were used to breakdowns.

“Okay, well then. All that's left to discuss are your options at present.”
“Hit me.”

“There are two. The first one is that you allow the rest of the transition to occur naturally, that is without medical interference. But as I was going to say earlier, it is a painful option. With the kind of changes listed here, it would be agonizing even with painkillers.”

He didn't want that. He really didn't want that. “What’s the other option?”

“If you allow us to admit you into hospital, we can speed up the transition as we would for a patient who was undergoing the change willingly. You'll be under general anaesthetic for most of it so you won't feel a thing. After you wake up, you'll spend another week here with us adjusting to your new body with our help.”

“I guess I'm going with that one then.”

“I'm glad.” Doctor Lee looked neither glad nor the opposite as he shuffled the stack of papers and put them off to the side.

“Quick question,” Jungkook finally decided to say, “I noticed the GCHRE feedback booklet had a date on it but it's from last year? How is that possible? I've never sent my DNA in for testing before.”

For the first time, Jungkook saw an emotion flit across the doctor's face but he couldn't tell what it was and as quick as it came, it was gone.

“Probably a typo or a system error,” he said stoically.

Jungkook forced a laugh, “Don't know if we should be trusting a company like that with our genes, 'ey Doc?” The doctor looked unamused. “Well. See you soon I guess.” Jungkook said, leaving with a two-fingered salute.

******************************************************************************

He cried in the taxi all the way home. And at home, he cried for another half an hour while Yoongi held him. Yoongi was full of surprises. It must have been the utter distress on the maknae's face that moved him. Jungkook hadn't even explained why he was crying yet.

When he had bawled himself dry, Yoongi brought him a glass of water. “Do I get to know what’s happening to my maknae?”

Jungkook let out a short tearful laugh at “my maknae”. His Hyung was cute. After explaining everything to Yoongi in detail, the hyung sighed.

“Goddammit Jungkook. That ain't so bad. I thought you were dying. Wouldn't have hugged you for so long if I knew you were crying about growing rabbit ears,” he joked.

Jungkook laughed again, feeling better already.

“I'm thinking of going back to my parents’ house.” Jungkook said softly.

“What? Gguk, you know that's not necessary. Why would you want to do that?”

“You heard all that shit he said about a carer. I couldn't do that to you guys.”

“Kookie, there are six of us and Seokjin has money coming out of his ears. And I hate to brag but I'm not doing too badly myself. Between the six of us, it'll feel like nothing. Trust me. Do you really wanna put that burden on your parents?”
“But, Hyung I don't think you realize—”

“What a big commitment it is? I'm sure I do. And I'm a hundred percent sure the others will agree with me. And if they don't then I'm moving out because these motherfuckers aren't who I thought they were.” Yoongi smiled at him and Jungkook couldn't help but return it.

“But- but that's still a lot of responsibility Hyung. I can't just… dump all that on you.”

“Hey. I'm responsible. And have you met Namjoon or have you been living in a different house?”

Jungkook laughed because Yoongi was right. It made a lot of sense for him to stay.

“I guess you're right.”

“Nothing new there,” Yoongi shrugged.

“It would be difficult for my parents to keep coming all the way out here for the doctor's appointments anyway. And they hate the city.”

“They'll always be an option if you get tired of us. Or if some us have to move out or something for whatever reason and there's not enough hands or credit cards.”

“I'd never get tired of you. It's been years Hyung. If it hasn't happened by now… wait, move out?”

“Yeah, I don't know. None of us have lives. But maybe like if Tae and Jimin decide to get married.”

“You mean to each other?” Jungkook’s nose scrunched in amusement.

“I mean whatever you think I mean bunnyboy,” he ruffled Jungkook's hair again fondly.

“Sufficiently cheered up?”

“Yeah, thank you Hyung. You're kinda funny.”

“Geee thanks. Well, that's my social quota maxed for the day,” he said, stretching as he headed towards the door. “Get some sleep, alright? You're all cried out. No one's gonna want to keep a sad rabbit,” he said, exiting with a wink.

“Shut up!”

Yoongi had been right. Of course he had. All his hyungs had been more than supportive, offering to sign whatever forms needed to be signed, pay for whatever medication needed to be paid for.

That's how Jungkook found himself sat opposite Doctor Lee, flanked by his pseudo-dads, Namjoon and Yoongi, both of whom had volunteered enthusiastically to accompany him.

Jungkook didn't have much to say about that consultation with Doctor Lee. He didn't really see why he had to be there. It was a lot of the doctor speaking to his hyungs like he wasn't there anyway and then his hyungs would respond with something like, “I'm sure that won't be necessary.” Some of the doctor's advice sounded downright silly.
“Jungkook will also develop increased speed. Never chase him. Ever. Or you will end up doing it constantly. This may suit some people who never sit down, but it's not for everyone. I recommend buying a leash if you'll be taking him out frequently.”

“I hardly think that will be necessary…” Yoongi said.

“Maybe not at first. He's going to be really clumsy as he gets used to all the changes. But eventually, you will find it very necessary. You don't have to, of course. These are just things we recommend based on the predicted traits from GCHRE as well as past experiences with rabbit hybrids. They tend to get distracted and run off. With his smaller size, I'd suggest something like a child harness.”

Jungkook wanted to evaporate. There was no way his friends were getting him into a child harness. He would fight. They would suffer injuries. By the look on his hyung's faces, they knew it too.

“Bunny hybrids are docile by nature, so you won't be needing muzzles or anything of that sort.”

Jungkook blanched. He didn't know whether to be mortified that muzzles were even an option or relieved that he was going to be spared the humiliation. Truthfully, it was difficult to be bothered when his body had decided to be inappropriately horny at that present moment.

“They're actually easier on the household budget than other domestic pets,” the doctor added.

“He's not- uh-” Namjoon was trying to correct the man tactfully. “He's not going to be a pet.”

“But Jin said-” the doctor paused, gaze frozen on Namjoon, “Oh yes that's right. My mistake. I have a kind of standardized speech I give to carers.”

Namjoon was quick to answer, “It's no problem, we understand.”

Jungkook was glad he had brought the two most level-headed roommates with him. They seemed to be nodding along for the sake of a trouble-free meeting. He appreciated that.

The doctor moved swiftly along, “Rabbit hybrids can be very affectionate. They're fond of gentle scratches, cuddling, petting, being held, et cetera.”

“Hear that, Yoongi-hyung?” Namjoon nudged him teasingly. “He'll need cuddles.”

“Shut up,” Yoongi huffed in response, “I can cuddle. I know how to cuddle. Ask Kookie who hugged him when he came home crying.”

Jungkook was rocking restlessly in his seat, arching his back strangely like someone was tickling him with an invisible feather.

“Kookie? Are- are you okay? Do you need to go to the toilet?”

“No, I'm fine Hyung.”

The doctor interjected and Jungkook wished he hadn't, “Your bunny's just experiencing a spell of heightened sexual arousal. It'll happen more frequently so it's something you should get used to.”

“Wow,” Yoongi said, “It's like fifteen year old Jungkook all over again.”

“Hyung! Shut up!”

“Jungkook-ssi, you shouldn't speak to your carers like that,” the doctor chided.
“Heard that, bunny? You shouldn't speak to us like that.” Namjoon was playfully smug. Jungkook glared at him.

That's how the pet names had started. They were mostly jokes, mostly light-hearted and funny. Somewhere along the way, Jungkook couldn't say when, the pet names adopted undercurrents of affection but they never managed to lose their teasing quality.

Doctor Lee had more to say on the matter but Jungkook could hardly concentrate.

“If it becomes a problem, chastity is always a viable option.”

Jungkook barely remembers his time at the hospital. He supposed that was the point.

He remembers his parents visiting him briefly after he had woken from the chemical-induced coma. Jimin had brought them in and it was just the three of them at his hospital bedside, looking down at his new bunny self in slight awe.

His mother cooed and cried and said she wanted to wrap him up and take him home in her purse. His father spent the whole visit reminding her that Jungkook was an adult and would be perfectly fine.

But she was anxious. “Someone's going to step on him accidentally, he's so small.”

“He's got six grown men looking out for him, honey. We're old now, we can't be babying kids who aren't kids anymore.”

“I can and I will. Look at him,” she said fondly, stroking Jungkook's hair and ears lovingly. Jungkook couldn't help it, he leaned into the touch, closing his eyes and pressing the top of his head more firmly into her palm. He was still adjusting to his new instincts, and they were dominating most of his responses.

“Jungkook,” his father sighed, “You're not helping me here little guy.”

“Don't worry Mr and Mrs Jeon,” Jimin said, the right person to be doing the reassuring in this situation considering how much they liked him. “We'll baby him enough for the both of you.”

“Aww thanks Jiminie,” the woman pinched his smiling cheeks. “We trust you boys.”

Jungkook whined at the loss of touch, and his mom went back to petting him.

“His dad is right,” she said to Jimin, “Jungkook made a good decision. We won't be able to give him everything he needs right now. We want to. It's just, it's a lot, you know? This is something rich people do. It’s not something you expect to just happen. And I'm so- I'm sorry that you boys are-” she wiped at her eyes with her sleeve and Jimin took over petting Jungkook for her.

“I understand Mrs Jeon but it's really nothing you have to be sorry for. We volunteered. We couldn't live without Jungkook, anyway. It’s hardly an issue.”

“He's really fortunate to have all of you,” she said, dabbing at her face with a tissue.

Their heartfelt conversation was interrupted by the sound of a click and they both turned to see
Jungkook's father aiming his phone camera at the bunnyboy.

Jimin threw his head back in laughter and Jungkook's mother joined him, breaking the emotionally charged atmosphere.

“Sorry,” the older man was flustered, “I'm just not sure how long it'll be before we see him again. And he's just- he’s so- look at him.”

“He's adorable,” Jimin said, scratching the bunnyboy gently behind the ears.

Being called adorable felt embarrassing, but it was that tone. That tone that made him want to wiggle in delight. Something about the praising tone that Jimin used made him melt right into the bed. It probably didn't matter what the words were, just that they were said like a compliment.

He frowned and stuck out his bottom lip. But he wasn't pouting. He wasn't. “Am not adorable.”

His father let out a sudden pained groan. “Jungkookie, if you carry on like that you're going to give your poor old man diabetes.”

Jimin laughed, “Your dad’s right Kookie. You're putting all of our lives at risk.”

Jungkook blinked at them in confusion, looking mildly distressed. “M-me?”

“Yeah. Because you're so cute,” Jimin ticked him lightly and the boy let out a squeak and squirm, hating his own reaction.

But Jimin loved it so he did it again, gaining a giggle and wiggle from the long-eared boy.

The third time had Jungkook laughing freely and trying to wriggle away.

It used to be a lot easier to escape Jimin.

His father took more pictures.

They spent the rest of the afternoon together. They didn't include him much in conversation so he just enjoyed being petted and tried not to fall asleep. He ended up with the duvet covers in his mouth sometimes, or the neck of his hospital gown and sometimes his own fingers.

“Jungkook! That's not what fingers are for!” his mom had scolded him like a toddler, pulling his hand away several times. It was embarrassing every single time because he hadn't noticed he was doing it at all.

Eventually she extracted a lollipop from her handbag and unwrapped it before popping it into the boy's mouth. He sucked on it happily while Jimin played with his new furry ears.

The visit came to an abrupt end when Jungkook started sporting a very obvious beanstalk problem with absolutely no cause. His parents were quick to say goodbye and Jimin left shortly after that with one last ruffle of the boy's hair.

“Well, bunnyboy. I guess I should leave you to take care of that. Call if you need help,” he winked like a pervert with the creepiest smile and they both laughed as Jimin closed the door behind him.
Jungkook returned home from his stay at the hospital to find that his hyungs had used his time away as an opportunity to move things around for his benefit. It warmed his heart.

Well, mostly they had just moved his things to lower shelves but the thoughtfulness still touched him. Especially when he saw that they had installed a lower rail in his wardrobe so that he wouldn't have to hang his clothes out of reach.

It was small things that he hadn't really considered that made a huge difference.

He still had difficulties of course. Like for some unknown reason, they always kept the snacks really high up. Not all the snacks, but the fun ones. He didn't know how Jimin and Yoongi had survived so long in this house of giants.

He had to drag one of the dining chairs into the kitchen and climb onto it to reach them. He was doing exactly this when he heard Taehyung's voice behind him.

Jungkook. What are you doing? You're going to hurt yourself.”

“Gettin’ a lollipop,” he answered, turning around to look down at Taehyung from his new height on the chair.

“Get down from there, you've already had two today.”

Jungkook found himself unceremoniously lifted down from his pedestal and placed on ground.

“Hey!” he protested, immediately climbed back up and managed to grab a lollipop this time before Taehyung pulled him down again. “Tae-hyung! What are you doing?”

“You're going to get a sugar high, Jungkook.”

“So?” He unwrapped the lollipop in front of Taehyung's frown of disapproval.

“So, Doctor Lee said to monitor your sugar intake.” Taehyung snatched the lollipop away and Jungkook leapt into action.

“Give it back Taeeee!”

Taehyung wasn't prepared for the way Jungkook ran at him. Taehyung was tall but he wasn't Seokjin-shaped and the boy successfully bowled him right over.

He landed sitting on Taehyung’s stomach and frowned immediately at his hyung's outstretched arm that miraculously still had the lollipop in its clutch.

“Hyung! Give it back!” he reached for it but Taehyung moved it to the other hand.

Jungkook slid further up his hyung’s torso and nearly managed to grab it when Taehyung suddenly snatched both his wrists up with his one free hand, grasp shockingly iron-strong to Jungkook.

“You're not even saying please Jungkook.”

Well, this felt familiar in the most unsettling way.

“I'm not a pet,” Jungook frowned his angriest frown. “I can have lollipops if I want lollipops.”
“Shit. You're so cute bunnyboy,” Taehyung smiled, enjoying the way Jungkook flushed in response.

“Hyung stop it.” Jungkook whined, trying to break free of Taehyung’s hold and failing miserably. This was not how this was supposed to go.

“Stop what? Saying you're cute?” Taehyung popped the lollipop into his own mouth so that he could use both hands to stop the boy from struggling.

Jungkook didn’t even care about the lollipop anymore. He had to get free for another reason. He could feel slick starting to leak from his hole which was a huge problem since he was still sitting on top of Taehyung's abdomen, unable to move away.

“But you are. You're the cutest sweetest most precious little rabbit in the whole world,” Taehyung cooed.

Shit shit shit. Jungkook was squirming. He couldn't help it.

“Hyung. Let go. Seriously.”

“So you can go steal another lollipop?” he said around the candy in his mouth, “I don't think so Kookie.”

Jungkook wiggled where he sat, trying, even though it was impossible, to stop the slick from seeping through his clothes.

“No, Hyung. J-just let go. I won't take another lollipop. I promise. Pinky swear.” Jungkook was tugging against Taehyung's restraint in urgency now.

“But this is so much fun. I could sit here all day telling you how adorable you are Gguk. Because you need to know.”

“I really really don't.” His tail was twitching instinctively and he didn’t know how to stop it. Taehyung could probably feel it.

“I think you do. You need to know how pretty your big eyes are and how cute your nose scrunches are when you smile. Don't even get me started on your little bunny teeth Jungkook. I could just die.”

Jungkook felt like he had smoked a potent drug. He wasn't sure what kind because he had never done drugs before but this was what he imagined it felt like. Everything was hazy and he was seeing colors he had never seen before. Somehow, he was able to remember that he needed to get away so he was still trying to pull his hands apart.

Taehyung sighed dramatically. “Jungkook. I know for a fact that you don't have any where you need to be so why all the fuss? You worried that I’m gonna feel how wet you're getting? I’m sorry to tell you baby boy that it's a bit late for that. Or are you trying to run away because your little cock is hard? I heard that was normal for you though. So I'm sure you can wait a bit, right?”

Jungkook let out a whine of utter humiliation. He couldn't ignore the feeling of Taehyung's waist between his legs, couldn't help moving his hips ever so slightly for that delicious friction.

“Didn't know you liked compliments that much little rabbit. We've been depriving you, haven't we?”

“No. Hyung, stop. P-please.”

“But I'm not doing anything Kookie..”
Jungkook was writhing uncontrollably now with whatever limited movement he had. He looked like he was riding a mechanical bull on the slowest speed.

“You look so pretty all flushed and desperate, Gguk, we should just keep you like this all the time. Wouldn't it be fun?”

“N-no. Please no,” the submissiveness of being restrained like this as well as the humiliation was curling like flames in his belly.

“I'm just kidding baby boy.”

*Taehyung looked pretty too, sucking on that lollipop, Jungkook thought. But Taehyung always looked pretty.*

Jungkook did something totally unprecedented then. There weren't any thoughts between the urge and the action, he just had to do it.

He leaned down towards Taehyung's face and bit the end of the lollipop stick with his teeth, pulling it out of his hyung’s mouth and dropping it onto his chest.

Taehyung's mouth hung open in pure shock and Jungkook took the opportunity to shove his tongue inside it, licking into it to taste the sugary sweet candy flavour. Jungkook moaned desperately into his hyung's mouth, tongue licking messily against his lips, trying to drink up his taste.

Taehyung pushed him away gently. “Jungkook stop.”

Jungkook didn't. He kept licking at him through his words of objection, sucking on his hyung's honey skin and cherry lips. His pretty pretty hyung.

“Jungkook. You need to stop.”

He couldn't. He didn't know why but he couldn't.

“Hyung you taste… s-so good.”

Taehyung sat up and held the bunny back easily. Jungkook pushed forward again, trying to touch his lips to Taehyung's swollen ones, groaning in frustration when Taehyung held him back.

“Jungkook! What on earth are you doing?” Jimin yelled from the kitchen entrance.

“It's my fault!” Taehyung was quick to explain, “I riled him up. I was just messing around.”

For some reason, this jerked the boy out of his lustful stupor and he scrambled away from a disheveled Taehyung, his mind catching up with his actions.

“Shit. Hyung. Shit. I'm sorry. I didn't mean to do that.” Jungkook got to his feet, leaving his breathless hyung still sprawled on the floor.

He sped past Jimin to his room, where he hid in mortification, cock still hard as concrete. Jungkook couldn't do anything about it in that moment because he was wracked with guilt. He had violated his hyung. He had grinded on him for fuck’s sake. He had been so desperate to kiss him, it was shameful.

He’d never be able to look at his hyung again. They wouldn't want him after this. They were going to send him packing, he knew it.
At the same time, in the kitchen, Taehyung was grinning in victory.

Jimin high-fived him. “Fuck. You did good Tae. He's gonna feel so bad.”

“Dude. I pushed him away. Put me on the next Avengers poster because I'm basically earth's mightiest hero.”

“You're an idiot.”

“An idiot who got the first kiss,” Tae said smugly, wiggling his eyebrows.

“True. And an idiot who still has a boner.”

“Excuse me. You would too. You should’ve seen the way he writhed, Chim it was like art.”

“I believe you. What are you gonna tell him though?” Jimin brought a wet cloth over to help clean the sticky lollipop mess on Taehyung's shirt.

“Something about how I didn't want him to do anything he'd regret, how I was worried he was just being impulsive because of his erratic hybrid hormones. But I'll speak to the hyungs before I decide. Maybe they have better ideas.”

“I retract my statement about you being an idiot. I hope you get on that Avengers posters.”

“Thanks. I deserve it.”

“You do.”

Chapter End Notes

Here it is! The long-awaited transformation backstory.
Hope it didn't bore everyone to death. ❤️
Intervention Two

Chapter Summary

The hyungs intervene again.

Chapter Notes

Warning: This fic involves noncon aspects, FORCED infantilism and abuse of power. MIND THE TAGS.

I know people might have hopped on this train without knowing where it was going. So I'm leaving a warning again, please take it as a train station where everyone who doesn't want to be here has the opportunity to hop off. I don't want anyone to read something they're not enjoying or that they find distressing. There are lots of other happy bunnykook fics out there if that's what you're looking for.

All seven roommates were sat at the dinner table. There was no food present. Intervention two was in progress and the tension was tangible.

Namjoon spoke first. “I think everyone knows what we're here to discuss.”

Jungkook nibbled on his bottom lip with his bunny teeth but didn't say anything. He was trying to rest his arms on the table like Namjoon, trying to look casual and unaffected. But he couldn't do it comfortably because the table was too high up, or his chair seat was too low.

Seeing the maknae's adorable posture, Taehyung had to hide his smile behind his hand and look down to hide the rest of his amused expression. The bunny getting accustomed to his new size was always a reliable source of entertainment.

Jimin was looking at Taehyung as if waiting for him to break, but it was making him struggle to hold back his own smile.

Hoseok looked serious but it was impossible to know why because his stare was unfocused, mind elsewhere.

Seokjin looked like Seokjin. He was blinking a lot but he looked prepared for anything. A hurricane, a swarm of bees, a sudden death, a birthday cake.

Namjoon looked important.

Yoongi looked like he didn't want to be there. Which wasn't a huge difference from other times.

But Jungkook, poor thing, looked like he wanted to be on a different planet, in another galaxy, in an alternate timeline.
“Before we start, I think Yoongi-hyung has something he wants to say,” Namjoon announced to everyone who was seated.

Yoongi cleared his throat, getting everyone’s attention in his usual easy manner. “Yeah, well, uh… to Jungkookie.”

Yoongi and Jungkook, both not being the kind of people to talk through their feelings to resolve an awkward situation, hadn’t spoken to each other since the incident. So Jungkook sat up with nervous interest, giving Yoongi all his attention, long ears showing it.

Yoongi wasn’t one to beat around the bush and the slurred words somehow added more sincerity to what he had to say. “Bunny, I’m- I’m really sorry about what happened. About what I had to do. It- I should have found another way to deal with it. With you.”

The bunny was quick to interrupt, “Hyung it’s-”

Namjoon cut him off with a raised hand, “Jungkook, your hyung is talking. Let him finish.”

The boy’s long ears fell forward and he wiggled in his seat with a wince, bottom still stinging. His cockcage also reminded everyone of its presence with a little ring and he blushed.

“Kookie, you’re our maknae, our friend, our little brother. I should be protecting you. The thing is, you’re very persuasive when you want to be.”

“Very persuasive,” Taehyung echoed with an emphasis that made Jungkook redder.

Yoongi was used to ignoring Taehyung’s odd interjections and it showed in the way he continued as if uninterrupted, “But that doesn't mean that what I did was acceptable. I shouldn't have gotten so carried away. And for that, I'm sorry bun.”

To Jungkook’s surprise, Jimin spoke up before he could.

“It's not a big deal, Hyung. Kookie was expecting it, right?” Jimin reached over to pet the boy's head but didn't allow him time to respond. “You warned him and everything. He was being really naughty, there weren't a lot of other options.”

“Except tying him up or locking him away,” Hoseok said off-handedly.

“Yeah Yoongi-ah, don't beat yourself up about it. I would've done the same,” Seokjin added, giving the sullen looking man a friendly thump on the back. “Besides, our little bunnyboy has just been begging for a spanking with those tiny shorts and twitching tail. I'm surprised it didn't happen sooner.”

_Were they serious or were they just trying to make Yoongi-hyung feel better? Jungkook didn't know, but he was blushing hard._

“Fuck!” Hoseok exclaimed deafeningly, making the bunny jump in his seat on his poor burning backside so that he squeaked. Hoseok was pointing at Yoongi’s neck where he had just noticed the small hickey’s. “Did Jungkook do that?”

Yoongi nodded.

The bunny wanted to crawl under the table and stay there.
“Shit,” Hoseok murmured in awe, “You are a strong man Min Yoongi-ssi.”

“Strong man?” Jimin exclaimed. “Jungkook was trying to swallow his dick through his trousers. This right here is a god amongst men.”

“Jimin what the fuck! I never told anyone that! Where were you goblins hiding?”

Namjoon redirected the discussion, “Enough guys. We should let Jungkook speak. Sit up bun.”

Jungkook had sunk so low in his seat that only his eyes and his droopy ears were visible above the edge of the table. He pulled himself upright and his ears went up with the rest of him, facing forward, anxious.

“Y-Yoongi-hyung?”

“Yes bun?”

“I’m s-mff fr cnngy ddy.” The words were muffled by the sleeve that the boy was chewing on. Jimin moved Jungkook’s hand away from his mouth, freeing the drool-covered fabric from between the bunny’s teeth.

“We didn’t catch that baby boy.”

The bunny wriggled at having to repeat himself. “I-I’m sorry for calling you daddy, Yoongi-hyung.”

Hoseok would’ve spat out his drink if he had one, instead he just sputtered comically but Jungkook continued with his apology.

“And- And I'm sorry that you had to spank me. Everyone's right. It- it was the right thing to do I think. I wasn't listening. I was like- like an actual animal.”

“You can't help it Gguk,” Yoongi said gently.

“I know, Hyung. That's why… that's why I think you did the right thing. Because I was- I was out of control. That's also why...well. I've given it some thought and I think I'm okay with it if- if- well, you should. If you need to. You should…spank me.”

All six human men at the table were painted with the same expression of astonishment.

“What?” Yoongi’s mouth was opening and closing wordlessly, as if he were a fish hybrid.

“I said…you should spank me,” the bunny said it so quietly it was almost inaudible, “If you need to.”

“And of you,” Jungkook amended, thinking of that time he had accidentally forced a kiss onto Taehyung, “So that I stop.”

Namjoon was the quickest to compose himself. “Gguk, if that's what you think you need then I know for a fact that none of us would hesitate to give your little bunny butt a proper spanking. But you have to be honest, Kookie. Is it because you liked it? If you're asking because you liked it, then we need to know. We don't want you misbehaving on purpose just because you want a spanking.”

“No no! Hyung no! I hated it! It was awful. It hurt so much. I had to sleep on my tummy!”

Yoongi was the one to answer the bunny, “But baby boy you got so wet and your little cockcage was dripping all over. You really made a mess of my trousers. And don’t think I didn't feel you trying to rub your little nipples on my leg. Pretty sure I would have felt your tiny pee pee too if it wasn’t
locked up.”

“I- uh- I” the poor bunny looked like someone had pressed shutdown on his mental software. “Y- yeah I got really wet. I couldn't help it,” he said it quickly, flustered. “But I also stopped begging. Because it was scary. And very sore. And you made it really scary because you had to and it worked. But mostly it was sore,” the bunny looked down into his lap where he was twiddling his fingers, ears collapsing. “It's- it's still sore.”

There was a collective “awww” at the table that made Jungkook crack the shyest sweetest smile, bunny teeth on display.

“I'm alright though. Don't worry, okay?” the bunny said to his hyungs, so kindly, so innocently.

“But we do worry bun,” Jimin was about to give a lengthy speech, everyone could tell. Jimin was a very wordy man with a lot of feelings. “We worry a lot. Especially when you beg like that. It's- we want to give you the world and you just- you look so fucking desperate. What are we supposed to do?”

Knowing that Jimin, if left alone, would go on indefinitely, Seokjin interrupted, “Jimin. We're getting there. We haven't even gotten to the crux of this meeting yet and I already feel a hundred years old.”

“Because you are,” Jungkook quipped in his cute voice and Jimin fell over with giggles.

“Yah! Jungkook! If you want to be spanked, just ask! No need for personal attacks!” Seokjin yelled wildly, inner Ahjussi out in full. “Old people know how to spank! I'll show you! You think Yoongi is scary? You don't know the meaning of fear my boy!”

The bunny laughed in fits along with everyone else at Seokjin's outrage.

“Okay, okay guys c'mon. Jin-hyung has a point. We need to hurry this along because it looks like if we don’t, we’re going to have a horny bunny on our hands and we'll have to postpone this whole thing. He’s already squirming,” Namjoon looked pointedly at Jungkook who flushed scarlet because he was indeed squirming.

“I think he’s squirming because his disobedient little ass is still ablaze from being properly spanked,” Yoongi threw out casually.

“I dunno Hyung,” Jimin chimed in, “He looks pretty aroused to me. Look at his cheeks.”

“Either way, we need to get this show moving.” Namjoon actually stood up, like he was at one of his company meetings, “As delightful as it was to watch Yoongi-hyung and Jungkookie repair their relationship, this isn't Hello Counselor. We're actually here to discuss our bunny boy's chastity. And his- well- his overall health.”

The bunny's ears, already pricked up, angled themselves towards Namjoon.

“We're afraid, Kookie, that the cockcage has made you focus too much on your eager little bunny hole. It’s an unfortunate and unforeseen consequence that we’ll need to rectify.”

Namjoon was stating what they all already knew but he made it feel like a Global Summit instead of a house meeting.

Jungkook sat up at this odd declaration, nose scrunching cutely. “Does that mean…” the bunny dared to hope, “Is it coming off? Are you gonna unlock me Namjoon-hyung?” The boy was bouncing in excitement.
“Do you have 10 stickers yet, baby boy?”

“N-not yet.” He stopped bouncing.

“Then it’s not coming off.”

“B-but you said… I just thought…” the pout was out in full force, droopy ears included but no one broke. Especially not Namjoon, with his presidential countenance.

“I don't think it would be wise bun, do you?” Namjoon said sagely.

Jungkook looked like he was going to disagree but Taehyung spoke up.

“Personally, I find bunny slick a lot easier to clean up than cum. I'm not saying that it should matter… just that, chores are easier with the bunny’s cock in a cage. Personal opinion,” Taehyung shrugged.

“Agreed,” Jimin added, “Like, as long as he's not milking himself on the sofa, cleaning is a lot easier these days.”

“H-he milked himself? Like prostate-milked?” Hoseok stared bug-eyed at the bunnyboy who was too embarrassed to return the eye-contact. “Are we talking about the same milking I'm thinking about?” Hoseok was looking at each person in turn, slack-jawed. “Why am I finding out so much today? It's like I don't live in this fucking house. Hyung,” he said to Yoongi, “Did you know this?”

“I was there,” Yoongi deadpanned.

“Unbelievable. I thought we were friends.”

“I told you! When I told you about the pacifier-dildo.”

Hoseok went quiet for a second. “Ohhh…”

“Guys. Focus,” Namjoon said sternly, “For fuck’s sake, I thought I only had Jungkook’s miniscule attention span to work around today.” Namjoon waited for everyone to still before continuing, “Right, so we've established the cockcage is staying. It makes sense, I think. Rather than choosing to go back to an old problem that we've already managed to solve, it's better to find a solution to the new problem. Don't you agree Gguk?”

For Jungkook, the meeting so far had been mostly a stressful event. He could hear himself sounding small when he answered their questions but there was nothing he could do. Maybe it was his new stature or the way they all looked at him, but even when he tried to sound confident his voice would just shrink and then they’d all give him their full attention and it made him stutter. He wasn't used to speaking to everyone at a table like this. He could talk shit with them on a sofa in front of a tv easily but this was nerve-wracking.

In addition to the nerves, his friends’ offhanded comments about him sent sudden and violent sparks of arousal through his body that he couldn't explain. His hyungs had always been playful and teasing and he supposed he didn't expect them to suddenly have changed. But he had changed. And his new body was responding differently. Just like when they manhandled him, he had a feeling he should object more but he got so wet. He couldn't raise objections when he was busy trying to tamper his
“...it's better to find a solution to the new problem. Don't you agree Gguk?” Namjoon had said.

Jungkook wasn't certain whether he agreed. If the old problem was his pee pee then what was the new problem? His hole?

His hyungs were looking at him expectantly. They all agreed and they all wanted to help him. He was just being uncooperative again. So he nodded. And Namjoon gave him a pleased smile, all dimples.

“Listen, Bun,” Namjoon made a sound that was almost a sigh, “Your masturbatory habits really shouldn't be any of our business. You're an adult, we're well aware of this.”

Jungkook was glad to hear it.

Namjoon continued, “But when you put your health at risk, you make it our business. You could have seriously injured yourself with that gag, bunny. We don't want to take it away. It was a gift. And you love it, so you ought to keep it,” Namjoon added kindly.

“But just to suck on, okay? With your mouth,” Jimin clarified, implication too obvious to be an implication.

Jungkook nodded in shame, bunny teeth pulling at his bottom lip again in agitation.

Seokjin took over at this point with compassion in his voice, “We've been trying to get an appointment for you with Doctor Lee but he's fully booked for at least the next few weeks. We could try someone else but since yours is a… a special case, we thought you'd prefer to see someone who already knows your medical history, you know?”

Seokjin waited for the maknae's nod of agreement, which he received, before continuing, “He did, however, offer a temporary solution until we're able to see him.”

Jungkook perked up at this, “Really? Like what? Can we try it now?”

“Kookie we're positive you're not going to like it,” Taehyung spoke to the boy gently.

“How do you know?” he whined back petulantly.

“We understand that you enjoy a challenge, Gguk, but this isn't a challenge. It's embarrassing and difficult.”

“So is the cockcage but I'm surviving,” he retorted with an angry pout.

“Are you?” Jimin questioned rhetorically, sounding doubtful. “Listen, Gguk, that's part of the problem. You only have three stickers. You can't earn more stickers if you never leave your room.”

“I...” the maknae wanted to say something in his defense but he didn't really have an argument. When nothing came to mind, he chewed on his sleeve.

“We want you to earn stickers bunny but it's just not happening. That, combined with the fact that you nearly injured yourself with that dumb penis gag or whatever,” Seokjin paused here to glare at Taehyung and Jimin who looked away sheepishly, “And then you tried to jump Yoongi's bones. And he was forced to spank you. And then we all had to suffer through his broody guilt. And I'm pretty sure you tried to hump Tae in the kitchen at some point-”
Seokjin had to be the bluntest man to walk the earth.

“Jin-hyung,” Namjoon interrupted, “Thank you for that colorful recap of events.”

Hoseok jumped in to elaborate, “What we’re trying to say is that we want to make sure these things don’t happen again. But mostly the part where you put your life in danger, Gguk. I’m no vanilla man myself, but as I always say, ‘safety first, safety second, kink third.’ I don’t care how desperate you were for a good fucking, sticking that pacifier up your ass was not safe.”

The boy didn’t think he was capable of feeling more shame and yet every time one of his hyung’s spoke, the feeling grew.

“It’s all coagulating into one big problem Jungkook,” trust Namjoon to throw around the word coagulate. “We hardly see you anymore. I don’t know whether you’re alive or dead half the time. How are we supposed to take care of you when we don’t see you? And when we do see you, as Hoseok so eloquently put it, you’re sticking a pacifier up your ass. How are we supposed to trust that anything you’re doing behind your locked door is safe?” Namjoon paused when he noticed that Jungkook’s bottom lip was quivering. His hyung looked around in panic, probably silently crying for someone with more emotional intelligence to rescue him. Jimin apparently saw his cry for help and flew in to rescue him.

“We know you can't help it, bunny. We’re not blaming you. We just want you to understand why we’re so concerned. Do you wanna come sit by me?” he asked, opening his arms to the bunny.

Jungkook shook his head stubbornly, “Nuh-uh. ‘m not a kid.” He was staring at the table in concentration, willing the tears not to spill, willing his tear ducts to suck the water back up so he could show that he was a grown up.

Jimin gasped dramatically. “You’re right!” he exclaimed poking Jungkook playfully in the cheek causing him to crack a tiny bashful smile. “Hyung is silly, isn’t he?”

Jungkook nodded slowly, still a little tearful, “Very.”

“Jungkook, before you went to hospital we made the decision that you would stay with us,” Namjoon continued, “Because we love you. You know that, right? You bring us so much joy bunnyboy and you always have. We thought we'd be able to take care of you and give you everything you need but I think we're failing. And I miss you now. I miss you so much Kookie. I just want to be around you. We all do.”

Jungkook suddenly couldn't breathe. His roommates were supporting him financially, emotionally, in ways that only a family would. All they wanted in return was to spend time with him and he couldn't give them that. Guilt was threatening to suffocate him. For Namjoon to say such sentimental things, they must all feel quite strongly. He had really fucked up.

Taehyung spoke up earnestly, sounding as emotional as the bunny felt, “We just- we really really really miss you Kookie.”

Oh god. They missed him. How could he have let this happen? They were taking care of him, providing for him. He owed them everything. He owed them happiness, not tears. He was the worst friend. The worst dongsaeng.

“Doctor Lee said bunny hybrids are really affectionate” Yoongi said softly, “But you don’t come to us for hugs or cuddles or anything. It’s like you don’t need us.”

Jungkook wanted to explain that it wasn’t true, that he did want hugs and cuddles and petting and
scratches, he wanted them all. He wanted more than that, he just didn’t want to be a burden. If he
gave in to his instincts he'd probably be in one of their laps right now, snuggling his face into their
necks and trying to leave his sent on them.

Jungkook was taken aback by his own thoughts, he hardly allowed himself to acknowledge his urges
like that. He'd normally suppress them until they built up and he ended up doing something
ridiculous and embarrassing. What Seokjin said next stole his train of thought.

“That's why, we've talked about it and, well, we think it might be better for you if you move back in
with your parents.”

“What-” Jungkook stuttered over the unidentifiable emotion caught in his throat.

“We'll send them the Transfer of Ownership forms-”

“I can't! I can't go back to my parents! I-” he cut himself off but the words that went unsaid were
obvious to everyone at the table. He couldn't go back because what if he accidentally masturbated
shamelessly in his mom's living room?

As if Seokjin had read his mind, he went on, “We'll explain the situation. I'm sure they'll understand.
They're your parents and they love you. We'll send them a key for your cockcage.”

Horrified. Jungkook was horrified. He couldn't return with a cockcage. He still needed to ask his
hyungs to buy him a dildo, a safe one. He hadn't built up the courage yet but he needed one, he
knew it. There's no way he could ask his parents for that.

Also, Jungkook remembered that Yoongi had said something about wanting to fuck him.

Was he supposed to pretend that that never happened? Was Yoongi pretending that that never
happened? Did the others know that it had happened?

He was still holding on to that small hope. They couldn't just send him away. Were some forms all it
took? If they signed him away, he'd never see them again? Screw “being a grown-up”, he was going
to cry.

“Hyung! I'll try harder! I'll be better! I've been doing everything wrong I’m sorry I’m sorry. Please
don't make me go! I'm so sorry.”

Was he- was he being a burden accidentally? Even though he hardly ever asked for cuddles? Was it
all still too much for them?

“Jungkook, we'd never make you leave,” Taehyung explained with all the warmth and compassion
Jungkook needed in that moment, “We just thought you might want to. We thought it might be better
for you. There aren't a lot of other options right now. You don't even see us anymore so what's the
point?”

His parents couldn’t afford to take care of him right now, not like this, not when they were close to
retirement and had to worry about themselves. He couldn’t do that to them.

Jungkook was in tears, messy snotty tears. “What about what Doctor Lee said?” he asked urgently,
turning to Seokjin, “We can try that! That’s still an option, right Hyung?”

Seokjin grimaced, “Are you sure, bun?”

“Yes! Yes! Completely sure,” he insisted, wiping his dripping nose with the back of his hand.
“We preferred not to even suggest it. That should tell you something.”

“But you're okay with doing it, right? You're all just worried that I won't like it?”

“That's right Gguk.”

“Then I'll do it! I'll be fine with it, I promise. Whatever it is, I want to try. Please, let me at least try.”

“Alright, bun. If you're sure...” He sounded reluctant.

“I’m sure! I’m sure!” Jungkook was feeling kind of optimistic now. They were letting him try! This was his chance to show them how much he valued them and everything they were doing! He was gonna do it. He was gonna make his hyungs so happy.

“If you choose to stay-”

“I do! I am!” Jungkook interjected with passion.

Seokjin chuckled lightly at his excitement, “We’re happy to hear that Kookie. Alright then, since you’re staying,” he corrected himself, “We gotta do everything we can for you, right? So we're going to have to enforce a new rule.”

Jungkook nodded solemnly, to show everyone how serious he was about this new rule.

Namjoon placed two somethings on the table.

One of his rabbit ears dropped as he tilted his head in curiosity.

“These are from a hybrid store. We're gonna put them on your hands and they’re going to stay on unless we say otherwise. You'll have to get used to these before we switch to more comfortable ones.”

“What- what are they?” Jungkook asked timidly.

“They’re gloves.”

The ‘gloves’ were made of white leather and had buckles around the wrists. They didn’t seem to have any fingers, not even a thumb.

“B-but but I won't be able to use my hands hyung?” Jungkook said it like a question, eyes wide.

“That's kind of the point baby boy. You won't be able to do anything on your own. But that's why you have hyungs, to help! And then we'll get to spend more time with you, isn't that great?”

“Oh.” Jungkook had to remind himself that they were doing this for his sake, to protect him, so that he wouldn’t hurt himself, so that he wouldn’t have to go back to his parents. “Y-yeah that’s great.”

“Can I help him put them on?” Taehyung asked excitedly.

“I'm doing it,” Hoseok said with determination and Taehyung pouted, outranked by age.

Hoseok stood up to fasten the gloves onto the maknae’s hands, trapping each hand in a fist, pulling the buckles tight to secure them. The gloves were soft, but they weren’t lenient. He couldn’t wriggle his fingers, or unclench his fists even a little.

“How do I take them off?” Jungkook asked, staring down at his imprisoned hands in dismay.
“You can’t. We’ll have to do that for you.”

“Oh.”

“Oh my god he’s perfect. Look at him. The cutest boy in the whole world. Someone hold me,” Hoseok flung himself at Taehyung who squawked.

*Oh no. Compliments. No, not now. Not while he was helpless.*

His body was betraying him, beginning to stir with arousal.

“Hyung,” he turned to Hoseok, trying not to look too pink, trying not to look suspicious. “C-can you take them off now? Please?” he asked, holding his mittened hands out in front of him in supplication.

“I'm afraid not bunny. Just tell us what you need.”

His face got desperately and evidently red. He couldn't say it. He needed the mittens off.

Seokjin seemed to catch on. “Oh bunny. Poor thing. If we took these off every time you needed to stuff your bunnyhole then what would be the point?”

“But-”

“You want us to help you, right? Taking these off won't help you, bunny. You know what will?”

“W-what?”

“Presents!”

“Huh?”

An assortment of intimidating dildos clattered onto the table in front of a manically grinning Seokjin. “Aren't they cool? We should really apologize for not buying these earlier. Should have realized you needed them. Sorry Gguk.”

“But- but I can't use them... like this,” the bunny said sadly, hands trying to unclench inside their bonds.

“We're gonna help you!” Jimin said enthusiastically. “It'll be fun!”

*Fun?*

“Bunny, this part is important so we need your focus,” Seokjin said.

He was trying, he really was. But the meeting had already gone on way longer than he was used to going without something to suck on. And the longer the dildos just lay there in front of him, the more his hole kept opening between his cheeks as if in anticipation.

“The whole point of this new rule is that you tell us what you need. If you want us to fuck you, with our cocks, then you need to tell us now, properly. We don't want you springing it on us like what you did to Yoongi, calling him daddy and acting like a little boy. He didn't know which way was up. That was really manipulative Gguk.”

He couldn't even tell them that he hadn't done it on purpose, because he had. He was trying to get his way. He knew the daddy thing would get Yoongi all hot and bothered. They were right, he had been manipulative.
“Like Jimin said, when you beg and plea like that, we want to give you the world. It’s scary because we don’t want to do anything you might have regrets about later. Your powers of seduction are a strong force bunny. If we just gave in to our desires, we might hurt you. To avoid that, you need to tell us, here in front of everyone, if you want that or not. We won’t judge you for it, if it’s something you need then it’s something you need. But you have to tell us.”

Jungkook would’ve been absolutely shocked by the direction the meeting had taken if he wasn’t already partially fantasizing about the dildos in front of him. All Seokjin’s surprising speech had done was create very vivid images in his mind’s eye.

“You guys w-would do that? All of you?”

“We agreed to take care of you bunny. That means everything. Whatever you need.”

“I think- I think I need that.”

“Thank you for telling us Jungkook. You’ll need to ask us when you feel like you want that otherwise we’ll just be using all these fun looking things,” Seokjin said, gesturing to the heap of toys.

Amidst the mass, Jungkook had spotted what looked like a carrot. But it was definitely a dildo. If any of them came near him with that abomination he would promptly die. Right there he would expire, cease to exist, turn into fine dust and float away. What a very Seokjin thing to buy. Jungkook couldn’t tell whether it was serious or a joke but knowing Seokjin, it was probably both in entirety.

Jungkook had a question. He raised his hand tentatively.

“Yes, baby?”

“Will you still be- um- spanking me?”

He was taken aback by how quickly Seokjin responded, since this was only something he had mentioned to them today.

“Of course bunny. You asked us to correct a particular behaviour, so we will.”

Could he un-ask them? He didn't know they were going to offer to fuck him. Most friends aren't that nice, how was he supposed to know? He'd really created a mess for himself.

“But- how am I supposed to- uhhhh tell you what I need if I'm not allowed to beg?”

“You'll have to ask nicely bun. You shouldn't be demanding or forcing people like what you did to Yoongi. We won't tolerate that. Little boys need to realize they can't always get what they want. You’ll ask nicely. And then we'll decide. If we say no then it's a no, understand?”

That meant asking to be fucked was going to be very risky. If he did it right, they'd take care of him and if he did it wrong, they'd spank him.

He had to figure out how they wanted to be asked.

He nodded in response to Seokjin.

“Good boy. We'll take care of you Kookie, don't you worry.”

“We're so happy you want to stay baby!” Jimin said, “It would have honestly broken our hearts to send you away.”
“You're our brave boy, aren't you bun?” Taehyung smiled at him.

“Our bunny's been so good sitting still this whole time and listening so carefully,” Namjoon praised.

“Of course he has,” Yoongi added, “He's the smartest bunnyboy in the whole universe.”

Their words made him feel boneless. He didn't know if it was simply because the meeting had been long and he was becoming restless. But it felt different. Their words seemed to have some power over him, making him feel tiny and so good. It was miserable and wonderful.

“I think this good boy deserves a sticker. What do you think?”

It felt like he had eaten too much ice-cream and then spun around until he thought he might throw up. Happy and dizzy.

“Please Hyung! I've been good!”

“You have baby boy. Stand up for me,”

Some of his hyungs said they needed to leave, he guessed the meeting was over. They patted his head or ruffled his hair as they went by and he mewed in response, disappointed that the touches were over so quick.

Seokjin and Namjoon remained, presumably to give him a sticker. Great, the two hyungs that made him feel the tiniest.

“Shorts off,” Namjoon instructed.

Was that a joke? How was he supposed to-

He tried, but it was nearly impossible to get a grip on the waistband without fingers. He just looked silly.

“Need help there little boy?” Namjoon asked with a smirk.

He was so red, he didn't think things like this could embarrass him after some of the stuff he'd done in front of his hyungs but it did.

“Y-yes hyung,” Jungkook stuttered, unable to look Namjoon in the eye as he moved forward to help him pull down his pants.

Jungkook was embarrassed afresh at the sight of the pink sticker-covered chastity device. It really was a shock to the eye every time.

His arousal had been steadily growing and now it was reaching worrying levels. His cock was straining against its cage. He wanted the stupid thing off but now they were gonna put another sticker on it.

“Come here baby. We gotta choose one.”

He waddled a few steps toward Seokjin, pants around his ankles and as he moved, his thighs slid against each other, slippery from slick. It was worse than he thought. He was so fucking wet, he had leaked all down his thighs. He was a mess between the legs and his hyungs could see it.

He chose a sticker fairly quickly, squirming the whole time. It didn't take long for them to put it on and no one said the word pee pee, for which he was thankful.
By the time they were done, he was dizzy with desperation, hole wet and hungry and needing something to fill it.

Instinctively, he found himself grinding his mittened hands desperately against his crotch, gaining absolutely no sensation from the padded layers against the plastic cage. But he was doing it anyway, as useless as it was.

“Ah-ah,” Seokjin cautioned, taking a hold of the bunny's wrists, “You need to tell us what you need Gguk.”

Jungkook just groaned.

“What happened bun? Forgot how to talk?”

Jungkook pouted and Seokjin laughed fondly.

“Okay we'll cut you some slack baby but only because you've been so good today and this is all new.”

Jungkook was grateful.

“How about we get you ready for bed and then you can choose a toy for hyung to help you with.”

A toy? Oh, a dildo. That should be fun, considering he couldn't use his hands to point. Was he supposed to describe which dildo he wanted? The black one. No, not that one, the one that looks dick-shaped. They'd be there for years.

He nodded.

“Alright, bun. Let's go. Pants up.”

Jungkook squirmed. They knew he needed to ask for help, they were just waiting.

“Can't Hyung. Please h-help.”

Getting ready for bed was going to be a long process, he could tell.

“Of course baby. You're such a good boy for asking so sweetly.” Seokjin pulled up his shorts swiftly and then took the boy's small hand in his much larger one, leading him towards the bathroom. Namjoon disappeared to put the stickers away.

As he was being dragged away, Jungkook looked longingly over his shoulder at the presents on the table.

Maybe he'd save some time choosing one by just picking up the toy he wanted with his mouth, he was really feeling that desperate.

Or maybe he'd ask for Seokjin's cock later.

If he could figure out how to.
It was when Seokjin had squeezed a worm of toothpaste onto Jungkook's brush and told him to open wide that the bunny had voiced his first concern.

"Hyung?" he asked softly, bare feet shuffling on the cold tiles.

"Yes baby boy?"

"Are you really going to do everything for me?" his ears were standing tall, a sign of his curiosity, "Isn't this a bit much? I uh, I feel even more like a burden than before."

"Jungkook! How dare you say that?" the bunny cowered, ears flattening at the raised voice. "You're not a burden. If anything deserves a spanking, it's saying ridiculous things like that!" Jungkook reflexively shielded his bottom and Seokjin had to hide a smile. When Seokjin was certain he was maintaining his stern frown, he continued, "You know, your other hyungs made a suggestion but I told them it was too harsh. I think I was wrong. It would really help you."

Jungkook froze in fear, nose twitching like a rabbit who had caught scent of danger, ready to run. Except Jungkook had nowhere to go.

"For your own sake bunny, we think you need to start calling us Daddy. As a reminder, which I've only realized now how much you need, that we're here to take care of you. That you're our treasure and we love you and you're so much more than a roommate to us, Kookie. We're family, we love you unconditionally and you need to remember that. We think this will help you remember that this is our job now, but more importantly that you're not a burden."

Jungkook said nothing. All the blood had left his face and his hands were clenching inside their leather confines in dread.

"I can't Hyung, please don't make me," the maknae implored. "I really can't. I-"

Jungkook gathered some bravery from his old self, the self that could have physically fought Seokjin and stood a chance at winning. Because for once, he didn't feel like he'd be hurting or upsetting anyone by refusing.

"Jin-hyung," he said it with emphasis, "I tolerate all the fussing and fretting and being treated like a little boy because I know you all care about me so much but I don't like it. It's embarrassing. I'm not a kid. I can't call you that. It would make it all so much worse."

"You didn't seem to have a problem with it when you were begging Yoongi to fuck you."

"That- that was different Hyung! That was- that was-"
“Manipulation? All the more reason for the rule to be implemented I think. It will also be a nice reminder that manipulating your hyungs has consequences.”

For the first time Jungkook genuinely feared Seokjin and he didn't know what to do about the feeling. He had last felt this scared when Yoongi had punished him but that had been with good cause. Seokjin wasn't punishing him. But the bunny was scared and he didn’t know why.

Jungkook’s reasoning, as distorted by constant arousal as it was, had been that if he couldn’t get hard and he couldn’t cum, he’d do the next best thing.

That next best thing had been fingering himself to tears. But the bunny couldn’t do that now, not with the stupid mittens - the mittens that had seemed fairly harmless until he’d spent some time in the bathroom with Seokjin and learnt how truly debilitating they were. He’d never had another person brush his teeth for him before. But now that he had, he realized it was a lot more humiliating and invasive than he could ever have imagined, holding his mouth wide open like he was at the dentist while his hyung thrust a toothbrush rapidly in and out.

The confused baby rabbit didn't understand why it had to be so messy, why Seokjin brushed in such a way as to cause the foam to swell and spill indecently. He tried to keep all the white froth inside his mouth but his hyung was aggressive and it trickled down his chin, hitting the tiles with intermittent splats. Afterwards, having to fill his mouth with water from Seokjin’s cupped palm to rinse and spit, the whole experience had left him feeling twitchy and strange.

But Seokjin had comforted and encouraged and praised the bunny with kind words until the poor thing was unbelievably hard in the cockcage and fidgety.

The maknae could feel the words rushing through his bloodstream, more potent than an aphrodisiac, igniting a fire in his belly. And Seokjin hadn’t held back at all. He cooed over the bunny’s two protruding front teeth until Jungkook was tearfully rubbing the padded mittens against his cockcage to no avail.

“Jungkook. Leave that poor pee pee alone. It’s suffering enough all locked up without you pawing at it,” Seokjin chided.

Jungkook had grumbled indecipherable complaints around the foamy toothbrush but forced himself to stop when Seokjin smacked his hands away.

The bunny spent the rest of the time shifting his weight from side to side in effort to leave his cockcage alone and from the uncomfortable feeling of wetness between his legs that he, without his hands, didn’t know how to cope with.

The maknae was learning that specific actions triggered responses in his new body that he had no control over. His hyungs seemed to already have intimate knowledge about these responses and exploited them at every opportunity for their own amusement. But Jungkook didn’t blame them of course - they probably thought it was harmless teasing, a bit of innocent fun. Or perhaps he was imagining things and they were completely ignorant and did it unintentionally.

One of these actions was the gentle head scratches that Jimin was good at giving. They always made the bunny docile and pliant, turned him into a wet piece of clay, waiting to be kneaded and bent to
someone's will. The second was praise. Quite simply, admiration and approval made him delirious with arousal like someone suddenly flicked the tv channel to porn. Even if it was about his cuteness, which Jungkook hated, he couldn’t stop his physical reaction.

So after suffering through all of Seokjin’s adoration while getting his teeth brushed, Jungkook was ready to bend over and take a huge dick. Truthfully, Jungkook always felt on the brink of tumbling into this desperate state but the praise really tipped him over and sent him plummeting.

Seokjin couldn’t deny how much he enjoyed Jungkook’s rapid and sometimes even startling oscillations between confident headstrong stubborn young man and timid uncertain suggestible baby rabbit.

After Seokjin helped him with the last of the rinsing, Jungkook said a natural, “Thank you Hyung.”

The older man was not pleased. “Daddy. C’mon Gguk. The sooner you start saying it, the easier it will get.”

The bunny felt downright wrong saying it when it was forced but he didn’t want to see what happened if he refused, especially if it meant a spanking on his painfully sensitive ass cheeks.

He blushed, tail twitching, trying to spit it out but finding himself unable to jump this hurdle of submission. Because that’s what it was, right? Submission? Except unlike with Yoongi, this wasn’t voluntary. Despite all the embarrassing behaviour he was constantly displaying in front of his hyungs, these hurdles still felt like mountains.

“I- I can’t. Hyung, please. This- this is- isn’t necessary,” Jungkook eventually stuttered out.

Seokjin sighed, ‘Little rabbit, if I hear the word ‘hyung’ again you’re not going to like what happens.”

Jungkook instinctively backed up against the sink, protecting his ass, every muscle rigid with apprehension but his hyung pulled him closer again and petted the back of the bunny’s head with care. Seokjin stroked his velvety ears until Jungkook’s body relaxed but when his hyung’s hand began moving downward, the stiffness returned, full force. The boy tried to avoid the hand sliding down his back, in the direction of his bottom but Seokjin’s strict stare was holding him in place.

“What do you say Kookie?”

“D-Daddy. Th-thank you...Daddy.”

“Good boy.”

Logically, Jungkook knew that filling his aching hole wouldn’t bring relief when the real problem was his caged cock. But the rabbit’s body had become accustomed to the frequent penetration and he was half out of his mind with need. There would be no coming, just torturous build-up. Jungkook hated it and he needed it and he hated that he needed it. And right now, he needed it more than ever.

Unfortunately, his current predicament meant that he couldn’t do it on his own. He could only put his tight pucker on display and hope his hyung took pity when he saw how wet it was.
“Thank you for helping me Jin-hyung,” the maknae mumbled into the mattress.

“If I have to remind you again, you’ll be going to bed empty and desperate bunny. What are you supposed to call me?”

“D-Daddy.”

“Repeat it properly Jungkook.”

“Thank you for helping me Daddy.” Jungkook was less thankful after having to say it like that.


The bunny’s spine was dipping so deeply, it looked in danger of snapping. But he was obedient and lifted his ass as high as he could while keeping his chest against the mattress, presenting. Despite the humiliation, it was probably in his own best interest.

Seokjin had his finger right there, swirling slick around the boy’s rim as if absent-mindedly passing the time, not giving him the penetration he needed.

“Fuck. Please please please just put it in.”

Jungkook was waving his bunny tail in the air in desperation like a flag above a hole on a golf course, and Seokjin was just sitting back, enjoying the show. He ran his finger over the boy’s hole again and again and Jungkook whined.

The bunny spread his knees further apart, ass tilting, a request that Seokjin ignored.

“It’s just a finger, bun. Calm down,” Seokjin said patronizingly and Jungkook groaned in humiliation. The fingertip ran leisurely between the bunny’s cheeks, collecting slick. And then the touch disappeared and Jungkook heard a sucking sound that made him nearly collapse.

“This isn’t fair,” Jungkook huffed petulantly, “You said you’d help.”

Seokjin was running his hands all over Jungkook's exposed body, down his bare thighs, up his back, all over his sensitive bottom, riling the poor thing up worse than he already was. “I am helping, baby bunny. You just look so pretty like this.”

“Hyungggggg what do you want?” Jungkook groaned in frustration.

Without hesitation, Seokjin rained a succession of sharp smacks down on the bunny's upturned ass, making him gasp and moan in an unintentionally erotic fashion.

“Daddy!” he gasped “I meant Daddy! Ah!”

Seokjin mercifully stopped the spanking. “I want you to impress me Gguk.”

The bunny was visibly taken aback by that answer. “H-how?” He wiggled a bit, ass red and stinging.

“With your behaviour, baby boy. Yoongi told me how good our little maknae is at begging. But I haven’t seen it yet.”

“But he sp-spanked me for begging,” Jungkook complained with a pout that Seokjin couldn’t see but he could hear.
“No Gguk. I know you find it difficult to concentrate these days. I mean, look at this greedy hole,” he said, using his thumbs to stretch the rim obscenely, “I’m sure it’s distracting.” The bunny squeaked at the feeling but Seokjin continued, “But it’s very important that you understand. So listen carefully. I’m going to put this in, so you can concentrate.”

Seokjin allowed the bunnyhole to suck his finger inside and held it there, unmoving, just letting Jungkook clench around it.

The bunny tried to move back, tried to fuck himself on the digit but as soon as he did, the finger was gone and Seokjin landed a hard smack on his ass cheek, making him lurch and yelp in surprise.

“You're being naughty Jungkook. This is exactly what I'm talking about.”

“Daddy I'm sorry Daddy. Please put it back, I'll stay still. I'm sorry.”

Seokjin conceded, if only because Jungkook had called him Daddy without prompting, putting his finger back in the boy’s desperate hole but holding it still again. Jungkook was huffing and panting with the effort of not moving. Seokjin waited for the bunny to calm down.

When the boy’s breathing became slower and even, he continued, “Yoongi didn’t spank you for begging, Gguk. Baby rabbits are supposed to beg. We’d never punish you for that. Yoongi had to spank you because you were trying to take what you wanted without permission. That's how wild animals behave. Are you a wild animal Kookie?”

Jungkook shook his head against the mattress with a whimper. “What are you, Gguk?”

The words came out muffled into the sheets but they were audible, as was the embarrassment in them. “A bunnyboy.”

“That's right bun. A domesticated bunnyboy. Not a feral thing, am I right?”

Jungkook didn't like the sound of feral. “Yes, d-Daddy. I’m domest'cated. I swear.”

“Well, it's hard to tell from your behaviour.”

Jungkook let out a sad whine and Seokjin cooed.

“Awwww Kookie. My baby bunny looks so gorgeous spread out like this. He's such a pretty boy I just want to kiss him and give him everything he wants. But then he wouldn't learn how to be a good bunny. He needs to show that he knows not take without asking.”

Jungkook could only whine at the way Seokjin was speaking, not addressing Jungkook directly even though there was no one else in the room.

“Beg for me Jungkook. Show me how a good bunny asks for what he wants.”

He had done it before, it shouldn't be a problem. It shouldn't be difficult, but it was.

“Daddy please,” Jungkook started but couldn’t continue.

Seokjin said the next line as if scripted, painfully predictable, but also necessary if Jungkook wasn’t going to cooperate.

“Please what, baby?” Seokjin was patient, finger unmoving inside the boy’s dripping hole as he waited for Jungkook to push through the humiliation in order to respond.
“P-please. Please fuck me Daddy,” Jungkook eventually managed.

He moaned in relief when Seokjin finally began thrusting the finger back and forth inside his clenching hole. The immediate response gave Jungkook the courage to keep going.

“Need more, please Daddy?”

“Such a good boy Jungkook,” Seokjin praised, adding another finger, shoving it in so that fresh slick pushed itself out of the bunnyhole like fucking frosting out of a cake-icer. Seokjin wanted to bake a bunnybutt cake and eat it. Or he wanted to stuff the bunny's hole with sugary frosting. He couldn't decide.

“It's not enough Daddy. Please please please,” the boy's thighs were trembling from holding himself in the awkwardly explicit position but also from the self-restraint required to keep still when Seokjin’s fingers were fucking him so so slowly. It wasn't at all how he would have done it himself, but he had to stay still and take what he was given or Daddy would get mad.

“Please what, Kookie? I don't read minds,” Seokjin said, continuing the slow pace.

“Please fuck me. Please.”

“I am fucking you bunny.”

“Nooooo!” Jungkook wailed and Seokjin chuckled at the boy's incoherency from only two fingers. “Need more!”

“I didn't hear a please,” Seokjin chastised.

“Daddy please more Daddy,” Jungkook whined, asshole opening up as if expecting something bigger, preparing itself.

“Fuck, you're perfect baby. Look at this shameless little pucker. It's so hungry. My god.” Seokjin pulled his fingers out with a slick pop and Jungkook whined at the loss, wiggling his ass, but not daring to move backwards. He was a good bunny.

He wanted to spread his cheeks, to beg properly, so he reach back with his mittens but with his hands in fists he couldn't get any purchase, couldn't grab onto the flesh. He whimpered at how stupid he must look and gave up, nuzzling his face into the bed sheets to hide in shame.

“Oh bunny,” Seokjin said with sympathy, “Are you trying to show Daddy your hole? Poor baby. Can Daddy help?”

Jungkook didn't answer. He was too mortified.

But Seokjin helped anyway. With his large hands he spread the boy's ass cheeks. admiring the way the little hole opened and closed in desperation.

“Daddy I'm so wet.”

“I can see that, bunny, don't need be told.”

Jungkook made a pained sound and Seokjin took pity on him, slipping a finger back inside the boy.

It wasn't enough. Jungkook was going to cry. But then the finger found his prostate and Seokjin honed in on it with determination, curling his finger against it.
Jungkook could do no more than whimper and whine.

“Oh? Does the baby bunny like having his special spot tickled?”

And Jungkook realized that's exactly what it felt like. Like Seokjin was tickling his prostate playfully.

“N-no-”

“No? Should Daddy stop?”

“No please!” how could Jungkook explain he meant, no, don't say it like that. No, don't call it that. Stop speaking like that.

“Daddy you-you're being mean,” he whined.

He couldn't get words out when Seokjin was touching him like that. His small cock was throbbing, straining valiantly against the cage, wanting to stand erect, wanting to be touched. It hurt but he couldn't concentrate on the pain when his hole was receiving such pleasure. He just knew he wanted to cum. More than anything in the world. He'd even take a brutal spanking if it meant he got to cum.

“N-need to cum Daddy!” Jungkook moaned.

“Aww I'm so sorry baby boy. I'm sure it's difficult but you're such a strong boy, aren't you? Daddy's strong brave boy,” Seokjin leaned down, pressing his body along the bunny's spine to leave gentle kisses on his neck.

“Please Daddy! Please unlock my pee-pee! I'll be good I promise. I'll let you take care of me. Just wanna cum,” Jungkook mewled miserably.

Seokjin kissed up his neck, closer to his ear and then sucked on his jaw, worshipping the boy with his mouth but refusing to give him what he was begging for.

"Ah-ah bunny, if I unlock that tiny weenie you'll be humping all the furniture like a wild animal.” Seokjin hadn’t stopped stroking the boy's prostate but he was doing it so so slowly that Jungkook's mind was unraveling. “Are you a wild animal?”

“N-no Daddy.”

“What are you?”

“A-a domesticked bunnyboy.”

Seokjin chuckled at the butchered word.

“That's right. And tame bunnyboy's have their pee-pee’s locked up so they learn to behave.”

It made sense to Jungkook. Everything Seokjin said made sense. It just didn't feel right. It wasn't fair.

“Besides,” Seokjin continued, “Look at this little thing.” He reached underneath to take hold of the cage between two fingers, diddling the squished little cock back and forth so that the humiliating bell tinkled. “Why would I take this off when your cock is so pretty all decorated for Daddy?”

The bunny groaned and tried to pull away from the touch but he only ended up pushing Seokjin's fingers deeper into his ass.
“Daddy please Daddy I can’t.”

Seokjin eased up on the poor boy’s prostate and inserted another finger, scissoring them slightly to hear the bunny lose his breath.

“How about we use this, huh? Think it'll help?” Seokjin whispered into the skin on Jungkook’s back, reaching with his free hand for the dildo on the bedside table.

“No! Daddy! Wanna- wanna feel you inside me.”

Seokjin kissed him again on the spine, “Sweet boy, you are feeling me inside you,” he chuckled softly.

“No I want your cock! Please Daddy!”

“Bunny you're so perfect. How’d we get so lucky, huh?”

Jungkook could feel the rough material of Seokjin's jeans and the hard heat beneath it, sliding between his cheeks, rubbing against his sensitive rim, teasing. Jungkook would never have been able to tell Seokjin was this hard from his attitude.

Jungkook was so wet, so empty, more vulnerable and needy than he'd ever felt. His insides hollow, yearning. Precum drooling shamefully from his tortured dick.

“Daddy I need you! Please! I need your cock! Only if you want to, Daddy. Please.”

“What a polite boy,” Seokjin cooed.

Jungkook whined and the sudden gush of slick was mortifying.

When Seokjin pulled away, Jungkook’s ass chased the touch, out of control, begging. And Seokjin chuckled, giving it a light slap that still had the bunny wincing.

Seokjin took his throbbing red cock in hand and brought it right to the boy’s entrance, pushing the head against the tight ring of muscle but not pushing inside, just watching as the bunny's hole tried to suck it inside, wanting more.

“Daddy?” the bunny's voice cracked on the word, tears beginning to roll. “Please?”

Seokjin speared into the boy with a grunt and Jungkook whimpered, needing to grab onto the sheets but unable to, body entirely at his hyung’s mercy.

“So tight. So fucking perfect sweetheart,” Seokjin couldn't hold back a groan of pleasure, “You're not focusing on your pee-pee anymore, are you?”

“N-need something to suck on Daddy,” Jungkook just about managed to breathe out.

Seokjin tossed the unused to dildo to the bunny and it landed on the mattress in front of his face.

Elbows supporting him, the bunny picked it up carefully with the knuckles of his fists and held it to his mouth. Before his lips could touch it, it tumbled to the bed and he whined in disappointment.

Jungkook’s breath hissed through his teeth as Seokjin pulled back, feeling every inch of his cock drag through him again in reverse.

He tried again, managing to lift the dildo off the mattress with some careful manoeuvring. He
succeeded in getting his lips around it this time but the padded gloves really didn't allow him to get a proper grip on the phallus.

When Seokjin slammed back in, the dildo flew out of his hands and he groaned in frustration at having lost his toy. He banged his mittened fists against the mattress in exasperation but Seokjin stopped him with a firm hold on his wrists, “No tantrums bunny.”

“C-can’t hold it Daddy,” the bunny hiccuped, tears flowing freely down his red cheeks, some even dripping off the end of his nose. “Need help. Please.”

Seokjin turned the bunny's face towards him, wiping the messy streaks away with his thumb before kissing his nose. He moved forward to pick up the dildo, cock pushing further in, making the boy’s breath catch. He held the dildo in front of the bunny so that he could take it in his mouth, which he did with enthusiasm and a happy hum.

The more the bunny relaxed, the faster his hyung fucked him. Every time Seokjin shoved into him, Jungkook felt like all the air had been slammed right out of his lungs. When his hole stopped trying to clutch onto his hyung's cock like it was frightened of it leaving forever, his hyung fucking him deeper, faster, more forcefully, until Jungkook’s body was just rocking against the bed listlessly under the aggressive pounding. His tiny cock was being forced to rub against the bed but it didn’t matter because he couldn't feel it, it just served to make him more frustrated.

His whole back was bending convex in pleasure, curving upwards and then back down, like an abused plastic ruler threatening to snap while he moaned, not having an outlet for the pleasure that was building. His body couldn't contain everything he was feeling. His balls were throbbing and he wanted nothing more than for Seokjin to unlock the cage and stroke him to a blinding orgasm.

Seokjin sped up, impressively capable of thrusting the dildo into Jungkook's mouth while speeding up the ramming of his hips. His breaths grew short and sharp as his pleasure mounted, while Jungkook let out a steady moan of frustration, knowing this torturous pleasure was as close as he was getting to an orgasm. His short sad whimpers of discomfort for his little cock were getting more desperate. He wanted to cum as badly as Seokjin, craving the release that he wasn’t allowed.

Seokjin came to the sight of Jungkook trapped between his cock and the dildo, both stuffing the bunny fully, leaving no room for escape. The bunny crying for release and his fluffy tail twitching in distress for his trapped cock.

The feeling of his hyung's cum shooting warm inside him was indescribable and Jungkook was immediately cold with fear. Fear because it felt amazing and he could easily envision this being a feeling he became addicted to. He couldn't afford that. He was already so needy.

When Seokjin pulled his spent cock out of the bunny boy, the poor boy whined for it. Seokjin turned him around and held him close, kissing his forehead and down his face until he reached Jungkook's juicy lips, wet from tears, licking them affectionately before taking them between his own and sucking. "Daddy loves you so so much bunnyboy," he poured the words into Jungkook's mouth and the boy ate it up.

The bunny's breathing was still ragged, his body trembling with unspent arousal. He pushed into the kiss, whiny, needy, messy. When his hyung pulled away gently, Jungkook moved his lips to mouth at his cheek and neck and shoulder and whatever he could reach, wanting to taste him, wanting to be close, wanting to touch. He explored his hyung’s body, forced to use his mouth instead of his hands.

Seokjin's body lying exposed between the open buttons of his shirt looked delicious and the bunny dove in, tail in the air as he laid kisses down the sweaty muscled plains of the gorgeous body in front
of him. He licked his way down the man's sternum, kissing his chest, his prominent clavicles and then moving lower to explore his abdomen. He felt the muscles contracting under his lips and grinned in mischievous triumph.

When he started moving lower towards his goal, Seokjin grabbed him by the shoulders and lifted him easily with a playful chuckle that Jungkook scowled at. He lay the boy down beside him, making sure the bunny’s long ears weren’t underneath his head when he placed it on the pillow, and tucked him close. “That's enough for today baby. You gotta give your little pee-pee a chance to calm down.”

The bunny squirmed but Seokjin held tight, petting the bunny's ears and waiting for his breathing to slow.

“Tomorrow's gonna be a tough day for baby rabbits so they should probably get some sleep and let their daddies clean them up.”

“Me?” Jungkook asked softly, looking up at his hyung with bewildered eyes.

Seokjin melted and kissed the top of the boy's head, pouring all his affection into that simple gesture and the bunny melted in return. “Yes, baby. You.”

“Tough day?” he mumbled, thoughts muddled and eyes already drifting shut at the feeling of his hyung's clever fingers combing through his hair.

“Yeah bunny but that means more chances for stickers, right?” Seokjin whispered gently, caressing the boy's twitching tail.

The bunny made a soft, sniffly sound of agreement as he snuggled closer, sleep overtaking him.

Chapter End Notes

If anyone thinks I need to tag rape/non-con please let me know? Not that anyone seems to be reading the tags on this story anyway??
Jungkook kind of understood now. His hyungs wanted to help him be a good bunny. He wasn’t very good at it, he knew that. But he could do it. He could be better, for his hyungs and for himself.

Even though he didn't get to cum last night, he was so grateful that Seokjin gave him his cock. That's what Jungkook wanted after all, right? He had wanted that more than anything and it had felt so good being stuffed full at both ends. He wished he could feel that all the time.

His hyungs were right. If they always gave him what he wanted, if they simply fucked him whenever he wanted to be fucked, then they'd never get anything done. And he certainly hadn't been getting anything done, spending all his time chasing unobtainable orgasms. It was better that he let them decide.

Calling them Daddy, as embarrassing as it was, would help keep him in the right frame of mind so he wouldn't do anything too ridiculous (like hump a dining table in front of people). He was tired of having to lock himself in his room. If letting his hyungs help him do things meant he actually left his room then that was a good thing right?

It seemed his hyungs truly didn't mind helping. And they didn't mind giving him cuddles. He wished he had known this earlier because cuddles were the best and he would be taking advantage of this new knowledge. If it made them happy and it made him happy, then it was a win-win, wasn't it? As was the fucking. Seokjin enjoyed it immensely and Jungkook had been both frustrated and in ecstasy, which as far as he was concerned was a huge step up from the pure frustration he felt when he was alone with his fingers and the pacifier penis.

And if he was really good they’d unlock the cage, right? So it wasn't forever. He could be good until then. He kept reminding himself how much he owed his hyungs, for all their kindness and help, for taking care of him, for buying him gifts. But no matter how often he reminded himself, his own selfish desires always seemed to take over.

Seokjin groaned quietly next to him, rousing murkily and the bunny was up, ears alert, tail twitching excitedly. He waited on his knees, staring at his hyung's face, waiting for him to open his eyes.

When Seokjin slowly blinked awake, the bunny greeted him with an enthusiastic “MORNING HYUNG!” that had the man scrambling backwards in surprise, tumbling off the bed and taking the covers with him.

Jungkook giggled uncontrollably, rolling over and clutching his stomach in overwhelmed amusement.

Seokjin stood up sleepily and blinked at the giggly boy.

“Think that's funny, little rabbit?” Seokjin said, stony-faced.

Jungkook stopped laughing, looking at Seokjin like Seokjin was a wolf.

Before Jungkook could think of a response that wouldn't make his hyung angry, Seokjin’s fingers were all over him, tickling him until he squealed, peals of bunny laughter echoing through the house. “Think that's funny? Huh?”

Jungkook was gasping in between fits of laughter, wriggling and bucking but not trying to get away. His hyung was gentle and playful and Jungkook hadn't felt this happy in so long, he wanted to stop
But it wasn't long before he was struggling to breathe. “Daddy! Stop!” he squealed rolling on the sheets with breathless giggles.

Seokjin stopped without hesitation and began leaving dramatically loud kisses all over the bunny’s laughing face.

Seokjin fell onto the bed and pulled the boy on top of him. They stayed like that for a bit, Jungkook feeling his hyung’s chest rise and fall before speaking.

“Thank you Daddy. For letting me have your cock yesterday.”

Seokjin stroked his hair softly. “You’re welcome bunny. Did you enjoy it?”

“Yes. I'm just- I'm sorry for being...difficult. I know you were just trying to help. I'll be better next time.” And Jungkook meant it with his whole heart.

“Kookie you were perfect. There's no need to apologise. I know it's hard, Gguk. This whole bunnyboy thing is crazy. But you'll learn. And we'll be here to help the whole way.”

The door opened then, revealing a sleep-puffy-ruffled Jimin.

“What was all that shrieking? Almost as loud as you were last night, bunny. Thought round two was happening,” Jimin laughed and Jungkook blushed hard.

“Are we cuddling?” Jimin didn't wait for an answer before launching himself onto the bed, collapsing hard on top of Seokjin and the rabbit, knocking the breath out of both of them with an “oof”.

“Jimin!” Seokjin somehow stuck his hand out of the people-pile and located Jimin's ass, giving it a smack. Jimin didn't move an inch, just wriggled in closer. He noticed a bunny ear near his face and took it between his teeth, giving it a pull that resulted in an adorable muffled giggle from somewhere below him.

“Jimin, you're squishing him!” Seokjin complained loudly.

“I'm fine!” came a small voice.

“He's fine,” Jimin repeated.

“I'm not!” Seokjin gave Jimin a shove, causing him to roll across the bed. Jimin responded dramatically by continuing to roll and roll, wrapping his arms around the bunny as he went, taking him with.

Jungkook squealed at being suddenly relocated with such chaos and Jimin stopped at the edge of the bed, bunnyboy sprawled on top of him.

Jungkook paused for a moment to take Jimin in, before making up his mind to lay down and snuggle into him, letting Jimin hold him.

“Bunny's gonna start calling us Daddy,” Seokjin announced while pulling on his trousers.

“Really?” Jimin looked surprised but pleasantly so.

“Apparently,” Jungkook mumbled shyly. He couldn't imagine calling Jimin that. He was used to


talking shit with him, shoving him and getting shoved back. But this felt nice, lying here like this with Jimin’s arms around him. Maybe he could do it.

In this moment with the sunlight streaming through the windows, making Jimin's hair look like a fluffy halo, and hitting Seokjin's bare skin so that it glowed gold, Jungkook felt warm inside, like the sunlight was hitting his soul. The dust motes danced in the beams and Jungkook thought he could feel them, landing softly on his skin so that it tingled. But maybe that was the happiness.

“Thank you,” Jungkook said softly but making sure that Seokjin could still hear him, “F-for everything. For taking care of me and helping me and worrying so much. I- I don't deserve it.”

“Don't deserve it?” Jimin widened his eyes, looking hilariously deranged in that funny way he sometimes did. “Don't deserve it?” his voice went up an octave which for Jimin, was so high that Jungkook couldn't help laughing again. Jimin rolled the two of them over so that Jungkook was underneath him and proceeded to nuzzle his face into the bunny's neck in a way that tickled the boy senseless. Jimin said it into his neck, “You deserve everything,” and then moved lower to blow raspberries onto the bunny's tummy, making him shriek. “You deserve all the love in the world. Say it.”

But Jungkook was too busy laughing to form words, gasping and squealing. “I-” he tried, “I deser- I can't!” he laughed. Jimin's hands were running up his sensitive sides and across his ribs, making him giggle even more. He didn't even notice enough to care that the cockcage bell was ringing loudly. His hyungs didn't seem to care either and he was having fun so it didn't matter.

“Daddy stop!”

Jimin stopped immediately, looking at Jungkook with astonishment.

Suddenly, Jungkook found himself being kissed on the mouth, hot and wet and full of love. He arched into it, opening his mouth to let Jimin in because it felt too good.

“Jimin, don't rile the boy up, it's still early.”

“He's always riled up, aren't you bun?” Jimin said, pulling away and leaving a soft peck on the boy's nose. It scrunched in response.

“Am not.”

“Yeah you are!” Jimin insisted playfully, with a gentle pinch to one of Jungkook’s hard nipples. Shocks of pleasure ran through the bunny's body straight to his caged cock, making it twitch. He moaned sinfully and Jimin chuckled.

“Awww did Jin-hyung neglect your little nipples last night?” Jimin teased.

Jungkook groaned in embarrassment and punched Jimin in the shoulder with his mitten. When Jimin seemed unhurt, the bunny pouted.

Jimin saw the expression and fell over dramatically, clutching his arm and howling in fake pain.

Jungkook couldn't help how happy that small gesture made him.

Maybe this is what his hyungs wanted. All he needed to do was be cooperative and then he could enjoy time like this with them all the time.
He could tolerate all the small humiliations if it meant he could have this. His hyungs were right, it was all for his own good. He hadn't seen that before but he could see it now.

“C'mon Kookie,” Seokjin interrupted his thoughts with a ruffle to his hair, “Gotta get you clean and ready for the day. Plus we need to take off those mittens for a bit and stretch out those fingers.”

“Y-you're gonna… help me shower? Even without the mittens?” Jungkook wasn't too worried, just surprised. His hyungs had shown that they could take care of him in every way he needed, so he trusted them.

“Something like that,” Seokjin answered. “Jimin's gonna help you. I'm gonna get breakfast ready. Jiminie,” he said, turning to the other man, "Don't forget to take the cockcage off and give that little willy a proper wash. It's been a while.”

Jimin choked on a laugh, “You got a thesaurus for the word cock, Hyung?”

Seokjin ignored him to address Jungkook very seriously instead, “No cumming, bunny, okay? Jiminie's just going to give it a quick rinse.”

“Yes, Daddy.”

Jimin looked moony-eyed at Jungkook's easy response.

Seokjin gave the bunny a kiss on the cheek and also poked Jimin's nose on his way out.

“Hear that, Kookie? You get to have bathtime with your favourite Daddy!” Jimin grinned widely.

Jungkook took initiative this time and kissed Jimin on his smiling lips. “Can my favourite Daddy fuck me first?” he asked boldly.

Jimin went red. Before he could reply Jungkook turned around and dropped his shoulders to the mattress, ass facing his hyung and knees spread. “Please? Please Daddy. I'm so wet.”

Yeah. Jungkook could do this. This wasn't bad at all.

“Fuck,” Jimin breathed. Then he cleared his throat. “Maybe Daddy will play with your little hole later Gguk. Bathtime first.”

Jungkook let his hips fall to the bed in defeat, spreading himself flat like a pancake and groaning. “Fine. But later. You promise?”

“Promise. If you ask nicely,” Jimin said, partially kidding, partially serious. Jungkook couldn't tell which was in the majority so he just groaned again.

“Come now Kookie,” Jimin said, tugging on one of the boy's ankles.

“I wish I could,” Jungkook grumbled into the mattress.

He laughed at his own stupid joke and Jimin joined him. It felt good.

Maybe this wouldn't be so bad.
Jungkook lowered himself cottontail-first into the soapy froth, assured by Jimin that the the stickers on his cockcage were “industrially adhesive”.

His muscles reacted to the warm water by turning to goo and he nearly disappeared completely into the tub. Science would have to investigate liquid-phase bunnyhybrid because he was certain his bones had melted. Along with his bones, melted all his protests about having to take a bath instead of a shower.

The bunnyboy felt dwarfed by the mountains of bubbles, like they were going to swallow him. Trying to solve the issue, he moved them around a bit but they seemed only to grow. Lifting a mound of foam with two hands to examine it closer, his gaze landed on Jimin who was looking back at him all heart-eyed from his seat on the closed toilet lid.

The long-eared boy suddenly felt very self-conscious about being seen enjoying a bubble bath. He wasn’t sure why. He felt exposed in a non-sexual way, in a way that the bubbles couldn't hide. In fact, the little rabbit had been rolling around on the bed with Jimin only a couple of moments ago, still naked from his night with Seokjin and hadn't felt as exposed as he did now, in the bubble bath.

“D-do you have to um… stay?” the maknae asked his hyung awkwardly, returning the foam back to the top of its mountain with care.

“Of course I do, little one. Someone has to make sure your hands aren't going places they shouldn't.”

Jungkook blushed from the roots of his rabbit ears all the way down to his nipples.

The first thing Jimin had done was take off the mittens. He had been so careful, massaging Jungkook’s palms, pressing into the muscle around his thumbs and rotating each finger in both directions.

The little one had felt oddly pampered, especially when Jimin left a small kiss on his knuckles at the end of the massage. It had been such a tender action that Jungkook couldn’t help blushing a little, despite being mostly naked at the time. The things that made him blush were growing stranger by the day.

“I'm actually supposed to be helping,” Jimin smiled, somewhere between kind and playfully teasing. “I just wanted to let you enjoy the bubbles for a while.”

“What are the bubbles for?” the bunnyboy asked, tilting his head to the side in curiosity. A floppy ear fell over one eye but he lifted it up again quickly so that Jimin wouldn’t “aww” at him. Jimin aww'd anyway.

“For FUN Jungkook! Lighten up,” Jimin said with a laugh.

A grumble of complaint left Jungkook’s mouth without his brain’s full consent, “You try lightening up with your cock in a cage.”

Jimin gave him a sympathetic smile. “You know it's for your own good, right bun?”

The bunny made a noise of agreement but sunk lower in the tub. Maybe if he kept sinking he would stop being molested by Jimin’s smiley “you're-the-centre-of-my-world” stare. He was familiar with the look but it was more intense these days.
He took a moment to enjoy the free movement of his hands in the bath’s warmth. The bubbles were lending a bit of temporary privacy, physically at least, which is something he was in sore need of. It was nice.

“Okay, someone's getting restless,” Jimin observed out loud, getting to his feet.

Jungkook jerked up, splashing a bit as Jimin came over to the tub. “Wait Daddy I- I mean- wait. Please just let me- please?”

*How did Jimin know? How did all of them always know? It must be his stupid ears giving him away. Those things were traitors, always revealing his secrets.*

“Let you what baby boy?” Jimin feigned ignorance rather badly.

The bunnyboy bit his lip. “The cage is still on. So it's fine, right?”

“What’s fine?” Jimin entertained him.

“Hhhhnnn Daddy. Please don't be mean. I- it feels really empty,” he whined, looking up at Jimin imploringly.

“What’s empty bun?” Jimin’s tone was one of genuine confusion but he was smirking down at him.

“Daddyyyy!” the bunny whined and pulled on his ears.

“Okay okay okay I'm sorry baby. But I can't let you do that. We don't want to ruin all your hard work, do we?” Jimin knelt to gently pry the ears out of Jungkook's frustrated grip, “You’ve been so good with the new rule. Don’t you want to keep making Daddy proud?”

Jungkook pouted, gaze fixed on the white bubbles reflecting rainbows. He did want to. But it was hard.

Jimin would never understand and the maknae couldn't explain. He was sensitive all over. The loss of body hair had a greater effect on him than he expected, everything was more sensitive, everywhere felt like an erogenous zone, his smooth thighs, hairless arms. All his nerves felt closer to the surface of his skin and that made the bubble bath feel way too good, partially the reason he wanted to hide. The soapy water felt like silk and it made him shiver in the best way.

But truthfully, nothing was distracting the bunny from his hole, especially not after the pounding it had taken the previous night. God, it was so sensitive. It was forcing him to remember how Seokjin had felt inside him, and comparatively, how empty he was at present. He kept trying not to think about how it had felt when his hyung came but it was like nothing he'd ever felt before and his brain wouldn't stop dwelling on it.

Jungkook hadn't realized how different a cock would feel, his hyung’s cock, inside of him. A dildo just wasn't going to be the same after that. Seokjin fucking him was different, simple and complicated, difficult and wonderful all for the same reasons. He couldn't control the pace, couldn’t control how deep the cock went, whether it hurt or not, each thrust was a surprise, was hard to anticipate and it was amazing. It was someone real, someone living and breathing, and he was making them feel good. He could tell when Seokjin's pleasure was building, feel everything inside of him and against him and all around him until there was nothing else but Seokjin.

Jungkook was already the bunnyboy who liked taking it up the ass. Acknowledging that he enjoyed being at his hyung’s mercy and loved that he brought his hyung pleasure surely wasn't too much of a jump on the embarrassment scale?
The bunnyboy had objected so strongly to calling Seokjin Daddy that he couldn't admit at this point, even to himself, that it had made him hotter. Each time he called his hyungs by that title, the feeling grew a little more, the feeling that he was contributing to his own twisted and unwanted arousal. His body had betrayed him is what happened and he's sticking to that version of things.

His body did that often - betrayed him. In the same way that his mind behaved unusually and he couldn't help squirming when they treated him like he was small and incapable of basic things.

He wouldn't say he enjoyed it, but his body certainly reacted quite strongly. It wasn't so far off from how he felt about receiving approval. He hadn't lied when he told Seokjin he didn't like being treated that way. He didn't. But somewhere along the way, his body had decided that it did, all on it's own.

He wasn't sure whether he was enjoying it or feeling extreme mortification or just getting horny. Sometimes it felt like all three - which was really a hugely unfair amount of power for words to have.

“Here,” Jimin said and the bunny was dragged away from his thoughts by the sight a soft plastic fish floating in the bath, where Jimin had just placed it within reach.

Thinking it was a joke and feeling mildly offended, he picked up the floating thing and tossed it away, disgruntled. “Hyung! That's not funny!”

The toy landed with a much bigger splash than he had intended and Jungkook was immediately wincing with regret. He looked up at Jimin to see if this feeling was warranted, and Jimin's frown told him that it was.

“I don't think you're supposed to be calling me that, little rabbit,” Jimin said sternly.

Jungkook shrunk into the bubbles, ready to apologize but Jimin continued, “And are little boys supposed to throw things?”

The rabbit's words were whispered, more to himself than to Jimin, “‘m not little.” He knew this wasn't really the right time to raise the issue but it also didn't matter because Jimin ignored him.

“Kookie?” Jimin demanded an answer and Jungkook responded by shaking his head, bottom lip jutting out.

“It looks like we need to teach you basic manners bun.”

“No I'm sorry I didn't mean to!” the bunnyboy relocated the fish with urgency, splashing in his haste and held onto it with both hands like it was precious.

Jimin wasn't even angry yet but Jungkook didn't want to build him to it. He didn't like angry Jimin. Nobody liked angry Jimin. The shift in visage unsettled everyone, the contrast was just uncomfortable to see.

“I think you did, little one. We'll have to fix those ill manners won't we?”

Jungkook allowed his ears to droop the most that they could. He shook his head over and over, eyes shut, clutching the toy like it was a real fish that might flop out of his grasp.

Whether it was due to the sad ears or not, Jimin's voice softened and Jungkook was grateful. “Daddy was trying to help you bun. The toy is to keep your hands busy so you don't do something naughty.”

Jungkook opened his eyes in honest surprise. That was clever. “I didn't know that,” he said softly.
“That’s why you should listen Kookie,” Jimin sighed, “Because we’ll always do what’s best for you. You know that baby.”

The bunny hated the tone. Jimin was disappointed. Jungkook had wanted to be good but he was still messing up.

“I'm so sorry D-Daddy,” a perfectly timed but unplanned tear rolled down his cheeks, pudgy and pinkish with his sad pout. "Will you- will you still fuck me later?"

"If you ask nicely like a good bunny," Jimin responded.

Jungkook's pout grew a little more. Clearly manners were going to become a new issue. He was going to have to work on it on his own, before it got to the point of any dramatic action-taking.

“Thank you for the toy, Daddy,” he said softly.

“You're welcome bun. Now will you be good and let Daddy give you a bath?”

Jungkook acquiesced with a nod, suppressing the feelings that were either his normal erratic bouts of arousal or a lingering buzz from the whole exchange with Jimin. He was desperately hoping it was the former, because if not, he would have to acknowledge some things that he didn’t want to acknowledge.

He felt a little fuzzy around the edges as he examined the plastic fish. It was kind of cute. It had bulgy eyes. He gave it a squeeze and water shot out of its mouth. That was really funny so he did it again. The more he did it, the more bubbly and foamy the bath got which was also funny because the bubbles kept getting in Jimin’s way. Some of it had even gotten on his chin.

“What's so funny baby bun?” Jimin asked, looking at Jungkook fondly. He had started rubbing a cloth in gentle circles on Jungkook's slender back but it was more soothing than arousing like Jungkook had feared.

“Nothing,” the rabbit said, attempted serious face cracking into a smile and then into giggles. Jimin looked good, even with a small foam beard.

“Are you laughing at your Daddy?”

“No,” the boy looked at his fish so he wouldn't have to make eye-contact when he lied. He hadn't noticed how or when, but there were suddenly other plastic creatures floating about amidst the bubbles. He picked up an octopus because it looked friendly.

“No? Are you sure?” Jimin asked with a dangerous lilt in his voice.

“Wait no!” the bunny knew that tone so he answered quickly before any tickling happened. “There's bubbles. Over here.” He reached out to wipe it off and held it up in front of Jimin so he could see.

Jimin blew at the foam so that it flew into the air like pixie dust and it was so pretty. It was also distracting. And he needed to be distracted, for the aforementioned reasons.

“Okay little one, I need you to hold your fishy real tight okay? Until Daddy says you can let go.”

“What about this one?” he asked, showing Jimin the octopus in the other hand.

“Your octopus too, bun.”
“O-okay.”

Jimin started fiddling between his legs and Jungkook squirmed. He felt the cage slip off and his small cock was just lying there limp, exposed and free to touch but he had to keep holding his toys because Daddy said.

“Daddy please,” he begged, almost too breathy to be audible. Thankfully Jimin didn't ask him teasing questions about what he meant or what he wanted. “Please please Daddy,” he panted, hips jerking upward in need.

“Hold on for me Kookie. You're being such a good boy.”

Just like Seokjin promised, Jimin rinsed it really quickly. Jungkook’s cock didn't have time to even consider getting hard, let alone strive towards any possible sexual gratification.

Jimin made him stand up in the tub and the sudden cold air on his wet body helped keep his cock limp enough for the cockcage to be locked back on. He shivered but cooperated. He was proud of himself a little.

As much as Jungkook had been anticipating having the cockcage removed, he had been equally fearful. He kept imagining that as soon as the encasement was taken off, his cock would harden and spurt cum everywhere without any encouragement. Now that the event was over, he was both relieved and disappointed that that hadn't happened.

The sound of Jimin clicking the lock shut wasn't very loud but it was certainly ominous. Truthfully, it was when the bunny heard the click that he questioned why he was holding a plastic fish and an octopus instead of running away from Jimin, suds and all. But it was too late. The thing was back on and it wasn't going anywhere until his hyungs decided.

“Where's the key?” he couldn't help asking. He hadn't even seen Jimin take it out, where he had taken it out from, or put it back.

“That's not for little bunnies to worry about.”

Jungkook whined a little but Jimin only chuckled in amusement.

Jungkook couldn't help but stare down at it forlornly. It really looked a little ridiculous. But it was also cute. It would be cute if it wasn't on him, if it wasn't the most decorative chastity device he'd ever seen. It was awful as well. Awful and cute. Awfully cute.

That stupid smiling banana with its cartoonish eyes. The silly sad cloud. The white bunny - pioneer of the “humiliation collection” as he sometimes mentally referred to it. And the most recent addition, an aggressively pink watermelon. When it had just been the first two stickers, he would sometimes fantasize about peeling them off, tearing them into pieces, burning them in a sticker bonfire and dancing around them in celebration of their destruction.

But now there were four. He was nearly halfway. The stickers started looking a lot more like achievements. Especially when he saw the uncompromising lock. He was working towards something, he wanted to collect more, reach the goal, be good. They were becoming something he was proud of. That's probably closer to what his hyungs had intended. He'd never tell them that he had called it the “humiliation collection,” they'd probably be quite hurt by that.

Apparently Jimin wasn't done washing him yet, so he was made to sit back down. He was allowed to let go of his bath toys but he used his free hands to examine the other ones. There was a shark that was pretty cool. He showed it to Jimin so they could marvel at it together. Jimin agreed that it was
super cool so he felt confident to play with it since it had gotten special approval.

Jungkook used the shark to distract himself from Jimin's frequent fond glances at him but he had a feeling it was having a counter-effect as the glances just increased in intensity.

It wasn't long after Jimin began scrubbing him again that Jungkook regretted how compliant he had been about the cockcage.

As Jimin rubbed the cloth over his chest, he scraped quite suddenly over the bunny’s unsuspecting nipples.

Jungkook couldn't stop his body from bucking violently as electric sparks shots through his body, a faint echo tingling its way to his dick and empty hole.

“Ah! Ah! Daddy!” he thrashed uncontrollably, soaking Jimin's shirt. Jimin didn't seem to mind the splashing because he did it again, teasing the hard buds and making Jungkook gasp wordlessly.

The bunnyboy's nerves pulled taught below the skin, nipples tightening, becoming more sensitive with each brush of the cloth. His cock jumped at every touch and he whined for its freedom.

“Sorry baby boy,” Jimin said nonchalantly, “Can't miss a spot.”

Jungkook realized just how much he meant those words when Jimin started working a soapy finger into his bum. He clenched instinctively and Jimin tried to get him to relax, an ambitious endeavour.

“God Gguk, your little bunny hole is so tight,” Jimin marvelled. “How did Jin-hyung even fit his cock in here?”

The penetration was good but the soap was not and Jungkook didn't know how to respond to it. Jimin was meticulous in his cleaning and Jungkook found himself squeezing the shark tightly, breathing irregular, when Jimin gave a few gentle thrusts.

Jungkook was breathless by the time Jimin drained the tub and grabbed a fluffy towel. He could barely protest as Jimin dried him so thoroughly he got dizzy and his sensitized skin prickled wherever the towel rubbed against it.

He was still panting from both arousal and dizziness when Jimin wrapped him up tightly in the fluffy fabric, around his upper arms, pinning them to his sides.

Jimin was probably excellent at rolling gimbap without rice falling out.

The bunny was very aware of how his hands, despite having the freedom of finger-wiggling, were not at his disposal. He looked at Jimin with pleading eyes that Jimin no doubt understood but pretended not to.

“Something wrong Kookie?”

Jungkook looked away, not really having a good answer.

He shuffled his gimbap roll self into the bedroom, with Jimin's hand resting gently on his lower back presumably in case he took a tumble.

The change in environment, particularly the disappearance of steam and floral scents, helped clear his head a bit and he suddenly couldn't believe he had let himself play with bath toys.

He hadn't really wanted to, obviously. But it was nice. It successfully distracted him in the ways he
needed.

He often got absorbed in small tasks, even before the rabbit genes awoke, trivial things would take up all his attention and he was used to his hyungs making fun of him for it. This was hardly any different. Besides, everyone seemed to have their own collections of action figures and stuffed toys. Yoongi had Kumamon everything. This was similar. Bath toys could be his Kumamon.

Jimin, following him out of the bathroom, made an unexpected observation, “Does your tail always drip like that after you shower, bun?”

Jungkook misunderstood him for a moment and it was evident by the way he stuttered until he figured out what Jimin meant.

“Oh. Uh. Yeah it takes long to dry. Even with a towel. Guess ‘cause it’s like… round? And um… fluffy?”

“Cute.”

The little rabbit flopped his whole body onto the bed face-first. “No it’s not. Stop it.” His huff of complaint was muffled by the blanket and Jimin laughed at his half-hearted protest.

It was at this moment that Taehyung made a flamboyant entrance, beret atop his bright hair, hands aflutter with feminine gestures, sporting an ensemble of strangely high-waisted formal pants with a questionably patterned shirt and a pink flower in the front pocket. Well, questionable to Jungkook who liked solid colors, and preferred those colors to be black or white or something between the two.

“Where’s my model?” he asked the mostly empty room.

Jimin gestured to the lump of towel on the bed.

Confused, Taehyung sunk out of his stylist act. “What happened to the bunny burrito?”

“Embarrassed,” Jimin replied.

“I see.”

The burrito was unresponsive. He was mostly appalled that Taehyung didn't even ask what he was embarrassed about. There were so many things to choose from that it apparently wasn't even worth asking.

“Oh. He's calling us Daddy now,” Jimin informed Taehyung.

Taehyung brought his hands together, “Splendid!”

The burrito groaned. Did they have to keep passing on the news while he was there?

“You're early. I was about to help him dry his tail with a hair-dryer. Wanna help?”

Jungkook had not been informed of this plan of action.

“Wait, no.” Hands still trapped at his sides, he worm-wiggled away from them. He knew it was pointless but instinct wouldn't allow him to just lie there and let them point a hair-dryer at his butt.

“Get back here bunny,” Jimin said not sounding concerned in the slightest, easily dragging the boy back towards them by the towel.
He whined but didn't give up the fight, limbs trying to break out of the tortilla towel.

Jimin sat the still squirming bunny up on the bed and unwrapped him. He took the boy’s chin gently between two fingers, planting a kiss on his mouth, slow, clean, soapy-scented and calming.

“Daddy doesn't want his bunny catching a cold.”

Jungkook chased his hyung’s lips as he pulled away, dazed, but Jimin was already standing up to get the hair dryer from Taehyung who had proactively retrieved it while Jungkook had been “escaping”.

“Gloves first Gguk,” Jimin said, pulling the dreaded things out from seemingly nowhere.

The little rabbit knew why he had to, but that didn't mean he wanted to.

“Can we just… wait a bit?” he pleaded, hiding his hands behind his back in a sad attempt to stall them.

“No bunny,” Taehyung answered in the gentle version of his voice. Taehyung's voice could change drastically and this one was Jungkook's favorite. But it wasn't helping.

“B-but… what if I promise?”

“Promise what?”

Jungkook looked down at his feet, ears wilting like dying flowers.

His hyungs were surprisingly patient for his answer but that just made Jungkook find the words more and more difficult to say as the period of silence stretched on.

The older boys hadn't moved, they were waiting for the bunny to find his words.

When Jungkook eventually spoke he surprised himself with what came out. “Isn't this all… a bit much?” he asked, barely above a whisper.

They didn't answer immediately and that made him anxious. He didn't want to upset them or make them sad. He especially didn't want them to feel like he wasn't appreciating their help. It had just sort of slipped out and now he wanted to slip it back in.

His hyungs were reliable though, and as he had come to expect of them, they remained level-headed, empathetic and kind.

“It's definitely… a lot, Kookie. We can understand why you'd feel that way. But it's not too much. For us at least.” Taehyung looked reluctant to continue but Jimin nodded, both in agreement and encouragement.

“Your whole situation is a lot Kookie. The whole bunnyboy thing is… it's crazy.”

Jungkook understood that better than anyone. He nodded, still looking at the floor because he was afraid to see their faces. Jimin must have noticed his tenseness because he maneuvered Jungkook to sit between his legs so he could wrap his arms around the boy.

The little rabbit didn't fight the instinct to relax into Jimin's hold but he tried not let his wet tail leave any damp marks on his hyung because he was still feeling self-conscious about it.

“But it's like you were born for it. You know?” Taehyung continued with a sprinkle of awe in his voice.
Jungkook supposed he was, in a sense, born for it. It was in his genes after all. But he couldn't verbalize this because Jimin's hands had started roaming up his smooth thighs, and the bunny had to start using all his energy to focus on Taehyung's words.

“I know it's hard Gguk but you're doing so well.”

Speaking softer because Jungkook's bunny ears were close to his lips, Jimin added to Taehyung's sentiments. “We can't believe how well you've been handling all the changes and the way you've trusted us, Jungkook, even though we have no idea what we're doing, we really appreciate it.

“We're just trying to deal with each new challenge as it arises bun, we're trying to do what we think is best and give you what we think you need.”

That made sense, Jungkook thought, but that didn't mean he wanted to wear those horrible gloves that he couldn't take off on his own.

“But it's hard, bun,” Taehyung said a little hesitantly, as if he didn't want to admit it. And that cut Jungkook more than anything. He didn't want to hear that his hyungs were struggling, or that it was because of him. “You didn't like any of the alternatives, so we're trying to avoid them. But we can always go back to them if you want.”

No. No, Taehyung was right. Everything they had done up until this point had been with good reason, had been a last resort. They were doing their best.

Jimin’s one hand remained on his thigh while the other had moved above his cockcage, fingers trailing idly on the smooth skin there, on his lower abdomen. It would be just below the waistband of his pants if he were wearing any. It wasn't a place he considered particularly sensitive but it was definitely changing his breathing pattern and Jimin could surely hear it because he chuckled softly.

He felt strange being so void of body hair there and Jimin stroking it made him all the more aware of how bare it was. But it was admittedly a much smaller issue compared to the pink plastic that was loudly demanding all the visual attention in the room.

His hyungs were answering his small question thoroughly and the gist of it was that a ludicrous situation, such as this one, deserved ludicrous methods of problem-solving and Jungkook had to concede that there was nothing more ludicrous than the animal ears growing out the top of his head.

However, the bunnyboy's clarity of thought was trembling under Jimin's touch and he barely registered Jimin taking a hold of his wrists until they were being held out in front of him and Taehyung approached with the gloves.

Even though his hyungs had just taken the time to explain why the gloves were necessary, Jungkook couldn't stop himself from pulling away reflexively but between Taehyung and Jimin, he was caged. Jimin's hold was firm, leaving very little wiggle room so the little rabbit was forced to give up quite quickly. He was trying his hardest not to object but he couldn't help the sad whine that escaped him when Taehyung secured the buckles.

While Jungkook was experimentally failing to open his fingers, Taehyung took the bunny's face in his hands, kissing him long and slow while Jimin’s hands roamed everywhere and Jungkook let himself be distracted because Taehyung tasted sweet and he wanted to enjoy it.

When the kiss ended, Jimin picked up the hair dryer and they both saw the bunny's eyes widen in fear.
Before Jungkook could think of easy ways to break a hair dryer, he found himself flat on the bed, tail facing his hyungs. Taehyung had manhandled him into position easily, making Jungkook’s hormones buzz involuntarily but he worked hard to stifle it.

“Not such a twink, am I?” Taehyung said with amusement in his voice.

It took Jungkook a while to recall why Taehyung would feel the need to say something like that but when he did, he cringed in embarrassment.

He still thought of Taehyung as delicately framed, thin-wristed, narrow-waisted. But comparatively, Jungkook had to admit that he himself was now in the lead for the most-likely-to-bottom competition that he never signed up for. And now he was expected to call that pretty man Daddy. Worse, it was probably going to get him more hot and bothered than it would Taehyung.

Hearing Taehyung say, “Not such a twink, am I?” was mortifying to the bunnyboy because he was forced to acknowledge what he must look like, laid out on the bed as he was. He was certain he wasn't far off from the “petite femboy gets bareback pounded and creampied by big cock” dream porn twink - bunny tail and all. There was really nothing redeeming about this predicament.

Wait. Maybe there was. There definitely was. His priorities were different now and he wasn't going to let humiliation stop him.

Taehyung wasn’t expecting an answer but Jungkook answered anyway, in the sweetest, youngest voice he could manage. “Of course not Daddy. Wouldn't want your cock so badly if you were.”

“Wow,” Taehyung let out a low impressed whistle, “Bunny's a desperate little thing, isn't he?” he said to Jimin.

Jungkook whined but wasn’t deterred. It was the first time Jungkook had called Taehyung Daddy and honestly he had been expecting a slightly bigger reaction. Taehyung being so collected just made it sort of embarrassing.

He spread his legs a little and twitched his tail in what he hoped was a cute invitation but from Taehyung’s reaction, he wasn't swayed.

“Cute,” he said, running a finger lazily between the round ass cheeks on display and over the bunny's rim to make it leak in response.

It took all of the Jungkook's willpower not to push back towards the touch and instead use his words. “Daddy please? Can I have it?”

“Not right now I’m afraid, little one. There's a lot to do today. Can you be patient or do you want Daddy to fetch a toy?”

Jimin rubbed the boy's thighs soothingly while waiting for him to reply and Jungkook eventually groaned out a, “I’ll be patient.”

He got a “good boy” in return that made him shiver.

But then Jimin asked something that made Jungkook’s face burn red hot and stutter while trying to answer.

“Do you want your paci, baby?”

“No,” he said into the mattress.
He did. He really did. But he didn't want them to know that. He wanted something to suck on, badly but he didn't want to answer “yes Daddy” to a question that was phrased that way.

“You sure?” Taehyung asked, gently.

And Jungkook bit his lip to stop the wrong words from slipping out as well as tears. He nodded instead, eyes shut tightly.

“Okay bunny.”

He wasn't going to cry because he wanted something to suck on. He wasn't. That was stupid.

He nearly forgot about how much he wanted to wrap his lips around something when Taehyung grabbed him by the ankles and yanked him backwards quite suddenly. He found himself bent over the side of the bed, face in the bedding, tail in the air, feet on the ground.

At this point Jungkook was used to being vulnerable in front of his roommates. Nothing was more vulnerable than letting someone else bathe you or begging someone for sex - he'd done both of these things today and it was still morning.

But this position reminded him of spanking and it was not a comfortable feeling. Spanking. He couldn't quite place his finger on the exact reason why he had volunteered himself for that.

Luckily no one in the room seemed to be in a spanking kind of mood but he still couldn't relax.

To calm himself down, he decided to mentally recite things that might earn him a punishment so that he could make sure he avoided them.

One. Don't force anyone to do anything they don't want to.

Two. Ask for what you want politely. (Don't act like a wild thing Jeon Jungkook. You're better than that.)


Those weren't too awful. Or difficult. He shouldn't even need a punishment to remind him of something as basic as “Don't jump someone's bones without their permission.” But he did need it. Because sometimes he was bad. A memory hit him - of Taehyung leaping away from him in the kitchen, looking horrified when Jungkook had forced a kiss on him and hadn't stopped. He couldn't bear it. What a fucking awful thing. The spanking was necessary. The rules were necessary. He needed to get a better grip on his new rabbit self.

He should really learn from his hyungs. Despite actually wanting to fuck him, they had waited for his full consent. In addition, they had waited until it was a last resort because they didn't want to hurt him. After seeing how much they really wanted him, their self-restraint was even more admirable.

And even now they denied him sometimes for his own good so that he could bathe and eat and function. He needed their self-control to rub off onto him but since it didn't appear to be doing so, he needed to be taught. And his hyungs seemed more than willing to teach him.

Just last night, the Daddy thing had been hard to stomach but he was already starting to feel differently. Seokjin had said it would help Jungkook keep a straight head, which was a very nice intention but it was embarrassingly doing quite the opposite.
Jungkook would never tell them that. It was no fault of Seokjin's that Jungkook's hormones were a mess.

So calling them Daddy wasn't doing exactly what it was supposed to do for him but it was a simple favor he could return to his hyungs for all they were doing. It seemed to make them really happy and they deserved to be happy, especially after how much he had upset them by hiding away in his room for so long.

And it appeared to be true, they really enjoyed taking care of him. He shouldn't find it so surprising because they had assured him and reassured him since the beginning that they would do everything he needed and yet the actual experience of it was still unbelievable. If they wanted to be called Daddy in return for taking care of his every basic need, then it would surely be selfish to refuse. And Jungkook was tired of being selfish.

“You okay, Gguk?” Jimin asked, and despite all the logic, Jungkook's bottom flinched under his hyung's touch, still anticipating a spanking that probably wasn't coming.

Jimin stroked his hand down the little rabbit's back, calmly, over his defenceless ass, down his thighs and back up again.

The boy focused on the gentleness of the caresses but it wasn't until Jimin started combing his hand through the bunny's hair that his breaths grew slower and deeper.

If Jungkook was a cat, he'd purr, subdued and accepting. Instead, his damp tail just twitched in interest. And he felt himself leak a bit. But not too much.

*Get it the fuck together Jungkook. Just let Jimin do the thing. Then he'll be happy and it'll be over. It's just a hairdryer. It's just a hairdryer.*

It wasn't just a hairdryer. It was a fucking hurricane. Thunderbolts and lightning. Very fucking frightening.

Jungkook leapt off the bed, disappearing so fast, it was like a reverse bunny-out-of-a-top-hat trick.

Jimin was left holding the whirring machine, no bunnyboy in sight. After a few seconds of surprise, he switched it off, turning to Taehyung whose mouth was agape.

“Bunny?” Taehyung called.

Jungkook didn't answer, he just listened to his own heart thumping from his hiding spot under the bed.

“We didn't mean to frighten you Kookie.”

“I know.”

“Are you coming out now?”

“No.”

Jimin got onto his knees, peering under the bed at Jungkook who was holding his ears flat down against his head and trembling a little, eyes wide in fright.

As soon as their eyes met, the bunny was scrambling away, dashing past both his hyungs in a blur. The sound of a tinkling bell trailed behind him as he ran but he didn't think they had started pursuing
yet.

He found his next hiding spot and felt safe for maybe four breaths before he heard Namjoon yelling.

“TAEHYUNG! JIMIN! Why is there a naked bunnyboy under my bed?”

Jungkook was absolutely startled to see Namjoon’s long body suddenly flat against against the floor, eyes trying to adjust to the darkness.

The maknae had positioned himself as far away from the edges of the bed in all directions so that he couldn’t be reached. Namjoon was trying to coax him out when Jungkook saw two pairs of socks skidding through the doorway.

“Jungkook?” Tae called hesitantly, “We’ve put the hairdryer away, we promise. No more hairdryer, okay?”

Jungkook didn’t reply. His hyungs were tricksy.

One of the younger hyungs could probably shimmy their way under the bed themselves if they held their breath and eased the slide with butter but it was likely that they simply didn’t want to drag him out of his hiding spot if he was scared.

The bunny hadn’t said anything or moved. He was trying to embody the essence of a shoe, one that people left alone because it was too much effort to retrieve. Maybe if he stayed quiet, they’d forget about him and then he could sneak out later and avoid the whole tail-drying trauma.

It didn’t seem like things were going in that direction, though. Not from the conversation his hyungs were currently having. Someone had suggested offering him a sticker if he came out, which caught his attention and he accidentally slipped out of his role as forgotten shoe to listen. But then Namjoon, very cleverly, pointed out that Jungkook would just keep hiding under the bed until he got 10 stickers. Jungkook hadn’t even thought that far but it was such a good idea, he briefly wished he had Namjoon on his team.

From Namjoon’s cute collection of Ryan plushies and that face he made when Jimin’s fairy qualities were showing, he was obviously susceptible to cute things. The little rabbit could persuade him. He had the right tools, as much as he despised them. Namjoon was weak to the right kind of aegyo. Jungkook had lived with him long enough to know what that kind entailed. Sure, it had backfired with Yoongi. But the maknae had learned from it and he could do it better now.

“Doctor Lee warned us about the increased speed. I don’t know what I was expecting but shit. We’ve gotta do something. We can’t be losing him inside our own house.”

“What about the child leash thing?” Taehyung sounded too excited for Jungkook’s liking. If they thought they were getting him into one of those, they’d better be prepared for an Olympic-level game of chase.

“For inside the house? Don’t be ridiculous Tae,” Namjoon dismissed him.

Jungkook could imagine Taehyung’s pout at not being taken seriously and predicted Namjoon’s change of tone. He predicted correctly.

“I mean, we’ll definitely have to consider it for outside. But we have to think of something different for indoors,” Namjoon revised. He had stood up now so Jungkook could only see his Ryan slippers.

“Like what?”
“I have a few ideas. But we can discuss it later. Both of you give it some thought as well.”

Jungkook realized that the longer he stayed under the bed, the more serious his hyungs were going to become about finding a “solution” and the more crazier their ideas were going to become. But the maknae felt a bit stubborn, childishly so. He didn't want to “lose”. He felt a small sense of power at hearing their almost hopeless brain-storming but just as he was thinking this, his hyungs appeared to have given up.

“Kookie, you can stay there if you want to.” It was Taehyung speaking, “But I don't know who's going to help you get dressed if you do. I was really looking forward to it but it's okay if you're still scared. Do you need a blanket or anything? We were serious about not wanting you to catch a cold.”

The bunny sniffed. The dust was starting to bother him.

Did he want a blanket? No, he wanted clothes.

“Bun?”

Jungkook was still processing, trying to weigh his options of power versus clothing. Cowering naked under a bed was looking less powerful to him by the second. Even with them giving up, it didn't feel like he had won.

“I didn't wanna spoil it but I also had a huge surprise for you. Guess it'll have to wait til later, huh?” Taehyung sighed with disappointment.

“A- a surprise?” the bunny asked hesitantly.

“Yeah a huge surprise! Right Jimin?”

“Oh, yeah! You're gonna love it Gguk! But it can wait so don't worry, alright? I'll go get a blanket. Do you also want a pillow or something?”

“Wait! What's the surprise?” Jungkook would be damned if he gave up the game he was winning for something silly like a lollipop. But last time Jimin and Taehyung had bribed him, it had been worth it.

“It's something I have to show you, baby.”

Jungkook pulled down on his ears, unable to believe his own stupidity as he emerged sheepishly from his hiding spot.

His hyungs started praising him so much that he wanted to crawl backwards immediately but they had already surrounded him, three fully-clothed hyungs making him painfully aware of his nakedness. He covered his cockcage with his mittens, blushing, but Namjoon was calling him a good boy and he even kissed the back of Jungkook's head unexpectedly so that Jungkook felt too surrounded by adoration to be embarrassed anymore.

Jimin did something odd then. He held an open palm up in front of Jungkook, just in front of his face and Jungkook found himself butting his head into it, pushing for the touch that he knew would soothe his nerves. Jimin responded in kind, fingers scratching and curling around his ears to stroke them from base to tip.

When the bunny started to get a bit wobbly on his feet, Namjoon gave him a small pat on the bottom from behind, encouraging him to run along and see Tae's surprise.
The little rabbit was happy to let Taehyung pull him along, leaving Namjoon and Jimin behind discussing leashes.
The surprise was wardrobe-related. Or rather, it was the wardrobe itself.

Taehyung had taken it upon himself to replace Jungkook's entire collection of shrunken clothing with items he chose personally. After a mini speech of mystery to build up the anticipation, he revealed the surprise by throwing the wardrobe doors open with a blinding grin, looking overly pleased with himself.

“Cool!” Jungkook exclaimed upon sight of it, “Are we going to Narnia, Daddy?” he joked.

Taehyung huffed. "No. I- I bought you clothes,” he stuttered, too cutely for someone Jungkook was calling Daddy.

“I'm kidding! It's awesome, I can't believe you did this,” Jungkook said in slight awe. He was unspeakably grateful. He had hardly complained about his clothing struggle and he hadn't thought his hyungs had even noticed, least of all Taehyung.

Taehyung broke into a smile, excitement brighter than ever. “It's not too much?”

Truthfully, Jungkook did think it was a bit much but he didn't want anything to wipe that giant grin off his hyung's face so he shook his head no and Taehyung beamed at him.

“The railing’s high up again,” Jungkook pointed out aloud and Taehyung turned around to look at it as if he'd forgotten.

“Oh. Yes. It is. We moved it back.”

“It’s gonna be hard to reach,” Jungkook murmured, looking awkwardly to the side at nothing.

“For you, Kookie. So it’s lucky you won't need to, right?” Taehyung reached out to place a hand at the small of his back, pulling him in close.

Jungkook pouted, staring up at the railing, a little intimidated by the amount of clothes looking dangerously close to collapsing and burying him.

The most glaring difference was the colors. The wardrobe was now bursting with them, threatening to cause temporary blindness.

After a loudly narrated deliberation with himself, Taehyung chose an alarmingly yellow T-shirt, Big Bird yellow, the kind of yellow that would attract bees. It was printless and patternless at least, so Jungkook didn't object as Taehyung helped him pull his mittens through the arm holes and then tugged it down over his head.
Taehyung looked too happy with the result. Jungkook felt like a canary.

Mouth suddenly quirking to the side, Taehyung appraised the bunnyboy with poorly hidden amusement. “Kookie, tell those little nipples of yours to calm down. You’re gonna poke someone’s eye out,” he teased, giving one of the boy’s aching nipples a gasp-inducing pinch through the shirt.

Jungkook’s knees nearly buckled from the unexpected pleasure. It was the cockcage’s fault he couldn’t make them calm down.

He had tried, and to his dismay, discovered he couldn’t touch his nipples properly with the mittens on. The discovery had led to some unsatisfying rubbing of his chest against the mattress and up against his hyung last night. His restless gyrations and erotic moans eventually woke Seokjin who, half-asleep, gave him an admonishing smack on the ass.

Jungkook couldn’t stop twitching after that and it was nearly impossible to fall asleep until his hyung got up to fetch the pacifier.

So, before his brain even approved the action, Jungkook found himself pleading with Taehyung.

“Daddy please? Help?”

Taehyung’s eyebrows raised in concern. “Help you how Bun?

Jungkook looked pointedly down at his chest, a pink blush crawling its way up his neck to brighten his face.

“Baby, I need you to be clear.” Taehyung ignored the bunny's groan at his words. “I wouldn't want to do anything you don't want.”

It took a moment of feet-shuffling and helpless flexing of his fists inside his mittens before Jungkook managed to ask.

“Can you- can you um, do that again?” The words seemed reluctant to escape.

“This?” Taehyung gave the bunny’s other nipple a casual pinch to demonstrate with a goofy grin.

“Ah! Yeah. But um, slower?”

“You want me to play with your nipples bunny?”

Jungkook only nodded his head, trying to hide his face by looking at the floor.

From past experience, Jungkook was expecting a bit more teasing but to his surprise, Taehyung was quick to give him what he wanted.

He used his thumb to rub over one of the boy’s hard nubs - just the left one - but Jungkook’s dick still twitched in excitement from the minimal stimulation. It wasn’t fair how sensitive they were. It wasn’t fair that he needed this.

“Woah, you really are that sensitive, bun” Taehyung murmured, watching the bunny shiver. “You'd probably cum from a strong gust of wind if we hadn't locked your little pee pee up.”

Jungkook couldn’t help the way he spasmed at the gentle caress, hips jerking forward like they were tied to his nipple by an invisible tripwire. He tried to restrain the moans that wanted to escape because Taehyung was already looking smug but his efforts only resulted in the moans escaping as broken whimpers.
“You’re so cute bunny,” Taehyung groaned as if he could barely stand it. Using the edge of his thumb, he strummed at Jungkook’s nipple like a guitar string, pulling rapid shallow breaths from Jungkook in a corresponding rhythm.

Jungkook twitched under his hyung’s ministrations, not completely sure what he wanted from this but needing it nonetheless. Taehyung’s clever fingers were making that warm tingle below the surface of his skin grow stronger, making hot liquid electricity seep down through his body, pooling in his stomach, making him want to take his hyung’s clever fingers into his mouth to appreciate them in a different way.

“You trying to catch flies there baby boy?”

Jungkook closed his mouth quickly but what Taehyung did next had it falling open again in a gasp. Lifting the sunny T-shirt, Taehyung put his hot mouth on the taught bud he had been playing with, sucking on it with a force that had Jungkook swaying and gasping as he tried to keep his balance.

He could feel slick start to slide out of his hole as it opened and contracted - beyond his control. No one had ever sucked on his nipples before. It felt like Taehyung’s tongue was made of flames, a dragon, setting all of his nerves alight at once. Melting him from the inside.

“Hyung! More!”

Taehyung pulled away from the boy’s chest to frown at him disapprovingly. “What was that?”

“Sorry, I meant Daddy. I mean, I meant please. I- oh god.”

Taehyung, with no acknowledgement of the apology, pulled the garish garment back down and then caressed the nipple over the T-shirt, using the material for more friction. It dried up the spit and felt sandpaper rough against Jungkook’s pebbled skin but he arched into the contact helplessly.

“Ah Daddy I-” Jungkook’s gaze kept straying to Taehyung’s mouth and Taehyung watched him knowingly.

“Okay bunny, I think that's enough for today.” Taehyung stood up and Jungkook’s ears flicked in distress.

He felt more dissatisfied and restless than he had before. Taehyung hadn’t touched the other side of his chest at all. The neglected nipple was throbbing with need and the asymmetry was going to kill him. “What? But- Hyung! Don’t stop! What about the other one!”

Taehyung’s face suddenly turned a kind of stern that he hadn’t seen before. Jungkook dropped to his knees like he had taken a bullet to the leg, upset by the realization of what he had just said.

“Are you making demands little one?”

Taehyung looked aloof, like a stranger. If he were at eye-level, Jungkook might have risked a chuckle to see if Taehyung would snap out of character like a joke but seeing it from below was frankly a little scary.

“I said we're done for today, bun. Besides, I like you all twitchy like this.”

Jungkook was indeed twitchy.

After giving the bunny's hair a playful ruffle, Taehyung was back at the wardrobe, cheery again.
“Let’s get some pants on you baby boy.”

Jungkook had forgotten about pants. It was hard to remember something as trivial as pants when his bunnyhole was convulsing and practically drooling with need between his cheeks. If he focused too much on it, he’d start shaking. So instead, he tried to give his attention to his hyung whose entire upper body had disappeared between the clothes.

Jungkook was still on his knees when Taehyung turned around quite suddenly, looking surprised. “Baby bun are you okay?”

“Huh? Yeah.”

“You’re bouncing.”

Was he?

He tried to hold himself still but it wasn’t happening. He felt off-kilter. Taehyung must have turned around when he heard Jungkook’s little bell bouncing between his legs.

If he was alone and his hands weren’t confined, he would no doubt be shoving his fingers into his dripping hole but as it was, it was just dribbling onto the carpet. Clenching wasn’t helping, it just made more slick escape, but he was clenching anyway and wishing there was something inside to clench around.

This feeling of emptiness was so strange. It was something he had gone years of his life without and now it was central to his every thought. He felt like he was in a video game and the creators just added a new health bar that depleted too quickly and required a good fucking to replenish.

Taehyung was in front of him now, looking down with concern as Jungkook lifted and sank, riding an imaginary dildo. When he noticed his hyung’s presence he wrapped both his arms around the leg in front of him, resting his forehead against the thigh and inhaling deeply, trying to ground himself.

He was dangerously close to just licking at Taehyung’s trousered crotch as he had done with Yoongi. He knew he needed to ask but words felt in short supply.

He felt Taehyung’s hand come to rest atop his head, caressing his hair and down the side of his face. When he felt the hand on his cheek, he turned to the side, mouth hanging open in a silent request and Taehyung kindly slipped his thumb inside. Jungkook latched on like it would nourish his soul and mind.

“Are you mad at me Daddy?” Jungkook asked around the finger, unable to enjoy what Taehyung was giving him when he had lingering feelings of guilt from being rude earlier.

“Oh no bunny not at all,” Taehyung’s thumb was stroking his lip, spreading saliva around his mouth messily and Jungkook chased it as it moved, trying to get it back in.

“You scared me a bit,” Jungkook whispered, taking the index finger offered this time between his lips.

“Aww baby, you just scare easy now, that’s all. I was just trying to keep you on the right track.”
Jungkook didn’t feel on any sort of track. He felt astray. He didn’t understand the track, where it was going or why it looped in circles. But he was happy that Taehyung wasn’t angry with him.

“Daddy…”

Taehyung added his middle finger to the index finger in the boy's mouth and Jungkook sucked harder on the two digits.

“Daddy, wanna taste your cock.”

“Right now baby?”

Jungkook let go of the wet fingers to nod and nuzzle his head against Taehyung’s leg.

“Alright Kookie, but not too long, alright? We gotta get you to the kitchen for breakfast soon.”

Taehyung unzipped his pants and pulled them down just enough to fully free his dick. Pulling it out, he looked rightfully smug at Jungkook’s expression.

Seeing the actual thing made the small rabbit feel a little nervous. “That's- you're really big.”

“Didn't know that was a problem Kookie.”

“It's not.”

Jungkook took the whole thing into his mouth without hesitation and it was definitely an exercise for the jaw but it felt so good. Taehyung’s cock hardened quickly in his mouth and the size of it hard was unbelievable. Jungkook could feel his own cock trying to rise and failing miserably but he made an effort to ignore it in favor of the pleasure of having his mouth filled.

Taehyung suddenly pulled away and the cock left Jungkook's mouth with a pop. “Slow down there little rabbit. This isn't your paci. Try licking first.”

Jungkook looked at him apologetically before going back to the cock tongue-first. It was hard to aim licks at it when he couldn't hold the cock with his hands but fortunately Taehyung did that for him.

“That's it bunny. You're doing so good,” Taehyung’s other hand held Jungkook's neck, caressing it gently.

Jungkook decided he wanted to be the best at licking.

He ran his tongue along the vein on the underside of Taehyung's length and then up again from the base. When he got to the head, he flicked his tongue just below it. Taehyung shivered and Jungkook looked up at him prettily before mouthing gently at his ballsac.

From his reaction, Taehyung wasn't expecting it. He knotted his fingers in Jungkook’s hair, mouth falling open soundlessly.

“Have you done this before Kookie?”

“No Daddy,” Jungkook answered, lapping over the slit with kitten licks. “Am I doing good?”

“Very good bunny,” Taehyung pushed the boy’s hair away from his forehead, petting him and Jungkook preened under the praise. “All that practice on the carrots paid off.”

Jungkook blushed at having his secret laid open like that but suppressed the shame to coat the cock
in front of him with the excess saliva that seemed to be gathering in his mouth.

“Can I suck now Daddy?”

“Go ahead little rabbit. Just be careful with those bunny teeth okay?”

Jungkook put his little fists on Taehyung's thighs, holding himself up against his hyung like an excited puppy.

He gagged himself on the thick cock, letting it slide into his throat until he was choking around it, hacking out rough sounds that made Taehyung pull back to let him breathe. But Jungkook didn't want to breathe, he wanted the cock down his throat.

Taehyung didn't thrust forward at all, just held his cock still by the base for the bunny to choke himself on. Which he did. Over and over. Pausing briefly only to breathe and using those moments to lick at the cock like it was saving his life. He sucked again, until the pauses for breath became shorter and fewer.

After a few more chokes and sputters from the bunny, Taehyung pulled out and Jungkook waited with his mouth held open for Taehyung to put it back.

Taehyung seemed to take pleasure in the rabbit waiting so patiently. Cock in hand, he dragged it across the boy’s cheek, watching him turn to follow it. Playfully, he slapped his cock against the boy's outstretched and waiting tongue and the bunny didn't seem to mind, only whining plaintively a little at not having it in his mouth.

Jungkook tried to capture the wagging dick again and Taehyung let him get the head in his mouth before pulling away again.

Jungkook whined.

“Daddy please.” He looked up pleadingly and went for the cock again. Taehyung allowed one suck before pulling out.

“Please!”

Grabbing both of the long bunny ears in one hand, Taehyung used them to hold Jungkook's head at a distance while his other hand stroked his cock in front of the boy’s desperate face.

“Beg me baby rabbit.”

Jungkook strained against the hold on his ears. “Please please Daddy! Let me suck it!”

“Why?”

“I need it.”

“You need it?”

“Yeah.”

“Awww sorry bunny. Is Daddy being mean?”

Jungkook nodded sadly, as much as the grip on his ears would allow.

“Okay Kookie, Daddy’s gonna cum on your cute little face and then you can suck me clean
afterwards, okay?”

The bunny looked distraught.

“But I want it now! Wanna swallow it please? Please?”

“Oh sweety, we can't always get everything we want. Jin-hyung told me he wanted to fill your little bunnyhole with frosting but that would be crazy, wouldn't it?”

*Jungkook didn't think wanting to swallow Taehyung’s cum was quite as crazy as that.*

“But since you've been so good, my sweet little rabbit, Daddy will let you swallow this time.”

When Taehyung let go of his ears, Jungkook moved forward so quickly that it was like Taehyung had let go of a dog on a leash.

“Thank you Daddy,” the bunny managed to get out before his mouth was around Taehyung’s cock again. He moaned around it in satisfaction and Taehyung grunted, hands fisting in the bunny’s hair.

Taehyung thrust his time, jamming his cock down the bunny's throat, who was only too happy to be used that hard as Taehyung grunted and groaned with his mounting pleasure.

Jungkook was so focused on his breathing that he was not prepared at all for the sudden spray of cum into his mouth. He sputtered in shock, spraying some of it back out of his mouth, onto the cock and hand in front of him.

Taehyung’s thrusts slowed as he came down from his orgasm and more cum dribbled out of Jungkook's mouth and down his chin. When Taehyung pulled out, Jungkook moved forward again immediately, using his tongue to lap up all the cum he hadn't managed to swallow.

It tasted really good. Worryingly good. Sweet and delicious like a treat. Not what he thought cum should taste like.

Taehyung watched him fondly, holding out his cum-splattered hand for the bunny, who licked it enthusiastically. “Taste good bun?” he asked teasingly.

Jungkook nodded, missing the teasing tone because he was too busy sucking on a finger.

Taehyung helped scrape the cum on the boy's face closer to his mouth so he could reach it with his tongue. Jungkook managed to get all of it.

“So satisfied, bunny?”

“Hardly,” Jungkook answered cheekily.

When Taehyung tugged his trousers back up, the bunny pouted at him sadly and Taehyung chuckled, grabbing the dildo pacifier from where is lay on the bedside table from last night and bringing it to the bunny’s mouth.

Jungkook latched on gratefully. With a turn of the handle, Taehyung plugged the bunny's mouth with the plastic cock.
The baby rabbit leaned towards Taehyung for petting and Taehyung gave him gentle scratches behind the ears, making him moan around the dildo.

Their reverie was broken by someone calling from the kitchen, telling them to hurry up.

Jungkook realized he still wasn't wearing pants as Taehyung rushed to grab a pair of shorts from the wardrobe.

Leaving behind a small puddle of slick on the carpet and still trembling with arousal, the bunny was quickly helped into the shorts by Taehyung and then ushered towards the kitchen to face his next challenge: breakfast.

Chapter End Notes

idk idk idk I'm sorry

There will be more about the wardrobe of clothes later. This chapter ran away from me.
It's me. Back with my regular questionable content. This piece of crap got 1000 kudos wtf. Thank you to everyone who did that???

I got a lot of comments on earlier chapters from people who didn’t want the story to go in this direction. Just another heads-up to anyone who is still reading this and feeling sad or uncomfortable: I strongly recommend not continuing. This is a forced infantilism story. This ain't your ordinary ddlb dynamic. As an author, I'm aware of how problematic this story is. Please be careful going forward. Read the tags. Read the tags. Read the tags. When you’re done, please read them again.

Jungkook joined his friends for breakfast with the taste of Taehyung's cum still on his tongue.

He didn't feel like eating. When Namjoon figured out why, he made a new rule. No blowjobs before breakfast. Apparently the taste of cum ruined the bunny's appetite.

Everyone found Namjoon’s new rule hilarious and started making “wait for dessert” jokes.

Jungkook spent the whole meal glaring at them from his seat on Seokjin's lap. Only Hoseok and Yoongi were absent since they hadn't been woken for bunny-related chores like the rest.

“Is it just Taehyung's cum? Or is it Jungkook's weird new palate?” Jimin thought out loud, evidently having not given the question much thought.

Namjoon gave him an exasperated look. “Jimin?”

“Yeah?”

“I sometimes wonder how you placed first in all your classes.”

“Ouch,” Jimin’s offended face was worthy of a soap-opera award. “Wait, so which is it?”

“I don't know,” Taehyung scratched his chin in mock-deep thought. “Why don't all of you suck my dick and we'll find out?”

Jimin threw a dry cheerio at him.

“I should start a lifestyle blog,” Taehyung hit the table with excitement. “For people who want to have the tastiest ejaculations.”

Namjoon dropped his cutlery with a clang. “Okay well it's not only Jungkook who’s lost his appetite.”

Seokjin laughed at his own idea before he shared it, “Tae, you should call it, Cum Dine with Me.”

Taehyung gave him a nod of respect and raised his hand for a high-five. “I'm going to need an
assistant for scientific demonstrations. I intend on using the little rabbit boy but additional volunteers are welcome.”

“Taehyung. Please.” Namjoon held his head in his hands, a broken man. “Please.”

“Hey,” Taehyung smiled at Namjoon, “You sounded just like Jungkook sounded this morning.”

Jungkook coughed and spluttered, cereal milk spraying from his mouth.

Taehyung observed the rabbit. “That happened too.”

“Bunny? You okay?” Namjoon and Seokjin asked simultaneously, caressing the boy's back and offering him some water, while Jimin dabbed at the splatters of milk with a paper towel.

“He's okay,” Taehyung reassured them, “I know what it sounds like when he's actually choking.”

Jungkook glared at him, looking about as scary as a powerpuff girl while Jimin patted at his pouty face to clean up the milk.

“Kookie, you're being awfully quiet,” Seokjin noted. “What's wrong? Is it the jokes?”

“Please say it's the jokes and direct your bunnpout at Taehyung so he feels bad and stops inflicting them on us. Thank you.” Namjoon said, picking up his spoon again.

“No I um…” everyone stopped to give the bunny their attention and he suddenly didn't want to talk anymore. “I uh, I don't really know what to um- what to call you? When you're all together I mean. It's confusing.”

“That's why you haven't been saying anything? That's so cute Jungkook! I'm-” Taehyung clutched at his heart, sinking in his chair like he'd been assassinated.

“I'm missing something,” Namjoon said, looking between Taehyung and Jungkook.

Jimin answered him. “Kookie's calling us Daddy now. From last night.”

Namjoon looked contemplative before turning to Seokjin seriously, “What made you decide?”

“Little rabbit over here said he felt like a burden.” Seokjin bounced his knee with the boy on it as if to indicate exactly which little rabbit he was talking about, lest it be confused with the multitude of other rabbits.

Jungkook sank backwards into Seokjin’s broad chest.

“Oh? Is that right bunny?” Namjoon’s voice grew softer to address the boy who was very close to having Seokjin's t-shirt in his mouth.

“I'm sorry,” Jungkook said, looking away from Namjoon's penetrative gaze, “Please don't be upset.”

“Hey, you don't need to be sorry Kookie. The last thing we want is for you to feel like a burden. We just want you to learn.” Namjoon cupped the boy's face gently, stroking his soft cheek with his thumb. “Are you gonna try learn, bun?”

Jungkook nodded, mouth dropping open and Namjoon let him suck on the tip of his finger.

“Of course he is,” Seokjin said, “Our maknae is the fastest learner.”
Jungkook would have felt a lot prouder to hear that if he didn't have his hyung's finger in his mouth.

They explained to him that he could call them by their names (with hyung for respect of course) if he needed to specify who he was talking about or if he needed to get someone's attention. But they still expected to be addressed directly as Daddy, something he suddenly found himself struggling with again.

This wasn't something he would just get used to. He seemed to be making progress with it, only to find himself in a different circumstance that made it awkward to say. The breakfast table, for example.

He remained quiet while Seokjin finished feeding him. This was the easiest part, he supposed, of letting his hyungs do things for him. They used to feed him often anyway, back when he was bigger and stronger. Granted, he hadn't been on their laps and it was normally just a mouthful or so but this wasn't too terrible. Undoubtedly he would have preferred to be feeding himself but in his current state, that wasn't a viable option.

He thought it was over after the cereal but Seokjin had really laid it out, just like Jungkook would have had at home for breakfast on a special day or if his mom was feeling particularly domestic. Seokjin had even made green onion pajeon from scratch. Jungkook enjoyed it immensely, not having been eating all that much on his own, the variety of food was a welcome change to his odd meals of instant noodles or bowls of rice and dried seaweed at 2am.

He didn’t know what the conversation at the table was about anymore. The word “Daddy” did not seem like it belonged amidst his friend’s banter unless it was for immature tomfoolery, so he had no idea how to contribute.

“Maybe start off with something easy,” Jimin said, noticing his persistent discomfort. “Just tack Daddy onto the end of your yes’s and no's. How about that?”

Jungkook nodded. It was very obvious that he was supposed to respond verbally and what he was supposed to say but everyone's attention was on him.

“You think it's a good idea Gguk?” Jimin pushed a little.

Again, he only nodded, not taking the bait.

Jimin chuckled and let him be.

“Bunny?” Seokjin dragged a bowl closer towards them. “There’s oi naengguk. Do you want some?”

It slipped out easier to Seokjin for some reason. “No thank you Daddy.”

It was like he had been speaking at a perfectly regular volume at a very loud party but the music suddenly stopped and made it seem like he was shouting.

He felt it as soon as he said it. Maybe it was in his head but it felt like everyone's attitude shifted slightly, like they saw him as small and fragile. It made him feel tiny, like all his hyungs were standing on a large step and he had hopped down from it to voluntarily stand on the step below them.

Namjoon spoke quickly to fill the silence, a social savior of sorts. “How did last night go?” he asked Seokjin.
Jimin looked surprised. “Was I the only one who heard everything through the walls?”

Despite having declined the oi naengguk, Jungkook found it beginning to look quite appetizing. He elbowed Seokjin softly to get his attention and then looked at the bowl in front of him with a pout. Seokjin chuckled and picked up a spoon.

Taehyung sighed dramatically, “So I can’t talk about the best blow job I’ve ever gotten but Jin-hyung’s gonna tell us about the diddly-doo?”

Jimin threw his head back and laughed, “The what?” but Seokjin ignored both of them to answer Namjoon's question. He lifted a spoon of soup to the bunny's mouth and Jungkook approached it slowly, taking care not to spill.

“Kookie did so well. He was so good. The whole Daddy thing was a bit of a challenge at first but he warmed up to it pretty quickly.”

Namjoon held up a piece of pajeon near Jungkook. “Bunny?”

He took it eagerly from the chopsticks with his mouth. “Mm?”

“Do you like calling us Daddy?”

He chewed for a bit. “N-No. I mean, not really.”

“No? Why not?”

“Um. It makes me feel... small.”

“You are small,” Taehyung interrupted.

“Not like that I mean um, it makes me act different.”

Namjoon cut up some pajeon with his chopsticks while he gave that response some thought. “That doesn't have to be a bad thing,” he eventually said.

Jungkook hadn't considered that. Was the different behaviour... good? Was it helping his hyungs in some way? Was that what bunnyboys were supposed to do? He felt muddled.

Seokjin lifted a spoonful of naengguk out of the bowl.

“It seems like it’s already helping and it hasn't been very long. I'm sure it'll help even more. Are you going to keep trying?” Namjoon asked him.

He nodded. Definitely. Jungkook was a tryer.

Namjoon promised to give Jungkook a sticker for his honesty and suddenly Jungkook was feeling a little more optimistic about the day.

Seokjin wasn’t bringing the spoon any higher, it was still hovering near the bowl. Jungkook waited for the spoon patiently with his mouth ajar, cheeks growing pinker with embarrassment the longer he waited. It seemed that Seokjin was distracted by the conversation. Jungkook bounced a little impatiently before releasing a frustrated whine. “Daddyyyyy!” With quick apologies and a small
amount of amusement, Seokjin fed him the soup and paid a bit more attention to the task after that.

“Baby bunny was a little scared to beg at first,” Seokjin told them while he ran his fingers softly through Jungkook’s hair. Jungkook turned as red as gochujang but the gentle head scratches helped the blush recede slightly.

“Really?” Taehyung was gobsmacked. “I thought begging was like, just a thing he did. You should’ve seen him this morning. Shameless.”

Seokjin’s warm hands moved to Jungkook’s thighs, caressing them slowly. “I think Yoongi’s lesson left a few marks, not just on his ass. Made the poor thing scared to beg at all. I was trying to get him comfortable with it again.”

“Yeah I’m pretty sure the begging is instinctive,” Namjoon added, with the confidence of someone who had studied hybrids for seven years at a tertiary institute when he had in fact done no such thing. “With all that desperation, it’s probably difficult not to.”

“Oh he must have been trying so hard. My heart,” Jimin’s head fell backwards and he groaned.

“Kookie, have you really been keeping it all in?” Namjoon asked him gently. “Were you scared?”

Seokjin paused the trail of his fingers so that the bunny wasn’t too distracted to respond. Blinking slowly while mentally catching up to the conversation, Jungkook eventually gave Namjoon a hesitant nod.

“You don’t have to do that anymore Kookie. You know that, right?” Jungkook nodded slowly, his breathing hitching a bit when Seokjin’s hands drifted to the sensitive smooth skin on the inside of his thighs. “As long as you ask nicely, you can ask for anything.”

“Believe me, he knows that now,” Taehyung confirmed. “Whatever Seokjin did last night must have hammered it in.”

Seokjin laughed at Taehyung’s pun but tried to disguise it with a yawn when the bunny on his lap turned to frown at him.

“Shit I have so much work to do today,” Jimin complained. “I’m so fucking behind.”

“I thought you were done with all those presentations. Wasn’t that for last Tuesday?” Namjoon asked.

“Yeah but it wasn’t good enough apparently,” Jimin sighed.

Seokjin’s hands went back to roaming Jungkook’s body absent-mindedly while conversing with everyone about work. Jungkook listened for a bit and realized how out of touch he’d become with everyone’s lives. But his hyung’s hands were everywhere, in sensitive places and less sensitive places and spots he hadn’t known were sensitive.

Jungkook hissed really quietly to Seokjin so as not to interrupt Namjoon’s advice-giving session. “Daddy! I can’t concentrate!”

“Sorry bunny,” Seokjin whispered back. He stopped his caresses long enough for Jungkook to hear that Taehyung had been contacted by a very famous designer whom he’d admired. But then Seokjin started again, like doodling while on a phone call.

If Seokjin didn’t stop, the bunnyboy was going to start grinding on him which he didn’t think he was
allowed to do. But it was either that or he was going to start crying for dick right there at the breakfast table. The touches to his ribcage were half ticklish and half arousing. His toes curled and his spine arched and no one seemed to notice that he was liquefying.

While Namjoon ranted about a coworker, Jungkook put his face really close to Seokjin’s. “Daddy?”

Seokjin pressed his nose into the boy's cheek. “Yeah?”

“It hurts.”

“What hurts bunny?”

“M-my cock.”

Seokjin cooed and cupped his hand between the boy’s legs. “Aw baby, is your little peepee trying to get hard?”

Jungkook reddened but nodded, a little tearfully. “Can you- Daddy can you please unlock it?”

The longest “aww” came from Jimin who had all but fallen out of his seat while pretending to melt. Maybe Jungkook wasn’t speaking as quietly as he thought.

“I wish I could, little one,” Seokjin said sympathetically but then he took out a tiny key on a small metal ring and placed it on the table. Jungkook was transfixed by it, by how it was just out there, right in front of him and he realized they didn’t have to hide the keys anymore. He couldn’t do anything with it beside stare at it, as he was doing now.

Seokjin left it to sit obtrusively while he asked his next question. “How many stickers do you have?”

Jungkook only groaned. And then right there, at the table, Seokjin stretched the front of the little rabbit’s shorts down so that his cockcage was exposed and took the small pink thing in his hand.

“Should we count them together, bun?”

“Daddy no!” Jungkook whined, squirming and trying to get Seokjin to stop examining his dick so openly.

“Nothing we haven't seen before baby,” Namjoon said.

That wasn't the problem. If Seokjin was going to hand-job him to orgasm right there at the table he wouldn't have complained at all. The problem was the cockcage, with its purposeless bell, all the silly pictures and the god-awful bow.

His dick was a whole spectacle. And it was small. And all his hyungs were there. With their regular sized dicks.

Seokjin counted each cartoon picture out loud, slowly, like he was a muppet teaching numbers on Sesame Street. It took much longer to count to four than it should have and Jungkook wasn't making it easier with his wriggling and attempts at escape.

“Sorry Kookie, I don't think four is enough,” Seokjin said, patting the cock cage softly in sympathy.

“Namjoon-hyung said he'd give me another one…”

“How many will you still need after that bunny?”
Jungkook gave him the saddest whine. “Five?”

“That's right sweetheart.”

Jungkook looked poutily at the small key as Seokjin picked it up and pocketed it out of sight.

“I can't.”

“You can of course you can,” Jimin said. “We know you can Kookie.”

“Why does it have to be ten?”

“Because we decided ten,” Taehyung answered.

Jungkook frowned at this and wriggled a bit. “Can't you change it to five?” Seokjin, to Jungkook’s great relief, finally helped him put his caged dick away.

“I thought you liked a good challenge Kookie,” Taehyung smiled.

Jungkook narrowed his eyes at him but Taehyung’s smile didn't waver. At least, if anything good came out of this futile argument, Jungkook’s arousal had diminished.

“Ten is a lot,” he said softly.

“If it were easy, Kookie, there’d be no point,” Jimin said.

Without warning, overcome by his concoction of emotions, Jungkook let himself fall forward, forehead and nose squished against the table.

“Jungkook, don’t be dramatic,” Jimin said kindly, reaching over to pet the boy’s head.

“I TURNED INTO A RABBIT, HYUNG!” Jungkook yelled at the table.

Jimin’s hand froze mid-air. Namjoon dropped his spoon. Taehyung’s knee hit the table and he yelped. No one acknowledged the “hyung” slip up this time.

It was silent for a few moments as everyone presumably tried to figure out what to do.

Seokjin was collected.

“Jungkook your ear is in the soup.”

“Maybe I want it in the soup.”

“Okay.”

Namjoon cleared his throat. “You know you’re doing well, right Kookie? The small hiccups are inevitable. But we’re getting through them. And you’re so brave. Do you know how proud we all are of you?”

Seokjin ran his fingers through the boy’s hair.

“It’s true baby. It’s okay to struggle,” Jimin said, “And it’s okay to need help. We’ll still be proud of you.”

Seokjin scratched the side of Jungkook’s head, near the base of his ear and Jungkook made a low throaty sound and turned his head so that his cheek was now pressed against the table. He felt
Namjoon lifted the tip of his ear out of a bowl and begin drying it with a paper towel and slow careful movements.

Face turned to the side, Jungkook spotted the pacifier at the far end of the table, lying there like it was trying to fit in with the side dishes.

His hyungs let him vegetate there for a while, perhaps thinking this acceptance crisis was long overdue.

After most of the dishes had been removed from the table, Seokjin shook him a bit. “Kookie, sit up. There’s things to do.”

“No. I have to go.”

“Go where?” Namjoon asked, baffled.

“Away.”

“Away?” Taehyung frowned.

“Yes away. To a carrot farm. I’m going to live in a burrow with my lovely bunny hybrid wife and we’re going to have two-hundred kits and keep them hidden from wolves.”

Namjoon laughed. “C’mon Kookie. You’ve used up your moping hours for today,” He said.

“There’s still some left.”

“Nope you’re done. Daddy says so.” Jungkook lifted his head to pout at Namjoon who smiled fondly and ruffled his hair.

“Gguk, you want to come help me clean up in the kitchen?” Seokjin asked, giving him a gentle bounce.

The correct answer to that question was always no. A hard no. But this time Jungkook looked down at his hands and instead asked, “How?”

“You can sing for me. Maybe your beautiful voice will make all the work go quicker.”

“Sticker first?”

Seokjin laughed. “Okay bunny, sticker first.”

Jungkook managed to earn himself another sticker for “being helpful in the kitchen” which was laughable but he wasn’t going to complain. That put him at six. Unfortunately the rest of the day didn’t go as pleasantly for the little rabbit.

**********************************

After breakfast, Jimin had to rush off to work, which was a shame because there was so much he’d been looking forward to doing with Jungkook. It was evident from the interactions at breakfast that Jungkook was feeling closer to Seokjin.
They’d all get to that point with the bunny eventually but it was no mystery why Seokjin was the first.

Also, sometimes Jimin wished age wasn’t so important. Thankfully they hadn’t decided on an order after Seokjin. They couldn’t go directly down the age line because that would be bizarrely obvious. Which is why, leaving the bunny for work had been painfully hard.

It was unlikely that any of the other guys who were at home would be fucking the maknae in the middle of the day. They were supposed to be keeping him distracted with other tasks and activities. But with Jungkook’s intentional and unintentionally seductive ways, Jimin didn’t know if any of them were going to hold out.

Which is why he found himself leaving work as early as possible and practically racing home.

He hadn’t even put his bag down when the bunny ran at him, nearly knocking him over with an enthusiastic kiss and a distinctly animal-like lick from Jimin’s chin to his nose.

Jimin took a firm hold of him by the waist. “Woah there baby boy! Calm down! What’s the matter?”

Jungkook didn’t answer. Without preamble, he dropped to his knees right there in the entry hall and used his teeth to tug at Jimin's trousers.

“Woah! Bunny what are you doing?” Jimin wrapped his fingers in the maknae's hair to try and stop the attack while the other hand tried to hold up his pants.

“You promised!” Jungkook whined, teeth not letting go of the material, only yanking harder.

Jungkook was learning quickly, progressing so fast. Even the misbehaviour was fucking perfect, almost like he’d found the manual.

“Jungkook! You're being ridiculous.”

“You said you would! This morning.”

“I said if you asked nicely. Is this asking nicely Kookie?” Jimin reminded him. Even without using his hands, the bunny was making real attempts to undress him in the hallway. The determination was admirable. God, the poor thing really wasn't thinking beyond how much he wanted a good fucking.

“I couldn't ask nicely, you weren't even here!” Jungkook’s jaw clamped down harder on the clothing, growling cutely while fighting with the trousers.

Jimin’s tone lost its gentle quality. “Bunny, this behaviour is unacceptable.”

“Hyung please! I need it!” Jungkook whined through his teeth, playing tug-o-war with the waistband of Jimin’s pants. The bunny's knees were sliding against the polished wood so he wasn’t winning but his losing face was adorable, cheeks dusted pink with arousal and frustration, teeth gritted in determination.

Jimin wanted to see him lose more often.

“Have you forgotten all of your manners little rabbit?”

Jimin saw the exact moment in Jungkook's expression and twitchy ears when the bunnyboy decided he needed to run away.

Jungkook was barely back up on his feet when Jimin grabbed onto his wrist around the mitten
buckle, and kept him there.

“Oh. Shit.”

There it was, old Jungkook.

“I'm sorry Hyung. I didn't mean to.”

The poor thing.

“Kookie, you know why this is necessary so I'm not going to waste time explaining.” He pulled Jungkook towards the dining room and the bunnyboy dragged his feet the whole way like they were wading through a swamp that only he could see and feel.

Jungkook watched with poorly concealed fear as Jimin pulled out a chair and spun it around, his hold on Jungkook’s wrist still preventing the boy from running.

“Wait- Hyung please don’t,” the maknae whispered.

Ah, hyung, again. The little bunny thought he was big.

“Jungkook you're not making things better for yourself here kiddo.”

The boy grunted with the effort of trying to pull his wrist free.

“Kneeling on the chair or over my lap?” Jimin asked

“Neither?”

“Not an option I'm afraid little one. Must I pick?”

“Jimin please don't do this.”

“I don't know if you're just being disrespectful because you already know what's coming Jungkook so you think it won't matter,” he took a seat on the chair and Jungkook was forced to move closer, “But I'd like to inform you that I'm counting and you're really racking up the mistakes little rabbit.”

Jungkook didn’t need to be told why Jimin was counting or what the number meant. He stood there, biting his lip, eyes wide in fear and toes pointed inwards like a shy anime schoolgirl and Jimin wanted to wrap him in bows and ribbons and keep him on a shelf.

The little rabbit’s ears fell down on either side of his head and his eyes became glossy, like an artist had drawn in the sparkles. “I'm really really sorry Daddy.”

“Yes Jungkook, you're very cute and you're melting my cold heart. But you said you wanted to correct this kind of behaviour so that's what we're going to do.” Jimin pulled down the bunny’s tiny shorts down with a quick tug and then made the easy decision to divest the little one of his blindingly yellow T-shirt as well.

“I'll be good, I can be good.” There was too much bare skin for Jungkook to hide with his mittened fists but he was trying anyway.

“I believe you Kookie. I know you can. I think you just need a reminder.”

Jungkook groaned and let Jimin pull him down across his lap.
The maknae had asked for it, quite literally. Jimin was merely delivering.

“Ready bunny?”

Jimin knew his swing was much stronger than it looked, his hand practically whistled through the air as it came down and the bunnyboy was taken so much by surprise that his first cry was silent. Jimin stopped to pet his head and give him time to recover from the shock. The noises he made while recovering sounded like he was stepping into a bath of ice. Jimin waited for the panting to slow down before delivering the next blow.

“Oh fuck that hurts,” Jungkook blew out a strong breath, as if trying to expel the pain.

“I don’t think that kind of language suits little boys.”

“I’m not- Ow! Oh my god.”

“Stay still.”

“I can’t Hyung please- Ow!”

Jimin took hold of the twitchy cotton tail in front of him and the bunny squeaked in surprise. Clutching it in his fist, Jimin used the tail to lift the boy’s hips upwards, holding his bottom at a better angle for spanking.

“Ouch! Hyung! That’s- oh my god.” Jungkook let out an indecent moan that made Jimin smirk. The bunny was bent like an upside-down V, suspended by the tail, but Jimin lifted his knee to ensure that the boy’s weight was still resting on something. It couldn’t have been comfortable but this was supposed to be a punishment.

“See Kookie? You can stay still,” Jimin said.

“Wh- Hyung. Put me down,” Jungkook gasped slowly and carefully, like he was afraid of falling but Jimin knew there was no chance of that. He had a good hold and excellent balance. In this position, the cockcage bell could be heard from the slightest movements. Jungkook couldn’t hold it still because his cocklet was dangling, helplessly, much like the rest of him.

“Forgot how to say ‘please’ baby?” Jimin landed a few more perfectly-placed smacks onto the little bunny’s bottom. The muscles in it clenched and Jungkook whined but he didn’t wriggle because he couldn’t.

“Ah f-” the word didn’t make it out this time, it just turned into a gasp when Jimin’s hand came down again. “H-hyung. Let go,” he whimpered, toes curling.

“Does it hurt?”

Jungkook hesitated. Jimin already knew, it didn’t hurt. The spanking did hurt, without a doubt. But having his tail used as a handle was nothing more than humiliating and possibly arousing.

Jungkook seemed to realize that his hesitation had given him away and now he couldn’t undo it.

“Awww baby. Is it making you wet?”

Jungkook panted, face and chest growing red from the upside-down position and the presumable embarrassment that came with it. “No.”

“No?”
Jimin ran a finger through the bunny’s slick, leaking uncontrollably from his tight hole. “Was Yoongi-hyung right? You get this wet from a spanking?”

“N-no. I- Ow! Shit!” Jimin had landed another smack on one of the rosy ass cheeks and the way it jigged was fucking obscene.

“I see. You’re always wet, right bunny? Always ready for cock?”

The bunnyboy only kicked his legs around aimlessly, in hope of getting his tail free from Jimin’s grip. The little rabbit looked beautifully helpless like this, like a well-installed art piece. In truth, Jimin’s arm was growing fatigued from holding the boy up and he'd have to put him down soon but not without regret.

Jimin appreciated the sight for a few more seconds before lowering the boy back to lie fully flat across his thighs. The bunny sighed in relief, tail twitching with its freedom and all his limbs hung like wet leaves over Jimin's legs.

He stroked down the planes of Jungkook's back, feeling the boy’s heartbeat and breathing as they slowed down.

“Daddy will give you what you want if you can take your spanking like a good boy. Can you do that, bunny? Can you show me how good you can be?”

“It- it's not over?” Jungkook tensed, suddenly writhing, ready to hop off Jimin's lap and bolt but Jimin placed a firm hand on his lower back to keep him in place.

“Of course not Kookie. Do you know how many times you've called me Hyung since I got home? Besides, there's still parts of your cute bottom that don't match the rest.”

Jungkook groaned again, long and frustrated.

“I think this lesson needs to last a little longer than the last one baby.” Jimin lay down a few more smacks and Jungkook hissed, body jerking reflexively to escape the pain.

“It will. It will. I've learned, Daddy I'm sorry. Please stop.”

“My hand is stinging baby. I can only imagine how your naughty bottom feels.”

“Sore,” the little one's voice cracked and Jimin was so fucking endeared.

He paused to squeeze at the gorgeously red ass cheeks and the bunny’s breath hitched at the light touch. Jimin trailed his fingers down the boy's shapely thighs and then back up over the hot skin still blooming with new pinks and reds. “Bunny, part of being responsible for you, means I have to go to work. You understand that, right?”

Jimin saw small tears fall from the bunny's eyes but the boy nodded, bunny teeth nibbling on his lower lip from guilt.

“You other hyungs were here baby, you acted like I left you alone. I’d never do that. None of us would do that.”

“I'm sorry Daddy,” he hiccupsed, readjusting, wanting to be let up.

Jimin laid down a few more sharp spanks before he stuck two fingers into the bunnyboy’s little hole. Jungkook’s knees bent, feet in the air from the sudden intrusion.
Jimin used his other hand to push the boy’s calves back down, while his fingers inside Jungkook's ass located his sweet spot.

The bunnyboy’s inner muscles clamped down on his fingers, tightening in desperation and Jimin couldn't help but tease him, pulling his fingers back until just the tips were at the puckered entrance. Jungkook huffed while his leaking hole tried to swallow the fingers again.

“What are you going to do next time little boy?”

“A-ask nicely.”

“Show me how you're gonna ask.”

Jungkook made a confused sound and squirmed, ass glowing, thighs slippery. Jimin traced around the bunny’s winking hole, rubbing at the rim lazily and Jungkook’s entire body shook. The bunny was trying not to move back to get the finger inside, trying so hard to be good, Jimin could tell.

“What does asking nicely sound like Kookie? I want to make sure that you know how to be a good boy. Can you show me?”

Jungkook sniffed, mewling softly and then to Jimin’s surprise, he bent, lifting his ass, lower back dipping sinfully. “Daddy please fuck me.”

It took a lot of self-control for Jimin not to spank the thing again, because that ass really looked like it was asking for it. “Should I use a dildo Kookie?”

Jungkook lifted higher. “No Daddy. Your cock.”

“C’mon. Ask for it.”

Jungkook groaned low and agonized. Desperation evident in every small twitch of his tail and flicker of his ears and the way the stomach beneath his ribcage grew and shrank as his arousal forced ragged breathing, like he was drowning dry.

“Daddy please. Please fuck with me with your cock.”

“Kookie, isn't your little bunny bottom too sore?” Jimin was only teasing, he wanted to see how the maknae would respond, if he was really as desperate as he looked.

“No! Please, I want it so badly.” The tears were rolling. Sweet, desperate bunny tears. “I need it! Please put it inside Daddy please-”

“Well then, I think you can be a bit more creative than that bunny.”

“I can't,” Jungkook's knees moved apart, as if making up for his lack of creativity with a good display.

“Well then, I think you can be a bit more creative than that bunny.”

Okay try this baby. Are you listening? Say, Daddy please put your cock inside my needy bunny hole.”

Jungkook’s breaths grew sharper and his wet thighs nearly let his ass drop back down, Jimin could see them shaking with the effort. “Daddy-” He didn't continue. He squeezed his eyes shut tightly and his tail twitched frantically above where his desperate hole was dripping. Jimin couldn't help it, he gave the fluffy tail a light squeeze and that's when Jungkook's thighs gave up and he fell flat, he moaning low and vulgar.
“Aww bunny, is it too many words for you to remember, little one? Does Daddy need to make up a rhyme?”

“No no. Please.”

Lifting the bunnyboy by his waist, making him squeak in fright, Jimin laid him out over the table. Jungkook was pliant, toes just off the ground and well-spanked ass burning bright from its recent lesson.

Jimin took his two wet fingers that had just been in the boy's ass and held them to the bunny’s lips. To his delight, Jungkook didn't hesitate to lick up his slick. He cleaned Jimin's fingers with the eagerness of a starving pet and then sucked on them like he would die without them.

“Daddy please,” Jungkook cried when Jimin pulled away.

“Try again baby bun.”

Jungkook pressed his face into the table, eyes leaking with frustration. His mouth hung open silently for a while before he spoke, words wet with drool and tongue uncooperative.

“Daddy. Please put your cock inside my needy bunny hole.”

The words were delivered with a slight lisp and Jimin tried his best not to orgasm untouched on the spot. Never had his dick been so hard in his life and it was a great relief to finally free it from his trousers, something the poor bunnyboy had been trying to do earlier.

The thick head of Jimin's cock pushed into the bunny’s tight channel and Jungkook wailed. Jimin hammered into him, self-restraint growing weaker with each mewling sound Jungkook made. The bunny's feet lifted slightly higher off the ground with each thrust and Jimin held him by the hips to get that perfect aim.

He put his fingers back in the bunny's mouth but only to get them good and proper wet, globs of spit running down his hand and dripping from the tips of his fingers. He rubbed the saliva into the burning skin on Jungkook’s ass to soothe the sting and the petite boy convulsed, inner muscles clenching around the cock inside him.

“Turn over bunny. Wanna see that pretty little cocklet and your cute face when you whine.”

“It's messy Daddy,” Jungkook pouted, arms moving upwards to shield his face.

Jimin pulled out anyway to flip the boy over. He held the smooth as silk legs up by the ankles and speared into him again, balls slapping against the bunny's sore bottom. Jungkook complained with a soft squeal at the first thrust but was quickly overwhelmed by pleasure and could only moan as his hole was stuffed and rammed.

The bunny's face was indeed messy, stunningly messy with spit and sweat and tears and a little blood on his lower lip from where he'd bitten too hard.

Perfectly positioned, Jimin leaned down, took that little bottom lip into his mouth and sucked on it. Jungkook gasped into the kiss and Jimin lapped at the small cut while Jungkook's mouth lay submissively open.

Jimin pulled back and let a stream of saliva fall from his own lips into Jungkook's receptive mouth below him and Jungkook kept it open, collecting Jimin’s spit like it was precious. Only when it ended, did he close his mouth to swallow. His lips parted again immediately, waiting for whatever
Jimin wanted to do with his mouth and Jimin groaned in pleasure at the sight. He couldn't imagine a more perfect little bunny boy.

“Kookie you're perfect.”

Jungkook spasmed at the words, rib cage protruding and then disappearing like he didn't know what to do with his breath and his reaction only reinforced Jimin’s words. He was so fucking responsive, to every word, every touch.

The little bunny’s hard nipples were poking out into the cold air and Jimin couldn't resist giving them both a gentle flick. Jungkook threw his head back in a silent cry and Jimin ate up the response.

Jimin could feel his pleasure on its way to the crescendo and his cock chased that end with ferocity, slamming inside Jungkook’s ass so that the boy was shaking, little cocklet in its pink plastic flopping uselessly between his legs.

“Daddy please cum! I need it.”

“You need my- my cum?”

Jimin, as clouded as he felt with his building orgasm and the parts of his vision that were disappearing and reappearing every time Jungkook tightened around him, was still surprised to hear the baby rabbit say such a thing. Jungkook hadn't asked to cum. Hadn't asked about the cockcage. Hadn’t complained about it hurting.

“Yes Daddy. S-sorry ah that you had to spank me. Just wanted your c- c- cum. Please cum. Daddy. P-pl- ah please.”

Jimin nearly blacked out with the force of his orgasm. He didn't know how much cum he had shot into the boy’s hole but it felt like a lot and Jungkook seemed like he felt it, he jerked on the table like he was cumming even though his little bunny cock was trapped and Jimin would've cum again from the sight if he could have.

He trailed a finger around the boy’s cockcage, admiring the body laid out before him, the light sweat that covered it.

“So smooth baby boy.”

Jungkook whimpered and his hips bucked upwards when Jimin’s fingers got too close to the cockcage.

The bunny was trembling, possibly from the built up arousal, possibly from the feeling of Jimin's cum.

Jimin picked up the bunny's shaky body and held him close. Jungkook clung on like a koala.

“You did so good Kookie. You’re such a good boy.”

Jimin carried him to the sofa, kissing his tear-stained face all the way and Jungkook buried himself into the embrace, like he wanted Jimin to absorb him.

Jimin was being hit with the post-orgasm fatigue, his eyes in danger of drifting closed when Jungkook whispered a request into the skin of his neck.

“Daddy, can I taste?”
He nodded but he wasn't sure what he'd agreed to until Jungkook fell to knees in front of him and started licking his cock clean.

Jimin jumped at the unexpected wet tongue against his spent dick. Jungkook didn't suck, just licked, like he was truly savoring the taste, moaning softly at every lick and Jimin was enthralled, suddenly more awake.

“Does it... taste good bunny?”

Jungkook hardly paused to respond. “Yeah.”

Jimin assumed he had licked up all there was to lick when the bunny let his cheek fall against Jimin’s thigh. “Thank you Daddy.”

“You're welcome bun.” He stroked the boy's hair and played with his ears until Jungkook sat up with a jolt.

“Daddy it's leaking out. Help.”

Jimin tried not to giggle at the alarmed expression on Jungkook’s face. The expression grew even more alarmed when Jimin zipped up his pants and stood to hunt down a butt plug.

“Daddy don’t go. Where are you going?”

“I'm not going anywhere bunny I'm just getting a plug. Is that okay?”

“Can’t you just put your cock back in?” the bunny pouted.

Jimin was already back with both the plug and the pacifier but Jungkook was staring at the plug, face horrified. “Not that one!”

Jimin looked down at the carrot-colored thing. “What's wrong with this one?”

Jungkook only glared. He looked even cuter all fucked out and pouting, hair in disarray, totally bare except for the cockcage, kneeling near the sofa, the picture of submission.

“It's the only one I found Kookie. C'mon hop up,” Jimin said, taking a seat and patting the sofa beside him.

The bunny's puffy pink hole offered little resistance as Jimin pushed the the carrot-plug against the rim, watching it get sucked inside.

When it was safely nestled inside him, Jungkook turned around eagerly for the pacifier. He waited patiently, wincing slightly from his still-sore bottom resting on his heels. “Daddy?” he questioned softly when Jimin didn't give it to him.

Impulsively, Jimin gave the plastic cock in his hand a lick from base to tip, covering it in his saliva. It was worth it to see the baby rabbit’s eyes nearly pop out of his cute head. Jungkook opened his mouth eagerly for it, not questioning his hyung’s odd action and Jimin helped him lock it in.

Jungkook curled himself into Jimin's side, still a little shaky. Poor thing, both of his holes were plugged full, sated but still deprived.

Jimin barely noticed that he was still fully dressed in his work clothes but he was very aware of the naked bunnyboy who was wrapping himself up in Jimin’s limbs and sucking on a pacifier. When he lowered himself into a napping position, Jungkook followed like he was attached by a string,
mewling softly and rubbing his nose against Jimin’s work shirt. He gave the bunny’s face a gentle caress and Jungkook made a few more soft sweet sounds, leaning his cheek against Jimin’s open palm.

Seokjin could go eat a cactus. First didn’t mean anything.

The bunny’s breathing was slowly returning to normal and the shaking had almost stopped. The pacifier was bobbing in his mouth because the pretty boy couldn’t stop sucking but that was good because it would soothe him until the arousal ebbed and he eventually fell asleep.

“You’re learning so well Kookie. You’re such a clever boy. Daddy is so proud of you.”

Chapter End Notes

PSA: Do not pick animals up by their tails.

If you wanna chat or you just want to scream, this is me:

______ @jimins_jeans

Come say hi
Seokjin had been right. That first day was full of challenges Jungkook hadn't anticipated but so was the next day and the day after that. Each time he took a turn, he was hit by a new task he couldn't do by himself, requiring him to really suffocate whatever pride he had left.

He suspected his hyungs of being generous with the stickers on the first day to make things easier on him and keep him motivated, because after that he had barely made any progress. He had been on six stickers now for at least a millennium. Saying “Daddy” so many times in one day kept him almost constantly delirious with arousal, something he still was yet to come to terms with. If he had to keep doing this “Daddy” thing and asking for help without being able to touch his cock, he was simply going to die. Half the time he couldn’t pinpoint where the humiliation ended and the arousal began. Sometimes it seemed like they were never isolated so he hardly knew which feeling was which anymore. He blushed about everything and he cried about everything and he couldn’t even take his own emotions seriously because they were so fucking wild.

The mittens made him feel more helpless than he had ever felt in his life. Not like a child because children at least had opposable thumbs. They could grip things, scratch an itch, hold a spoon maybe.

No, not helpless like a child but helpless like a pet. Like a baby rabbit, as his hyungs kept reminding him with their plethora of petnames. The petnames had all been a lot easier to deal with when they
didn't feel so real.

The biggest problem Jungkook had with the mittens, aside from the general feeling of dependency, was that when he wanted something to suck on, his fingers weren't an option any longer so he'd just have to beg someone until they either gave him their fingers, their cocks, or his paci if they were tired.

That's when Jungkook faced his next problem of not being able to take his paci out on his own. Once the gag was in, it probably wasn't coming out again until someone else decided. Perhaps the notion of not being able to do it on his own made him a little anxious but if he was honest with himself, he would be perfectly satisfied if they left him to suck on it the whole day, which they didn’t because his hyungs were responsible and rational, unlike him with his hormonal bunny brain.

That was the actual worrying part. His need to suck was so persistent and unwavering. The desire never faded and sometimes he felt like maybe the pacifier was making it worse. He hardly ever wanted the plastic cock taken out. It was a problem because whenever it wasn’t in his mouth he felt like something was missing and at the back of his mind, he began keeping track of who had it and where it was at all times.

So far his hyungs were pretty competent about it. They never left it in for too long. But they definitely left it out for too long. Any amount of time without something to suck on was too long for him.

The fact that the dildo looked like a pacifier had hardly bothered him at all when he started using it. His hyungs had understood his needs and had found a way to satisfy them, as crazy the measures were.

If anything at all was starting to trouble him about the pacifier, it was the fact that it looked like a pacifier. On its own: completely okay. Combined with the clothing Taehyung put him in: less okay.

Getting dressed by Taehyung became a daily activity and Jungkook found it hard not to notice that all the new clothes missed his age mark by a lot.

He didn't want to be ungrateful. Taehyung had bought all of it especially for him. All that money (that wasn't his) would go to waste. He couldn't do that. He made up his mind to shut up and be grateful but Jungkook also knew that he had “made up his mind” about a lot of things that he kept failing at. Still, he tried to keep his internal qualms internal.

At first, he didn’t see why his old shorts were thrown out when the new ones were pretty much exactly the same: tiny. He eventually discovered the difference.

The new shorts all had a slit at the back for his tail. This sounded beneficial in theory but proved to be the source of many a problem. When his tail was pulled through the hole, the little fluff ball acted like a hook for the garment, holding it up so that he couldn't pull the shorts down on his own. Not that he could pull regular shorts down with the restrictive gloves on his hands but at least he could twist and writhe and hope gravity did its job. With these new shorts however, it was certainly impossible. He couldn't help fidgeting when Taehyung “hooked” the shorts on his tail every morning and he experienced the very unique and unusual feeling of being trapped in his own clothing.

His bunny tail poked out, visible, vulnerable. He didn't like it. It was cute but that was the problem. There was no doubt his hyungs were going to be grabbing at it.

The placement of the opening also forced the shorts to be worn quite high up. When he complained, Taehyung paid little heed, saying they were supposed to sit that high and that Jungkook didn't
understand fashion.

All that this “fashion” really did was give him the most uncomfortable wedgie that he couldn't fix on his own. And he certainly was not going to approach a hyung about the situation. The stupid material got trapped between his ass cheeks, rubbing against his sensitive rim and no matter how much he wriggled, or kicked his legs, it wouldn't come free.

Between the revealing shorts and his defenseless fluffy tail, his ass was becoming a very vulnerable area that was difficult to shield. He would probably shuffle sideways along the walls to guard his backside if it didn't looks so suspicious.

The t-shirts were another thing. He loved superheroes. A lot. But not enough to wear their faces largely printed on his chest every day. He’d make an exception for the Iron Man one, maybe.

That's what he thought at first, but he very quickly realized that the superhero t-shirts were preferable to the rest.

Preferable to the printed t-shirt that had a math diagram of a triangle next to a rabbit and was captioned “Acute bunny” or the printed sweater that said “cutie π”. He had reasonable grounds on which to reject them, and those grounds were his hatred for math. However, Taehyung told him that Namjoon had chosen them and then, Jungkook felt a moral and spiritual obligation to accept that printed T-shirt and large sweater into his heart.

But there was absolutely no excuse for the slice-of-watermelon t-shirt that said “one in a melon” or the one with a picture of a train that said “I choo-choo-choose you” or the shirt with a tiny rabbit peeking out of a banana peel that said, “bun ana”. Jungkook wasn't stupid, Taehyung had clearly not been alone in his online shopping endeavours.

Somehow, the shirts without puns were the worst but he was busy pretending those ones didn’t exist. Something about those screamed Jimin, which is why they were the scariest.

While watching Taehyung rifle through the hangers, he had spotted some t-shirts that he was presently pretending he hadn't seen, and if Taehyung ever managed to wrestle him into one, Jungkook would have to pretend like he couldn't read so that he didn't die of humiliation.

Jungkook surprised himself with how much he wanted to go back to the bright superhero t-shirts. But Taehyung informed him, regretfully, that he had already given them all away because Jungkook didn't seem to like them.

He should have stuck to his decision, “shut up and be grateful” because failing at that had really come back and bit him in the ass.

The shoes were also more than questionable. All his old shoes had been thrown out anyway because they were too big for him now, so Taehyung had restocked and made some interesting choices.

The new collection of shoes were all sneakers of various colors (some looked like they were all the colors at once) with velcro straps, not a shoelace in sight. Taehyung explained that it was to save time, that velcro straps were quicker to do up than laces. If that was true, why wasn't Taehyung walking around in oversized toddler shoes?

_Oh, that’s right. Taehyung went out in public._
The biggest issue Jungkook had with them was that Taehyung always did them up too tightly, as if Jungkook were an actual child whose shoes would fly off while he was running around if they weren't buckled tight enough to cut off blood circulation. He wriggled his toes and they felt fine. But he couldn't kick them off. No one else even wore shoes inside the house so it made no sense, since Jungkook was perpetually indoors, for him to be wearing shoes at all.

Then there was the horrifying pair of light-up sneakers. They had looked pretty harmless when Taehyung strapped them on in the morning, but when Jungkook took his first steps in them, the awful things had flashed ostentatiously with tiny rainbow lights.

The bunnyboy was aghast but Taehyung refused to take them off, his argument being that they were cute.

Exactly why Jungkook wanted them off.

“Daddy please,” Jungkook had groaned when Taehyung first refused to remove them. “Everyone’s gonna see them and say I’m cute,” he complained, frowning down at the offending apparel.

Taehyung melted visibly, “Because it’s true, bunny.”

“Hhnng!” The boy hopped in displeasure, trying to crack the earth in two with his small angry weight. His annoyance grew when the lights flashed from his jump.

Jungkook wasn't a tantrum-throwing sort of guy but his bunny instincts made him more reactive. He had to reign in the frustration when Taehyung gave him a cautionary look. He didn't want his hyungs to think it was another thing they needed to “solve”.

The fact that it was just simple velcro straps keeping them on made it all the more frustrating and humiliating that he couldn't take the sneakers off himself.

It was just velcro. He just needed someone to pull it. Two fingers. That was all.

He had tried to convince his other hyungs to take the stupid shoes off but all those attempts had gone horribly wrong in their own way.

Hoseok was the worst. Hoseok's logic was that no one would see the shoes flashing if Jungkook didn't have to walk anywhere. His solution involved picking Jungkook up and holding him on his hip, like a child. Jungkook felt too big for that and like he might fall at any second so he wrapped his legs around his hyung’s waist and his arms around his neck and held on for dear life while simultaneously insisting with an urgent whine that Hosoek put him down.

But then the man had actually walked around and gone about his business with Jungkook on his hip, one-handedly filling a pot and stirring noodles like there wasn’t a whole boy adhered to his waist.

“Hyung? I mean, um, Daddy? Aren't your arms sore?”

“Nope.”

“Can you put me down?”

“Nope.”

When they encountered other hyungs, the bunny couldn't help but hide his face in Hoseok's neck, hoping to disappear. But that just made them all coo and stroke his ears and tell him how cute he was and ask him if he was feeling shy.
After that day, he decided to accept the flashing shoes and whatever odes of adoration came with them. Maybe if he wore them enough, the batteries would die.

Tragically, he started growing quite accepting of most of the new clothing. That was his mistake. As soon as Taehyung noticed Jungkook’s protests were dying down by the day, he started pulling out the more eccentric clothing.

There were pastel-colored sweaters with sleeves that were too long and sweaters that might as well be dresses (and some that probably were). The socks and sweaters were becoming prettier but Jungkook pretended not to notice because it sounded ridiculous when he complained about the clothes being too pretty and he didn't want to be on the receiving end of Taehyung’s hurt and confused facial expressions.

Jungkook only fussed a little when Taehyung put him into short overalls. He fussed a lot more when the overalls were paired with long pink and cream striped socks with bear faces at the top and ears that stuck out. But apparently he didn’t fuss enough to change Taehyung’s mind.

The overalls also had a slit in them for his tail but Jungkook felt like the whole dungarees design was created with the sole purpose of being difficult to get out of.

In general, Jungkook did a good job of accepting the bizarrely cute clothing.

Until Taehyung tried to put clips in his hair.

Jungkook swatted at him with his mittens while Taehyung kept up the attempts, jabbing the air with a hair clip, Jungkook dodging and Taehyung attacking like a very unconventional game of Mortal Combat.

"Kookie please. It'll look cute."

"Uh-uh,” the bunny refused, leaning his head as far away from Taehyung as he could whilst maintaining balance. He couldn't see what is was because Taehyung was moving at The Flash speeds but it looked glittery and that was enough for Jungkook to know that he objected.

Jungkook wasn't breaking. The hair clip served no purpose. As far as he was concerned it was merely the most unnecessary humiliation he had faced so far. And he suspected it of being a gateway accessory to headbands and flowers.

Jungkook flattened his ears because when the stakes were this high, he wouldn't put it past Taehyung to grab them.

“You let us put stickers on your dick but this is a problem,” Taehyung muttered under his breath with a sigh but Jungkook heard it anyway and it gave him an idea.

“If I wear these stupid clips…” Jungkook started reluctantly. Taehyung perked up. “Can I get a sticker?”

“If you wear them every day.”

“That's not fair! Then two stickers!”

“Ah, Kookie,” Taehyung sighed, “No stickers and no hair clips then.”

“TAE!” Jungkook grunted in vexation. He would have stomped his foot if he wasn't wearing his light-up shoes.
“Ooh, big mistake little rabbit.”

The tone was threatening and it momentarily struck enough fear into the hybrid for Taehyung to leap on him, sending them both to the ground and allowing Taehyung to successfully pin the sparkly atrocity into the boy's soft locks so that it stuck there.

Taehyung stood up and dusted himself off of imaginary dust with a self-satisfied smirk.

Jungkook stayed on the ground, on his belly. He pawed at the clip with his fists but it just pulled on his hair. “Daddyyyyy take it off!”

“Kookie, if you really want it off, a tantrum is not in your best interest.”

He wasn't throwing a tantrum, he was just kicking his feet in the air while yelling at the unfairness of everything.

“Jungkook you're being petty.”

The bunny heard the drop in tone and immediately stopped kicking his stripy legs and rolled onto his back, a preemptive move to protect his ass.

He sat up, looking as tousled as if he'd wrangled a lion (a baby lion), to glare at Taehyung because Taehyung was right, it was incredibly petty. Jungkook didn't know why such a small thing was upsetting him so much.

He bit his lip to try get control of his wayward emotions.

“It's just one clip, bunny. It'll be okay, you'll see.”

To Jungkook's own horror, he felt a tear start to roll down his face. He saw a similar expression of shock on Taehyung’s face who instantly sat himself on the floor to cup the bunny’s trembling lower jaw with care.

“Oh my goodness! Kookie, pumpkin, I didn't know you were so serious about it. Daddy will take it off. I'm so sorry.”

The fact that he was crying over something so stupid only upset him more and the tears started rolling faster and that only seemed to make Taehyung more agitated. All over a clip. God, how stupid.

When Taehyung reached up to remove it, Jungkook flinched away, leaving Taehyung blinking in utter confusion.

“No, Daddy I'm sorry. I'm being silly.”

“If it's making you cry, bun…”

“No it's okay.” Jungkook would let Taehyung put a hundred clips in his hair if it meant they could both pretend this never happened. “You’re right. It’s just a clip.”

“Kookie, I’m really sorry. I got carried away. It’s just, it’s really fun styling you. I don’t know, I think it’s something I’ve always wanted to do and I got too excited that I got to do it.”

“I, um, that’s okay…”

“No it's not bun. You didn’t like the comicbook tees so we’re going in a different direction. Tell me
if there’s anything else. And the clips. The clips will go.”

Despite making every effort to avoid it, Jungkook was now on the receiving end of Taehyung’s hurt and confused facial expression.

Taehyung reached for the clip again but Jungkook retreated. “Wait.” If Jungkook told Taehyung that all of the clothes were horrible, would Taehyung throw them all out and start again? Was Jungkook spoilt enough to do that? “I- I overreacted.”

What exactly did Jungkook want? To wear old sweats and so much black that it looked like he worked backstage theatre? It would not hurt him at all to just be cooperative and let Taehyung enjoy doing what he did best.

“It’s okay Kookie. Your emotions are just a little wobbly. They’ll settle down.”

Jungkook was beyod grateful that Taehyung understood.

“If you want, we can plan your outfit for tomorrow now. Together.”

Jungkook was suddenly filled with dread. No. He couldn’t coordinate all those pastel colors. He knew that black went with gray and more black, gray went with white and white also went with black and more white. And all three went with blue jeans.

“No Daddy, you choose.”

Taehyung smiled tenderly at him and gave his head a gentle scratch. “You sure bun?”

When Taehyung’s hand withdrew, Jungkook’s ears followed it of their own volition until he found himself completely in Taehyung’s lap. His nose pressed into Taehyung’s neck and his breath must have tickled because the man giggled.

“Oh my god Kookie did you just bite me?”

“No.”

_It was only a tiny nip._

Taehyung fell onto his back and used the straps of Jungkook’s overalls to pull the bunnyboy down with him.

Jungkook tried not to feel mesmerized and failed.

“Daddy. Kiss?”

Taehyung pecked him on the lips softly and Jungkook was unsatisfied. As his hyung pulled away, Jungkook gave him a quick lick across the mouth. Taehyung laughed and then, to Jungkook’s astonishment, gave the bunny’s lips a playful lick back.

“You’re fun as a hybrid, Gguk.”

Jungkook blushed and lay himself against Taehyung’s chest. They lay there for a while on the floor, in front of the giant open wardrobe.
With no small amount of irony, Jungkook’s entire attitude towards the adorable clothing changed soon after his altercation with Taehyung when he discovered how much the whole aesthetic worked in his favour.

Yoongi had taken one look at Jungkook in his stripy bear socks and overalls with sparkly clips in his hair, nose still pink from crying, lip a little abused from nibbling and was entirely at the bunnyboy’s mercy. Jungkook only had to use one please to get the man’s cock in his mouth. He learnt the true power of cute that day.

From then, he decided to view it like armouring up for battle. However Taehyung chose to dress him would only be an advantage when it came to his hyungs and there was absolutely nothing wrong with having an advantage.

Even if that advantage was a pastel-blue t-shirt with a smiling fruit on it that said “I think you’re grape!”

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Toilet trips were turning into a ceremonious affair. He obviously now had to tell someone when he needed to go but unfortunately, it wasn’t so obvious to him at first.

The bathroom door was closed. It wasn’t locked, just shut. And nobody was in there. He knocked first, of course (with his elbow because the padded gloves only made a dull patting sound). When no one answered he tried to open it but the door handle was a round smooth knob that needed a firm grip - something the bunny didn’t have. After a few dismal attempts, his desperation was reaching a climax and that’s when he noticed a silent Namjoon had been watching him.

“Hyung?”

Namjoon raised an eyebrow and Jungkook corrected himself quickly. “Daddy! Can you open the door? Please?”

His hyung obliged and Jungkook darted inside, only to find he couldn’t get his pants off. Fortunately, Namjoon was still nearby enough to help. Jungkook was also lucky that he was in too much of a rush to have closed the door because if he had, he’d have been trapped inside.

The whole thing was a close call.

It was only after that, that it became “obvious”. He had to tell someone when he needed to go. And he had to leave the door open.

Mostly, he didn't have to say a full sentence before his hyungs took pity on him. He could usually get away with some blushing and stuttering and shifting awkwardly, maybe looking a bit urgent and they'd get the idea and often ask him about it before he had to say anything.

Except Yoongi. Yoongi liked to be a bit annoying about it, maybe for his own amusement. He would pretend he didn’t know what Jungkook needed until the boy was hopping from foot to foot like a kid and whining for Yoongi to take him to the toilet. However, when it came to actually helping, Yoongi was really kind about it so Jungkook always remembered to thank him politely.
For the first time ever, Jungkook was grateful for the cockcage, if only because it meant he had to pee sitting down and had gotten used to it. It was a huge relief that his hyungs didn't have to help him aim his dick at the toilet.

They did, however, watch with small smiles as he hopped onto the seat to pee like a girl. Afterwards, when the sound of the stream hitting the porcelain bowl had stuttered to a stop, they would praise him for doing such a good job. This was disconcerting on a number of levels but it wasn't something he knew how to complain about.

Business at the back was a different matter - one Jungkook didn't let himself think about outside the bathroom. His hyungs were helpful and clinical and yet Jungkook was mortified by the proceedings every time.

Hopefully he wouldn't have to get used to it.

Jungkook was sat in front of the television, unable to change the channel but enjoying an episode of Tayo the Little Bus regardless, when Taehyung approached him.

“Gguk, your mom called earlier. She was worried because you haven't been replying to her messages. I told her you'd call her back later. We can do it now, if you want.”

The maknae didn’t answer but Taehyung lowered the TV volume anyway and took out his phone to dial her number. He put it on loudspeaker and held the phone out between himself and Jungkook.

The bunny was still trying not to pout at the now silent TV screen where the little blue bus was still going on his adventure without Jungkook, when his mom answered.

“Kookie! How are you?”

Jungkook shifted a bit and then quickly froze, afraid that she'd hear the bell and he’d have to make up some stupid story about a nonexistent cat.

“I'm fine mom.”

”Are your hyungs taking good care of you sweetheart?”

Taehyung grinned widely at him and Jungkook rolled his eyes.

“Yeah they are. Maybe too good.”

“I just wanted to see if everything was okay. I got worried when you didn’t reply but Jimin said you were having some behavioral problems and that you couldn't use your phone. He said they called Doctor Lee for advice.”

“Yeah. It's- they're sorting it out. Um, I'm doing better I think…”

Taehyung nodded in agreement.
“It’s wonderful to hear that Kookie. Be good for your hyungs okay? They’re working hard.”

“I will mom. Sorry f-for not texting or calling.”

“Oh darling it’s okay. You’re going through so much, I’m sure it’s all still overwhelming. Don’t feel too bad about it, okay? Taehyungie said he’ll keep us updated if you can’t.”

“Oh. That’s nice of him.”

Taehyung ruffled his hair and then kept petting Jungkook’s ears softly.

“I told Tae to limit your sugary foods so don’t get mad at him if he says no, okay? It was me.”

“Momm,” Jungkook whined.

“Hey. Don’t whine. Doctor Lee said the same thing.”

“Everyone wants me to be miserable.”

“Kookie, you know I don’t like self-pity. We’re all only doing what’s best for you.”

Jungkook sighed. “I know.”

“Darling if you need anything, anything at all, let us know okay?”

Jungkook’s brain forced a list on him of things he needed these days and he cringed with his entire body.

“I need ice-cream. And candy and lots of chocolate and two bags of sugar.”

“Don’t be cheeky Kookie. I’m was being serious.”

“Alright mom but I’m fine. I promise.”

His mom spent a while telling him how lucky he was to have his hyungs and she wasn’t wrong. He asked her about her health and she sounded like she was doing really well. She didn’t put any pressure on him to visit, neither did she pressure him to invite them over but she was evidently still hopeful that it would happen in the near future.

He missed her, but he didn’t know when he’d be in an appropriate enough state for a visit. He had lived away from home for so long that it was hardly a big deal and she seemed fine as well (largely due to Taehyung apparently). Phone calls like this would have to suffice.

They exchanged I love yous and then eventually hung up.

He looked at Taehyung with what he thought was a menacing expression. “Don’t tell her anything. I’ll cut you.”

“She just wants to know that you’re okay Kookie.”

“You know what I mean.”

“Some of it’s medical, bun. It’s not a huge issue.”

“I’ll cut you. ‘Medically.’”

Taehyung failed at holding back his laughter this time.
“Jungkook! DID YOU PEE ON THE COUCH?” Seokjin yelled, voice echoing through the house.

The little rabbit came scurrying around the corner, already fairly horrified but feeling even more so when Seokjin, dressed in an intimidating suit, gestured to a large wet patch on the sofa seat.

Seokjin spoke much quieter this time and Jungkook’s pride was grateful.

“Did you have an accident bun?”

“What? No!”

“Oh. That’s a lot of slick then.”

Jungkook didn't think he was capable of feeling more shame.

“We can't keep cleaning up these puddles, baby, your slick is literally everywhere,” Seokjin sighed, “What if someone sat in this accidentally?

“I’m so sorry. You don't have to do it! I'll clean it myself!” the bunny promised without fully thinking it through.

“How, bun? You gonna lick it all up after you sit anywhere?”

Red bloomed bright on the bunny’s cheeks and he had no response to that.

“Where’s your carrot plug?”

“Um.” Jungkook very pointedly did not make eye contact. He wasn’t even making an attempt at answering.

“Oh,” Seokjin said with understanding. “And this still happened?”

Jungkook nodded.

“Well then we need to think of something. I'll speak to the rest of the guys.”

“I’m so sorry, Da-Daddy.” He must have started crying because Seokjin dropped all the folders and pens he was holding and Jungkook could taste saltwater.

“Bunny, it’s not your fault. Is it because I yelled? I didn’t mean to.”

“No. I don’t know. I’m sorry. W-what do I do?”

Seokjin wrapped his arms around him tightly and Jungkook stood on his toes to try rest his chin on his hyung’s shoulder, letting the embrace warm him.

“You don’t have to do anything Kookie, it’s not your job. It’s ours. Your Daddies. We’re gonna fix it, okay?”

Seokjin used his hold around the bunny to lift his feet off the ground and Jungkook had no choice
but to bend his legs so that they were wrapped around Seokjin’s waist to make the carrying more comfortable,

Jungkook couldn’t wipe his tears away so he rubbed his face on Seokjin’s well-fitted formal shirt, which the man wasn’t bothered by in the slightest. In fact, he untucked the shirt and used the hem of it to clean the boy’s face up properly. Then he held the shirt material up around Jungkook’s nose.

“Blow.”

“What?”

“Blow.”

Seokjin sounded dead serious and so Jungkook reluctantly forced air out of his nose. His hyung caught the snot in his shirt and it soaked through. “See?” he said. “Nothing wrong with a little mess.”

“Gross.”

“I’ll show you gross,” Seokjin declared, before kissing Jungkook on the mouth messily and with way too much spit. He dragged his lips onto the bunny’s cheek, leaving a watery trail across his face and then blew a loud wet raspberry onto his face, making the boy giggle freely.

“Whose room are you sharing tonight bun?”

“Dunno.”

“Good. Wanna go be gross together?”

Jungkook nodded happily and licked his hyung’s face sloppily. He wanted to make the man wince and recoil for laughs but Seokjin only smiled hugely and kissed him hard.

Alone in the living room, the bunny was writhing, hands clenching helplessly, looking beautifully desperate. He couldn't touch his cock, couldn't stuff his hole on his own, couldn't even give himself something to suck on. He could only squirm and it was a stunning picture.

He was whimpering, rubbing his nipples on the sofa but it clearly wasn't enough and he was only growing more frustrated, growling softly into the cushions.

Namjoon made his presence known by asking the bunnyboy a question with practiced confusion, “Kookie, what's the matter? You okay?”

“D-daddy?”

“Yeah bunnyboy, I'm here. What's wrong?” he took a seat on the armrest, looking at Jungkook with concern and Jungkook hardly stopped writhing to look back at Namjoon with sad wet eyes.

Namjoon reached out and Jungkook moved closer eagerly, not sure what was going to happen but
excited all the same.

Using a thumb to stroke across the bunny's bottom lip in a provocative gesture had exactly the effect Namjoon desired. Jungkook's lips automatically parted, trying to capture the thumb, needing it in his mouth. He wasn't asking for what he wanted, he was just taking but Namjoon was lenient. How much could the bunny really take what he wanted anyway? Poor thing couldn't even take his own clothes off, let alone anybody else's.

Namjoon moved his hand but Jungkook followed it, sucking hard and crawling towards him. He was nearly fully on top of the larger man, paws on Namjoon's thighs like an excited puppy before he seemed to suddenly remember something and withdraw quickly.

“Sorry Daddy,” Jungkook gushed, chest rising and falling as he tried to regain some self control.

“Sorry? For what bun?” Namjoon said with a light laugh and Jungkook only frowned in thought, clearly unable to find the reason for his own frantic apologies. But that was okay with Namjoon. The bunny was just trying to be good and Namjoon couldn't be happier.

“It's okay Kookie. Come here,” Namjoon moved off the armrest to sit properly on the sofa and Jungkook didn't hesitate. He hopped over, straddling the larger man's lap with enthusiasm but then he paused, looking shy.

“Daddy, kiss?”

Jungkook’s face was so close, eyes so wide, looking for all the world like he was actually afraid Namjoon would say no. “Please?”

“Sure bunny,” Namjoon replied, voice gravelly with arousal but he didn't make any move towards the boy's lips.

He waited, gauging Jungkook's patience.

The hybrid's gaze was flitting expectantly between Namjoon's eyes and lips. His little pink tongue came out to wet his lips in anticipation but Namjoon remained impassive. His perceptive eyes assessed the fidgety hybrid with interest. “Are you wearing lip gloss, bunny?”

The apples of Jungkook’s cheeks reddened, making his face with its large alert eyes appear even more doll-like. His bunny-teeth pressed into his glossy bottom lip.

“Tae-hyung s-said that you’d like it,” he mumbled, looking down at Namjoon's muscled chest self-consciously.

"You did this for me, baby boy?" Namjoon swiped his thumb across the bunny's lip again, collecting some of the candy gloss.

Jungkook nodded, still not looking at Namjoon’s face.

Namjoon brought his finger to his own mouth and that's when the maknae looked up, watching his hyung taste the lip gloss from his mouth.

“Yum. Strawberry,” Namjoon rubbed his lips together thoughtfully, appreciating the taste while Jungkook’s stare was locked on his mouth.

“Daddy. You're teasing me.” Jungkook sounded like he had just figured it out.
“I am, bunny. I'm sorry.”

Jungkook’s angry pout looked delicious. He was just so well-behaved that it made Namjoon want to play with him and push him. To see how far that good behaviour went.

The hybrid looked just about ready to stick his tongue down Namjoon's throat when Namjoon brought his thumb back to the rabbit's mouth.

“Suck.”

Jungkook latched on with fervour, eyes closing, long lashes resting on his cheeks picturesque as his strawberry lips curled around Namjoon's finger. He made a small happy noise in his throat and Namjoon pushed down on the boy’s tongue.

“Kookie?”

He opened his eyes but kept sucking.

“Do you like it when Daddy tells you what to do?”

Namjoon enjoyed asking questions he already knew the answer to. This was one of them. But it was still a wild shot. He didn't know whether it was something Jungkook would acknowledge.

To Namjoon’s amazement and absolute pleasure, Jungkook parted his lips around the finger, speaking with his mouth full. “Yeth Daddy.”

Namjoon's dick had a violently passionate response to that. He pulled his finger away and captured the bunny's mouth with his own. Jungkook released what he'd been holding back, pushing his mouth against Namjoon's with sweet moans and quiet whimpers.

To Namjoon's surprise, when he pulled away for a breath, the hybrid hopped off his lap and arranged himself on the floor in the most indecent manner.

His t-shirt fell bunched around his upper body, exposing his tiny tummy. Between his parted knees, his mitten hands lay submissively, like they were chained to an invisible spreader-bar. More than the rest of him, Namjoon had a good view of the dark wet spot on the bunny’s shorts that were disappearing between his ass cheeks.

“What are you doing bunny?”

“Begging.”

“I see. Can Daddy help you get your clothes off?”

“Yes please.”

“Okay. C'mere.”

The bunny was a nuisance, squirming and kissing at him and trying to get Namjoon's fingers in his mouth all while Namjoon was just trying to pull the T-shirt over his head.

Namjoon landed a gentle smack on the hybrid’s bottom and he jumped with a surprised squeal.

“Behave.”

The clothes came off a lot easier after that. Namjoon left the light-up shoes on. For aesthetic.
“Daddy, shoes.” Jungkook kicked his legs rather wildly but they didn’t fly off.

“No, they’re staying.”

Jungkook frowned down at them before seeming to decide he didn’t care. “Wait, can I try again?”

Namjoon laughed fondly. “Go ahead baby.”

At least Jungkook had his long socks to protect his knees when he let himself collapse on the floor again with his fluffy tail pointed at Namjoon.

“Daddy?”

“Yeah bun?”

“Can I have your cock? Please?”

“I don’t know bunny… have you been good?”

Jungkook clearly wasn’t expecting to have a whole dialogue in this undignified position with his dripping hole on display.

“Um…” the bunny shifted a bit on his knees. “Yes?”

“You don’t sound so sure Kookie.”

“I have! I’ve been good!” his voice cracked a little from the desperation.

“Can you tell me how you’ve been good?”

“Yeah. Um, tell you now?”

“Yes, now little one.”

Jungkook shivered visibly and his hips sank a little, thighs wobbling delectably with strain.

“Aww,” Namjoon tilted his head to the side to get a better look, “Giving up so soon bunny?”

“No,” Jungkook’s breaths were loud and rhythmic like he was at the end of a marathon when in reality the gun had only just shot to signal the beginning. But the boy’s determined competitive spirit was strong. He lifted his ass again, higher than it was even at first. It shouldn’t have been possible because his knees were spread further, tendons in his groin stretching, but the arch of his back was glorious, good enough to skii down.

“Wow,” Namjoon accidentally said out loud and the maknae wiggled a little with pride. Namjoon cleared his throat. “I’m still waiting Kookie. Are you sure you've been good? Your bottom looks like it's still pink from a spanking.”

Jungkook grumbled indistinctly. “I've been good Daddy! I let Tae-hyung put clips in my hair.”

“They look very cute bunny. I like the flower one.”

The boy’s tight pink hole released a gush of fresh slick and he whined, tailed quivering.

“What else Kookie?”

There was a pause in which Jungkook brought his thighs together, whimpering as the slick spread
between them, glossing up his peachy skin. He spread them again, panting before forcing out a 
breathy answer.

“Lots of things.”

Namjoon couldn’t hold back the laugh that bubbled up. “Okay sweetheart. I trust you. Lots of things. 
I think that means you deserve a reward.”

“Your cock?”

“Not yet bunny. Since you can’t recall examples of your good behaviour, I think you'll have to be a 
bit patient.” Jungkook sat up and turned around to face Namjoon and Namjoon continued, “You're 
gonna show me how good you can be first. So that I believe all these ‘lots of things’ happened. Does 
that sound fair?”

“Uh what’s the r-reward?” Namjoon didn’t miss the way Jungkook ignored the question.

“Remember when we said that these mittens are only until you get used to them?”

The bunnyboy’s ears angled themselves towards Namjoon in peaked interest.

“I think we can move on to the more comfortable ones now, since you've been so good Kookie.”

Jungkook looked the right amount of thrilled at this news, and that was very little. The long ears 
drooped in disappointment and Namjoon’s heart cracked a little.

He pushed the feeling aside and pulled out the mittens that he had brought with him.

Jungkook looked surprised that Namjoon already had them at hand and his gaze turned calculating.

“Y-you already had them with you? Daddy?” it sounded like he tacked the title on as an 
afterthought.

“Baby, I already know what a good boy you’ve been. You’re doing so well,” Namjoon said quite 
seriously. “You’ve been such a sweet little rabbit Kookie, your Daddies are so proud of you. So we 
already decided that you're ready for the easier gloves. You've proven how smart and well-behaved 
you can be bun. So how about we get rid of these horrible things, hm?”

The look of arousal returned to replace the calculating one and Jungkook moved closer to the sofa on 
his knees, placing his little fists on Namjoon’s lap.

Namjoon unbuckled the leather mitts easily and laced his fingers with Jungkook’s free ones for a bit. 
“You have such pretty hands little one,” Namjoon said, examining them.

Jungkook’s eyes widened cutely and his tail twitched.

“It's a shame that you always want to shove these pretty fingers somewhere indecent. But you’re 
learning, right bun?”

Jungkook nodded with a deep blush, eyes moving to stare at where Namjoon’s thumb was caressing 
the back of his hand.

Namjoon eased Jungkook’s hands into the mittens, pulling the buckles tight around his thin wrists. 

They weren’t very flexible, as Jungkook was busy discovering while trying to make a fist. They had 
thumbs, like children’s winter mittens, but they were rigid in a way that kept his hands flat. He could still curve them, as he was doing now, it was just a lot harder and required more effort, like
“Daddy, are you going to fuck me now?” Jungkook asked sweetly, apparently already accustomed to the new mittens.

“Ah-ah, Daddy said you’d have to be patient baby.” Jungkook stuck out his bottom lip that was still puffy from kissing. “Don’t worry Kookie, I have something for you to do while you wait.” Namjoon reached into the drawer of the small table next to the sofa and felt past a matchbox, loose batteries, a game controller and a few stray dildos until he found what he was looking for.

He carried the items over to the central coffee table and Jungkook followed close behind on his knees.

Namjoon opened the book to a random page before putting it down in front of the little rabbit and then he shook the box of jumbo wax crayons so that they all fell out onto the table.

“You want me to color?” Jungkook looked up at Namjoon like the man had just asked him to cut out his kidney.

“Yes but you also want you to color,” Namjoon said a little jokingly, taking a seat on the sofa beside him.

“Do I?”

“Yes. Because you’re trying to be good. So that you can have your Daddy’s cock,” Namjoon dropped the joking tone then, “But honestly Kookie, I don’t get anything out of you coloring. It’s just something you can do on your own, I thought you’d be excited.”

“Yeah. But-” Jungkook looked like he didn’t know where his own sentence was going so Namjoon continued.

“I’m just trying to take care of you, bunny. If I wasn’t doing what’s best for you, I can guarantee I’d be fucking you so hard right now. But you gotta learn patience for your own sake, not mine, right?”

“Yeah.” Jungkook looked a little guilty, probably remembering all the times he had been anything but cooperative. “But the mittens,” Jungkook said, looking down at his hands in confusion.

“That’s why the crayons are big. You’ll be fine, baby. It doesn’t have to look perfect. Just try have fun.”

Jungkook looked at the open coloring book and then looked back at Namjoon with pleading eyes.

“C’mon Kookie. You need to do other things. Even if it's just for a little bit. Daddy will fuck you afterwards okay? But at least finish a page.”

“I can’t.” Jungkook fell onto his back, limbs spread like he had forgotten to be shy about only being partially clothed. He didn’t even hide his cockcage.


Jungkook, eyes on the ceiling, made a soft grunting sound and slammed his feet repetitively on the floor, making his shoes flash.

“Bunny. Are you just determined to undo all your impressive behaviour? If you're not ready for the
new mittens, we can go back to the old ones.”

That made Jungkook sit up with significant speed. “No. I'll color. I can color.”

“Good boy.”

Jungkook looked up at that and his ears did the little flicker they always did when they heard those words.

The hybrid seemed to take his time examining the crayons, trying to figure out the best way to pick them up. Eventually he just wrapped his hand around one, much like one would hold a soda can (or a dick).

Holding it that way severely limited his control over the crayon but he was still determined to color inside the lines. He was going slowly but his frown of concentration was adorable.

Namjoon whipped out his phone to take a photo and Jungkook was too focused to notice.

He sent it to the group chat. His phone lit up in response almost immediately.

Tae: but how

Chim: but how

agustd: namjoon has powers we may never understand

Namjoon: it wasn’t that hard

Tae: flex

Hobi: how did the glove change go?

Namjoon: uhh he wasn’t ecstatic :\ i think he thought they were gonna come off permanently

Hobi: :((((((

Chim: they look so fucking cute look at hims colrringgg
Namjoon looked up at Jungkook who was still coloring and then back down at his screen.

Namjoon: \textit{WHO TF is USING koo's phon? E????}

Namjoon: ?????

Namjoon: ?????

Namjoon: \textit{i fucking nearly had a heart attack i}

Namjoon: \textit{Sorry daddy ;)}

Namjoon abandoned the virtual circus to check on his bunnyboy.

As he colored, he kept shifting his weight from side to side and making small sniffling sounds. His tail didn’t stop twitching and he had changed sitting positions nearly twenty times already.

He dropped his crayon to look at Namjoon sadly.

“Are you done, baby?”

“Daddy I can't.”

“You can.”

“B-but I'm really wet.”

“Oh, sweetheart. Come here.”
Jungkook moved surprisingly quickly and stopped when he was kneeling between Namjoon’s open legs. Jungkook was not so subtly staring at Namjoon’s crotch but Namjoon ignored the begging looks as best as he could. He helped Jungkook to his feet, much to Jungkook’s confusion, and then pulled a handkerchief from his pocket.

“You have a handkerchief? Did you time-travel here from the fifties, old man?”

“Excuse me. Who is this brat and what happened to my horny little bunnyboy?”

“Your handkerchief is a turnoff.”

“So is your snark. I prefer your desperate whines.”

The bunny glared at him but without any bite.

“Handkerchiefs are important. Little boys wouldn’t understand. Turn around.”

Jungkook turned obediently.

“Spread.”

The bunny shuffled his light-up shoes apart.

Namjoon ran the handkerchief up the inside of Jungkook’s thighs and then gently over his balls that were shiny with slick and heavy from deprivation. Jungkook’s ass tensed in surprise and then he relaxed a little when he figured out what Namjoon was doing, although Namjoon could see his neck getting redder.

Thankfully the slick hadn’t reached the socks because Namjoon really didn’t want to remove them. He mopped up the wetness between the plump ass cheeks, giving them an unnecessary squeeze as he pulled them apart. He ran the cloth over the bunny’s tight hole and Jungkook squeaked, wetness slicking up what Namjoon had just dried.

“Fuck. I'm making this worse. I should just shove this whole thing up there.”

“Your ugly handkerchief? Please don- ah!” The bunnyboy bent himself in half when Namjoon used a finger to push part of the handkerchief into him. One of his knees looked in danger of buckling.

“You were saying?” Namjoon’s wiggled his finger inside the boy's hole. Jungkook moaned wantonly and Namjoon pulled out and pushed back in again, forcing more of the cloth inside the wet pucker.

“You want more sweetheart?”

“Yeah.”

“Say please.”

“You're so mean. I can't believe I wore lipgloss for you.”

The rest of the cloth was sticking out of the bunny's hole obscenely like a second tail and Namjoon yanked it out abruptly. Jungkook's ass was holding on to it so tightly that he stumbled backwards a bit before it came out completely. Namjoon caught him and pulled him down across his lap, making Jungkook yelp and then flounder, feet kicking in the air.

He looked at the bunny’s little hole still getting wetter and sighed, “Yeah, this isn't working.”
Reaching back into the drawer, he rummaged around until he found a butt plug. It looked like a carrot. “Fucking Jin,” he laughed under his breath.

Namjoon had to reassure the little maknae that he wasn't getting a spanking so that he calmed down enough for Namjoon to fill him with the plug.

Before it was in completely, Namjoon held it still with the hybrid’s rim stretched around the widest part and snapped another picture. He pushed it in fully and Jungkook keened as his hole swallowed it up and tightened around it. Namjoon lifted him to his feet and gave him an encouraging pat on the bottom that made Jungkook let out a tiny squeal.

“Go color.”

The bunny whimpered when he sat down on the plug and immediately hopped back up before sitting down a second time but much slower. He eventually picked up a crayon again.

While Jungkook wiggled on the floor getting used to the plug (and still leaking around it), Namjoon went back to his phone. He didn’t bother reading through all the things he missed.

Namjoon: jimin have you posted yet?

Chim: no? We decided no. Right??

Namjoon: yeah i’m just checking

Chim: besides i’m collecting content first?? the first posts have to be perfect. y’all don’t even send anything

Jk: did we decide on a username?

Chim: @babybunnykoo

Jk: I like it

Hobi: it’ll be easier to get good pictures after we speak to him about it

Namjoon: [image]
Namjoon looked up and his phone fell out of his hand.

“JUNGKOOK DON’T SUCK ON THAT!”

The bunny bounced in fright and his ears collapsed at the same time that a slobbery wax crayon fell from his mouth.

“I wasn’t-” his words cut off when he realized there was no point defending himself.

Namjoon took the dildo pacifier over to him and Jungkook shook his head at it, eyes welling while he backed away.

“I’m fine.”

“No. You’re not. I won’t have you accidentally swallowing a crayon, bunny.”

Namjoon held the dildo up resolutely, waiting sternly until Jungkook eventually opened his mouth and took the plastic toy all the way until the pacifier part touched his lips. Jungkook still didn’t have enough dexterity to turn the handle so Namjoon did it for him.

The little rabbit went back to coloring with his cheeks bulging slightly around the pacifier, and it wasn’t just sitting in his mouth, Namjoon could see that he was sucking on it hard and every few seconds he made a small throaty sound when it hit too deep.

Namjoon hoped that Jungkook finished that page soon or his dick was gonna up and murder him if he had to keep listening to those soft sucking and choking sounds.

Namjoon didn’t return to the groupchat where a very explicit discussion about the carrot plug was taking place. Instead he distracted himself by scrolling through some work emails on his phone and he actually got absorbed by the task enough that it took Jungkook whining loudly for him to stop and look up.

Jungkook had left the crayons and was now positioned on the floor, ass presented, hole filled with the large orange plug, keeping his tight hole stretched and ready.

“Are you done coloring baby boy?”

Jungkook made a sound of affirmation but Namjoon took a proper look at the book anyway while Jungkook waved his ass enticingly and completely shamelessly.

“It’s very pretty Kookie. Daddy’s proud of you little bunny. You’re so talented.”

Jungkook let out a tortured whimper and Namjoon finally went to kneel down on the floor behind him. Without any warning, he gripped Jungkook’s ankles and yanked him backwards.

The little rabbit released a startled cry around the gag as his sock-clad knees slid on the wooden floors so that his steepled posture fell quite suddenly flat. Namjoon didn’t give him time to catch his breath.

“Turn over.”

Jungkook rolled quickly and his legs fell open, putting his tiny incarcerated cock on display. The
pacifier bobbed in the boy’s mouth as he stared expectantly at Namjoon, waiting to be touched.

Namjoon took hold of the bunny’s thighs and lifted so that his ass was completely off the ground. Pulling the plug out with little etiquette, he paused to admire how helplessly dripping the bunny’s hole was. From this position he had a good view of Jungkook’s sinful ass - right above it, his angelic face, flushed sweetly and brown eyes already twinkling with unshed tears. Below it, the cutest fluffiest little tail.

“Crying already, bun?”

Jungkook shook his head no, blushingly even while tears gathered at the corners of his pretty eyelashes.

“You want your paci out, baby boy?”

He received an angry frown, a harder head-shake no and some very displeased sounds.

“Okay okay. It’s staying.”

Namjoon played for a while with the bunny’s warm wet hole, plunging his fingers into him experimentally, watching his face for every flicker of pleasure and desperation that crossed it. Then he put the plug back into place, thrusting it experimentally a couple times against Jungkook’s prostate, watching as the bunny humped the air, caged little prick desperate for friction.

Namjoon noticed the tiniest amount of drool slipping out from around the pacifier. He caught it with his index finger, wiping it onto the pink cock cage, and Jungkook sobbed.

Namjoon’s balls were despising him for this prolonged foreplay so he hastily unzipped his pants and freed his dick.

Jungkook looked at the large cock with significant alarm and made some worryingly distressed noises.

“Bunny, must I stop?” Jungkook shook his head no aggressively but Namjoon wasn’t satisfied with that. He removed the dildo from the bunny’s mouth and Jungkook groaned plaintively almost at the same time that he gasped for breath. “You gotta tell me what’s wrong Gguk.”

“Nothing’s wrong,” he panted with a whine. “It’s big. I got scared.”

“Aw pumpkin, it’s okay if you can’t take it. Daddy will help you with a dildo, okay baby?”

“Nooooo” the hybrid thumped his light-up shoes furiously against the wooden floors. “You gotta cum! Inside! You have to!”

“Hey!” Namjoon landed hard smacks on the boy’s ass and he convulsed with a cry. “Enough.”

He wrapped his large hands around Jungkook’s middle, just below his rib cage. “Look at this tiny waist bun. There’s not enough space for my cock.”

“Daddy please,” his words choked off on a sob.

“You’re too little, bunny.”


Namjoon pushed two fingers into the bunny’s ass, fucking him with them slowly. “You’ll be too full
sweetheart. Your hole is so small and tight.”

Jungkook was beyond words, he just groaned, long ears splayed on the floor as his hole clenched around Namjoon’s fingers, begging.

“Look at me Kookie.” Jungkook’s eyes shot open obediently and then flew to Namjoon’s cock, where it was throbbing and dripping precum between his legs like an angry monster. “Can you take it?”

“Yes Daddy please. Please, I’ll be good.”

“You gonna take it like a big boy, Kookie?”

Jungkook nodded hard, trying to slide across the floor to get his hole even a little closer to Namjoon’s dick.

“Open your legs, bun.” Jungkook did his best to hold his thighs apart with his mittened hands but Namjoon pushed the boy’s small hands away to hold them himself, bending the bunny in half with Jungkook’s legs resting on his chest and shoes dangling past his shoulders.

Namjoon slid his dick against the bunny’s fluttering rim, coating it in the slick and Jungkook bucked his ass up against the long thick cock, wanting it inside.

“Aw my needy little boy. Daddy’s gonna help you, okay?”

“Please. Please.”

The wide girth of Namjoon’s cock stretched the boy’s hole obscenely as he pushed the head inside.

Jungkook gasped loudly and his ears stood up straight, like his squished little cock couldn’t. He only took a second to adjust before he was trying to push Namjoon’s dick further inside.

“Hey, slow down there, little guy.” Namjoon cautioned. He reached below and tugged at the bunny’s fluffy tail, holding him still. He gave the fluff ball a squeeze and Jungkook tightened around him, which was a wonderful thing to discover.

Namjoon moved slowly, listening to Jungkook’s labored breath and kittenish mewls until his cock was fully sheathed inside the tight heat.

The little one’s mouth fell open in a silent cry and Namjoon leaned down to taste. Jungkook kissed back sweetly, surprisingly slow and Namjoon enjoyed his tongue, the way it was so eager to please.

“Da-daddy. I-” Jungkook whispered into his mouth, “Daddy I love you.”

Namjoon was more than a little surprised at the sudden declaration but he ate it up with warm wet kisses, parting with a peck on the bunny’s twitchy nose. “I love you more Kookie. My beautiful messy baby boy.”

Jungkook was suddenly distracted, looking around in search of something. “M-my paci.”

“Afterwards, okay pumpkin? I need you to be a big boy for me. Tell me if hurts too much.”

“It won’t. You won’t hurt me Daddy, I know you won’t.” Namjoon kissed the boy’s sweet trusting face again and wiped some of his tears away.

He could feel Jungkook’s hole adjusting to the size, to the stretch, to being so full.
“Jesus Kookie, you’re opening up so good. This little bunny hole was made to satisfy cock.”

The praise made Jungkook tremble and he blinked tearfully up at Namjoon from between his legs. Namjoon stroked his head and his ears, cupped his wet cheek in his large hand and Jungkook closed his eyes at the touch.

“You’re my good boy, aren’t you bun? Daddy’s good boy?”

Jungkook nodded and Namjoon began to fuck into him slowly, expertly dragging his dick across Jungkook’s prostate so that the boy moaned continuously, stimulated past coherency. As the greedy wet hole relaxed, Namjoon picked up speed but he was still worried about the stretch, about the poor bunny’s puffy abused rim.

He gave the rabbit’s ass cheeks a few spanks, making Jungkook get wetter to ease the slide. The bunny cried cutely in surprise, helplessly taking the spanking while impaled on the giant cock. He clenched hard but more slick leaked out of his hole each time Namjoon slapped his sensitive ass cheeks.

“Daddy?” Jungkook blinked up at Namjoon with questioning eyes, spilling over with large tears.

“You’re so good at getting wet, baby. Look at all this slick. You made this with your clever little bunny hole sweetheart. Such a desperate little fuck hole.”

"For you Daddy. For your cock.” Jungkook’s sobs became soft hiccups.

“That’s right Kookie,” Namjoon gave the rabbit’s jiggling ass another light smack, “This ass is meant for fucking.”

“Yes Daddy.”

Namjoon gave a sharp thrust that knocked the breath out of the boy’s lungs and then dragged his dick back out, slick pouring messily out from around it.

“Can you play with your hole by yourself bunny?”

“N-no Daddy.”

Namjoon slammed back in and Jungkook gasped.

“Why not cutie pie?”

“Uh- because I’m not allowed?”

“No baby,” Namjoon paused with his dick deep inside the boy’s body, “It’s because you’re too little.”

Jungkook made a small confused noise and tried to get the unmoving cock inside of him to move again.

“Only grownups can fill up this naughty bunnyhole. You’re too small to do it on your own.”

The bunny nodded but Namjoon wasn’t sure if he was listening at all.

“What about this, baby?” Namjoon asked diddling the bunny’s squished cock back and forth. “What’s this little cocklet for?”
Jungkook twisted, whining but not answering. Namjoon ran his finger through a pool of the bunny’s precum that had dripped from his small caged prick onto his quivering little tummy.

Bright eyes followed Namjoon’s finger covered in precum and his mouth fell open like a baby bird. Namjoon let him suck it clean before grabbing the pink cage again between finger and thumb. “You know why your little peepee is so pretty, Kookie? All wrapped up in pink?”

Namjoon slid his cock through him slowly and Jungkook sniffled, shaking his head.

Namjoon gave him the right answer. “Because it’s for Daddy to look at.” He brushed his wet thumb across the boy’s raised nipples and Jungkook shivered violently at the sensation.

“F-for Daddy to look at,” Jungkook repeated breathlessly.

“That’s right Kookie. You’re such a clever boy. Daddy’s perfect little bunnyboy.”

The desperation on the boy’s face grew visibly, like the flames of his arousal had been stoked with a hot poker. “Daddy please-” the bunny quivered, “Please fuck my needy bunny hole.”

Namjoon growled, straightened up on his knees and unfolded the boy, lifting Jungkook’s legs up onto his shoulders so that the hybrid was almost upside down. He grabbed the bunny around the waist and pulled him forward onto his cock over and over until Jungkook was blubbering and whining and begging for Namjoon to fill him with cum. He came with an explosion behind his eyes and Jungkook arched like electricity was shooting through his veins, a replica of an orgasm that hadn’t happened.

As soon as Namjoon’s dick was safely removed from the boy’s fucked out ass, Namjoon gave him his pacifier to suck on.

Delirious and thoughtless with need, the bunny brought his hands between his shaky thighs to rub at his cockcage.

“Ah-ah,” Namjoon cautioned. With one hand, he held the bunny’s small wrists above his head, pinning him down while his legs were pushed up against Namjoon’s shoulders.

“This peepee isn’t for little boys to play with.”

Jungkook groaned softly around the gag, limply letting Namjoon hold his wrists captive. Namjoon used his free hand to shove two fingers into the hybrid’s messy hole, pushing the hot cum deeper inside. Jungkook moaned cutely as Namjoon rubbed the cum into his walls. “If we want to have good feelings bun, we get them this way,” he explained, curling his finger against Jungkook’s prostate and the boy mewled below him, unable to keep his eyes open. He stopped touching the boy’s pleasure spot and just held his fingers inside the hole for Jungkook to clench around. “Breathe for me bunny. Slowly. There you go,” he moved his fingers with a slow thrust and when Jungkook’s soft ears twitched, he stopped and then started again, avoiding the bunny’s prostate with care. Jungkook’s breathing was slowing down to match Namjoon’s patient rhythm.

“Shh that’s Daddy’s perfect boy. Doesn’t it feel good to have your little hole played with?”

Jungkook nodded, pliant, wet hole relaxed and unresisting to Namjoon’s long fingers. The bunny’s arousal was no longer blazing but simmering quietly and Namjoon replaced his fingers with the plastic carrot. Jungkook complained by kicking his leg in distaste but Namjoon swooped him up off the now messy floor.

With the boy in his arms, Namjoon tore the colorful page carefully and neatly out of the book on the
table before making his way to the kitchen. The boy nosed lightly at Namjoon’s jaw for attention and Namjoon’s gave his tail a squeeze.

He used a magnet to attach the picture to the refrigerator and at the sight of it, Jungkook turned away, hiding his blushing face against Namjoon’s shoulder.

“Kookie, don’t be embarrassed. It’s so pretty.”

Jungkook shook his head in a very upset no.

“You don’t like it?”

The bunny turned to peek at the refrigerator and then turned away again with a small groan.

“Fine. But it’s pretty and it’s staying up until you draw me something, okay baby?” Namjoon said softly and he finally got a happier little nod from the bunny boy. “Good.”

“I have a bubble bath on my schedule this evening. Will the little bunnyboy be joining me?” Jungkook nodded again eagerly and Namjoon smiled at him and gave him a gentle little bounce. “Yeah?”

Namjoon snatched a handful of lollipops on their way out with a playful wink at Jungkook that made him scrunch his nose in excitement.

"For my favorite boy. Don’t tell anyone,” he whispered, kissing the pacifier and Jungkook hugged him so tightly that Namjoon didn’t have to wonder what it meant.

Chapter End Notes

I’m sorry

(I’m pretending they live in a world where every possible handle or username isn’t already taken. I don’t know who @babybunnykoo is but if it’s you… um, free promo I guess? You’re welcome. )

Don't forget you can come say hi or scream at me

@jimins_jeans
Jungkook was perched on the kitchen countertop, watching Seokjin stack dry plates, when he decided to voice a concern that had been on his mind for a while.

He should have put a stop to the pet names when they started, before they became the norm. Before they turned into a plethora of cringey endearments. Because now it felt like a very trivial thing to be disagreeable about. Jungkook nearly chickened out but at the last minute he remembered that Namjoon had called him sweetpea and wherever the line was, sweetpea was undeniably crossing it. So he braced himself for the unpleasant confrontation he was about to have and finally spat it out to Seokjin: the pet names needed to stop.

Seokjin asked him which ones he didn't like, to which Jungkook unthinkingly responded "all of them." This wasn't exactly true but it was easier than picking through each cringey name he had heard over the last few days.

With an apologetic grimace, Seokjin thanked Jungkook for telling him how he felt. He explained that they had gotten carried away with how cute Jungkook was, and that when he seemed okay with them calling him "baby boy" and "bunny", they had wrongly assumed he'd be okay with everything else.

Sheepishly, Seokjin admitted that they had perhaps gone too far and he promised to tell the rest of the housemates to reign it in.

Jungkook was surprised by how fast word traveled as every hyung he saw after that called him Jungkook and Jungkook only. There wasn't even an affectionate "Kookie" or "bun" thrown in.

"Jungkook, are you hungry?"

"Jungkook, stop sucking on that, it's dirty."

"Come out from under the table Jungkook, it's just a microwave. It's not going to eat you."

He hadn't realized how accustomed he'd become to the cringey names. Without them, everything sounded cold.

There was no "sweetheart", "baby boy" or "bunny". It took an astonishingly short amount of time for him to miss them.

With each "Jungkook" he heard, he felt an invisible belt tighten around his lungs.

By the end of the day it felt like it was crushing his ribs and he crawled into Jimin’s bed in tears, asking with a wobbly lower lip if everyone was mad at him. He knew he was being ridiculous but he
needed the reassurance. Needed to know they still cared about him.

His legs tangled themselves up between Jimin’s and Jimin pulled the blanket up over both of them. They had never been like this back when Jungkook was just human. They had hugged and shared a bed before and sometimes fell asleep in a tangle but never like this. And Jungkook realized he needed this now. Skin against skin and mingled breath and soft words and teasing touches were their new normal. And he liked it. Good things had come out of his unprecedented hybrid transformation. One of those good things was the adoration and doting that came from his hyungs and Jungkook, like a true fool, had shut it down.

"We're just doing what you asked us, Jungkook," Jimin answered, giving the bunnyboy gentle petting to soothe his nerves.

The maknae snivelled into his hyung's shirt, salty wet with tears. "It doesn't feel nice," he mumbled.

Jimin cupped his chin, wiping the tears and stroking the long ears back. "No one's mad at you." He could feel the bunny's jaw trembling in his hands and he pressed his pillowy lips against Jungkook's pouty ones, hoping the tremble would go away.

Jungkook blinked up at Jimin with long wet lashes, searching his face for a hint of deceit and finding none. "Promise?"

Holding Jungkook’s gaze with all the sincerity, Jimin whispered back, "Promise."

The belt around his ribs loosened and he finally took a satisfying lung-expanding breath of air. Comforted but not entirely assuaged, Jungkook let his cheek fall back on top of Jimin's chest so he wouldn't have to look at him when he confessed his regret. "I wish I hadn't said anything."

"You made a mistake, Jungkook. That's okay."

After a couple moments of slow breathing in the darkness, Jungkook whispered into Jimin's rising and falling chest. "I don't want you to call me that."

Jimin sounded understandably confused. "But it's your name."

Jungkook's answer was barely audible. "I know."

Shifting beneath him slightly, Jimin brought a hand up to the back of Jungkook's hair to caress it and Jungkook basked in the care and affection that he sorely craved after what felt like the longest day of his life.

Neither said anything for a while and Jungkook guessed Jimin was thinking over what had just been said, what Jungkook was really asking.

"You like being our little bunny, Gguk? Our baby boy?"

He didn't say anything but the heavy silence and his face burning hot was enough.

"W-will you tell the others please? That I- that I made a mistake?"

Jimin pressed his lips softly to Jungkook's temple and hugged him close.

"Of course baby."
Hoseok was watching reruns of Hit the Stage when Jungkook came to him squirming, flushed bright red and almost hopping in place. He had his pacifier locked in and was making some indistinguishable sounds.

“Hey bunny, what's wrong?” Hoseok asked with concern. And Jungkook had never thought Hoseok was the dimmest hyung until this moment.

He gave Hoseok a pleading expression, one that conveyed the most desperation that he could but Hoseok merely booped him on the nose. Jungkook’s nose crinkled automatically in response. It was supposed to be a sign of aggravation but Hoseok was beside himself at the cute reflex so he did it again.

Jungkook swatted at him and his hyung laughed.

“What's got you so grumpy little one?”

It wasn't hard to believe that Hoseok was born with a permanent teasing twinkle in his eye. Jungkook wanted Hoseok to be on his levels of stress, not grinning a blindingly attractive grin. He was a whisker away from stomping his foot but he knew his hyungs really didn't like that and he didn't want any of his actions to distract Hoseok from what he was trying to communicate through his solo game of charades.

“Aww c'mere my pouty little rabbit” Hoseok cooed, drawing Jungkook in closer, “Tell Daddy what's wrong.”

Jungkook huffed around the dildo, breathing loudly through his nose in frustration. To Jungkook's alarm, Hoseok hauled him onto his lap, holding him captive with his legs spread wide over his hyung’s thighs

“Did you want to watch some TV, kiddo?”

No he did not want to watch TV.

Trying to get out of Hoseok's hold was like trying to lift a piano that had fallen on him. Jungkook was using his full strength and he was pretty sure Hoseok wasn't noticing.

“What's the matter with you, little rabbit? Ants in your pants?”

Jungkook blushed furiously. He tried to use his tongue to push the dildo out but it didn't budge. It only made his cheeks bulge and he was sure it looked like he was sucking on it harder. He tried anyway.

The new mittens were not helping him in the slightest.

Hoseok's hands wandered carelessly up his thighs and Jungkook had no hope of stopping the spiking arousal. He whimpered behind his gag, arching against Hoseok's searching hand as it neared his chest.

He was getting more wriggly and Hoseok was having a harder time holding him still. Arms wrapped around his waist and held him close and there was a pressure against his abdomen that he couldn't fight.
With a desperate but muffled cry, Jungkook's whole body tensed like he just came.

He felt the wetness on his legs, it reached the sofa and he had been holding it so long that soon there was even a small puddle on the floor around Hoseok's sneakers.

He was distraught, eyes pooling and spilling tears continuously, long streams running down his face without pause. He sobbed violently, body shaking with emotion.

“Hey, bunny, it's okay. Calm down,” Hoseok soothed, rubbing his hand along the bunny’s back but Jungkook could barely hear him, too overcome by the horror of what just happened.

Hoseok turned the gag handle then, releasing the dildo. A string of spit still connected it to Jungkook's lips as it was pulled away. He was drooly and messy, made worse by the tears and the snotty nose.

As soon as his mouth was empty he was hiccupsing, “I'm sorry I'm s-” gasp, “-sorry Daddy I'm so sorry.”

“Bunny it's not a big deal, we'll get you cleaned up and it'll all be fine okay?”

Jungkook shook his head no, still too upset to express his mortification in words. They were sitting in a puddle of piss. It wasn't okay.

He was making it worse by still being there, it was all warm and wet and uncomfortable where their bodies were touching so he tried to climb off Hoseok's lap, but the man stopped him with a firm hug.

“Hey. Don't run off now bun, I said it's okay.”

Jungkook went limp in his hold. He stopped trying to run away and instead sobbed into his hyung's shirt. He whispered, barely audible, words broken by the gasps and hiccups of trying to speak around tears, “I- I peed,” he said, not believing it himself.

“No Daddy no I'm sorry you're all wet I- I-” the bunny was gasping and Hoseok kissed him but the bunny only cried into the kiss, growing more upset.

“Okay come on Kookie, let's go,” Hoseok stood, lifting Jungkook as he rose so that he was carrying him, waist wrapped by wet legs.

Jungkook yelped but clung on and Hoseok only put him down when they were in the bathroom.

Hoseok's own messy state was ignored as he focused on cleaning Jungkook thoroughly, but Jungkook couldn't take his eyes off the large wet patch he had left on his hyung's legs.

He sniffled through most of it, whimpering quietly but not saying anything. “Daddy I-” Jungkook looked at the floor, chest heaving. "I'm sorry."

"Gguk. Stop this now. No more apologizing. It was just an accident. You didn't do it on purpose.”

"I- I couldn't hold it."

"That's okay bun. I should've realized. I'm the one who should be sorry, okay?"

The maknae shook his head no, fresh tears spilling over at Hoseok's apology.
"God Kookie, you're breaking my heart. What can I do bunny? How can I make it better?"

He shook his head again because nothing could make this better.

"How about a snack? Can I make you something? No? Or you wanna play?"

Jungkook's teary eyes were locked on Hoseok's lower half. "Your pants are still wet," he said with a wobble in his voice.

"Oh. You're right. I'll clean up and then we can go do something fun, okay? I won't be long."

Hoseok turned to leave and get clean pants.

Jungkook didn't let him. He swallowed up his last sobs and quickly wiped his face with the back of his mitten. Then he reached out to put his hand in Hoseok's so that his hyung could hold it. "I- I'll help."

Hoseok stopped walking to look down at their hands and then at the bunny's face where his mouth was set in a determined line. "Thank you Kookie." He bent at the knees so that their heights matched and left a quick kiss on Jungkook's nose.

The bunnyboy blinked back, startled but pleased.

"You know what will help more than anything?" Hoseok said, gaze fixed on him very seriously.

Jungkook's stood at alert, bunny ears pointing forwards to show that Hoseok had his full attention. "What?"

"If you give me a smile."

Jungkook's eyebrows knitted together. "A- a smile?"

"Yep. A smile. And forgiveness."

The corners of Jungkook's mouth twitched. "You're silly. It wasn't your fault."

"No smile. No forgiveness." Hoseok looked to the ceiling and sighed exaggeratedly. "Guess I'll die a guilty man."

Jungkook giggled and a smile lingered after it.

"Ah! It's too bright! Put it away!" Hoseok yelled, shielding his eyes with his hands.

A peal of laughter escaped the little rabbit and he gave Hoseok a mitten-padded punch to the shoulder. "Stop it! You're crazy."

Hoseok wrapped the bunny in a hug and lifted him up, spinning around in a blur so that the boy in his arms let out a loud surprised laugh.

"Am I forgiven?"

"Yes! Yes! Put me down!"

"What was that?" Hoseok spun a little faster and Jungkook squealed.

"Daddy!"
When Hoseok placed him back on his feet they were both out of breath.

Seemingly satisfied now that Jungkook was happy, Hoseok let him come along to "help" with the clean up.

But no matter how much Hoseok tried to distract him with funny pointless games and weird snacks, Jungkook couldn't let go of the memory of his accident or the apprehension about it happening again.

Jungkook watched the credits roll from his spot beneath the blankets on the sofa.

They had just finished watching The Incredibles, and he was surprised he'd made it through the whole thing without one of his frequent "spells of arousal".

They planned on watching the sequel so Taehyung was in the kitchen getting more snacks while the credits rolled, leaving Jungkook with Yoongi scrolling on his phone and an unoccupied Jimin giving Jungkook a quizzical look.

"How's the cockcage Gguk?"

Jungkook hacked out a spluttering cough, caught off guard and Yoongi patted him ineffectively on the back with one hand, not looking up from his phone.

"You can't just ask me that."

"Why not? Does it turn you on?" Jimin wagged his eyebrows at him. "Namjoon-hyung said that it turns you on."

The cockcage was nearly impossible to forget as it was, of course being reminded of it sent blood rushing southward and made his dick twitch in its confines. "He was lying."

"I'll tell him you said that."

Jungkook straightened quickly. "Wait, don't."

"I'm messing with you little Jungkookie."

"Please find a new target."

"But you're so fun. Your eyes go so wide and you get all pouty."

Jungkook shifted his weight where he sat, trying very hard not to think about his dick while his dick tried its hardest to be thought about. "I don't get pouty."

Jimin just laughed.

"Jimin," Yoongi interjected, having finally put his phone away. "Why are you bothering my maknae?" he pulled Jungkook protectively against his side.

Normally Jungkook would pretend to protest, just to save face but this time he let himself snuggle into Yoongi to appreciate him for taking his side.

He found himself nosing along his hyung's jaw exploratively and Yoongi let out a breathy chuckle.
"Kookie, what are you doing?"

Taehyung returned from the kitchen then, and hearing Yoongi's deep laughs, exclaimed rather excitedly, "Ah, Hyung, I googled it! Hold on." He hurriedly put all the bowls and bags down so that he could pull out his phone.

"Googled what?" Yoongi asked, echoing Jungkook's own thoughts.

"I found a website on how to speak rabbit." Taehyung grinned, falling onto the couch and half onto Jimin who let out a squeak. "Here," he announced, having found what he was looking for, he began reading aloud, "Nose-nudging."

Being so unexpectedly called out for the very obvious "nose-nudging" he was doing, Jungkook froze.

"Nose-nudging. Means several things in rabbit language. It can mean 'Pet me now,' 'Move out of the way' or 'Pay attention to me'."

Taehyung paused here to look up at Jungkook. Jimin and Yoongi did the same, eyes sparkling mischievously.

The little rabbit blushed a deep red and tried to retreat into his blankets.

"Am I in your way, Kookie?" Yoongi asked with a teasing lilt. After seeing his hyungs' smiles, Jungkook disappeared completely into the heap of covers, taking his long ears with him.

"I'm pretty sure it's one and three, Hyung," Taehyung explained to Yoongi.

"I know Tae, I was just teasing." Yoongi gave the pile of blankets a gentle poke. "Bunny, come out. No one's laughing at you."

Jungkook shifted a bit in the heap but decided not to make an appearance yet. At least not until this infernal blush receded.

Fuck, was he getting horny or was he just embarrassed? He couldn't quite tell.

"Wait there's more. I like the one about nipping. It says it can be a demand for attention or it can mean, 'I like that you pet me, so I will groom you,'" Taehyung delivered these lines emotively, inhabiting the role of rabbit for a brief moment.

A sofa cushion was keeping Jungkook company beneath the blanket and it had somehow found it's way between his knees. When he shifted, it moved higher and his mind involuntarily honed in on the feeling of it against the smooth sensitive flesh of his thighs.

"Nipping? As in biting?" Yoongi questioned, puzzled.

"Yeah, he's been doing it a lot," Jimin said.

Jungkook moved again so that the cushion was pressed up between his legs and even though he was well aware of the plastic preventing sensation, he found himself dragging his dick very slowly across the pillow. Unsurprisingly, he couldn't feel anything and it was utterly frustrating.

The cushion pushed his shorts further into the cleft of his ass and rubbed against it with every subtle rock of his body, making him leak and drip.

The wet patches he was creating on the sofa would be exposed eventually but at that moment he
couldn't bring himself to care.

He focused on isolating the movement of his hips so that it wasn't obvious from outside his fort. Ass muscles flexing in growing desperation and abs tightening while he grinded in the slowest most futile efforts, knowing there was no relief on the horizon.

He hadn't pleasured himself in a long while, having to rely solely on his hyungs.

It felt...wrong. He was being naughty. He wasn't allowed. But that made it feel so much better somehow. The sound of the slick slide against his sensitive rim was loud in his ears but he hoped it was still too quiet for human ears.

He tried to focus on what his hyungs were discussing but the words were being jumbled by his increasing desperation to have something inside of him. His poor penis was leaking as well, adding to the mess on the cushion as he slowly molested it. The cockcage was getting all wet, dragging through the small puddle of slick and precum that was accumulating in the crotch of his shorts. He hoped none of the stickers came off.

Taehyung was still reading, something about rabbit ears and nose twitches. But Jungkook was sweating and dizzy and there wasn't enough air under the covers and he couldn't move as fast as he wanted to and it didn't matter because he couldn't feel it on his dick and he wanted something inside him so badly and he was making a mess and his vision was blurring.

He was so focused on what it would look like from the other side of the blanket, trying to not make the movements look too obvious, that he hadn't anticipated the bell on the cockcage might give him away. Which it did, with a ring that was loud and unambiguous.

"Bunny, what on earth are you up to under there?" Yoongi exclaimed, jerking Jungkook mentally out of his fog of humid arousal. Yoongi yanked the blanket away and the living room lights hit him. Sitting up quickly, he couldn't have looked guiltier if he tried. Face flushed crimson, sweat beading on his forehead, and the most incriminating piece of evidence: the ruined cushion tucked between his thighs.

Words were failing him. If there was ever a time to run away and hide under the bed, it was now. But he was stuck somewhere between fight or flight, leaving him doing neither but staring at Yoongi unblinkingly like a rabbit in headlights.

"Geezus fuck Gguk, who ravaged you under there?" Taehyung asked, mouth dropped open in awe.

Jimin let out a giggle. "I think we should've given the bunny attention when he asked."

He was talking about the nose-nudging, Jungkook realized and he wanted to crawl back under the blanket but Yoongi was holding it out of reach.

Taehyung was still stuck in his state of awe. "We're going to have to buy a whole new set of furniture at this rate."

Apparently Jungkook's body decided he was just going to sit there frozen and blushing while his brain thought up an excuse or an escape. Neither was looking very promising. His hyungs were right. He did want attention, he just hadn't realized until they pointed it out.

Yoongi tsked. "Kookie, what are you supposed to do when you want to play?"

Jungkook nibbled on his lower lip. He knew he looked innocent and blushy, using both mittened hands to try hide the wet spot at the front of his pants where his cock had dribbled. But innocent and
blushy was his new aesthetic and there wasn't anything he could do about it. "Ask?"

"That's right baby boy. Did you get permission to play?"

Even behind the curtain of hair falling into his eyes, Yoongi's smirky expression wasn't hidden.

_Fuck if Yoongi wasn't turning him on with his whole Daddy persona._

He seemed to enjoy when Jungkook was a little bit naughty. He liked seeing the maknae get nervous about a spanking.

Jungkook stammered out a guilty "N-no."

"Hyung, don't be mean. Poor bunny was just desperate. He's too little to know any better." Jimin had come to Jungkook's defense with a hammer and then dropped it on Jungkook's foot. He appreciated the plan but not the execution.

Well, Jungkook had to work with what he had and what he had was Jimin's defense so he went along with it.

"Y-yeah Daddy. I'm sorry I didn't mean to," he said quietly, also trying to push the cushion further under him so the damage was less visible.

_How much more innocent could he look? Should he cry?

"Look at the mess you’ve made, bunny," Yoongi sighed, "What are we going to do with you?"

He decided to venture a guess and hopefully cut all the embarrassing foreplay dialogue short.

"Spanking?" No doubt his hyungs would think that this was his goal from the beginning, that he had misbehaved on purpose. They'd only be partly wrong.

Taehyung raised a hand while looking at Yoongi with hope. "Can I do it? I haven't done it before."

Yoongi look surprised at how quickly things had moved along but he gave Taehyung an accepting nod. "If you do it properly," the older warned, "Else Jimin or I will take over."

Taehyung made a fist of victory. "Awesome!" Jungkook thought the reaction was severely inappropriate given the circumstance but Taehyung was such a delight that it was really hard to feel any negativity toward him. Even when he was getting off on your pain.

The problem with spanking, apart from the action itself, was that punishment often happened for misbehaviour and Jungkook mostly misbehaved when he was horny. As a consequence, he was almost always at peak arousal levels during the ordeal.

There was also the problem of his ass being super fucking sensitive and pain skyrocketing his arousal levels and making him wetter than usual.

Unsurprisingly, his hyungs had noticed this pattern. And they weren't okay with it. As Yoongi had said, "Spanking is supposed to be a punishment. It doesn't help if you're getting off on it or anticipating it."

He had been doing both of those things. Even now he attempted to school his expression so that he wouldn't look as bizarrely excited about it as he felt. It had become a sort of game, even when it hurt and he fought, and his hyungs revelled in the way he kicked and cried, something about was appealing. "Punishments aren't supposed to be fun."
They were going to change strategies to make it more effective. And this was supposed to be the first implementation of the new strategy.

"Remember what we discussed Gguk? About trying something new?" Yoongi asked him.

Jungkook nodded, waiting for elaboration.

Yoongi didn't bother cushioning it with euphemisms. "After Tae spanks you, you're gonna stand in that corner for a bit until we've decided that you've calmed down enough."

Jungkook wasn't sure what he'd been expecting but it wasn't that. His mouth fell open in disbelief. "W-what? Like a kid?"

"No, like a little bunnyboy who has forgotten how to behave properly."

He flushed at that and couldn't bring himself to argue any more on the matter.

"Go to Tae, bunny," Yoongi instructed, guiding Jungkook gently in that direction.

The walk from one sofa to the other felt longer than it had ever felt before. He stood timidly beside Taehyung, trying to decide exactly how he was going to lay himself over the man's thighs.

"Pants down first," Taehyung said gesturing at Jungkook's tiny shorts. The curve of Jungkook's ass was visible below the hem so Taehyung could probably land enough good smacks without the need to remove the clothing. But Jungkook was already in trouble so he didn't bother arguing. With the new mittens he managed to tuck his thumbs beneath waistband. He gave the shorts a pull but they were stuck around his tail and wouldn't come down.

"Can Daddy help you there, bunny?" Taehyung asked.

"No, I got it," he grunted softly, giving the fabric another pull.

He didn't got it.

Taehyung looked at him curiously. "Kookie, if you can't do it, you gotta say so."

He had almost forgotten Jimin was behind him watching him struggle until he felt someone push his tail through the hole at the back so that the shorts slipped easily over it and pooled around his ankles. Jimin let out an over the top exclamation of pride. "Well done Gguk! You did it all on your own!"

Jungkook sent him a sour look over his shoulder but Taehyung was already guiding him down over his lap so Jungkook had to postpone his annoyance.

"I'm gonna go get more dip," Jimin announced, getting to his feet. Jungkook was just grateful he'd have one less audience member. He hadn't been spanked in front of anyone before and he wasn't looking forward to it.

"Wait a second Jiminie," Yoongi called after him. "Take this with you and toss it in the wash." A sofa cushion flew across the room and hit Jimin in the chest. "And bring a wet cloth and some stuff to clean the sofa when you're coming back."
"And Kookie's carrot plug!" Taehyung added before Jimin disappeared, muttering complaints about how they should pay him if they wanted an errand boy.

Jungkook clenched his teeth, bracing himself for the first smack but Taehyung took his time caressing the exposed skin as if trying to determine the best approach.

He started off lightly, laying down gentle smacks that were barely love taps. It was underwhelming and a little awkward since Jungkook was accustomed to firm stinging slaps that left a hand mark immediately.

The light slaps felt electric and pleasant and Jungkook found himself gasping and raising his hips. Taehyung chuckled. "They were right. You do like this too much."

Jimin returned with cleaning supplies and he and Yoongi got to work on wiping the sofa. Jimin scrubbed for a while with no success and Jungkook was happy that his hyungs were busy instead of sitting back with a beer and enjoying the show.

"Jiminnie, let me do it."

Jimin sighed. "Good luck. It's really not coming out."

After a few determined grunts from Yoongi, he sighed too. "Fuck you're right. How did you clean it out the last time?"

"Can't remember. Jin-hyung helped."

What Jungkook didn't expect was for Taehyung to keep that consistent tapping going for as long as he did. He didn't pause and his strength didn't waver. The skin on Jungkook's ass heated up slowly and steadily until his skin was so sensitized that each spank felt brutal even though it was light.

He hissed when the light taps continued landing with quick succession and slick was sliding out of him uncontrollably. His dick was trying to swell but the cage kept it down and made sure it didn't get too many ideas.

"Lordy lord Kookie you're little bunnyhole really is making a mess," Taehyung said with wonder.

"S-sorry."

"You have no idea how fucking delicious you look like this bunny." Taehyung landed a hard spank this time and Jungkook yelped and nearly tumbled off the man's lap from how much he jolted in surprise. "How badly I wanna fuck you."

Jungkook had some idea. Taehyung's large and erect cock pressed against his stomach was definitely an indication.

Taehyung grabbed a fleshy mound in each hand and spread them, exposing Jungkook’s glistening hole to the rest of the room. He shivered when the cold air hit the wetness there and clenched automatically.

"Jimin, can you put the plug in while I hold him open?"

"Daddy no!" Jungkook pressed his thighs together but was helpless against Taehyung's grip holding him spread while Jimin filled him up with the plastic carrot. Jimin gave the end of it a few taps that made Jungkook whimper, before going back to help Yoongi.
Taehyung resumed the spanking and Jungkook squealed in surprise at the pleasure that rocked through him. Taehyung didn't go easy on him. In no time at all, his ass was on fire and he was begging for Taehyung to stop, with tears rolling down his face.

He was crying but he was also painfully aroused and he just want the cockcage off so that he could feel Taehyung's jeans on his dick.

"Bun, is the plug hurting? Should I take it out?"

If the plug came out, all the built up slick would come gushing out and Jungkook could imagine nothing worse than that. He'd feel loose and empty and it would make a mess.

"N-no," he answered and hoped it was loud enough for Taehyung to hear.

"First you didn't want it in, now you don't want it out. That's why Daddies make the decisions, right Kookie?"

The bunnyboy was panting. Taehyung pulled at the plug so that it forced the bunny's entrance to stretch and then pushed it back in sloppily, making Jungkook gasp and twist on his lap. "Right Kookie?"

"Yes Daddy."

Taehyung lay down a couple more smacks, sometimes giving the plug a bump by accident and enjoying Jungkook's quiet whimpers in response.

"Hyung, is this enough?" Taehyung asked Yoongi. He shifted a bit on the sofa to give Yoongi a better view of the bunnyboy's plump red bottom.

There was a suspenseful pause while Yoongi stopped to look up from whatever he was doing. "Could be redder."

"Daddy no!" Jungkook sang with a whine, feet flailing.

Taehyung listened to his hyung and kept going. Hand coming down in quick slaps on the hot flesh.

"Gguk, what do you do if your pee pee or bum needs attention?"

"Tell Daddies."

"That's right bunny. And did you do that?"

"N-no. I'm sorry Daddy I was naughty. I'm sorry."

The spanking finally ceased. "That's okay Gguk. You're learning." Taehyung stroked the back of the boy's neck with his thumb. It was sweaty from his struggles but Taehyung continued the comforting touches. "I want you to know that none of us are mad at you angel, okay?" Jungkook nodded upside down with his bunny ears dangling towards the ground. "We just want to help."

"I- I'm gonna be g-good. The bunny hiccupped, trying to catch his breath. "Promise." The room was quiet aside from Jungkook's heavy breathing and small sniffs.

Taehyung grabbed the boy's caged dick and pulled it back so he could wrap his palm around. He held it in his hand, unmoving, just holding it between the boy's legs.

It was such a simple yet dominating action and the bunny felt lightheaded from it. He just waited for
his hyung to release it, not really able to do much in this position.

Eventually Taehyung let go, only to cup the bunny's balls in his hand.

"You're so smooth bunny. So smooth and pretty." Taehyung breathed, holding the smooth sac in his hands and caressing it gently. "There's absolutely no hair. It's so cute."

Jungkook felt very not manly and it made him flush terribly the longer Taehyung looked and stroked the soft flesh around his genitals.

"If you don't get ten stickers soon we're gonna have to milk you," Taehyung said as he lifted the weight of Jungkook's balls in his palm. "You must be so uncomfortable."

That was such a huge understatement that Jungkook couldn't even retort. He only managed a soft, "Yeah." But from what he remembered of his last experience with prostate milking, he wasn't anticipating it. It was the worst kind of pleasure without pleasure, release without release.

Taehyung announced that it was corner time and lifted the bunnyboy to his feet. He guided him to the corner of the room by the shoulders and Jungkook couldn't help sniffing and feeling a little sorry for himself. He settled into the corner on wooden legs, like there was a stick up his butt. Because there was.

He wanted the buttplug out because it was awfully humiliating to have a plastic carrot sticking out of his ass but it was probably best for the wooden floors that he kept the plug in.

Taehyung ran through the rules of corner time with him quickly.

No touching his sore bottom or his little bunnycock, no sitting, no turning around.

"Five minutes only angel. Since it's your first time." Then he left a kiss on the top of the bunny's head and retreated.

It was weird to talk without turning around to look at who he was talking to but he spoke anyway. "Daddy, can I have my pants up please?"

"Only good bunnies get to cover their red bottoms, Jungkook."

The boy wiggled a bit at the reminder of his shamefully bright ass and his tail twitched shyly.

"Kookie, if it helps, you look really cute there," Jimin said.

*No. That didn't help.*

Jungkook underestimated this portion of the punishment. Five minutes didn't sound too bad. But five minutes felt like twenty when his ass was aflame and he wasn't allowed to rub it. He shifted his weight from foot to foot and then rocked a little awkwardly in place, not knowing what to do with all the feelings his body was experiencing. It was buzzing with the stimulation of the spanking and that made it feel nearly impossible to stay still.

"Daddy, can I come out now?"

Yoongi's gruff no-nonsense voice responded. "Jungkook. Are you supposed to be talking in time out?"

He huffed. "It's not a rule."
"I can make it one."

The little rabbit silenced himself at that.

He briefly entertained the idea of dropping to his knees and begging to be fucked. Maybe it would cut his corner time short. But he knew his hyungs, they wouldn't let that happen. He also had to stop entertaining that idea because it wasn't doing him any favors in the arousal department. He was supposed to be calming himself down.

While Jungkook stood with his nose to the wall, trying not to move too much so the plug didn't press up against his sensitive places inside, Taehyung carried on reading from the rabbit language article. Although it was embarrassing, Jungkook was happy they were at least not starting the next movie without him. But their chattering didn't make standing in the corner any easier.

"Uh… There's this one about licking. Means I love you, I trust you."

"We already know that one," Yoongi said dismissively, "Next."

"Thumping. To get attention or express displeasure."

Yoongi rolled his eyes. "Ones we don't know Tae."

"Wow. Tough crowd," Taehyung said curtly.

"Why aren't you just reading them in order?" Yoongi complained.

There was a pause while Taehyung hesitated to answer. "They're not all relevant."

"Why not?"

A longer pause this time. "It's not for hybrids. It's just about pet rabbits."

That was the most embarrassing thing Taehyung had said yet, but Jungkook didn’t know if he had the capacity to feel more embarrassed than he was in his present position.

“Bunny, time's up. You can come out now,” Yoongi said.

Jungkook wasted no time in turning around. He darted across the room and straight into Taehyung's wide open arms, knocking him against the backrest of the couch with an oof and making the man giggle. Taehyung sprinkled the bunny's face with kisses, his nose, his cheek, his forehead, his chin. He helped him back into his shorts and Jungkook winced when the material grazed his sensitive skin.

"Well done Kookie. You did so well my angel. Are you okay?" Taehyung asked, sitting Jungkook up on his knee. It was sore and Taehyung's knee nudged the buttplug inside him but the bunny hardly minded if it meant that they got to be close. He didn’t feel like he had a lot of words presently. He felt wrung out and he just wanted to enjoy Taehyung’s sturdy embrace.

"Hurts."

"Aw I know sweetheart. Here," Taehyung held up a sugar-covered cookie to Jungkook's mouth. Jungkook wasn't sure how eating a cookie was going to help the sting on his ass but he wasn't going to turn down something sugary if Taehyung was offering.

"I don't like the corner." Jungkook frowned while he nibbled on the treat.
"That's the point bun. It's effective, right?"

"Yeah." He took another small nibble but Taehyung held the cookie there until Jungkook had munched down the entire thing. Another one took its place and the bunnyboy looked at Taehyung like he had sprouted a second head.

"For me?"

"Yes for you, bun."

Everyone seemed to be giving the wet spot on the couch a wide berth since it looked like Jimin and Yoongi had been unsuccessful with the cleaning attempts. Taehyung was now sharing a couch with Yoongi who reached over with a tissue to mop up the bunny’s tear-streaked cheeks and snotty nose. Tears were still welling and spilling over his eyelashes and Taehyung rubbed his back soothingly with concern. “Kookie?”

Jungkook sniffed and wiped at his face with the back of a mitten. “I’m sorry for making such a mess. I- It just happens.”

Everything was quiet for a bit, while they wiped his tears and tried to soothe him and gave him another cookie. “Bunny, it’s alright. We know you can’t help it that your leaky little hole drips slick all over the house,” Yoongi said in earnest. “We don’t mind. Honestly.”

Jungkook eyed the mountain of cleaning supplies standing on the floor near the couch. There were at least three kinds of detergents and several cloths and sponges and a bucket of soapy water. “I mind,” he whispered.

It was quiet while he waited for some sort of a reaction. His hyungs seemed to be having a mental wordless conversation that he wasn’t a part of and he tried to read their faces as they all shared meaningful looks with each other. He looked from one hyung to another but couldn’t for the life of him figure out what thoughts they were sharing.

Eventually Jimin spoke, sounding worried. “Tae, don’t. Seriously, don’t.”

Taehyung turned to Jungkook and pushed his hair back gently. “Bunny, do you want to help us? Make things a little easier for your daddies?”

Him? Help them? Of course he wanted that! He wanted that more than anything.

“We thought of a way,” Taehyung hesitated, searching for the right words. “To lessen the mess.”

Jungkook felt curiosity and excitement budding inside of him. “How?”

“Taehyung don’t,” Jimin cautioned again.

“Yeah Tae, just leave it,” Yoongi added. “For real. You’re gonna upset him.”

Jungkook was thankful for Taehyung’s rebellious streak. He could count on this hyung to steamroll over the objections and give him answers. Jimin was shaking his head slowly at Taehyung and Yoongi dropped his forehead into his palm like he had already given up. As soon as Taehyung spoke, Jungkook understood why.

“Would you wear a diaper, Kookie? For us?”

Jungkook stared at Taehyung wordlessly, feeling like he should have expected this and yet he was
still dumbfounded.

Yoongi sighed emphatically. “Look, you broke him Tae.”

“Hey! Don’t act like I’m the only one who wants this,” Taehyung muttered grumpily.

“Y-you all talked about it?” Jungkook asked, looking at each of his friends in turn.

They had the decency to look ashamed. Even Taehyung. “Yeah.”

“Who agreed?” Jungkook wasn’t sure what made him ask this but after the question left him, he realized he did want to know.

When it seemed like no one was going to answer him, Yoongi finally did.

“Everyone.”

At Jungkook’s expression of bewilderment, Jimin rushed to reassure him. “Gguk, Tae was just checking… if you’d consider it. To help us out. Don’t feel pressured, okay?”

Jungkook didn’t know where to start. Surely he didn’t have to explain why diapers were embarrassing? They had to already know. But they must find the whole situation rather troublesome if all of them thought it was worth considering. He also heard the words that weren’t said. They wouldn’t bring it up, but he knew it had some relation to him peeing on Hoseok. He was worried that it would happen again so they probably were too.

Still sounding uneasy, Jimin went on, “Pretend we didn’t say anything, okay? We’ll drop it. Don’t even think about it.”

Pretend they didn’t say anything. PRETEND THEY DIDN’T SAY ANYTHING?

Jungkook was trying to organize his thoughts. Trying to decide how he felt about this proposition. It was completely absurd. But his hyungs were being so kind about it. He didn’t know what to think.

Could he really do that? For them?

They were doing far more for him and they had never asked for anything from him. Not a single thing. Until now.

He was pulled from his thoughts by Yoongi who was suddenly holding something up in front of his face. It took Jungkook a while to register the plastic spout. It was familiar.

The bunny looked at it with distaste. "That’s a sippy cup."

Yoongi blinked at him. "Yes. And?"

"I'm not drinking from that."

Taehyung lifted the bunnyboy’s mittened hand and guided it around one of the handles. And then did the same with the other. "You can hold it on your own."

"See? Isn’t that better than us making a mess with a glass?” Yoongi asked. On more than one occasion, both Jungkook and his hyung emerged from the ordeal drenched in juice.

Jungkook looked down at the sippy cup between his mittens and shrugged. "S'pose so.” He was torn between wanting his hyungs to help him drink and being happy that he could kind of do this on
his own. Despite it being an awfully embarrassing companion to the pacifier, the sippy cup was easy
to hold with the mittens because of the two plastic handles on either side. The spout also stopped him
from spilling when he dropped it (which he hated to admit had already happened twice now in the
short time he’d been holding it but Taehyung rushed to pick it up for him every time).

It wasn't a big deal, he had used it before. It was convenient. But it felt different this time.
Sandwiched between Yoongi and Taehyung who were stroking his ears and feeding him cookies
and telling him what a good boy he was, Jungkook felt tiny with his sippy cup and his spanked ass.
He couldn’t even fathom being diapered as well. How had they even thought of such a thing?

He hid his face behind the cup as he drank. His blush wasn't going to go away. He supposed he was
just going to sit there with his red face until this was over.

"Tae, hurry and finish that article. Before Yoongi-hyung dies of old age," Jimin whined from the
other couch.

Taehyung floundered around for his phone but his hyung interrupted him. “It’s fine Tae. Let’s just
start the movie. Send the link to the group chat.”

“W-wait,” Jungkook stammered shyly and they all turned their faces towards him. “I wanna hear the
rest. Please?”

Yoongi grinned at him fondly, eyes smiling as well and he ruffled the bunny’s hair. “Okay baby boy
but no hiding under the blankets this time, okay?”

Jungkook brought the sippy cup up to hide his glowing face but nodded.

"This one about tooth-clicking is interesting. Not sure if it's relevant but it might be," Taehyung
shrugged.

"Tooth-clicking?" Jungkook curled up against Taehyung's side to read along with him and
Taehyung used an arm to hold the little rabbit close.

"Yeah, apparently it's similar to a cat's purring. It sounds the same. Says here, 'indicates great
pleasure and contentment. Often occurs when a rabbit is being petted or stroked.'" Taehyung stopped
reading to lock eyes with Jungkook."Guess we've got something to aim for, hey Gguk?"

"M-maybe I just don't purr…" Jungkook muttered, breaking the eye contact.

"We can still try," Yoongi said suggestively.

"What? Aaaah!"

Yoongi toppled Jungkook over so that his head fell into his hyung's lap. "Stay still. I'm petting you,"
the man instructed, gravely serious as he began to stroke the long ears protruding from Jungkook's
now disarrayed hair.

"I'm not gonna purr!" Jungkook insisted, trying to sit up before it felt too good.

Yoongi pushed him back down. "You might."

For all Yoongi's brusque ways, his hands were so gentle. Jungkook shivered softly, feelings of warm
comfort crashing over him and lulling him into a floaty space.

"Oh- oh my god," Jungkook breathed out slowly, all objections leaving his body along with any
awkwardness or embarrassment. It felt like a deep-tissue massage, the muscles in his back were relaxing like they were being kneaded by an experienced masseuse, even though Yoongi was just gently stroking his rabbit ears, the effect dispersed down his spine and through his entire body. Yoongi did it almost carelessly, barely paying attention but Jungkook's mind was completely attuned to the fingers on his ears.

"Is he purring?" Taehyung asked.

"Not yet," Yoongi said. He moved his fingers into Jungkook's hair, to gently massage against his scalp and Jungkook could swear his soul left his body through the top of his head and shot through the milky way before returning. "You okay Gguk?" Yoongi asked softly.

The bunnyboy only managed a throaty, "Mmm."

He nearly asked his hyung to get a particular spot near his ear but he didn't want to say it out loud so he just tried to move his head until the good spot was under Yoongi’s fingers. He squirmed in pleasure under the petting, preening in a distinctly animal-like manner.

"Don’t laugh," he huffed when he heard Yoongi chuckle at him.

“You're cute bunny. You can just ask, you know?"

Jungkook didn't answer, just kept his eyes closed and let his body float away.

"Yeah. I haven't been doing enough of this," Yoongi said to himself, infatuated.

Jungkook couldn't help but enjoy how weak Yoongi sounded and something in him wanted to play it up.

Maybe he could purr. How did that work?

If it hadn't happened by now, he didn't think it was going to happen at all but Yoongi seemed determined.

He heard Seokjin's voice behind him, and jumped in surprise. "Gguk! C'mon bunny boy, bedtime."

"W- What?" Jungkook turned in his spot to peer questioningly over the back of the sofa at a towering Seokjin.

"W- What?" Jungkook turned in his spot to peer questioningly over the back of the sofa at a towering Seokjin.

It took a few blinks for him to adjust to his surroundings. It was like he'd been thrown in the laundry machine, and then the tumble dryer and then dusted out over the side of a balcony railing on the seventy-third floor.

Yoongi pressed his lips softly against the bunny's head, "You heard him Gguk. Up you get."

"B- but I'm not tired," he stammered, eyebrows furrowing in confusion.

Jimin sang teasingly, "Kookie's being naughty." Jungkook shot him a look of betrayal.

"I'm not!"

When did Jimin switch sides? The jerk.

Seokjin rolled up his sleeve and glanced at his watch. "Gguk, I'm giving you ten seconds. Ten…"

"Wait!" Jungkook sat up on his knees.
"...Nine…"

He heard Taehyung snicker and would definitely have glared at him if he wasn't frantically trying to stop a countdown. It was difficult to think up a convincing case in under ten seconds. All that came out was, "We were gonna watch the second one!"

"You can watch it tomorrow, bun. The guys will watch something else tonight so you don't miss it."

"They're staying up?" The bunny frowned, cheeks puffing out unintentionally with his pouty expression. He would admit it this time. He was pouting. "That's not fair." It wasn't his best argument but at least he had stalled the counting.

"It's much too late for you Kookie." Seokjin waited with an outstretched hand presumably for Jungkook to take.

Jungkook looked at the hand and then at Seokjin's face and tried to summon some crocodile tears even though he was pretty much all cried out. "B-but, but the movie…"

"Eight….seven…"

Okay, change of tactics.

"Daddy, please? Please?" Jungkook rested his mittened hands on the back of the sofa, eyes and ears peering over it. He felt silly but he didn't have a lot of options. There were too many hyungs in this room for him to hide or make a run for it.

"Aww Jin-hyung. Look at his sad face, how can you say no?" Yoongi cooed and squished Jungkook's blushing cheeks between his fingers.

Seokjin just kept counting and Jungkook was running out of ideas.

His bottom lip was even quivering and Seokjin, fucking man of steel, was not breaking. He was at three when Jungkook's heart started hammering in his ribcage. He had no idea what would happen at zero but he didn't want to find out.

Yoongi gave him some whispered words of advice. "I'd get moving if I were you bunny. Unless you think your bottom can take it."

It was still stinging and still hot to the touch. It couldn't.

"Okay, okay, I'm coming," he conceded but Seokjin kept counting.

"...two…"

"Fuck." Jungkook realized he needed to actually get moving and he hopped to his feet in a blur, blankets falling to the floor in a heap, he nearly tripped over the tangled mess but managed to make it out the door before his hyung reached "one".

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Seokjin helped him rinse and spit.

"I really wanted to watch that." Jungkook sighed, while his hyung dabbed his mouth dry with a
"I know Kookie, but you need to get some proper rest. You’ll have to watch it tomorrow," Seokjin said. "Can you be patient like a big boy?"

Jungkook couldn't help but squirm a bit.

Why did he hate it but like it when they spoke to him like that? What on earth was fucking wrong with him?

Seokjin reached behind the bunny to remove the buttplug but Jungkook dodged the move with a side step. He warned his hyung that pulling it out was going to make a big mess but Seokjin didn't seem bothered since they were in the bathroom. Besides, the plug wasn’t keeping all the slick inside. He was still leaking around it, so they had a lot of cleaning up and wiping down to do anyway.

The situation reminded him of what Taehyung had said and he couldn’t take his mind off it. While Seokjin was busy rinsing off the plug at the sink, Jungkook stuttered out the question that was plaguing him. "Is... is it t-true that you all want me to um... wear d-diapers?"

Seokjin shut the tap, wanting to make sure he'd heard Jungkook properly. "Who told you that sweetheart?"

"Taehyung…"

Seokjin’s eyelids drifted closed for a second and he a released what sounded to Jungkook like a weary sigh. "I'm sorry Kookie. I told him you'd hate it. That you'd be too embarrassed to try. I hope he didn’t upset you."

Jungkook didn't like Seokjin making assumptions about him being uncooperative.

"I didn't tell him no." Jungkook crossed his arms obstinately.

Seokjin’s eyebrows raised in interest. "Oh?" He turned away from Jungkook and opened the tap again.

Worried that he would end up accidentally committing himself to something, Jungkook hurriedly changed the subject. "How late is it?" He hadn't actually seen a watch or a clock in a long while. Hours and days were blending together and it didn’t seem to matter when all his needs were taken care of.

"Much too late for little boys," Seokjin answered with a jokey smile and a poke to Jungkook's stomach.

"I- I'm not little, Daddy." Jungkook said, as seriously as he possibly could but it sounded ridiculous, even to his own ears. He wished he had said it differently but it was too late.

"This argument is telling me otherwise," Seokjin teased. "Arms up."

Jungkook frowned at him, but lifted his arms, mind working hard on rewording his disagreement as Seokjin pulled his shirt off.

"I think this is a good one for tonight." Seokjin pulled a light sleep shirt over Jungkook's head and then stretching the sleeves wider so Jungkook could get his arms through with more ease.

When it was on, the bunny squinted down at it, trying to read the text upside down. Printed in
bubbly blue writing were the words, "I'm pouting because Daddy said no."

He looked up, meeting Seokjin's self-satisfied smile with a sharp glare. "You're awful. I'm going to pretend I can't read."

Seokjin shrugged. "Fine by me."

The t-shirt was large and tent-like so Seokjin decided the bunny didn’t really need pants.

Jungkook felt like he should put up a fuss about it but at the same time he was a little too sore for pants. It was an odd breezy feeling and he still felt the need to pull on the bottom hem of the t-shirt to preserve some modesty. If there was anything he didn't want peeking out, it was his decorated cock.

Seokjin sauntered out of the bathroom with Jungkook shuffling behind him, still scowling, both at the t-shirt and what felt like a hugely unfair bedtime. They were marching down the corridor when Seokjin halted and a trailing Jungkook collided with his broad back.

The taller man turned around with his cellphone in hand.

"Kookie if I don't take a picture of you I'm going to have regrets."

"Don't you dare."

"It's just for me."

"I don't believe you. Put that away."

"Okay it's for me and your other hyungs," Seokjin confessed. "That's all."

Jungkook rolled his eyes with a pained groan. He needed to save his arguing energy for the bigger disagreements. "Ugh fine. But I'm not smiling for it."

"Perfect," Seokjin said. Before Jungkook could think about what that meant, Seokjin had already snapped a picture of Jungkook frowning in his sleepwear and re-pocketed his phone.

The frown didn’t leave the bunny’s face as they made their way down the passage. Seokjin pushed open the bedroom door and let out a surprised shriek to which he a received a shrill shriek back. There was a heavy thump as something large hit the floor.

Jungkook peered around his hyung in the doorway, trying to get a better look through the darkness at the commotion inside. The large thing that fell was Hoseok. Straight off the bed and onto the floor. "Knock, you fool," he grumbled at Seokjin and sat up, rubbing the side of his leg.

Jungkook sniffed the air. He couldn't see Hoseok perfectly but there was a familiar and intoxicating scent coming from inside and he floated towards it.

"Sorry, I thought you were still at the studio." Seokjin scratched the back of his head uncomfortably. "I was going to put Kookie to sleep in here."

The hyung on the floor pulled himself to his feet with a wince, zipping up his fly and buttoning it. That explained the scent. Seokjin had caught Hoseok mid-wank. "Jackin' the beanstalk" as it were. Jungkook mentally cursed Dr Lee for cementing that terrible euphemism in his head. He raised his nose to sniff the air again and had to correct his assumption. Hoseok had been interrupted post-wank.

From what his nose was able to detect, Hoseok had managed to shoot his load before the untimely interruption which made the whole thing significantly less funny. What a waste of a perfectly useful
erection. An inkling of envy bubbled up inside Jungkook, imagining Hoseok stroking his own dick because he felt like it. Orgasming. On his own. Must be nice.

Hoseok grabbed a tissue from the bedside table, intending to wipe the come off his hand. Before Jungkook could stop himself he was yelling. "Wait!"

Hoseok froze, startled at the outburst. "Gguk?" He looked questioningly at the bunnyboy. Next to Jungkook, Seokjin shrugged to show that he was just as clueless.

Red-faced and mortified at his own behaviour, Jungkook found the words pouring out of his mouth like his brain filter was malfunctioning. "Don't waste it!" He slapped a mittened hand over his mouth but it was too late. That sentence was already out.

"Don't… waste it?" Hoseok repeated. He followed Jungkook's gaze down to his own spunk-covered hand and his eyes widened in realization.

Jungkook supposed there was no turning back now. He said what he said. Might as well keep going and hope that he got what he wanted.

"Can I um- have it?"

Hoseok made a slightly perturbed face and wriggled his fingers, watching the partially opaque white liquid slip across his palm. "It's cold now Kookie."

Jungkook blushed. "It'll still taste the same."

"My God," Seokjin blurted. "Hoseok-ah put him to bed when you're done. And don't be too long, it's already past his bedtime."

The bunny turned to glare at Seokjin as he left with mumbled parting words about how he was needed in the lounge because some people didn't know what a detergent was.

Jungkook returned his attention to Hoseok who, to his horror, was again about to swipe the tissue across his open palm.

"Hyung! Don't!" In the blink of an eye, Jungkook was standing in front of Hoseok. "Please? Can I? Please?"

"I think you made a mistake there bunnyboy," Hoseok said ominously.

"Bunny, you know I have to." Hoseok’s words were remorseful but his face didn’t look all that apologetic.

"I meant Daddy. I'm sorry. Please let me have it?"

"Go ahead bunny, but you're getting a spanking with this same hand afterwards."

"Dah-deee! Noooo."

"Bunny, you know I have to."
Jungkook's bare feet fidgeted on the floor and he stared down at them, wiggling his toes. "But I- it's um... still sore," he said quietly.

"Aww kiddo," Hoseok said sympathetically, "Did you already get in trouble today?"

It was obvious that question would have a follow-up question about what Jungkook had done so he opted for a distraction. Looking longingly at Hoseok's splattered hand, he let out an urgent whine. "Daddy! It's drying!"

Hoseok held his hand up. "Sorry bun. Go for it."

Jungkook wasted no time running his tongue from the wrist up to the middle finger. When his lips reached the tip, they wrapped around it and swallowed down to the knuckle. He sucked with a pleased moan and when he opened his eyes, Hoseok was staring at him. Letting go with a pop, the bunny lapped up the juice that was running down the ring finger, catching it on his tongue and swallowing.

Hoseok watched him through tendrils of dark hair that had fallen over his brows, looking like a wolf that wanted to devour him.

"Holy shit Kookie. You really do like it, don't you?"

Jungkook shot Hoseok a look that said he was stupid.

Hoseok had that glint in his eye. That teasing gleam that said he wasn’t going to take any sass today. An eyebrow raise that said he wanted to see the bunny squirm. "So, bun. What did you do to earn that spanking?"

"Don't wanna say."

Jungkook licked across a couple of Hoseok's rings, wondering how the man touched his cock with the metal jewellery on his fingers or whether he took them off and put them back on afterwards.

"I'm going to find out anyway."

"Fine." He mumbled out the "I humped a cushion" part around the finger in his mouth but Hoseok still understood and let out a bellowing laugh.

"With the cock cage on? Kookie you're unstoppable," he was still laughing in disbelief. "Did it help? Was it worth the spanking?"

"No," Jungkook mumbled, pink lower lip jutting out sadly. “And they made me stand in the corner.”

“Thanks for the reminder. Nearly forgot we were doing that.”

Jungkook wasn’t squirmy enough for Hoseok’s taste and the bunny’s pout made him notice something. "I like your t-shirt bunny."

"I don't know what you're talking about. I can't read," Jungkook joked monotonously, taking a long wet swipe up the side and over the thumb.

"Poor baby," Hoseok cooed, pinching his cheek.

"Stop that," Jungkook frowned and then turned his face to the side to try and recapture Hoseok's fingers in his mouth.
"I think you got it all, Kookie," Hoseok laughed as Jungkook cheeks hollowed around an already clean finger.

"Is there some left on your cock, Daddy?" Jungkook congratulated himself on Hoseok’s reaction. He could also make his daddies squirm. They thought they were so clever but half their brains were in their dicks.

Hoseok cleared his throat and nodded. Jungkook kneeled in front of him, blinking up at his hyung with his anime bunny eyes. He didn’t say anything, didn’t ask. Just waited patiently. The awkwardness would eventually get too much surely. He considered it a victory when Hoseok unzipped his pants and pulled his cock out. Once he had permission, Jungkook’s tongue was all over it, covering it in spit and then licking it all back up.

"W-why didn't you call me when… you know…" He sacrificed the end of his sentence for the sake of taking the limp cock fully into his mouth. Hoseok hissed from the sensitivity so even though he was tempted, the bunny didn’t suck too hard. Just enjoyed the taste of Hoseok on his tongue.

"You were watching a movie. Didn't want to disturb you."

"Disturb me next time. Please."

"I can't. I feel bad. I hate feeling like we're just using you."

Jungkook groaned. "I want it though!" He noticed how demanding he sounded and tried to tone it down after taking a breath. "What I mean is, I need you to… to. Do it. Because I can't… on my own."

Hoseok lifted Jungkook’s mitted hands up and examined them, experimentally bending the thumb, and Jungkook blushed at having this limitation be so central to the discussion.

"We bought all those dildos. You can use them by yourself now, can't you?" Hoseok asked with genuine curiosity.

No. Bunny is too little. An adult has to help.

Jungkook felt his cheeks heat up at Namjoon’s dirty talk still lingering in his mind.

"Yeah but I don't want to."

Hoseok shook his head with a fond smile on his face. "We've spoiled you, haven't we?"

Jungkook gave him a wide rabbit-toothed grin and then went back to licking his treat.

"Gguk, you're done. It's clean."

"Can't you just… make more?"

Hoseok chuckled. He pulled the maknae to his feet and then put his dick away and zipped up. “I'm all spent bunny. Some of us are only human.”

Jungkook fell back onto the mattress with a bounce, sighing dramatically as if the entire human race was a disappointment that culminated symbolically into a single man: Hoseok.

“You want your paci before we start?”

He shrugged, trying to seem nonchalant but Hoseok didn't buy it.
"You don't have to be shy kiddo," he said sympathetically holding up the plastic dildo. Jungkook's
gaze was fixed on it, pushing down his shame until he managed to nod. Hoseok proceeded to gag
him with it and Jungkook realized with a small amount of trepidation that he wouldn't be able to
plead or say sorry or promise to be good. He just had to take what was coming.

He was just about to sit up to get into a more appropriate position for the punishment when Hoseok
wrapped a hand around both his ankles and lifted them up into the air. His legs were held so high
that his bum lifted off the mattress. The large t-shirt he was wearing couldn’t cover everything it
ought to and he felt like a fish that Hoseok had caught and dangled by the tail.

He recognized this as the diaper position and that made him flush and squirm even more to get out of
Hoseok's grip. The hold on his ankles was tight and he couldn't kick his legs free no matter how hard
he tried. His ass was completely defenseless like this and Hoseok paid his squirming no mind,
holding him still with little effort. He kept him like that, taking his time to admire the bunny's bubble
but all red from Taehyung's ministrations.

After a couple seconds of appreciation, Hoseok spread a towel out on the mattress under Jungkook's
hips and Jungkook would have commended him for the innovation if it wasn't so embarrassing.

Hoseok promised to be quick, since it was past the bunny's bedtime. He peppered smacks onto the
bunny's upturned bottom, making it hotter and redder while Jungkook whined behind the pacifier
and tried to get his bum back on the mattress.

When it was over, Jungkook was helped to his feet and Hoseok moved the towel to the floor near the
wall.

"Corner."

No way. No way was that happening. He'd take another spanking instead. The embarrassment of
last time was still fresh in his memory.

He wouldn't be caught dead standing in a corner again.

No way.

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He stood in the corner, feet on the towel. The towel was a bit overboard, he thought. Surely he didn't
leak that much. But the longer he stood there, the more he was glad it was beneath him… just in
case.

He stared at the blank wall in front of him with heightened awareness of Hoseok lying on the bed
behind him, unoccupied and annoyingly amused. What a waste of time for the both of them.

Jungkook's bunny ears twitched suddenly, responding almost before his brain did to the sound it was
picking up. He was enveloped by a sweet scent. It was already in the room but was getting more
potent and delicious and Jungkook could almost taste it, could almost imagine that the plastic dildo
heavy on his tongue was Hoseok's cock covered in precum and sweat and all that good stuff.

Jungkook was supposed to be calming down. He couldn't do that with his hyung touching himself
right behind him. What terribly-timed refractory.
He couldn't tell Hoseok to stop, couldn't tell him that the sounds he was making, as subtle as they were, made it hard to stay in the corner. He could hear the slide of the man's hand, his shallower breaths, could smell him stronger than ever. With nothing to distract him, his senses were heightened. How was he supposed to keep staring at this empty wall when all his ears and nose magnified everything happening behind him?

He let out a plaintive whine around the gag and bounced in place, small bell on his cock ringing.

"Quiet bun."

The scent grew more intense. Without consideration for the consequences, the bunnyboy abandoned his position and dropped to his knees beside the bed. He made a whiny noise in his throat to convey his needs but Hoseok merely looked down at him, continuing the slow lazy strokes on his cock.

"I think we've been spoiling our little rabbit too much. Back in the corner bunny."

Jungkook tried to say something snarky but made a sad growly sound when he realized his daddy couldn't understand. He stayed on his knees, eyeing Hoseok's cock with want.

"Now, Gguk."

Jungkook stomped his way back to the wall. With nothing else to do in the corner, Jungkook focused on the scent of his hyung. He picked it apart and after a while, he identified what he thought was an undercurrent of arousal. Almost like he could smell the feeling and not just the physical scent. The scent was comprised of so many different "colors" and there was a lot more information in it than Jungkook was used to.

Hoseok climaxed with a few low grunts and Jungkook thought that that orgasm would've been a lot louder if he was allowed to be involved. He tried to convince himself that it was Hoseok's loss. But he knew he didn't want this to happen again, he couldn't slip up like this again, he had to be good.

As soon as Hoseok declared corner time over, Jungkook was on the bed, curled up against his hyung and awaiting cuddles.

"Kookie you're such a good bunny. I'm so proud of you my sweet boy."

Jungkook preened under the attention, cheeks pinkening delicately in a happy blush. He nuzzled up against Hoseok's neck, wanting to leave licks against the warm skin there but the pacifier was in the way so he just nuzzled some more.

"Daddy missed you while you were in the corner."

That made Jungkook want to giggle for some reason.

"That's silly, right?" Hoseok chuckled.

Jungkook shook his head no adamantly. It wasn't silly. They ought to miss him.

"I don't like putting my bunny in the corner." Hoseok left a slobby kiss on his cheek. "Daddy also likes to play with you Kookie."

Jungkook knew this. They had to withdraw when he was naughty but they'd prefer to give him what he wanted. He just had to be good.

"We can play first thing tomorrow morning, okay? With whatever toy you want."
Jungkook pushed his hips against Hoseok's, rubbing himself against the man's crotch rather obviously. With a laugh, his hyung placed large strong hands on his hips to hold him still.

"Yeah yeah I know, you don't want a toy. My spoilt bunny."

Satisfied that Hoseok had understood him, he curled his bare legs around his hyung and wrapped them tight like a boa constrictor. Hoseok's hands found their way to Jungkook's sore ass and grabbed it like property, making the bunny writhe against him and whine cutely.

"Are you gonna be a good boy for me in the morning, bun?"

Jungkook nodded and let his hyung fondle him, pushing his ass into the man's strong hands so Hoseok would know he wanted it grabbed, that he liked the way it hurt. Hoseok gave the red flesh a none-too-gentle squeeze to pull another whiny sound from the gagged bunny.

The large hand gripped the fluffy tail with sudden force and Jungkook squeaked loudly around the dildo. His hole clenched automatically around nothing and slick rolled out from between his cheeks.

"You gonna let Daddy play with your little hole however he wants?"

Jungkook nodded enthusiastically, hoping his daddy would at least give him a finger.

"Can't wait to wreck you bunny. Gonna tease you until you're all growly and frustrated. Want you all weepy from desperation. You have no idea how cute you look like that. You're gonna want to come so badly but you won't be able to."

No matter how much he wanted to grind up against Hoseok and he kept himself still, waiting for daddy to touch him if he wanted. He lay as calmly as he could, breathing harshly through his nose but laying still, he sucked on the fake cock and leaked all over the duvet but waited patiently for daddy to touch him if he wanted.

You're being so good, baby boy. You're all worked up but you're still being so so good. I'm so proud of you Kookie.

"Can you keep being good? Gonna wait for tomorrow like an obedient little bunny?"

Jungkook nodded but still whined a frustrated little whine.

"Oh, I know sweetheart. Start with closing your eyes. Like that, there you go."

He let his eyelids drift closed and was immediately more aware of his breathing.

"You look so sweet like that bunny, sucking on your paci."

His thighs rubbed together as he took in the praise and it was hard to stay still, but Hoseok placed a firm grounding hand on his abdomen that made him focus on his breathing and helped him keep his eyes closed. He concentrated on regulating his breathing with the sucking. There was so much saliva gathered in his mouth around the dildo. He had been distracted and had forgotten to swallow a few times and now it escaped at the corner of his mouth and drool left a wet trail down his chin. Before he could move to wipe it away, Hoseok had done it for him, cooing softly.

"Awww bunny is the praise getting to you?" Hoseok stroked the boy's cheek with the back of his hand and Jungkook had to work harder to keep his breaths steady.

It felt weird having his mouth full but his hole so wanting.

"There you go. Good boy. Suck your paci for Daddy."

Jungkook couldn't stop the moan that left him as his back curled. He wasn't even being touched but he was almost shaking.

"Still can't sleep baby boy? Is your hole too hungry?"

Jungkook nodded, eyes still closed and feeling a little feverish from his need.

"Okay. Daddy will give you a finger okay?" As promised, Jungkook felt a single finger push past his tight ring of muscle and settle inside his heat. The finger tickled his prostate a few times and he panted through his nose, whining cutely and making Hoseok chuckle and straighten his finger so that it just rested inside him.

The bunny fucked himself on it, seeking that pleasurable tickle again but Hoseok withdrew.

"Ah-ah Gguk. Daddy didn't give you permission for that, did he?"

Jungkook shook his head and curled into Hoseok. He rubbed his cheek up against his daddy's chest: an apology.

"My sweet boy." Hoseok petted his hair gently and kissed his forehead. "One more chance, okay? Be good."

Jungkook felt a finger wiggle between his spanked cheeks and push into him again. He tightened around it and trembled a little from the pleasure and the denial and the suppressed need.

"That's it baby boy. Breathe slowly. There you go."

Jungkook let out a long slow breath. He allowed his muscles to loosen and let himself simply enjoy the penetration.

"Isn't that nice, little one?"

He nodded, his small suckling noises grew louder. He clenched again accidentally and then focused on relaxing so that he wouldn't get scolded.

"So small. Gonna have to train this little hole of yours, hmm?"

"Won't that be nice baby? What's the biggest thing you think we could fit inside here?" Hoseok gave his finger a small wiggle.

Jungkook's imagination made him gush fresh slick all over his daddy's hand. He could picture two cocks forcing their way inside his tight hole, stretching him past what he could take and making him scream with pleasure while he couldn't cum. The two cocks would rub against each other inside him and fill him with two different daddies' cum. It would hurt so good.

He realized he could smell his daddy's arousal, smouldering into a growing flame. He pressed closer, burying his nose as far into the scent as he could, right up against the source until every breath he took filled him with more of Hoseok's desire.

"Oh, you like that? Hm, we'll have to see. You're stuffed full with just a finger. I wouldn't want to hurt my little boy because he's too tight."
The bunny let out a defiant grumble of protest and Hoseok smiled. "Okay, okay. I know. You're a big boy. We'll see. Go to sleep now Gguk."

Jungkook had no idea how he was going to fall asleep after all that but pressed against his daddy, revelling in the strong scent of his arousal while he had something to suck on, he was eventually soothed enough to drift off.

Chapter End Notes

Tae read from a real website. 
If you’re very very bored, it’s this.

sorry that the diapers are taking so long to arrive
Squirming

Chapter Summary

Age play smut. Lezgeddit.

Chapter Notes

The lovely @artby_dani said that this fic inspired her to draw bunny!kook 🌼 Go give it some love here.

>>> spoiler alert <<<

To all the many people asking if Jungkook will eventually escape, the answer is no.

“Stop. Squirming. Bunny.” Seokjin said, punctuating each word with a proper slap to the hybrid’s ass.

“Ow!” The squirming only got worse. “I'm wet.”

“I know Kookie. I can feel it,” Seokjin adjusted the boy on his lap while trying to coordinate the bowl of food and the chopsticks.

“Then do something!” Jungkook complained, swinging his legs angrily.

“Jungkook!” Namjoon scolded. “Where have your manners gone? Jin-hyung is trying to feed you. Behave.”

That firm "behave" made him shiver, and not in a bad way. He didn't think he was entirely at fault. “But he's hard!” Jungkook whined, wiggling his bottom against the protrusion he could feel.

It wasn't supposed to be funny, but Jimin toppled sideways laughing at Seokjin's expense, slapping a less amused Namjoon on the shoulder.

“You're wriggly and wet, bunny,” Seokjin said sternly, trying to defend himself and his dick for its behaviour.

“Then do something!” Jungkook complained again, swinging his feet. A part of him knew what he was doing, knew what was coming. And yet he didn't stop, couldn't stop. Maybe he'd get away with it this time and they'd just give him what he wanted, play with him and touch him and let him cum and tell him how good he was. Maybe.

“Jungkook,” Seokjin put the chopsticks down. "I can promise you that no one will mind if I spank you right here next to the pancakes.”

“Y-you can’t do that,” the hybrid stammered, sounding like he was trying to convince himself, which he was. He could feel his whole face going red from the mental image of all his hyungs watching
him get punished.

Seokjin dusted his hands. “Stand up.”

“Oh my god Hyung you can't be serious.”

“That's ‘Daddy’ to you, bunnyboy.”

The fact that he was still wearing his “I’m pouting because Daddy said no” t-shirt while Seokjin spoke down to him made unexpected arousal curl in his belly.

Taehyung’s loud chewing got much quieter and slower as he watched the scene unfold with rapture.

“Yo. Yoongi.” Seokjin gestured at him to get his attention, “Pass me that spoon, would ya?”

At the sight of the large wooden spoon, Jungkook’s eyeballs nearly fell out of his head onto the plate of pancakes. If they thought Jungkook was going to hang around to see what that spoon was for, they were mistaken.

He ran for it. Fast.

An arm belonging to Namjoon wrapped suddenly around his middle and pulled him to a stop before he could get very far.

“Woah there. Where ya going bun?” Namjoon asked with a teasing smile.

The bunny grunted with the effort of running in place. His legs were moving but he wasn't going anywhere because Namjoon's giant tree branch of an arm was barricading him.

He would probably have gotten away from Namjoon eventually but Seokjin was suddenly lifting him from behind and laying him on his belly, right next to a plate of syrupy pancakes.

He heard Taehyung giggle softly at his failed escape and he whined.

When he felt Seokjin grab the edge of his shorts, panic set in. People were eating. “Wait wait, leave them on, please?”

He tried to lift his chest off the table but with Seokjin's hand pressed between his shoulder blades, he was flattened again without a fight.

"Gguk, you're in trouble. You're in no position to be making demands." Jungkook was pretty sure that Seokjin meant that quite literally. Physically he wasn't in a position to be saying anything at all. His shorts were around his knees now, pinning his legs together and stopping him from kicking. Everyone could see his bare ass and he wasn't too happy about that.

"Wow you weren't lying Kookie. You really are that wet," Yoongi chuckled at the bunny's slick covered thighs and Jungkook pressed them together, trying to hide the worst of it.

Seokjin wrapped his fist around the ball of fluff that was poking up into the air and gave it a quick tight squeeze. The bunny’s feet kicked reflexively without aim at the feeling.

“One don't touch m-my tail!”

The wooden spoon come down hard and he lurched forward at the impact. Everything it made him feel expressed only as a squeak. “What did I just say, pet?” Seokjin crooned softly at him, rubbing
the reddening spot that had just been hit with a careful hand.

Jungkook gulped. His dick was already stupidly trying to inflate. “S-sorry Daddy.”

He jolted at the next hit and made some of the bowls on the table clink together. Jimin giggled and some of the crockery was rearranged, probably to protect them from his writhing.

The hybrid started off with small squeals and soft "ow's" but as Seokjin peppered smacks down without a break, he felt his ass cheeks heat up and the ow's got a little louder and more urgent. He could only imagine how utterly obscene he looked spread out on the breakfast table. With each hit he could feel the fat in his ass jiggle and he wanted to shield it but he wasn't allowed.

The spoon made a louder sound than a hand would but his moans were now much louder.

"Fuck. You sound like porn Kookie," Taehyung said, sounding as breathless as Jungkook felt.

Jimin laughed. "Send me links Tae. My porn never sounds this pretty. I must be looking in the wrong places."

Nobody was eating. The full attention of all six men were on the submissive little hybrid bunny writhing deliciously next to their breakfast.

The thought made him quiver with need until the spoon hit his sensitive skin again and his body convulsed with erotic spasms.

"He’s so pretty when he’s being punished," Namjoon murmured in awe and even if his goal wasn’t to make the bunny spurt more slick from his ass, that was the effect. He hissed at the next smack of the spoon and couldn't really manage any words in reply. By the time Seokjin finished the spanking the little bunny was panting, flushed.

“Corner,” Seokjin said, standing him back on his feet.

“Now?”

“Yes, now. That one,” Namjoon said, pointing to the corner within sight of the dining table.

Damn it.

Namjoon knew Jungkook was going to try be a smartass and stand in a corner in a different room where no one could see him. He reached down for his shorts but Seokjin spoke, making him stop.

“Leave them. And hold your shirt up. I’ll let you know when corner time is up. You remember all the corner rules?”

“Yes, Daddy.”

“Good, go on.”

Jungkook shuffled away, ass glowing embarrassingly bright.

“Jungkook. Now.”

“I'm going, I'm going," he muttered, shuffling faster.

He settled into the crook with his human ears nearly as red as his bottom. Somehow this was worse than the spanking. It was more embarrassing and he was also really fucking aroused. Which was
terribly inconvenient for corner-time but that was the point, right?

Think boner-killer thoughts, Jungkook. Do math. F-four times twelve is- is- fuck. His ass was stinging.

Don’t rub it. Don’t rub it. Don’t rub it.

He was gonna rub it.

Surely no one was looking.

“Jungkook!”

He flinched and dropped his hands to his sides. “Sorry.”

“Pardon?” It sounded like Yoongi speaking but he couldn't turn around to check.

“Sorry Daddy.”

How long was he going to have to stare at the oddly bumpy paint on the wall? Why were they taking so long to eat? They weren't Hobbits. Were they doing second breakfast and third breakfast? Was he going to be here until the sun went down? What if he needed to pee? Why wasn't that covered in the rules? He had so many questions. Corner-time was stupid.

“Um…can I come out now?” The raucous chatter behind him silenced when he spoke.

“It's only been two minutes Kookie.”

He pressed his forehead against the wall and groaned.

It felt like a second eternity before he heard the magic words from Jimin. "Okay little one. Time's up."

Jungkook spun around and scampered his way back to the table, ready to finish the rest of his breakfast with Seokjin's help. "Fucking finally," he said, plonking himself back onto Seokjin's legs.

“Hey!” “Hey!” There was such an uproar of shock and horror that the bunny jumped in fright at the volume.

There was a sudden burst of laughter and he didn't know what to make of it. They were laughing at themselves apparently. At their own reaction. “Sorry Gguk. Guess it's really weird to hear you swear. You know?”

No. He did not know. He swore all the time.

“What a bunch of loons.”

"You guys are nuts," Jungkook laughed, holding his mouth open for the chopsticks.

"Sorry bunny," Seokjin pushed the maknae's dark hair back from his face but it fell forward into place again, hanging prettily over his forehead. "We didn't mean to frighten you."

"I… I swear all the time though," Jungkook said to the table through a large mouthful of food.
"You haven't in a really long while Gguk," Tae said.

"I haven't?"

"Nope."

_Huh. Interesting._

The bunny had an even harder time sitting still now that his bottom was spanked sore.

“Guys,” Seokjin said, ignoring Jungkook's incessant wriggles. “I was thinking…”

“That's never good,” Jimin muttered.

Seokjin flung a piece of lettuce at him and missed.

“I was thinking,” he continued, “that we should invest in a high chair.”

Jungkook stilled at that.

“That's actually… that's actually a really good idea,” Namjoon said thoughtfully.

“Hey!” Seokjin was affronted. “Don’t sound so surprised!”

Jungkook stared at everyone waiting for someone to laugh but no one did. “Are- are you joking?”

“No Kookie. No one is joking. It's a genuinely good idea.” Namjoon said and Seokjin beamed proudly at that.

Jungkook heard the words that weren't said. They didn't want to make him feel terrible but he was practically impossible to feed. He'd admit he wasn't even trying to sit still anymore. He had given up.

It had a lot to do with the fact that sitting on someone's lap and being surrounded by a firm muscled body made him all wriggly. Maybe his hormone-addled bunny-brain was partially to blame but he could swear they were doing it on purpose, their movements were so damn sensual. Did they not know how to breathe without turning him on? Jungkook was pretty sure it was possible to feed someone without being sensual about it but his hyungs didn't seem to know that.

They all insisted it was him though.

Maybe it was him.

Maybe it was the chastity.

Maybe it was the combination.

After that day, the wooden spoon was always there at the dinner table.

It was never used for food but it was there. At every meal.

He still held out on the hope that the high chair was a joke. He was certain he wouldn’t be able to fit inside one and if his hyungs thought it was possible, they were deluding themselves.

***************

Everyone was there this time for the second movie night and it was already going very differently from the first one.
They could hardly keep Jungkook still when he was sitting beside them, but even after he was situated on Namjoon’s lap, the uncontrollable wriggling only got worse.

Eventually someone gave him the pacifier. Whether it was to placate him or keep him quiet, he wasn't sure but sucking on it sated him for the length of a single action sequence before he was back to squirming in arousal.

Finally, Namjoon appeared to have had enough. He whipped out his dick right there, pushed the maknae’s little shorts to the side and sat him on top of it. The fat head of his cock pressed against the bunny's small leaky entrance and pierced into him, nearly splitting the poor thing in half from the size. Jungkook's squeak of surprise was barely audible with the silicon dick in his mouth.

Namjoon’s hands on his delicate hip bones held him down in a way that forced the thick shaft so deep that Jungkook could feel it touch him inside where he swore nothing had ever touched before. His breath caught from being stuffed so full of cock, he couldn't comprehend how something so large was inside his body or how Namjoon had ever managed to fuck him. Physical science shouldn't allow it.

Namjoon’s legs were catwalk-long but packed with more muscle than a model, heavy and defined and almost mechanical like a transformer. They supported Jungkook's lithe frame well but they also created more height, more distance between Jungkook's feet and the floor. His toes barely grazed the ground.

If he could just reach the floor, he could lift his weight and drop it back down on his hyung’s lap. But his feet swung helplessly and Namjoon, steps ahead, already had his large hands around the bunny's waist, keeping him in place. Jungkook felt himself convulse around the cock inside him, unable to adjust to the size. His breaths came in short heavy pants, as if the thing inside him had squashed his lungs and left no place for them to expand.

Jungkook wasn't deterred by the circumstances. He placed his gloved fists on the sofa on either side and tried to lift his weight with his arms but Namjoon was was quick. He took firm hold of the boy’s wrists and held them together with a single hand. Jungkook let out a plaintive whine at being kept so still and Hoseok, sitting beside them, gave the bunny's bare thigh a light smack for the noise.

Jungkook's spine was ramrod straight. To accommodate the massive intrusion, he tried to keep perfect posture while seated on Namjoon’s concrete thighs.

The lips at his ear whispered in a growly voice that made Jungkook shiver, preying on his rabbit instinct to cower at deep sounds. "Are you enjoying the movie bunny?"

"Don't worry little one. Daddy will explain it to you, okay?"

Jungkook wasn't sure if his hyung could see the screen past him but he must have been able to because he really did explain the whole movie as it progressed. He was very quiet with his explanations but they were detailed and dare he say it, condescending. “Who do you think the villain is, baby?”

Jungkook didn't give a flying fuck about the villain and he hoped that question was rhetorical because he couldn't answer anyway.

"Maybe we can get you another sticker after this, hmm? For being such a good little bun.”

Jungkook didn't think he was being good because he wanted to, he simply had no other choice. The
only way he was going anywhere was if Namjoon lifted him off his cock.

He couldn't wrap his head around how thoroughly he was restrained for a simple movie. Gagged and impaled on his daddy's cock, his own small cocklet caged and his hands immobile.

Namjoon thrust upwards with a purposeful aim that hit the bunny's sensitized prostate and momentarily blinded him with stars and pleasure. "Need to cum so bad, don't you bun?"

The question didn't need an answer, but Jungkook nodded anyway, feeling his eyes grow watery so that everything in front of him became a blur.

"Aww bunny. I know, I know," Namjoon whispered low, chest rumbling against Jungkook's back and as sweet as the tone was, the bunny boy still felt like prey in the man's arms. "Your cock is so pretty like this though."

Namjoon gave the small bell at the end of the pink cocklet a hard flick so that it jingled loudly and Jungkook twitched and complained with a huffy whine. Namjoon chuckled. "I almost don't want to ever take it off."

Unable to move much, the bunny curled his toes in objection to that prospect. They couldn't leave it on forever. Could they?

Despising Namjoon's self-restraint, he tried to encourage his hyung to move by squeezing his muscle walls around the cock inside him.

Namjoon only chuckled deeply in his ear, "You're insatiable Kookie."

The hybrid whined, high and needy and Namjoon gave his thigh a gentle smack making him jerk. "Behave. Your daddies are trying to watch."

Namjoon’s hand splayed across his belly and slid it's way up to his right nipple. It hardened under the rough touch, pulling taut and the pain, unexpected, made Jungkook squirm, try to pull away but he couldn't. He was stuck on Namjoon’s cock, unable to escape the way he was being toyed with or how his body was producing copious amounts of hot wet slick.

Namjoon hummed, interested, and gave a sharp tug, sending a surge of electricity and aching pain all the way to the bunny's cotton tail. He moved his ministrations to the other nipple, rubbing it until it stood in attention. He pinched it, fingers tightening harshly and Jungkook had to clench his fists to keep quiet. He was glad for the pacifier, to keep him from all the embarrassing things he tried to say but at the same time, he wanted to be heard. It muted every "Daddy please" that he was desperately trying to get out and made his begging sound like soft moans.

"You're so wet bunny. Poor baby." Namjoon's breath was hot against his neck, voice too rough and low to not be deliberate. And Jungkook liked it. He didn't know when he has started liking being spoken down to but he wanted Namjoon to keep doing it. "The grown ups are trying to concentrate so you gotta be quiet bun."

Jungkook's cock made an admirable effort to get hard at that. It was impeded by the cage but it kept trying.

It tried even harder when Namjoon pressed the tips of his fingernails into the swollen flesh of the boy's chest and raked them across, leaving pale stripes across the red. The streams of slick sliding out of the bunny's ass were uncontrollable and he couldn't hide his response to being played with when he was gushing like a burst water pipe. He knew his daddies would take care of him, eventually. And that made the playing all the better.
"Messy bunny. I know you can't help it," Namjoon cooed sympathetically. "Can't stop leaking, needy little thing." He wrapped his large hand around the maknae's small cage, covering it completely. "Don't worry, I'll diaper you up soon honey bunny. Once you stop pretending to be a big boy."

Jungkook let out a confused whimper and Namjoon chuckled and kissed his neck.

He was a big boy. How was he supposed to show them that he was a grown up when he couldn't take his pacifier out? When he couldn't stop squirming? When tears were running down his face and he was chocking back sobs like a little boy who wasn't getting his way?

He made another attempt to lift himself up, to ease the pressure of the massive rod stretching him wide, stimulating his sensitive insides cruelly and making him want to cry for an orgasm. But Namjoon rolled both his nipples between finger and thumb and the bunny's shaky arms buckled at the elbows, impaling him again. He moaned, high but muffled, his prostate was hit with serendipitous accuracy as he fell.

"Settle down, little one. Daddy's trying to watch," Namjoon said, petting the boy's tense thighs softly.

Jungkook wasn't sure who had paused the movie but he noticed the screen wasn't moving anymore. Taehyung stood up, "I'm going to the toilet. Bunny, do you need to go potty?" Taehyung asked, not looking at all perturbed by the sight of the bunny flushed and ruined.

Jungkook shook his head. They said the word potty so much that even he was starting to think of it as the potty.

"Are you sure baby? We don't want you having another accident."

More faces turned to look at him, seemingly more concerned about the danger of him losing control of his bladder than by the sight of him sweaty and wrecked.

That accident had indeed been an accident. A huge mistake, a failure to show them he could be a big boy.

Jungkook shook his head again because he was pretty sure he didn't need to go potty.

"Don't try hold it, okay bunny? You're not big enough to do that anymore," Taehyung warned him.

Jungkook nodded for the sake of being agreeable and because he wasn't sure what else he was supposed to do. And because he was a little delirious from the heat of everyone staring at him while he was squirming on Namjoon's cock.

"You gotta say when you need to potty so that you don't wet yourself, Kookie," Yoongi explained slowly.

"He won't wet himself," Hoseok insisted quite suddenly, coming to Jungkook's defense. "I told you guys that was my fault. Only babies wet themselves."

Jungkook wasn't sure how to feel about that last part, considering he had definitely peed himself. But everyone seemed to calm down about the whole potty thing after that, thankfully. Taehyung went to do his business and Jimin went to get more popcorn.

“Oh my god. Namjoon-hyung,” Hoseok said, “You can see your cock against his little stomach.”
Jungkook looked down and was shocked to see it was true. There was a small bump on his flat stomach where the giant thing inside him was protruding.

Seokjin stared, completely absorbed by the sight, and a few pieces of popcorn tumbled out of his agape mouth. "That's so hot."

“Oh, is that why our little rabbit's been so well behaved?” Yoongi asked with an amused smirk. "Because he's stuffed with cock?"

Jungkook could barely squirm but he made an effort anyway, ears burning.

Namjoon hummed in agreement. "Bunny wants a sticker so he's being extra good."

A tear rolled down Jungkook's rounded cheek as he felt a surge of need. He wanted to cum. He wanted Namjoon to fuck him and make him feel good and fill him with hot cum. He wanted his daddies to unlock the cage and touch him.

He could smell their arousal permeating the air, could tell how turned on they were by the sight of him. Since he had learnt exactly what that smelled like, it was hard to ignore. He didn't want them to hold back, but they were. He supposed that's why they were in charge, because they had self-control and patience. And he was just... well, he was just a little bunny.

"Aw pumpkin, your daddies will take care of you. Just gotta be patient bunny. You can do that right?"

He nodded, wiping his sleeve across his face.

"What a good boy. Such a good bunny for your daddies, Gguk," Hoseok sang, giving the boy's cheek a teasing pinch.

"Stop that Hobi," Namjoon laughed, "You're making him drip."

Hoseok chuckled back. "Bunny likes being good for his daddies, doesn't he? Hmm Kookie? You just wanna be a good bunny, don't you?"

They were messing with him, he knew it, but that didn't mean he could stop the response, the burst of need and pleasure and euphoria at the words. He nodded hard, ears flopping.

"Holy shit Hoseok. He's clenching so fucking hard."

"Good boy bunny. So obedient. Making your daddies so happy, pet." Hoseok cooed, stroking one of his long ears with slow deliberate movements.

Namjoon moaned a low resonant moan as Jungkook visibly shook like a vibrator around his dick. "Shut the fuck up Hoseok."

"Yeah, good boy Kookie. Clench harder bun, break his dick off," Seokjin cackled, humored by himself and Namjoon's plight. Jungkook didn't want to accept it but even the joking praise had an effect.

"I still have to get through the rest of this movie, everybody shut up!" Namjoon said, growling with the effort of restraining himself. The growl only made the bunny tremble more.

"I'll take him if you like," Hoseok volunteered.

Namjoon laughed and Jungkook thought he was going to say no. "You're a conniving little shit Jung
Hoseok," he said. But he wrapped his forearms around Jungkook's stomach, and got to his feet. Jungkook’s feet dangled above the ground and he couldn't believe it, but he sank further down onto the cock. His head spun and his vision swam. He felt like a piece of lamb on a skewer.

When Namjoon lifted the bunny off his dick, the wetness that escaped was unholy.

"Shit....." Hoseok breathed and Namjoon lowered Jungkook onto his lap, with a trail of escaping slick dripping to the floor and all over his pants.

Hoseok was almost, if not equally as well-endowed as Namjoon and Jungkook found himself trapped once again by the cock inside him filling him well into his stomach and a pair of sturdy manly arms keeping him down. "Fuck, kiddo. How are you still so tight after that?"

Jungkook didn't know either.

"Someone pass me my soda," Hoseok said to the room, having the bunny on his lap putting him in some sort of unspoken position of privilege. Namjoon obliged after zipping himself up, bulge still obvious in his pants.

The movie continued much the same. With Jungkook twitching and trying to stay quiet while Hoseok rolled his nipples between his fingers until they were so sore that Jungkook could barely stand it. It felt better than it usually did - maybe his body was adjusting to this new way of feeling pleasure. Hoseok alternated between fondling his caged dick and his smooth balls or tugging at his sensitive nipples and giving him a smack if he got too loud.

For all that his hyungs were "trying to concentrate on the movie", they had no problem with talking shit over it. That's what they normally did anyway and he would expect no less, except they insisted he not make too much noise.

It was unfair. Why did they get to talk?

He wasn't really paying attention to the banter until Jimin addressed him directly. "Bet the movie's hard to follow, huh bunny?"

Jungkook had all but forgotten there was a movie at all.

Namjoon stroked his cheek softly. "It's okay Kookie, we'll choose something you can understand next time."

It was The Incredibles, not Inception. But that was inconsequential when it was true that he hadn't grasped a single plot point of the movie.

After what felt like a couple hours worth of movie but was probably only a handful of minutes, the screen went black and Jungkook let all his whiny frustrated noises out unrestrained, if a little dulled by his paci. Everyone cooed at his sweet pleading before wishing Hoseok luck with taking care of him and then going their own ways.

As the housemates trickled out, Hoseok turned Jungkook around on his lap so that his knees were on the sofa seat and he finally had some leverage. "Enjoy yourself, bun," he said, leaning back.

The bunny rested his hands on his hyung's shoulders and levered himself up on trembling thighs. He felt the drag of the hard shaft through his body as he nearly lifted off it. When dropping back down he let gravity do the work, sinking with a groan and ass slapping against Hoseok's thighs.

Hoseok watched him with one arm flexed behind his head as he rested on it, not involving himself
too much in what the bunny was doing on his dick.

Jungkook grunted. He was so shaky after all the teasing and the long wait, he didn't feel strong or steady enough to get Hoseok off with his little bounces. He needed to go faster but he wasn't sure if he could.

"Bounce for me bunny. Good boy."

The praise was enough to spur him on and he bounced and bobbed with determination, moaning each time the monstrous thing he was riding rammed into him frighteningly deep. He was growing dizzy from the exertion and Hoseok didn't seem any closer to cumming.

"Your legs must be tired, little one," Hoseok pouted sympathetically at the bunny and made a show of being endeared by his efforts.

He gripped the sides of the bunny’s waist, right below the ribs, and lifted him up. Jungkook was relieved, thinking his hyung had finally decided to help, until he felt the cock slip out, leaving empty hole winking desperately.

"Seems like you're not big enough to do it, hm bunny? But thank you for trying so hard baby. It was cute."

Hoseok held him suspended above his cock, empty little pucker dripping slick all over it. The bunny fussled furiously, and Hoseok watched him try to impale himself on the cock again but to no avail. Squirming and kicking and huffing in frustration.

He complained with a groan and hit at Hoseok's forearms with cute angry growls, trying to make him let go but Hoseok didn't flinch.

Hoseok held him there for a moment longer, just to see the little rabbit's eyes fill from need. He dropped the boy back down, fitting his cock inside again and bouncing Jungkook with more intent. "Daddy will help you, baby bunny."

Deeper, faster, harder, Hoseok fucked into him with force and Jungkook clung on, the edges of his sight blackening from the overwhelming pleasure and his limbs tingling with the rush of hormones. The bell that had been ringing with the rhythm of each bounce, seemed to fade away as Jungkook's entire world narrowed to the feeling of Hoseok slamming him down onto his cock.

He pawed at his own caged little peepee, whimpering as he too wanted some way to find release.

With the quick reflexes he had come to expect of his hyung and also dread, Hoseok snatched up Jungkook's wandering mittens and restrained them by the wrists. "Ah-ah, little one. None of that." He gave a brutal thrust that knocked against Jungkook's special place and simultaneously knocked the breath out of him. He gasped at the sensation, quivering.

And then Hoseok's hips were hammering upwards, bouncing him from the sheer force of the thrusts while he kept the bunny's wrists tightly in his grips as he used the tight wet little hole to chase his orgasm with soft pleased moans. He tensed, shooting a load of hot cum deep inside the bunny with what might have been the most beautiful facial expression Jungkook had ever seen on a man. His neck was glistening and Jungkook would have lapped it up if he could.

Jungkook could only curl up into him. Still trembling from his arousal and unable to come down from it without a comforting touch from his daddy.

"You did so good little one. I'm so proud."
The arms around him were strong, holding him like he was precious, making him feel safe and secure, letting him know that he did a good job, that he made his daddy happy. And despite the unwavering desperation, he could relax knowing that he had been a good bunny.

Chapter End Notes

I know this story has a crazy amount of spanking. There's a reason for that though and I hope it's not getting too repetitive.
Lollipops

Chapter Notes

Not to undermine anyone's intelligence or knowledge but SNS = social networking site/s. Just in case someone needed to know that.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

He never got the chance to explore the limitations of the new mittens because there was always a hyung around, fretting over him for no reason. He didn't want anyone to see him trying to do things because trying and discovering he couldn't was humiliating. Now that he kind of had thumbs, he wanted to see if he could take off the velcro shoes but he didn't want anyone to tease him about trying.

Right now he was sitting at the kitchen counter on a bar stool, getting ready to draw that picture he promised Namjoon for the fridge. Not because he wanted it on the fridge, he just wanted the other one off. It looked like an actual four year old had colored it. Also, everyone in the house knew he did it and they kept saying it was good and he wanted to hide.

He didn't start the drawing immediately. He had to pretend not to care first. He didn't want to seem too eager for Namjoon to tell him he was a good boy (even though he was indeed very eager).

So in his attempt at being nonchalant, he first did a puzzle. Well, a "puzzle". The puzzle comprised of a large wooden board with giant animal-shaped slots and corresponding flat wooden animal shapes that fitted into those slots. It was stupid. But Hoseok seemed really excited about finding another thing Jungkook could "do on his own" so Jungkook didn't want to disappoint him.

He wasn't a kid, so he could see immediately where each piece belonged but getting them there was an arduous process. Happily he found that he could slide the pieces into the slots without picking them up. He could pick them up too but it was slow-going.

It ended up not being as boring as he thought it would be, because the mittens made the whole thing rather challenging and thereby a bit fun. After the last piece was put in its correct place, he looked at the completed thing with a bit of pride.

Sliding the puzzle to the side, he finally started on the drawing. With these fat crayons he couldn't create a masterpiece but he was still Jeon Jungkook and he had standards and if he made art it was going to be good.

The dumb things on his hands weren't helping. He wanted to draw a bunch of animals, using the puzzle as inspiration because Namjoon liked animals. He spent a long time on the first animal, a cat. It didn't look great. He might have to scrap it and start again.

A part of him was happy that there was no one around this time to watch him struggle to hold the crayon but at the same time he wanted someone to come tell him he was doing a good job and make him feel better about the deformed cat he was drawing. They didn't have to gush over it. But he wouldn't mind if a hyung stopped by to say it looked alright. He fought the urge to hunt down a hyung and show them the drawing so they could say nice things. (They were really good at saying nice things.)
Which was stupid. His hyungs had jobs. Hoseok was in his study on the phone with important people about important business. Surely Jungkook could sit on his own for a few minutes.

Eventually, Hoseok returned from his phone calls.

*Thank god.*

He left a small kiss on the top of Jungkook’s head and it was so soft and loving and unexpected that Jungkook got a little hot.

“How’s the drawing coming along, bunny?”

Flustered, Jungkook crumpled the wobbly cat quickly so his hyung wouldn't see. “Can I have a new page? I messed up.”

Hoseok made an awful kissy-face and pinched his cheek. “’course Kookie.”

Jungkook felt foolish. Hoseok was doing serious things and working hard while Jungkook was stressing about his crayon drawing.

“Why the glum face kiddo?”

“It's nothing.” Jungkook wished his bunny-ears weren't doing their sad droopy thing so that his lie was a little more convincing.

Hoseok leaned across the counter to give one of the velvety ears a gentle tug. “It's not nothing,” he said, expression softening. “Is it because I left you alone?”

“No not really.” (But maybe a little.) Jungkook tried to avoid Hoseok’s assessing gaze by pretending to be distracted by the scrunched up paper ball.

After giving him an appraising once-over, Hoseok asked Jungkook without a hint of humor, “Are you experiencing a ‘spell of arousal’?”

Jungkook could feel himself going redder. It was a completely valid question but Jungkook was still defensive when he answered with a curt, “No.”

“Are you sure?” Hoseok leaned onto the counter, resting his chin in his hand and looked at Jungkook with determination, a clear sign that he wasn't going anywhere until Jungkook explained what was bugging him.

With a sigh, Jungkook offered a reluctant explanation. “It's just...you're working hard and I'm doing nothing. I feel useless.”

Hoseok didn't seem too surprised by Jungkook’s confession.

“Kookie, we're not having this whole conversation about you being a burden again. You're not, okay? What are you supposed to call me?”

Jungkook blushed. He was so used to it that he hardly noticed when he said it, unless his hyungs pointed it out like Hoseok was doing now.

“Daddy.”

“Didn't catch that, Gguk.”
Jungkook narrowed his eyes at Hoseok's teasing smile but repeated himself anyway. “Daddy.”

“That's right. And do you know why?”

“Yeah yeah I know,” Jungkook huffed, “But I still feel like, like I don't know. Like I should be doing something.”

Hoseok thought over Jungkook's words. At least he wasn't just dismissing his worry. That already made the maknae feel a lot better and he was glad Hoseok had made him open up.

“How. You know what I think, Gguk? I think you might feel better if you had some independence. Like money of your own.” Hoseok said, fingers steepled like he was presenting a business proposal.

“I...I guess? B-but it's not really possible.” He looked down, swinging his legs from the height of the bar stool.

“Maybe it is. We had an idea. Do you think contributing something to the house might make you feel less guilty?”

Jungkook's ears picked up, along with his interest and he looked up from his feet. "We don't need you to of course," Hoseok was quick to assure him. "Not at all. But do you think it might make you relax a bit?"

“Y-yeah. I think it might. But how am I supposed to do that?”

Hoseok paused, looking reluctant to say the next part. “SNS.”

Seeing that Jungkook was immediately sceptical, Hoseok held his hands up in defense. “I know I know but hear me out, okay? You could make money from sponsorships and ads or whatever and it would be like a job in a way. We'd have to keep the money for you but it would still be yours, we'd only use it for your stuff, promise. We'll set up a separate bank account under one of our names but it will be for you.”

Jungkook wasn't afraid of them stealing his money, that was absurd. It was the whole thought of running an SNS profile that was laughable. He hardly ever took a selfie. How was he supposed to turn himself into an icon?

Hoseok was quick to understand his troubled expression. “We'll manage it for you, you won't have to do anything. Maybe just pose for a picture every now and then. Maybe let Taehyung put you in some crazy outfits, although you seem to be fine with that already.”

“Hey!” Jungkook frowned, looking down at his current apparel. He looked great. He'd like to see Hoseok pull off pastel pink shortalls and rainbow socks.

“I'm kidding Gguk. You look fucking adorable. And I'm sure the entire world would agree. Brands would agree.”

Jungkook couldn't help but be impressed by the proactiveness of his hyungs and he found himself pondering rather dismally over his current non-existent career options.

Laws aside, even if Jungkook managed to secure some sort of employment, he couldn't go more than an hour or two without turning into a horny mess.

Whatever job he got would have to, at the very least, involve him masturbating, and at the very worst, involve doing things he didn't want to think about with strangers that he didn't want to do
them with.

Once again, Jungkook was struck by a deep and consuming appreciation for his hyungs. Without them, he was scarily low on options. He couldn't even imagine how much all his doctor's and hospital's fees had been. And they weren't asking him to pay back the debt.

He finally spoke his mind to his hyung who was waiting patiently. “It's a really good idea.”

Hoseok's entire face lit up and Jungkook couldn't help but mirror the smile. “Really?”

“Yeah. But-” He sandwiched his hands between his knees while Hoseok watched expectantly for him to continue.

Unlike everyone else, Jungkook was a mistake hybrid. Other hybrids had transformed with an intention and with money to spare. He was at a disadvantage. He and his friends were just problem-solving as they went. If his hyungs were going to help him do this, he'd really have to give it his all.

“How are we supposed to start? How are we supposed to compete?”

“We'll just have to step it up, won't we?” Hoseok put a finger to his chin in thought. “I think we already have an edge.”

Jungkook tilted his head, bunny ears askew, waiting for Hoseok to explain what he meant by that.

“But don't worry your little head about any of it.” He patted said head, flattening the hair atop it. "Your daddies are gonna take care of everything.”

"We're gonna be the best though, right?” Jungkook asked, sitting up straight with growing interest and piqued excitement.

Hoseok laughed and gently squeezed the back of his neck. “Yes kiddo. We can't let our little Jungkookie lose to anyone, can we?”

Jungkook tilted his head, bunny teeth on full display and eyes crinkling in the corners. He felt like he'd been lugging around a backpack full of rocks and Hoseok had just come along and emptied it out. He had the most peculiar urge to jump around but quickly realized what it meant and stopped himself just in time, settling for just letting his knee bounce in place.

Hoseok laughed and gently squeezed the back of his neck. “Yes kiddo. We can't let our little Jungkookie lose to anyone, can we?”

Jungkook beamed at him, bunny teeth on full display and eyes crinkling in the corners. He felt like he'd been lugging around a backpack full of rocks and Hoseok had just come along and emptied it out. He had the most peculiar urge to jump around but quickly realized what it meant and stopped himself just in time, settling for just letting his knee bounce in place.

Hoseok looked happy, now that Jungkook was happy. They both sat there grinning at each other goofily because Hoseok smiling made Jungkook smile and Jungkook's smile made Hoseok smile so they got caught in a perpetual pendulum of grins.

“Daddy, can I um-” Jungkook shouldn't have started that request because he didn't know how to finish it.

“C'mere Kookie,” Hoseok said, reading him easily.

Thank fuck.

Hoseok pulled him onto his lap and let him snuggle in close. Jungkook nudged his nose against Hoseok's neck and the man let out a funny little laugh.

Jungkook found it amusing so he did it again. Hoseok let him, playing with the bunny's cotton tail absent-mindedly. The gentle squeezes sent all sorts of sharp electric shocks through his body and Jungkook could feel himself clench involuntarily. His body was preparing itself to be fucked and he
couldn't control it.

His mouth fell open in an erotic gasp. “D-daddy stop.”

“Sorry bun. I forget you're so sensitive. I should get you that new page, huh?”

“No, stay. Please?”

“Okay kiddo but what about your drawing for Namjoon-hyung? Hm?” Hoseok ran his hand gently up and down Jungkook's back and Jungkook shivered with pleasure, nosing along Hoseok's jaw.

“He'll live.”

Hoseok laughed. “That's not very nice, Kookie. He's gonna be disappointed.

Jungkook could tell that his hyung was about to let go so he protested with a soft whine and wrapped himself bodily around the man.

“C'mon let's get some more paper.” Hoseok stood and Jungkook stayed clinging so that Hoseok had no choice but to support his weight. He didn't even feel bad. Hoseok had proven he could carry him before and Jungkook really didn't feel like letting go.

"How about when you're done with your drawing, we take a picture of it for your profile, hmm? Doesn't that sound like a good idea bun?”

Jungkook nodded. That was kind of cool. He could actually relax and enjoy drawing a bit more now, knowing that it was in a way "part of his job". Dressing cute was also part of his job. It was much easier to get behind all of it with this in mind.

They headed to one of the study rooms. He hadn't been inside one for a good while and it felt foreign. Hoseok grabbed a stack of papers and they were just about to head back to the kitchen when the telephone on the desk rang.

Jungkook found himself being lowered to the ground by Hoseok who sighed in irritation. “Crap. I have to take this call. Gguk, will you be okay on your own again for a bit? I won't be long.”

He assured Hoseok that he'd be fine. He knew what that question really meant. Hoseok didn't want to come back from his phone call to find Jungkook horny and close to tears from frustration. A thing that admittedly was happening more and more frequently. But Jungkook felt unusually stable and relaxed. He’d be fine.

Hoseok pulled the pacifier dildo out from seemingly nowhere. “I should've given you this earlier. I hope you weren't sucking on your crayons while I was away.”

Jungkook blinked and said nothing. It didn't matter now. It was in the past.

He opened his mouth quickly, not wanting his hyung to miss the phone call and Hoseok pushed the dildo passed his lips, filling his mouth with the thing and quickly engaging the gag function so that it wouldn't fall out and also so that Jungkook wouldn't do anything to defile the crayons.

“Allright. Will you be able to take these with you?” He asked, holding the stack of papers out to Jungkook.

Well they were about to find out together.

Jungkook grabbed the paper with both hands and tried not to look like he found it difficult to hold.
When he felt like he had a secure grip he glanced at Hoseok and his hyung gave him an impressed grin. “Hey, look at you. Good job bun.

"Run along now," he said, giving Jungkook a pat on the bum, a pat that was hard enough to make the bunny jump. He pouted at his hyung from behind the pacifier but couldn't really say anything so he stomped his way back to the kitchen with his fresh pages.

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Hoseok hung up the telephone and collapsed back into the office chair, needing a few minutes to recover from the fury that came with talking to one of his most annoying colleagues. He was fortunate that he held a high enough position in the company that he needn't be in the office 24/7 but work still found a way to follow him home at the most inconvenient times.

He took a couple deep breaths to calm down. He didn't want his baby boy to see him stressed and he didn't want his negative attitude souring their play time. Jungkook didn't deserve secondhand stress. Their little bunny wasn't supposed to have a care in the world.

On the desk, his cellphone lit up with a string of messages and Hoseok picked it up to check on the rest of the crew. The message previews were too interesting to ignore so he opened the chat.

Namjoon: so what have we rewarded with a spanking so far?

Chim: begging at the door and trying to take my pants off with his teeth

agustd: trying to suck cock

Jiin: that one ^ a lot.

Tae: humping a cushion

Hobi: eating cum

Namjoon: anything else?

Jiin: we've been spanking before cumming
Hobi: and after

Chim: I once spanked him after we ate marshmallows

Namjoon: what? why?

Chim: I

Chim: I'm not really sure

Chim: positive reinforcement I guess?

Tae: he already likes marshmallows too much what were you reinforcing?

Chim: fuckoff idk

Tae: am I evil for getting turned on when he cries?

Namjoon: dacryphilia

Tae: gesundheit

Hobi: honestly seeing him all frustrated and tearful is the biggest turn on

Namjoon: dacryphilia

Tae: is your keyboard broken hyung?

Namjoon is now offline
Hobi: I can hear Koo kerfuffling in the kitchen

Tae: me too

Jiin: my favourite mischief maker :,( :(

Hobi: btw we're all good on the SNS front. We have official approval from our maknae.

Chim: good job hyung
Chim: send me the masterpieces

Jiin: [image attached]

Chim: eeeeeeeeee
Chim: decided. That's the first post.

Tae: you only like it because you bought that sleep shirt

Chim: no look at his pout and tell me you aren't melting
Chim: TELL ME!

Hobi: poor koo :( He was worried about us not having as much money and resources as other hybrids
Hobi: and not having a plan

agustd: cute

Jiin: C U T E
Chim: did you tell him that we have both a plan and a lot of money

Hobi: Haha
Hobi: btw we need to get more toys

Jin: PARDON ME I EMPTIED AN ENTIRE SEX SHOP Every website is probably sold out of dildos because their entire stock is in our living room WHAT DO YOU MEAN MORE TOYS???

Hobi: I mean actual toys like a ball or something. He was rolling a paper ball around earlier without noticing. I know we have toys but we need things to ease him into it. Maybe more puzzles. He likes that animal one.

Jin: gotcha
Jin: btw the machine is being delivered tomorrow

Namjoon: he's going to hate it

Jin: I'm counting on that ;) back up plan is arriving on thursday.

Hobi: so soon?

Jin: Yeah the designer finished it today.

Hobi: when's the high chair coming?
Hobi: shit heard a crash g2g

Hoseok's phone call took much longer than Jungkook thought it would. He finished his drawing and this time it looked like an 8 year old did it. Which wasn't great, but it was better than 4. It would just have to do.
He wasn't sure what to do after that. He was hardly ever left alone so he just sat there on the bar stool, contemplating this strange amount of free time he had.

The first thing he chose to do was sit on the floor and pull at the straps on his light up shoes. It wasn't easy but eventually they loosened and he was able to slip them off. He wiggled his socked toes, pleased with himself. Then he decided to pull the socks off too. Because he could.

After that he faced a problem that he should have foreseen. He couldn't quite get his socks back on. He decided to forgo them and just put the shoes on alone but doing them back up was not as easy as it looked. He tried and tried but the velcro straps were too fiddly. He had to abandon the shoes as well.

Now he was barefoot and back to having nothing to do. He tried to tamper with the sparkly clip in his hair. He wasn't going to take it out, he just wanted to see if he could take it out.

He couldn't.

The mittens were too puffy and the clip was small.

Looking around the kitchen, a jar on the opposite counter caught his eye. It was the lollipop jar. Jimin had spanked him last time he had eaten more marshmallows than he was allowed but this time, no one had to know. He couldn't eat a lollipop right now because he couldn't take his pacifier out but maybe he could stash it somewhere for later.

Opening the jar was not easy. The mittens kept slipping around the lid which was screwed on so tightly it felt like someone had glued it closed. Why did lollipops need this much damn protection? His hyungs might as well have locked them in the safe.

He didn't give up though. The longer he looked at them through the glass, the tastier they started looking. All that pretty colorful sugar. He eventually sat himself down on the cold kitchen tiles with the jar between his feet and used both hands to turn the lid, growling angrily at the stubborn thing.

With a small pop, the lid turned and Jungkook grinned at his success. Once the lid was off he still had to figure out a way to get the candy out. After a few failed attempts he simply held the jar upside down so that the sticks would fall out. They scattered across the floor and before he could react to what was happening, the jar slipped from his gloves. It didn't fall from a very tall height but it shattered nonetheless, sending shards of glass across the floor.

There wasn't time to formulate a plan before Hoseok came flying down the passage, worry whitening his face when he saw Jungkook sitting on the floor surrounded by shattered glass and lollipops.

Taehyung came running in shortly after, frantic.

"Are you hurt?"

Jungkook shook his head and both hyungs breathed a small sigh of relief.

"Where are your shoes?" Hoseok asked, voice getting higher as his alarm rose.

Jungkook looked down his legs to where they ended in his bare feet and blushed shamefully, unable to answer while he was sucking on his paci. The way Hoseok yelled at him made him feel like a toddler but he was the one who had taken off his shoes and the one who had tried to steal lollipops and the one who had accidentally broken a big jar.
He stood up carefully but Hoseok shrieked and gestured for him to stop. "Gguk don't move! Let us clean up first."

Well, there went his plan to run and hide.

Taehyung, a free mind, worked on picking up each lollipop one by one from amidst the pieces of jar while Hoseok, ever efficient, fetched a broom.

"Kookie, what were you thinking? You know you're supposed to ask for help when you need it." Taehyung got to work on picking up the larger shards with Jungkook standing in his spot, watching with wide eyes and not daring to move his bare feet. "You also shouldn't have been trying to take candy on your own. You know that, right?"

Jungkook could only nod. But even if he could talk, he wouldn't know what to say because he didn't have an excuse.

"You're our number one priority Gguk. What are we supposed to do when you put yourself in danger and keep doing things that aren't good for you?" Taehyung shook his head and bent down to angle the dustpan for Hoseok. It didn't sound like a very rhetorical question so maybe he was asking Hoseok.

"We gotta be stricter about these things or he's going to actually hurt himself one day," Hoseok said. It seemed neither of them were really addressing him anymore.

"Yeah. Looks like our little bunny can't take care of himself at all." Taehyung said.

"What are we going to do?" Hoseok said with a dramatic kind of lilt that made it feel scripted, that made it feel like it should be delivered on a stage.

Taehyung replied equally over the top, with a weirdly animated shrug. "Beats me Hyung."

Were… were they joking? Was this an inside joke? Why were they talking like that, he wondered but as quick as the moment came it was gone and Hoseok was back to being serious.

"Kookie, these were in that jar for a reason," he frowned, holding up a lollipop that had survived. And Jungkook, as apologetic as he felt, pouted at the idea that the lollipops had specifically been put in that jar to hinder him. "You've gotta let your daddies do these things. We don't care about the mess. We just don't want you to get hurt, okay bun? Or get sick from eating things you shouldn't."

When the floor was spotless and safe to tread on Hoseok came over and swept him up into his arms, lifting him clean off the floor and leaving a hard kiss on his cheek. "I'm glad you're okay kiddo. My heart stopped for a second there."

Jungkook pushed his nose against Hoseok's cheek, trying to find another way to say sorry.

"Really can't go a minute alone without getting up to mischief, can you?" Taehyung chuckled and Jungkook felt like maybe he was in the clear. That feeling lasted only until Hoseok started walking them out the kitchen and down the passage. Suddenly Jungkook didn't feel too easy.

"Guess we'll have to keep a better eye on you from now on, hey bunny?"

Hoseok went into Namjoon's room and opened the closet door. He pulled out the mittens, the old ones, the horrible fist ones and Jungkook squirmed immediately, trying to get his feet on the floor but Hoseok had anticipated it and held on tighter.
"I know you hate them bunny, but your safety is the most important thing to us. So is your health. And since you seem determined to disregard that, something needs to be done." Hoseok looked past Jungkook, "Right, Tae?"

Taehyung was behind him, hand on his back gently but firmly, effectively preventing the little rabbit from scrambling his was out of Hoseok's arms. Taehyung left a kiss on his shoulder amidst the wrestling chaos. "We're just doing what needs to be done Kookie. Please don't be mad. You know we love you, right?"

Jungkook tried to spit his pacifier out but it wasn't going anywhere. He hadn't realized that the mittens were something that could come back. He thought they were something that had happened and was now behind him. But this changed everything. Were they going to keep whipping them out every time his behaviour slipped?

As they placed his hands into the bonds, forcing his fingers to bend into fists, Jungkook whined at the unfairness of it. He could cooperate! He didn't need them.

But they were putting them on anyway.

He fussed and cried sad tears, not sure whether he was upset that he had been naughty or upset that he was being punished. Through his pouty cry, he sensed something unexpected that he really had to focus on to make sense of.

Arousal. They were turned on. By his crying. By his fussing. By the whole situation. By the fact that they were punishing him. And the way their arousal was permeating the air, increased his own, made him squirm for a different reason entirely.

It hit him like a train. His hyungs knew he was an adult. They knew he was still Jungkook. They just liked it when he was helpless, liked it when he cried, liked it when he needed them. Needed them for sex, for cuddles, for food, for anything.

As he took in his position, the cockcage, the gag, the mittens, the stupid overalls that he didn't know how to take off, it sunk in with surprisingly little weight that there was no way out.

He would expect the realization to come with a heavy feeling, maybe something like fear or dread or anger. But instead he felt almost serene.

There was no way out.

Maybe he'd known all along. Maybe he'd been accepting it in small pieces until the whole thing was easier to swallow.

Taehyung stroked his head softly, speaking in a hushed reassuring voice. "We're gonna take such good care of you bunny. You know that."

Jungkook did know that. They would give him all the love and care he could possibly need, as they had already been doing.

But he was their play thing now. He knew that. He had tumbled into a hole, a deep deep hole and somewhere along the way he had begun to enjoy the fall. And because they knew he was enjoying it, no one had any reason to stop. Obviously they knew. They knew everything. He had started off playing along with the weird kinks and pervasive age play but somehow, when he hadn't been looking, it had gone beyond play.

Maybe his hyungs had known all long, had known it would come to this. That his hybrid biology
would be too ubiquitous to ignore and they had shown him it was okay. Instead of him suffering and exhausting himself by fighting his very nature, they had in a rather unconventional method, helped him to adjust. Which is what they'd been saying all along, hadn't they? That they wanted to help him adjust.

This was his new lot in life and he had to accept it eventually. He was small now. And he needed someone to take care of him. As humiliating as it was, he had changed. He suited the role of pet. He would rather accept it than face the psychological distress of trying to fight what was now a part of his nature. Fighting other people is difficult, but fighting yourself, fighting who you are, that's impossible.

All the small humiliations were a part of his life now, something he was already getting used to. Something he had come to enjoy. And maybe he was messed up for not hating it. Maybe he was supposed to be hating it, maybe he was supposed to be craving freedom and independence but he wasn't.

What was so bad about having everything done for him? Or being doted on?

He liked it. He liked all of it. They seemed to enjoy scolding him over small insignificant things just to show that they were in charge and he liked it. It was nice to have daddies who were smart and strong and sturdy be in charge. It made him feel safe.

When the microwave made a loud noise, he had a daddy to cower behind and he didn't have to be embarrassed about it. Because they loved him. When his bunny emotions overwhelmed him, they were a pillar of stability.

He wasn't a kid and he didn't need to be taught right from wrong but if they wanted to pretend that he did, that was okay. It was because they cared. It made him all weirdly hot and restless anyway, that they thought he didn't know things, that they thought they had to help him learn things because he was a bunny.

If he had to be a pet bunny, he wanted to be his hyungs' pet bunny. He loved them, his daddies. And he knew they'd give him everything he needed.

When he was able to color, he didn't want to. Now that he couldn't color, that was all he wanted to do. As soon as these abominable gloves were off, he was going to play with all the puzzles and he wasn't going to give a crap how childish they were.

He was going to be the best bunny for his daddies. He was going to play with whatever they gave him to play with, he was going to let them dress him up however they wanted, he was going to be a little bit naughty sometimes because they liked to scold him and correct him.

And he was going to be cute.

Properly cute. He was going to give them all the love back that they had been giving him. They bathed him and fed him for eff's sake. He was going to be a hybrid worth keeping. A hybrid worthy of all that care and affection. Not pouty and tantrum-throwing.

Taehyung finished doing up the buckles and kissed him on the cheek. "What a good boy Kookie. They'll be off in no time. I'm sure of it."

Hoseok gave him a kiss too, drying his tears and stroking his ears. "It's only a small step back Kookie. You're still our good boy."

"Now where on earth are your shoes?"
Taehyung awoke with a grunt, something heavy landing on his stomach and knocking the breath out of him.

"Daddy! Are you awake?"

He groaned, squinting while his eyes adjusted to the morning light. There was a very excitable hybrid perched on his stomach, looking down at him. On the other side of the bed, a croaky sound came from Jimin who rolled over but didn't wake.

"I am now, little one," Taehyung chuckled and Jungkook beamed at him, saying sorry but not sounding very apologetic. "What do you need, Pumpkin Pie?"

The bunny blushed a pretty pink at the name and shifted in place on top of Taehyung. "N-nothing. I just wanted t-to play." He fluttered his eyelashes shyly, looking embarrassed about his behaviour but pushed on through the shyness. "Are you hard, Daddy? Can we play?"

Taehyung's morning wood was already rearing and ready to go but having the bunnyboy flushing with faux-innocence and asking his daddy shyly if they could play had his cock nearly tearing through his pajama pants. Unlike the sleep shirts he usually wore, the one he had on this morning was tiny. It was stretched tight across his chest and too short, baring his midriff, something only someone who was really looking to be fucked would wear. The best part were the words "Sorry Daddy", cheekily printed across the front. Taehyung wondered who had put him in it last night and how on earth they had managed it.

He knew it was recommended to limit bunny orgasms, that it was the best way to keep them obedient and eager but he hadn't expected the effects to be so drastic.

Taehyung pretended to think. "No good morning kiss first?"

Jungkook wasted no time in leaning down to touch his parted little petal lips to Taehyung's. After the chaste kiss he sat up and then seemed to think better of it, leaning back down for a longer kiss. "C-can I use tongue?"

Instead of answering, Taehyung pushed the bunny’s mouth open with his own tongue and let Jungkook caress it and suck on it. The bunny let out a moan that was dirty, and raw and loud, thoroughly relishing in the tongue-to-tongue contact and Taehyung had to pull away to shush him. Jimin could sleep through a surprising amount of tossling but a mean part of Taehyung wanted to see the bunny struggle to be quiet.

"Sorry Daddy."

They kissed, slow and wet, soft lips and forceful tongues mixing hot breaths until Taehyung could sense his rabbit's desperation, the kiss getting sloppier and lazier. Taehyung went for just a little longer, eating up the boy's inpatient panting but he was losing patience himself.

He removed all the necessary clothing until the bunny's slicked entrance was hovering right above his straining cock. Frowning, Jungkook was looking intently at Taehyung's body but not lowering himself yet. He was probably trying to figure out how to get the cock inside him without his hands to grip it and guide it into his hole. Finally, he looked at Taehyung a little helplessly.
"Can you help me put it in Daddy?"

Taking his cock in one hand, Taehyung used the other hand to pull the bunny's supple cheeks apart. A searching finger located the wet little rim and rubbed over it, making Jungkook jerk and the ears on top of his head shoot straight up. Taehyung revelled in the reaction and pushed the head of his cock up between the boy's cheeks, teasing his entrance by grazing it over and over but not pushing inside.

Jungkook groaned, rim fluttering as he dripped more slick in anticipation, a needy mess between the legs where Taehyung was teasing. "Shh. Remember you gotta be quiet honey bunny."

The bunny sniffled, pretty chocolate eyes becoming glassy and nose growing a bit pink. He nibbled on his swollen lip, waiting on edge as Taehyung closely missed his entrance again, rubbing back and forth over the slippery little pucker. Taehyung was enjoying the wet slide and enjoying the boy’s expressive face each time Taehyung slid his length through the slick on his perineum. "Daddy please. Please. I've been good," the little rabbit pleaded with quick hushed words.

"You're right Gguk. Daddy's sorry for teasing." The fat head of his cock pushed into the boy's tight heat with little difficulty. The tip was barely inside before Jungkook's straining thighs quivered and caved and he sank. His bunny tail landed against Taehyung’s thighs and the ball of fluff against his skin was an odd feeling but not unwelcome.

The bunny moaned, a little too loudly as the cock slid through him and Taehyung gave his thigh an admonishing slap. "If you can't keep your noises down Daddy will have to gag that pretty mouth of yours baby."

Jungkook shook his head quickly, determined to be quiet and well-behaved.

"Okay, now will you be able to hold your little peepee still while you bounce? So it doesn't make too much noise?"

Jungkook tried. The sight was too cute for Taehyung not to smile at. He was trying to trap the cockcage between the two bulbous mittens but it kept slipping away, with him growing a little more huffy each time it did. "Okay don't worry angel, let Daddy do it."

Before he touched the cage, his eyes were drawn behind it to the bunny's swollen balls. Having not released since the pacifier incident, they looked as sore as one would expect them to be. He ran a finger across the skin there and Jungkook tensed at the touch.

"Are you sore here baby boy?"

"Yeah, a little. It's uncomfortable," Jungkook mumbled, moving slightly away from Taehyung's hand.

"Why didn't you tell us, Kookie?"

"I didn't- I don't know."

Taehyung could have finished that for him. He didn't want to bother them, he didn't want to be difficult, he didn't think they'd care. Mistaken on all three counts.

"Next time something hurts, you tell us, okay?"

The bunny nodded and Taehyung wrapped his slender hand around the cockcage, muting the bell with his palm and keeping the bunny’s small cock firmly in place.
It didn’t take long for Jungkook to get a good rhythm going. He bounced on Taehyung’s dick with enthusiasm, the whole bed shook, the mattress squeaked, the bedframe creaked and as expected, Jimin remained peacefully unconscious beside them.

Even though they were creating a mini earthquake, the little rabbit was trying hard to be quiet. His cute cheeks were puffed out with the effort of containing his sounds but still, small gasps and whimpers escaped every time he lowered himself.

Taehyung sighed. “You’re so noisy baby boy. But I can tell you can’t help it. Where’s your paci?”

“I- ah! I br- brought it. It- ah, it’s here.”

Taehyung found it in the creases of the duvet and was surprised that Jungkook was now transporting it around with him. He took advantage of the bunny’s mouth being already open in a gasp to push the cock gag inside. His eyes rounded so cutely at finding himself so suddenly muted and Taehyung chuckled softly and canted his hips, fucking him from below and forcing a deliciously muffled moan from the bunny. He loved the pleasured sounds his bunny made but he loved them even more when they were trying to escape around a pacifier.

It hadn’t been that long since the two of them were in a similar position on the kitchen floor and Jungkook had blushed and squirmed oh so prettily when Taehyung had called him cute and said he wanted to keep Jungkook flushed and desperate all the time. Taehyung hadn’t thought he’d get what he wanted so soon. His sweet little rabbit, so eager to be used, so desperate to be fucked, no longer shy about his wanton moans, happy to suck on a dildo, happy to beg for it.

"My needy little angel. So beautiful. Fucking yourself like that."

Beautiful and adorable and so sweetly excited to have a cock inside him. Falling apart at the smallest of praises, getting high off it and not even realizing it until he was coming back down. "You’re so pretty my little bunny. You feel so good around my cock," Taehyung whispered, wanting nothing more than to see him reach that height. "Such a good little boy, Kookie. Bouncing so good for Daddy."

There was a light sheen of sweat covering the boy’s abdomen, making it gleam every time he tensed. Taehyung’s stomach was glistening too, from the puddle of precum that had leaked from the cage in his hand.

The way the bunny’s hole contracted, wet and hot and so responsive to every word, had Taehyung seeing stars. "Keep going bunny. You’re doing so well angel." The bunny sped up, making small choked sounds. He was getting that faraway look in his eyes, like he was hanging on Taehyung’s voice and letting it lift him into the sky. And Taehyung, he was getting high off the power of his own words, the effects bringing him closer and closer to his climax as the bunny rode his cock harder.

"What do you want baby? Tell Daddy what you want."

The bunny made a series of desperate garbled noises. When he realized that everything he said was completely indecipherable, he did exactly what Taehyung had wanted and bounced faster, determined to make his daddy cum.

Taehyung was momentarily blinded by his climax, mind blanking as he came with soft low grunts. When Jungkook’s mouth was free of the pacifier, it took a little bit of panting against Taehyung’s chest before he caught his breath. Taehyung petted him and cuddled him and pulled him under the covers so that he could hold him tight. Jungkook didn’t seem to mind having the breath squeezed out
of him and snuggled further into the embrace without disturbing Jimin on his other side. Taehyung
could very easily have fallen back asleep like this, with the heat of his lovely little pet curled up
against him, the soft furry ears tickling the underside of his chin.

“Can I wear something fun today? Something that you like?” Jungkook asked, shyly mumbling his
question into Taehyung’s chest. The tops of his human ears were scarlet.

The little one was begging to be teased and Taehyung couldn’t resist. "What's going on with you
little rabbit? Are you trying to be a good boy today?"

Jungkook moved away to glare. Hard. And adorably. Long ears pulled back in a display of his
annoyance.

"Okay I'm sorry. I didn't mean to make you embarrassed. Carry on."

"I-"

“Go on Gguk. I’m listening.” Taehyung rubbed the boy’s back in encouragement.

“I just thought…Maybe you could choose something that um, suits me, and then we could take
pictures for my blog.”

Taehyung smiled. “That sounds like a lovely idea! But you know Jimin-hyung has to give you a bath
before we choose outfits. Routine is very important for little boys.”

“I- uh- yeah.”

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Taehyung had explained, while gagging him again, that they had bought Jungkook a big present. It
had arrived today and Taehyung needed to go set it up before he could see it. The paci gag held his
tongue down flat inside his mouth and made saliva pool in all the gaps around it so he had to
swallow quicker to keep from drooling.

He would have much preferred to suck on Taehyung's cock but he knew his daddies didn't like him
doing that before breakfast and if he did, he wasn't allowed to swallow. He made a small throaty
sound of pleasure at the familiar feeling of his paci, sucking on the thick piece of silicon and
Taehyung ruffled his hair, smiling at him like he was the cutest thing in the world.

Before leaving to prepare the surprise gift, Taehyung had placed what was possibly the largest dildo
Jungkook had ever seen on the floor at the foot of the bed. It looked heavy, almost impossible to pick
up and Jungkook wondered how they were supposed to do anything with it when it looked like it
would require an entire team of wrestlers to move. He soon discovered it wasn’t intended to be
moved. He was only supposed to sit on it, something to keep him busy while he waited for Jimin to
wake up. “I don’t want you to get bored,” Taehyung had said.

It took a while and he needed a lot of help from Taehyung but eventually they managed to push
every inch of the fake cock into his sensitive hole, lowering him onto it until his tail touched the
floor.

He couldn’t help the whimper he let out when it was fully sheathed inside him and his ass was
pressed against the cool wood. The position pushed it further up into him than anything had been and made him question the internal structure of his organs. He didn’t see the point of such an enormous dildo. He liked being stuffed full but even something slightly smaller than this would be a challenge. A dildo this size just seemed impractical.

Taehyung arranged the bunnyboy’s legs so that they were straight out in front of him and balancing became slightly more difficult. He had to hold his torso unbendingly straight to accommodate the dildo and then Taehyung was picking up his wrists and moving them behind his back. He made a small questioning sound but received no answer. He didn’t know it was possible to connect the mitten buckles to each other until Taehyung let go and he realized his wrists were very securely fastened together. The absurd size of the dildo lodged inside him now made sense. He couldn’t get up. Couldn’t move at all in this position and the realization made his body produce more slick. He would have to wait here, with a giant fake cock up his ass until Jimin woke and helped him up.

He squirmed, stuffed so full and deep that he was worried. Each small movement brought too much sensation and his cock was straining desperately. Taehyung’s hand wandered down his front, over the muscles on his chest and so very close to his nipples. They hardened, poking out in anticipation through his way too tight shirt but they were ignored, even when he pushed his chest forward as much as he could. “You look so gorgeous stuffed full baby bunny.” The hand wandered further down. “You’re Daddy’s good little boy, aren’t you sweetheart?”

This time, he didn’t need anyone to point out that there was a visible dent in his stomach. He noticed it for himself. He could feel it, the large blunt end of the fake cock pressed inside. Taehyung ran his fingers over the protrusion and Jungkook whimpered, eyes rolling back as he felt the pressure from both inside and outside and his brain short-circuited. He tugged at the restraints keeping his hands secured, but Taehyung only looked at his body with interest, eyes taking in the helpless picture he made.

He cupped Jungkook’s face, lifting his chin so that he had to look up at Taehyung. “Be good until your daddy wakes up bun.” Taehyung ruffled his already mussed hair and petted his ears. Jungkook tried to push up into the caresses but couldn’t. He whimpered, trying harder and the man towering over him cooed at his efforts, playing with his floppy ears gently. “I have to go set up your surprise present baby. I’ll come check on you when I’m done but I’m sure your daddy will wake up before then.” He parted with a kiss to the top of Jungkook’s head and one last reminder to be good. Jungkook didn’t see how he had much choice in the matter.

As soon as Taehyung was gone, the rabbit’s eyes were keenly on Jimin’s sleeping form, somehow expecting him to sit up immediately. The man remained horizontal and unmoving and Jungkook was disappointed. He made the loudest sound he could make, hoping to “accidentally” wake Jimin up but it was very muted and sounded embarrassingly needy and wrecked and whiny. He had nothing else to do but watch his sleeping hyung attentively and sit impaled on the huge fake cock.

Every time Jimin made a small sleepy sniffle or rolled over, Jungkook’s ears pricked up. He strained upwards, trying to get a better look on top of the mattress from his position on the floor, wanting to touch Jimin.

Maybe it was his rabbit instincts, but he felt extremely vulnerable and his senses were all on high alert. He felt like bait. If a fox (for whatever reason) were to suddenly appear, he wouldn't be able to go anywhere. Just the thought nearly made him piss himself even though he was much larger than a fox. Maybe rabbits just got nervous when they were tied up. Maybe that's why his heart was hammering. But it didn't explain why he was leaking so much or why his cock was trying to swell.

He was drooling from the corners of his mouth, strings of saliva leaking around his paci and dripping
onto his chest, even wetting his thigh. There was no one to wipe it off for him or clean him up and he was just getting messier as he waited. He could feel all the slick in his ass building up behind the dildo. It had no way out but he kept getting wetter, his body kept making more and it just added to the feeling of being unbelievably full.

He didn't notice when he had started making quite so much noise but he was now letting out continuous strings of whimpers and mewls and dirty sounding slurping noises as he tried to suck up the drool.

“Well. Good morning baby boy. Aren't you the prettiest sight to wake up to?”

He whined around his gag, wanting to be let up and Jimin smiled, stretching his arms above his head delicately in bed, his shirt riding up and the blanket falling away to reveal peachy soft skin and Jungkook wanted to taste him so badly.

While he waited for Jimin to release him, he could hear heavy metal clangs coming from the living room and it scared him a little. He hoped Taehyung was okay. Taehyung wasn’t the handyman type. The construction noises failed to hold Jungkook's attention for long when he was still stuck on a monster dildo.

Obviously Jimin played with him before bath time. The little rabbit was all wrapped up and waiting for him like a present and Jimin had fun taking him apart. Jungkook was shamelessly loud from the pleasure of finally being touched, even drowning out Taehyung's DIY noises.

By the time Jungkook got to choosing clothes with Taehyung, he felt an odd mix of buzzing and floaty. He was a lot more comfortable sitting on the floor while Taehyung rifled through the hangers. He did that often anyway, but today it felt right, it felt better. He wanted Taehyung to stand over him and stroke his hair, which he did without him having to ask. He pushed into the touches, humming in his throat with pleasure and Taehyung looked down at him fondly, pulled out a marshmallow from God-knows-where and pushed the sugary treat into the bunny's mouth. He sucked on it instead of chewing, letting the sweetness dissolve on his tongue.

This was nice.

Being a good boy was nice.

“I made it myself,” Taehyung declared with a massive grin stretching across his face. He was holding up a T-shirt. It looked professionally manufactured but, as Taehyung had just explained, it was his own creation.

And there was no way something this u nique would be sold in a store.

"Carrots and cocks" is what it said. Largely and plainly.

"I think it's quite representative of your interests," Taehyung said and Jungkook giggled.

He wore it happily and they took lots of pictures, with Taehyung making Jungkook laugh by pulling ridiculous faces. The gloves were removed for the photos because they "ruined the composition" and Jungkook was really happy about that because he could use his hands for poses. They even made use of props. Namely a dildo. They didn't do much with it, but it was present.

Unfortunately Jimin rejected all of the photographs on account of them being "crass". The t-shirt was majority of the problem and the dildo added to it. Taehyung got pouty.

"It's okay Daddy," Jungkook said to him with comforting pats to the shoulder, "I liked your t-shirt
"Thanks baby boy."

"I like it too Tae. We just gotta keep it clean if we want a big audience." Jimin said.

It made sense. So they went back to the drawing board for a restyling.

Jungkook sat on the floor again, near Taehyung's legs, for easy access to head scratches and petting and marshmallow treats while Taehyung searched the wardrobe.

Taehyung put him in something that he called a onesie but it was footed and gloved. It was a long onesie that turned into socks to cover his feet and the sleeves closed over his hands, much like his mittens. "Can't wait to put you in fluffy ones when it's winter," Taehyung said, doing up the buttons.

The sleeves covering his hands made him feel like he had floppy penguin wings for arms. He waddled around for a bit, flapping them for amusement and pretending to be a penguin.

"What are you doing bunny?"

"Being a penguin," Jungkook answered. He marched around some more, trying not to slip on the wooden floors with his socked feet, until he noticed that Taehyung was recording a video of him and he stopped to hide his face.

Taehyung ended the recording and lifted him up in a hug. "Hey. Come out from behind your paws."

"They're wings."

"Daddy thinks they're paws."

Jungkook frowned.

Taehyung kissed him. "You're cute."

The onesie had a hood but instead of lifting it up, Taehyung placed a flower crown on top of Jungkook's head. It encircled both of his ears so that they could stand up through the top or flop down over the flowers. And the flowers were huge, almost comically so. But Jungkook supposed it was for the photo shoot they were about to do.

"Come sit on the bed for me little one."

The crown was lopsided and Jungkook tried to straighten it but his onesied hands wouldn't him.

"Leave it bun. It looks good like that." Taehyung said, lifting his camera to his eye.

They took a couple of photos with his knees pulled up and his arms wrapped around them. Then Taehyung tossed a blanket onto him. It was all scrunched up and he got a bit tangled in it but Taehyung kept taking pictures, even when he got a bit lost in it and couldn't see his daddy anymore, he still heard the clicks of the camera. They took a few of him curled up on his side, looking sleepy and comfortable. But it wasn't just a look, he really did feel sleepy and comfortable. And his daddy was speaking in low tones, quietly telling him how well he was doing. He felt warm inside the onesie. It was nice. And the bed was soft.

He felt his paci being slipped into his mouth and he suckled reflexively. His eyelids were getting heavier and he fell asleep to the sound of the camera shutter.
Chapter End Notes

Sorry. Jungkook will only see his gift next chapter. The bun was comfy and sleepy.
They had purchased a state-of-the-art fucking machine. It looked like a breeding bench with a mini touchscreen control panel and a long piston to which different dildos could be attached. It even came with a handful of remote controls. Perfect for taking care of an insatiable rabbit hybrid.

After ensuring that the bunny wouldn't be bored while waiting for Jimin, Taehyung got to work covertly setting up the huge gift next to the television.

They'd been too busy with their photoshoot to show Jungkook the machine for most of the day. And then the bunny had drifted off into dreamland in the middle of the shoot.

While the hybrid napped, Taehyung was able to take some gorgeous photographs, with warm light and soft textures. Even without editing or changing the color balance, there was a warm sweet feeling to the images, like they were dunked in creme caramel.

Nothing was more precious than Jungkook sleeping. But with that pacifier? And tucked into that onesie? He didn't even look real. The bunny ears only made it harder to believe. That was something the camera couldn't capture, something Taehyung had to stop to appreciate in real life. Jungkook, the bunnyboy, was real, breathing and dreaming and making little suckling noises as he slept and he was all theirs.

When Jungkook's big eyes blinked awake, Taehyung was there with snacks. Healthy snacks. A plate of apple slices, lightly salted crackers and a drinkable yoghurt.

The flower crown had fallen off at some point but he was still in the footed sleeper. He rubbed at his sleepy eyes with a sleeve-covered fist and Taehyung cooed at him stroking the loose hair out of the bunny's sleepy face as he took in his surroundings.

The pacifier was still bobbing in his mouth and Taehyung wished he didn't have to take it out. Drool dribbled out of the corners and Jungkook looked embarrassed about it but didn't wipe it away. Instead, he sleepily waited for Taehyung to do it.

Oodles of drool fell out around the pacifier as Taehyung helped his little bunny pull it out. The globs of spit hanging from the end of the dildo looked obscene in front of the otherwise pure picture.

He wiped it dry with a bib and used the same bib to dab at the bunny's face. Jungkook didn't seem to notice, probably assumed it was a cloth. But Taehyung wanted him to get used to seeing it, wanted it to be familiar so he was less disagreeable when they finally started using it. At this rate, it didn't seem too far off.

Taehyung petted him, as he would a small sleepy kitten, slowly and wary of startling it.

"S-sorry Daddy 'm didn't mean to fall 'sleep," he mumbled, looking like he'd rather still be asleep.

"That's okay bunny. Little boys need lots of naps."

Jungkook didn't look quite all there yet. He just nodded drowsily and leaned into the hand that was stroking his hair. Instead of reaching for the apple slices himself as he normally would, he dropped his mouth open expectantly, waiting for Taehyung to feed him.
Three of them were there to reveal the surprise present to their maknae. Jimin, Taehyung and Seokjin. As they had expected, Jungkook looked nervous about the big machine. They had gotten the loudest most terrifying one on purpose. A monster of a thing. It looked like someone had taken apart a car and used the parts to make a sex machine but it also looked like it might turn into a sentient speaking robot at any time, very Michael Bay. The large red gift ribbon Taehyung had placed on it made it look even more like they had gifted him some sort of vehicle.

The maknae said thank you immediately even though he was blinking in confusion.

Seokjin explained what it was and went on to explain the reason for the gift to the puzzled hybrid. Between the six of them, they still couldn't fuck Jungkook as much as he needed. Jimin jumped in with apologies about this, and Jungkook bashfully hid himself behind Taehyung while the other two went on about how insatiable he was.

The bunny said thank you again, looking more interested but not entirely convinced. His ears angled towards it in curiosity and he took a hesitant step closer.

"H-how does it work?" he asked.

Seokjin readily flipped a switch on the machine to demonstrate and it roared to life with the ferocity of a wild lion. The bunny squeaked, small and frightened. The machine had barely started to move but the hybrid fled from the mechanical noises, not looking back.

The hyungs watched him from beside the machine, endeared by the way his socked feet carried him slipping and sliding on the wooden floors as he made his escape.

After hunting him down, they found him curled up in a cupboard, too embarrassed to come out after how he had reacted. Seokjin got into the cupboard with him and held him tight and suddenly the bunny was crying into his hyung’s shoulder. He felt guilty, they had gotten him such an expensive gift, he wished he wasn't scared of it.

"It's okay, Kookie. We should have remembered that you're only little."

"I-I'm not little, it's just loud."

"Okay sweetheart. Taehyung's dismantling it now. He'll come tell us when it's gone so we'll know when it's safe to come out, okay?"

Jungkook nodded. "I'm sorry."

"Don't be. You have nothing to be sorry about. Your Daddies were silly. We're always forgetting you're just a baby bunny."

Thursday. The intended machine arrived. Looking nothing like a machine.

Two delivery men were needed to bring all the parts into the living room and they stayed behind to help Hoseok and Yoongi put it together, while Jungkook hid himself behind the couch and tried not
to be seen.

One of the muscled deliverers made an attempt to greet him but the bunny only sunk further in his
hiding spot.

"Kookie, don't you want to come out and say hello to the nice men?" Hoseok called out to the long
ears sticking out very visibly between the wall and the couch.

"No thank you!"

They all laughed but let him hide. Maybe he wasn't ready to be seen just yet. He'd barely been out in
public. Adjusting to being a hybrid had mostly been done at home in the company of his hyungs. It
was probably still a bit weird to be seen by strangers as a hybrid and have to interact as a hybrid.

The delivery men eventually disappeared, leaving behind a large wooden rocking horse where the
fucking machine had been.

To a skittish rabbit hybrid, it was far preferable to the frightening machine they had first introduced
and they were counting on that for some cooperation. Predictably, Jungkook was not only
cooperative but excited. He wanted to make up for running away from the first gift by fully
embracing the replacement one.

The designer had allowed them to customize the finest details and its capabilities were almost on par
with the first machine. Most of the components that made it fuck its rider were cleverly disguised by
the wooden structure at the base and it was insulated to be a lot quieter.

Yoongi had been left in charge of Jungkook's first foray with the rocking horse so it was just the two
of them now, with Jungkook looking more than a little bit nervous, eyes darting to Yoongi for
reassurance every few seconds.

Jungkook was still wearing his banana milk socks and velcro shoes when Yoongi helped lift him up
onto the padded seat. The rest of him was bare, except for the pink cockcage.

Yoongi adjusted something below the horse and the bunny jumped a little at the feeling of something
foreign prodding at his ass. The tip of a thick dildo pressed bluntly against the boy's small bunnyhole,
not inside but perfectly placed for when it moved.

Yoongi strapped the buckles of his mittens to some leather loops on the handles of the rocking horse.

He could see the bunny's tiny cock straining in its cage, just from being strapped down and his own
dick twitched in interest at his submissive little boy's excitement. "Is your cocklet getting excited
already bunny?" He teased. "We haven't even started."

His lean body was stretched over the machine's structural frame which was designed to put him on
artful display and Yoongi took his time drinking in the sight as he moved around to the bunny's
ankles. They were held firmly to the stirrups a small distance above the ground by another set of
leather straps that Yoongi tightened until he was satisfied.

Jungkook pulled lightly at the restraints, checking how much movement they allowed. The answer
was very little. “Do you have to?” he asked, the rest of his question made clear by his arms jerking
against the straps.

“Yes sweetheart. We don't want you getting too excited and hurting yourself. Remember what you
did with your paci when there wasn't someone to watch you?”
Jungkook’s face went red but he didn't stop tugging at the straps. He couldn't move most of his body, could only squirm. He could turn his head to look around but that only made him more aware of his position atop a rocking horse.

Despite his weak attempts at escape, the bunny was getting wetter where he sat, from nothing more than being restrained. Yoongi could see the puddle growing on the horse's back and soon it would be dripping down onto the wooden box below. Cute.

Jungkook looked suddenly worried at what Yoongi had said before. "Y-you're gonna leave?"

Yoongi picked up a remote. "Thought you might want some privacy."

"I-" The boy's sculpted thighs squeezed the wooden form between them. "Please stay?"

When Yoongi only twiddled the remote in his hand, the bunny got a little more agitated. "D-daddy please! I-I want you to stay."

Their bunny had separation anxiety. How precious. Not being able to do anything for himself probably left him feeling a bit vulnerable. He was hardly alone for even a second and when he was, they noticed his stress had been progressively getting worse. He preferred being able to see at least one of them at all times. Seeing was nice, but above that, he preferred touch, yearned for it. His need for touch was far beyond what it had been when he had first arrived home from the hospital and it didn't seem like he had noticed the drastic change.

Of course Yoongi fully intended to watch the hybrid fall apart on a sex machine but it was awfully nice to be begged so sweetly. "Well, aren't you the sweetest thing, remembering your manners like a good boy." As naked as he was, it was those words that made Jungkook's ears turn red. "You want Daddy to stay and watch you play, bunny?"

Jungkook nodded, shoulders relaxing a bit now that Yoongi wasn't moving away from him.

"Okay baby boy. Daddy will stay."

Jungkook sighed in relief and Yoongi stroked his cheek with the back of his hand, watching as he pushed against it for more and tried to get the top of his head beneath Yoongi's fingers. So needy, just for petting. His eyes drifted closed under the careful caresses and Yoongi, a bit meanly, chose this moment to press a button on the remote.

The horse whirred to life, making Jungkook's eyes fly open. It rocked forward and then back. On the backward rock, Jungkook gasped loudly as the dildo punched into him.

"F-fuck," he panted, the motion and penetration surprising him.

"Language." Yoongi corrected sternly.

"Sorry Daddy. It's- ah!"

Yoongi grinned, happy with the way the toy was taking care of his little rabbit. "You like that baby? Is it filling you up how you like?"

The bunny was about to answer but the next backward rock knocked the words out of him and all that came out was an "ah!"

"Good. Because you're going to be here for a while," Yoongi said, patting the rocking horse lovingly.
The bunny tensed as the dildo slipped halfway out of his wet hole and shoved back in with a loud squelch. His body was taut and he strained, pulling against the soft leather and hard metal holding him down, unable to do more than whimper while he was fucked.

"That's right, bunny. I've got you all strapped in." Yoongi patted Jungkook's thigh. "Right next to the TV with the rest of the entertainment," he chuckled.

Jungkook only moaned, helpless to the torment of the horse rocking him back and forth onto a thick cock.

"I'm going to do some work here while you have fun, okay sweetheart?"

He picked up his laptop that he had proactively left on the coffee table and then he kicked back on the sofa to watch his pretty boy squirm, soaking in the sweet sounds falling from his mouth.

Good luck to anyone who actually tried to watch TV like this, Yoongi thought, opening his laptop and knowing full well that he was hardly going to get anything done.

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"Daddy please! Please please!" He was crying. Of course he was. The dildo was hitting the right place with extreme accuracy and he couldn't make it stop. Over and over it rammed into him, giving him concentrated pleasure and the horse kept going on its own. Back and forth. Back and forth. He needed to cum.

Yoongi looked up from his work. "Not today bunny. I'm sorry."

“B-but Daddy,” Jungkook pulled at the restraints and the metal parts of it clanged, reminding him that he was stuck.

“Aw baby boy, I'm sorry. You have to be good for your daddies if you want your little pee pee unlocked.”

“Daddy!” He whined loudly. He was past the shame of sounding so horribly young.

He groaned, much lower this time as his sweet spot was hit mercilessly. The machine really had no sympathy, it just went on doing what it was purchased to do, fucking the household hybrid. The horse was a mess below him, covered in slick and precum and some of his tears. Yoongi assured him that it was okay. If there was anywhere that a mess was welcome, it was on his rocking horse. It was especially for him to have fun with. They expected nothing less from their baby pet than a big mess.

As targeted as the fucking was, it was so, so, slow.

Slow rock forward where he could only anticipate the recoil, then slow rock back where the thick dildo pushed past his tight ring of muscle into his channel. The dildo hit his prostate every time like it knew exactly where it was and he trembled. If he wasn't strapped to the horse he would have fallen off by now from how much he shook with pleasure each time.

The gaps between each hit were too long and he started rocking back, as much as his bonds would let him, to meet the thrusts of the fake cock.
"Daddy faster," he panted. "Please. Ah!" He was being good. He remembered his manners. He asked nicely.

"You're too little for the faster speeds Kookie." Yoongi tapped away at his keyboard without looking up. "I think this speed is safest for baby rabbits."

Jungkook groaned, eyeing the remote on the seat beside his daddy. This was sustained torturous pleasure. He was going to die from agonizingly slow sex.

“I- ah! I can’t take it, ah, Daddy please. P-please?”

“Kookie. Daddy wants you to be safe." He finally looked up at Jungkook's rocking horse. "End of discussion. You're going to play safely or not at all.”

That was the most caring threat Jungkook had ever heard but he got the message. Appreciate what he was getting or he wouldn't get anything.

So he gritted his teeth and breathed deeply and tried to enjoy the torturously slow fucking. His legs were trembling. It was too much, too little, too slow, too overwhelming. The dildo pistoned in and out at a relentlessly slow pace. It was like a water-drop torture device and he couldn't cum. He had no choice but to let it keep fucking into him at the speed Yoongi had chosen.

Just then Namjoon came in and leaned over the back of the sofa to look at Yoongi's screen over his shoulder. "Did you get my email Hyung?"

"Yeah. What did you mean by this part though?" Yoongi asked, clicking a few times and pointing. Namjoon leaned in to take a closer look, like Jungkook wasn't being fucked by a machine right in front of them. Namjoon hadn't even looked once, as if it was commonplace, as if there was nothing remarkable about a bunny hybrid being fucked by a rocking horse. And God, it made Jungkook all the more desperate.

"It's in the third document. Scroll down. That one."

"Thanks Namjoon-ah."

Namjoon patted him on the shoulder. "No problem Hyung."

He couldn't help it, he knew what Yoongi would say but he needed it. Maybe Namjoon would listen. "Daddy please please. I want it faster."

Yoongi picked up the remote and pressed a button. "I said no Kookie. If you ask again, it's only going to go slower."

He whined loudly as the thrusts slowed down. Still as deep as they had been but the back and forth took longer. His feet weren't on the floor, else he'd try to force the horse to rock faster. But with the restraints he just had to take the rhythmic fucking.

Namjoon was finally looking at him. "How's the little one doing?"

Yoongi answered on the bunny's behalf. "A bit whiny but he's having fun."

Jungkook whined at this exact moment without intending to and both of his daddies laughed.

He didn't notice when Namjoon left but it was just Yoongi again, back to typing. He reached for the remote and mercifully turned the speed back up.
The muscles in Jungkook's thighs clenched, as the need to come hit higher than it had ever been, he felt suspended at his limit. The repetitive fucking, as slow as it was, had built him. The desire to come wasn't diminishing, there was no break to allow it to. He was starting to tremble, a continuous stream of moans leaving him along with indistinguishable sounds of pleasure.

His cheek pressed against the horse's neck and he may have been drooling, he wasn't sure. He felt like he had lost control of his face. It was slack-jawed and probably splotchy red and his eyes were watery and unfocused.

"Having fun, bunny?"

Words were beyond him. He could only moan and Yoongi looked more than satisfied with that response.

"You like your present? The horsey is not so scary, right pumpkin?"

Jungkook made what he thought was a sound of agreement but it was small and pathetic. He looked over at Yoongi who looking back at him with lust-filled eyes and a hand over his crotch. He was palming himself through his pants and Jungkook whined yearningly at the sight, Yoongi smirking back at him knowingly.

"What do good little boys say Kookie? When they get a nice present."

Jungkook had to really work hard to form the words, with his slack jaw and dribbling spit. "Ah-thank you D-addy."

"Good boy, baby."

Oh God. Oh God. Oh God. He was gonna cum. He was gonna cum.

But he couldn't and he groaned.

The simmering of pleasure was low and incessant. The rocking kept him there, heat coiling in his belly and making every muscle in his body tense as he tried to contain it, tried to express it, tried to do something with everything that was building inside him. It grew, culminating to a slow ooze of cum that caught him by surprise.

He was still wound up tightly as the cum escaped, still felt pulled taught and close to the climax he couldn't reach. There was no explosion, no bright earth-shattering peak of pleasure, just a long burn, an irritating gentle disappointing pleasure.

The only relief came from the release of pressure in his balls. They no longer felt as tight. But it didn't get rid of the itch of arousal under his skin.

The wooden horse kept rocking him, thick fake cock forcing new waves of pleasure to shoot through his body as it fucked into his tight slick bunnyhole, keeping the cum leaking slow and steady. He whined but it kept fucking into him with mechanical precision.

"Look at all that cum baby bunny. Such a messy little animal, aren't you?"

Fuck.

The build up of cum was emptying but there was no climax and he was still so desperate, whining and moaning for the orgasm he wasn't allowed. He tried to suck more pleasure out of it through sheer mental willpower but it wasn't working. He tried and tried, squeezing tightly around the fake cock
inside him but the orgasm evaded him cruelly.

Yoongi cooed at him, muttering praise that Jungkook couldn't understand and stroking his own cock, openly, getting off on Jungkook's helpless state and whimpers and moans.

He wanted more, was desperate for it but he knew it wasn't coming. He could see the cum continue to leak from his trapped cock, lacing the wooden horse in white patterns.

It seemed like it would never end and he let out a deep frustrated moan as the rocking horse kept fucking him, milking him dry until he had no more to give. His balls and cock were spent and he was still aroused, it was maddening.

The horse rocked slower and slower until it finally came to a stop. The bunny panted, exhausted and relieved.

He couldn't get off the rocking horse or he was going to collapse. He needed his daddy. And thankfully he was right there, kissing his face and stroking his hair.

"You were so good baby boy. Such a perfect little bunny."

His body sagged in relief, happy that that was supposed to happen. He was completely pliant as Yoongi undid all the straps and pulled him off the horse and into his arms.

"Did that feel nice baby?"

"Uh-huh." He had gotten as close to an orgasm as he was allowed and it had stolen all the words from him.

"C'mon little one. Let's get you cleaned up."

Chapter End Notes

I have nothing to say for myself anymore.
A baby blue high chair with a white plastic tray table arrived at their house before the end of the week.

Perhaps a curse of extreme idiocy had fallen upon Jungkook because at lunchtime, he allowed Taehyung to set him up in the chair, thinking it wouldn't be too bad. He was wrong.

Taehyung strapped him into the high chair, pulled the straps over his shoulders and buckled it tightly to the strap that came up from between his legs. Regret hit Jungkook like a train.

The harness held his back completely flat against the chairback so he couldn't squirm even a little. When Taehyung snapped the tray closed it was pressed right up against him. But none of his food was placed on it, all of it was standing on the big table near Taehyung, even his sippy cup.

There were two plastic bars connecting the seat to the tray table - presumably to keep a toddler from accidentally falling through that gap. It was completely unnecessary considering the harness ensured the bunny wasn't slipping out anywhere, even if he wanted to. But the bars sat uncomfortably between his thighs, forcing his legs to splay wide and his feet hung in the air above the ground. For some reason, this made him feel smaller and more helpless than he had ever felt before so he tried to squeeze his legs together even though he couldn't.

He frowned, eyeing his sippy cup on the table. "Taehyung. I've had enough of this. Let me out."

"No can do bunny. Lunch first."

Jungkook puffed out his cheeks and his ears fell backwards in irritation while he tested the wiggle room by squirming.

"Tell me what's wrong Gguk. I'll help."

He let out the air he had been holding in his cheeks with a squeamish huff. "This is humiliating."

"Why?" Taehyung asked, looking genuinely puzzled.

"B-because!" Jungkook stuttered out the exclamation. "Because I'm not a baby!"

Taehyung smiled patiently. "But you're OUR baby."

But surely a high chair was a step too far? Or maybe the cock cage was too far. When had it actually gone too far? He didn't know.

"Taehyung seriously. Take me out of this thing."

"What's the matter?"

Since 'humiliating' was apparently not a good enough complaint, Jungkook chose a different, less honest direction. "It's too tight."

Taehyung ran a finger beneath the straps, testing the gap between Jungkook's body and the harness.
Jungkook was speechless with disbelief when Taehyung judged the gap as too big and pulled the contraption tighter.

"Taehyung!"

Taehyung's outright disregard for his wishes made him swing his feet angrily because that's all his toddler chair bondage allowed.

"For safety." Taehyung explained concisely.

"You've completely lost it." Jungkook pushed at the tray in front of him but it didn't budge.

Jimin walked in then and let out a delighted giggle and a squeal of excitement. There was no doubt in Jungkook's mind that he had been summoned by Taehyung to enjoy this particular experience.

"Kookie! You look adorable! We should have gotten a high chair sooner."

Jungkook glared. "I hate you all."

They ignored him because they knew it wasn’t true.

"His fans would love this," Jimin said excitedly, moving to stand next to Taehyung. "He looks so fucking cute."

"You're right!" Taehyung took out his phone and pointed the camera at a frowning Jungkook.

"Don't you dare." Jungkook pouted, kicking his legs out like it might achieve something. If his shoes were just a tiny bit looser maybe one of them could fly off and knock some sense into Taehyung's unhinged brain. "Wait," he paused, legs stilling as he frowned in thought. "I- I have fans?"

"'Course you do. The numbers are growing by the day." Jimin said happily.

"They are? Cool. Da- Jimin-hyung," he corrected himself quickly realizing they wouldn't know who he was talking to. "Are you gonna feed me?"

His mouth fell open, waiting for this hyung to catch up with him. "Aaahh." It looked like he was at the dentist. It was such a massive switch up from his behaviour only a few minutes ago, that Jimin and Taehyung couldn't help but laugh.

They knew he had a people-pleasing streak and they were counting on that to weigh significantly in their favor but this was more extreme than even they had imagined.

He wanted to be fed on camera, in a high chair, simply because other people liked it. That was the most sweetly good boy thing Taehyung could imagine.

There was no way Taehyung couldn't reward this behavior, so he offered to remove the mittens for a while. Jungkook was overjoyed but truthfully, to Taehyung and Jimin, the bigger issue was that they couldn't post pictures of the bondage mitts. The softer baby mittens were fine, they were cute and could pass as fashion. But these heavy-buckled petplay restraints very obviously had no other purpose aside from limiting the wearer's abilities and freedom.

"What do you want to eat bunny?" Jimin asked after the restraints were off and Jungkook was wiggling his fingers cutely in front of his face.

He looked away from his hands. "Hmm… apples? You choose Daddy," Jungkook said with his younger voice imitation.
"I can choose?" Jimin asked and Jungkook nodded at him, not noticing yet that Taehyung had pressed record and was already capturing the adorable exchange.

"I don't want you choking on any big pieces of fruit sweetheart. How about we try this, hm?" Jimin fetched a small jar from a kitchen cupboard that held a pyramid of them. Unscrewing the green lid, he emptied the contents into a colorful bowl and grabbed a plastic spoon.

"What's that?" Jungkook eyed the mush with scepticism as Jimin stirred.

"Here," Jimin scooped up a spoonful and held it up. "Give it a try and tell me what you think."

Jungkook seemed to have forgotten about the camera, attention fully absorbed by the mysterious goop.

He accepted it into his mouth and smacked his lips, feeling the soft food with his tongue. "Apples?" He grinned widely, some of the sweet goo visible on his teeth but swiftly cleaned by a small pink tongue.

"That's right baby. You like it?"

He nodded aggressively, making his ears flop into his face and then he opened his mouth into an O-shape again, waiting for Jimin wordlessly. Jimin giggled and fed him another spoon and Jungkook licked it all up.

It was a naturally sweet apple puree with a sprinkle of cinnamon and their little bunny was loving it. He was so engrossed by his food that he seemed to have forgotten that he was in a high chair. Taehyung wondered if they could get the company that produced the food to sponsor them so that Jungkook would eat it all the time.

For reasons unknown to Jungkook, Jimin insisted on feeding him messily. It was funny for the first few spoonfuls but it quickly became frustrating. Jungkook aimed with significant accuracy to get his mouth around the spoon but Jimin moved it just a little so that food smeared itself around his mouth. And then he'd use the spoon to scrape it back into Jungkook's mouth - a time-consuming and laborious affair. Jimin missed his mouth so frequently that Jungkook had to suspect him of being drunk.

He only complained when Taehyung teased him about it, the grinning man bringing the camera right up into his face to get the cutest angle of the bunny's slurpy little swallowing.

"Wow, you've made quite the mess there bunny. Might have to put a bib on you."

"It's not me! Jimin-hyung feeds me like he's drunk!"

"He's just teasing baby, relax," Jimin said lightly, like Jungkook was being overly defensive. But more extreme things than a bib had happened to him so Jungkook felt like his reaction was very much justified.

Taehyung greatly looked forward to all the comments from fans about how much they wanted to see Jungkook in a bib and he looked forward even more to Jungkook's subsequent acquiescence.

When the jar was empty and Jungkook was downing the last of his juice, Taehyung ended the video and turned serious. "Don't think I didn't notice," He said to Jungkook who stared back at him with large innocent eyes.
"N-notice?"

"The Taehyung that slipped out earlier. Twice. You're much too small to be calling me by name, Kookie."

Jungkook squeezed his sippy cup nervously. "I- I thought you forgot."

"Nope. I think I owe someone a spanking"

"Wait, no! I'm sorry! It was an accident." A blush was creeping up his neck and filling up his face prettily.

He pulled at the high chair straps with his now free fingers but he still couldn't unbuckle them. He pushed at the tray, knowing it was futile but needing to try anyway. "Daddy please I'm sorry. I'll be good. Please please I'm sorry."


He only stopped when Taehyung approached him.

Taehyung wondered if Jungkook himself knew that he was just playing along at this point. That the whole dynamic had been imprinted on him in a way that made him respond how they expected him to, made him beg and plead for their forgiveness because they were in charge, all the while he was getting wet and his heart was racing from arousal, not from fear and his tiny cocklet was getting hard in its tiny cage. Maybe there was a little bit of fear, the poor bunny was scared of everything, but it swirled together with all the other delicious things he felt until it all became one. A racing heart could mean so many things but Taehyung just liked the wide-eyed trembling look it gave his little pet. He could just eat him up. He hoped that wasn't his inner tiger genes talking because Jungkook looked tasty when he was scared. His skin looked sweet and Taehyung wanted to bite. Bite until the hybrid cried and whimpered and moaned.

He took the bunny’s face in his palm and ran a thumb over his plump lips, catching a stray drop of baby food and bringing to his own tongue to taste.

Taehyung had purposely left the spanking for after the video as a reward. A reward for staying in the high chair, a reward for eating the pureed baby food and a reward for acting so darn cute, just the way his daddies liked.

While Taehyung was unintentionally dragging out the suspense, the poor bunny’s heart was hammering. The anticipation was making him sweat, almost worse than the actual spanking. He almost exclaimed that he couldn't take the spanking because it made him want to cum. He nearly begged them not spank his poor bunny behind because it was too soft and sensitive and it shouldn't be spanked because he was a good bunny.

But he pulled the words back in right before they escaped, horrified at himself and not understanding where the deplorable vulgarity was even coming from.

Shamefully, these words found a way to escape anyway while Taehyung was landing a wooden spoon against his bare ass.

At least they didn’t put him back in the chair afterwards.
Tae: Guys, serious question...

agustd: Whenever you say that, it's never that srs Tae

Tae: It's serious this time.

Tae: I'm the next youngest. I need to know if I'm in danger of being hybridized

Chim: Lmfao

Tae: for real. Let me know now. So I can at least prepare myself

Tae: by leaving the country.

agustd: Tae take your paranoia elsewhere

Namjoon: Tae no offense but I don't think we can handle a tiger hybrid

Hobi: We'd have to muzzle you

Tae: Kinky:)

Jiin: What if you ate the rabbit?

Tae: *GASP*

Tae: I would never eat Koo

Tae: Not like THAT anyway

Jiin: speaking of hybridizing..

Jiin: Chim Chim, what were your dormant genes again? (°_°)

Hobi: Yeah Jiminie, what are your dormant genes?

Namjoon: :

agustd: :

Tae: :

Chim: Ha ha ha hilarious.

Chim: Fucking TRY. I have all the dirt. I'll expose all of you.

Jiin: can't do that if you're our diapered kitten chim

Chim: Brb gotta tgew away the ramyeon Jin-hyung made

Chim: *throa

Chim: *thow
Chim: *DISPOSE OF

Jiin: Rude

Chim: I'm not eating anything that I didn't make myself

Chim: the world is a dangerous place

Hobi: aw Jiminieee don't act like you wouldn't love it

Hobi: we'd give you lots of toys and lots of cuddles whenever you want

Chim: stop that

Hobi: why?

Hobi: Is it making you blush, kitten?

Jiin: Jimin-ah, my company is launching this new product…

Chim: Jin hyung. You wanna die?

Tae: Oof kitten's got claws

agustd: i always wanted a kitten

Namjoon: i had one when i was younger. She was a lot like Jimin

Namjoon: she needed lots of attention

Namjoon: but then she grew up and ignored me all time

Hobi: cats are like that Joonie

Hobi: but you've learned a valuable lesson

Hobi: don't let your next kitten grow up

Chim: I'm moving out

Namjoon: ha ha you wouldn't leave your bunny

Chim: I'm taking him with

Chim: he loves me the most anyway

Namjoon: we're joking Chim, relax

Chim: I'm not stupid

Chim: you wouldn't tell me if you were serious

Tae: maybe we're stupid

Chim: THAT I believe

Chim: you really think I'd leave you shitbags?
The high chair had become a sort of torturous device to Jungkook for several reasons. Firstly, being held by so many straps in sensitive places really kept him unwillingly horny. Of course he didn't want to be turned on by a chair. But it held him in a position where he couldn't get any relief and his daddies were unlikely to fuck him in the middle of breakfast. If he had to hear “finish your food first,” one more fucking time, they would all see a real tantrum.

The chair was doing its job well, much like most things his daddies implemented. He could no longer make a game of trying to get his daddies hard by squirming in their laps. But every meal time made Jungkook feel a little closer to the edge of insanity, the chair driving him crazy with arousal. Halfway through being fed, he'd be sucking on the spoon so hard that sometimes Hoseok could hardly pull it back out again. Like today.

Wiggling the spoon handle side to side to pull it free from the bunny's powerful mouth suction, Hoseok laughed in surprise. “Bunny! Let go!” he complained, tugging at the spoon but Jungkook just blinked back at him, mouth staying stubbornly wrapped around the plastic utensil. “You can have your paci after breakfast, okay?” He tugged on it again.

“No?” Hoseok yanked hard but tried not to hurt the boy and Jungkook barely reacted, sucking harder. “Someone please help,” Hoseok said quietly to no one in particular. Jungkook would have giggled if his mouth wasn't occupied with important spoon matters.

Yoongi came in then, lackadaisical, took in the sight and drifted away into a kitchen cupboard. He returned, wordlessly placed a baby bottle on the table beside Hoseok before disappearing back to his room.

“Right,” Hoseok said mostly to himself as if mentally preparing as he reached for the bottle. The spoon fell out of the bunny's mouth with a plastic thud.

“Wait Hyung! Sorry sorry I'm sorry!”

“There's nothing to apologize for bunny. Except calling me Hyung,” Hoseok laughed lightly, picking up the bottle. ”You're too small to be calling me Hyung. You know that."

“You can't be serious,” Jungkook whined, glaring dubiously at the baby bottle.

Jungkook turned his head in every direction that wasn't the direction of the bottle, face screwed up in dislike for the blatantly babyish paraphernalia.

As soon as the rubber nipple was in his mouth, the bunny's instincts took over. He had zero control over the response. He was too restless and aroused and the high chair wasn't helping. Neither was Hoseok's cocky expression from having succeeded. He looked beyond happy with the outcome, enamoured by his bunny sucking so eagerly.

Jungkook's eyebrows were furrowed in annoyance but his mouth sucked the nutrients from the baby bottle in Hoseok's hand diligently. The liquid slowly disappearing as his mouth pulled it through the
rubber nipple.

“Yeah yeah mister pouty, Daddy is horrible for trying to feed you,” Hoseok joked, only making Jungkook’s livid frown even more severe.

Even after all the liquid had disappeared, the bunny didn’t stop sucking and Hoseok had a hard time pulling the bottle free. When Jungkook’s lips finally let go of it with a suctioned pop, Hoseok grinned at him wide and proud and used his thumb to wipe the corners of the boy’s mouth. “See? That wasn’t so bad.”

“Never again. Okay?” Jungkook grumbled quietly, absolutely mortified by what had happened but a little intrigued by how aroused he still felt. It was probably the humiliation, or the way Hoseok watched him, like Jungkook really was his little pet.

"We'll see."

Yoongi lay reclined on the bed, eyes closed but awake, listening to Namjoon’s voice and the rain against the window.

The two men were shrouded in darkness but every so often, a flash of lightning would illuminate their faces through the window and cast deceptive shadows. The atmosphere suited the mood of both men well so neither bothered to switch the bedroom lights on, not even a lampshade.

"Honestly, I can't believe how well he's adjusting," Namjoon said, more to himself than his hyung.

Yoongi's eyes opened and searched for Namjoon in the darkness. "You know why he's adjusting well."

A white flash brightened Yoongi's face for a split second so Namjoon didn't answer. He waited for the deafening crack of thunder and only spoke when it finished echoing. "Because he needed this, I know. I just didn't realize how much." The rain was falling harder now, drumming against the glass pane but the trees were making delicate sounds and Namjoon could almost hear a song in the storm.

"He likes it too. We knew he would. He needs someone to be in charge." Yoongi said for probably the millionth time.

"You really believe that?"

"Does it matter?"

Namjoon supposed it didn't. His own justifications were equally as flimsy. He just wanted what he wanted and he wouldn't be surprised if the same went for the others.

They could have just held him down, drugged him, tied him up and forced him to be their little hybrid pet. But he wouldn't be happy then, would he? Not happy like he is now.

Because he had chosen this himself. Namjoon had helped make sure that there weren't any other choices but that wasn't important anymore. What was important was that Jungkook loved his daddies.
They had always known he would enjoy belonging to them and they were right. He just needed a bit of encouragement.

Yoongi sighed wistfully. "I can't wait for the fun parts."

Namjoon took a noisy sip from his mug. "This part is fun as well. He's so stubborn and shy and confused and fumbly and needy. It's like watching a young fawn wobble on its new legs."

"You have a metaphor for everything," Yoongi chuckled softly.

"It's a simile."

His friend laughed again and Namjoon wasn't sure why. He watched Yoongi get lost in thought, wondering what had him looking so terribly pleased. "The oral fixation was a good idea."

Namjoon put his mug down on the bedside table so that he could do a sweeping bow. "You're welcome."

"Didn't know you were a genetic engineer Namjoon-ah." Yoongi rolled his eyes.

"I mean it was my idea." A deep sigh left Namjoon. "Has anyone ever told you you're exhausting to talk to?"

Yoongi glowered. "Has anyone ever told you you talk too much?"

Namjoon dealt him a light punch. "Go back to your room then."

Yoongi grinned sleepily and leaned back, nestling his head into the pillows and closing his eyes. He had a talent for keeping a conversation going with his eyes closed. "No. I like it here."

Namjoon grinned at that. Yoongi could pretend all he wanted but he was there for Namjoons's company. He just liked to act like he didn't need it.

"You know," Namjoon started but was interrupted by another crack of thunder. "He told me he thought his oral fixation started flaring up after we put his little cock off limits."

"Oh dear. That's cute." Yoongi didn't sound like he was completely consumed by adoration but Namjoon knew better. "He might be right," he mumbled after giving it some thought.

"He might be. They should add that to the list of uses for chastity." Namjoon said, pausing briefly to recall the list. "Training or behaviour correction, reminder of ownership, increased sex drive. And, according to recent studies by Kim Namjoon, exacerbated oral fixation."

"You never let me forget that I'm talking to an encyclopedia."

The bunny's horniness would have eventually decreased and reached slightly more manageable levels if it hadn't been for the cockcage. The chastity kept him on edge, kept him in a state of incessant and insatiable need. And what was better than a desperately aroused and helpless little rabbit? Nothing.

Yoongi let out a deep breath, head falling back like he was being ravished by an invisible force. "God the way he sucks."

A pillow hit him in the face, courtesy of Namjoon. "Shut up hyung you're going to give me a boner."
Yoongi carried on, words muffled by the pillow. "Those doe eyes. It's like he knows."

"I'm one hundred percent sure he knows. The way we all coo at him all the time, we're a mess. Especially you."

Yoongi ripped the pillow away so that Namjoon could feel the full impact of his glare. "Piss off. I have maintained my icy cold exterior superbly."

"Bullshit," Namjoon grinned. "We're all weak for his squishy little face and he knows it."

"He only acts that cute when he wants something," Yoongi chuckled.

Namjoon laughed along softly. "Well fortunately for us, he constantly wants something now."

At the sound of socked feet pattering down the wooden hallway, the two friends shared a curious look. The door had been left slightly ajar because the maknae couldn't turn the door handles anymore. But the footsteps paused outside the room and waited there. There was a quiet knock and then the door opened with a low creak to reveal a silhouetted boy with long ears and a twitching tail.

Yoongi squinted at the light. "Kookie?"

"Yeah," he answered quietly but offered no other explanation for why he was looming in their doorway.

A crack of thunder shook the floor and Jungkook sprinted into the room and launched himself onto the bed between his two hyungs, burying himself beneath the blanket with his tail skyward.

Namjoon switched on his phone torch and shone it under the blanket to investigate. Two big round eyes peered back at him from between long ears, one velvety ear clutched tightly in each hand.

When he realized the loud noise was over, he scrambled out and stood beside the bed, ashamed. Clearing his throat, his eyes darted about and landed on everything but his hyungs. "S-sorry."

Despite being the youngest, Jungkook was the bravest out of them all. Seeing him so skittish was endearing and brought out every single protective instinct in Namjoon's body. "Gguk, are you scared? Of the thunder?"

His little tail was quivering, a shaky ball of fluff peeking out of his shorts. "No." He crossed his arms defensively, despite all evidence pointing to the contrary.

Namjoon was glad his own smile was semi-hidden by the darkness when he noticed the bunny's foot tapping anxiously. "Oh okay. Did you need something?"

He just wanted to wrap the bunny up and hold him close and give him kisses.

Jungkook's jaw clenched, looking tense but he kept his tone light. "Do I have to need something? I just wanted to chill."

Namjoon returned the casual tone easily. "Cool. We were just chatting. Come sit." He pulled his legs closer and folded them to make space at the end of the bed for Jungkook.

"Um… what were you talking about?" Jungkook said, sitting himself down at the far corner of the bed in a ball.

"Your present. Did you like it?" Namjoon asked with a bit of a chuckle.
Jungkook looked like he wanted to dissolve. "Yeah," he answered in the tiniest voice imaginable.

"How do you feel?"

"B-better. Thank you. I can't believe you bought...something like that."

_Something like that_ was a suitable term, the rocking horse was hard to describe. Namjoon ruffled his hair. "Anything for our little boy."

Jungkook's face scrunched and he ducked away. "I'm not."

"Not what?" Yoongi asked.

"Not that," he pouted.

"Of course you are Kookie. You're our little baby boy."

An invisible bowling ball of mortification knocked Jungkook over like a pin. He collapsed sideways and let out a groan into the duvets, face a flustered red that delighted Namjoon.

"Stop that. You're making me all... all..." his voice became squeaky with embarrassment.

"All what?" Namjoon asked with a knowing smirk.

"Gah!" was all he got in response. And then the bunny's legs kicked at the air furiously, body jerking around in the duvets.

"Cute," Yoongi said.

Jungkook grunted as he flailed. "I'm having a tantrum."

"I see that. Are you done now?"

"No."

Before Namjoon could answer, a white flash illuminated the sky and caught their attention through the window.

In dread of the thunderous clap, the little rabbit threw himself across the bed, eyes wide, tail fluffed and ears up to the ceiling in fear.

Namjoon was surprised when the bunny sat his bum between Namjoon's folded legs, like a joey in its mother's pouch. He immediately wrapped thick protective arms around the boy's shaking frame, shielding the long furry ears as best as he could before the loud vibrations rattled the window pane.

The sound ended but the bunny was still shaking so Namjoon petted his head softly and combed through his silky hair with gentle fingers.

Scooting his way across the mattress, Yoongi helped form a wall of protection for Jungkook against any villainous weather that may choose to attack. "Its okay to be scared Kookie," he said softly, petting the bunny's back. "Lots of things are scary when you're so small.".

The bunny agreed with a minuscule nod of his head, as if informing them that he wasn't a coward, he was just small. So it was alright. He didn't have to be brave. He was small.

His naturally submissive instincts were blossoming under Yoongi's careful attention and Namjoon
gave Yoongi a subtle commending smile.

Namjoon could see it. The visible signs that Jungkook was slipping. He was pouring himself into the mould they had showed him, the mould they had created specifically for him to fill. And it fitted him so well.

Jungkook's voice was shaky this time when he spoke. "It's loud Daddy." He filled every crevice of the mould to perfection.

He adopted an innocence that wasn't real, but was so enticingly convincing. Everything from the sudden nervous fidgeting to the way he couldn't look them in the eyes. It wasn't real but it was such a good recreation that it might as well have been.

"Oh Kookie. I'm sorry. If I could tell the thunder to stop I would, bun." Yoongi said and it made Jungkook crack the tiniest of smiles.

They kept up the petting and soothing caresses, playing softly with his floppy ears. Namjoon made sure not to touch the bunny's tail because he didn't want to startle the little thing while he was already so on edge. But he stroked the boy's back, finding it far too skinny for his liking. He could feel the ridges of his spine and vowed to get more food into Jungkook whenever possible. Silly kid didn't know the first thing about taking care of himself. But that wouldn't be a problem much longer, now that he belonged to his hyungs.

There was a lull in the storm, the rain was still coming down hard but the lightning was taking a break. The boy's entire body seemed to wilt under their touch, and he fell forward limply, cheek squishing against Yoongi's chest while his lower half was still seated in Namjoon's lap. A collapsed bridge.

There were four hands on him, indulging his desire for cuddles maybe a little too much, wrapping him up in their arms. Namjoon watched Yoongi leave small kisses against Jungkook's human ear and Jungkook shivered, nuzzling into him with a sigh.

The bunny's small needy sounds and hums of pleasure were enthralling and Namjoon loved that they could comfort him so deeply with such ease. Having the hybrid rely on them in that way felt like a different kind of power.

Without the freedom of his hands, which he would normally have used to clutch at Yoongi's shirt, Jungkook relied much more on his face and mouth for closeness. He butted against Yoongi, like a cub that wanted to suckle and rubbed the crown of his head against the comforting fabric of Yoongi's shirt.

It was a display of open need and trust and a desire for care that hit Namjoon with a force and made his heart warm.

A low pleased sound came from Jungkook's throat, as Namjoon began to massage his scalp, fingers moving in slow circles. Namjoon felt like the action gave him more satisfaction than it gave Jungkook. To lessen his bunny's fear, to soothe his nerves, to know that their baby boy needed them and to feel like they could protect him, made Namjoon feel strong.

His eyes widened at the sound of a low rumbling, before he realized that the quiet motor sound was coming from their maknae. Jungkook was coming apart beneath their fingers in a different way than they were used to, shivering sweetly and breathing deep and slow.

He didn't seem to notice the sound at all, in fact, it was as if it soothed him more. The bunny's very
own white noise machine.

Namjoon adored each and every hybrid rabbit characteristic Jungkook exhibited because they were so base, so instinctive, so out of the little one's own control. Need need need need.

Just a baby bunny.

Nobody noticed the bolt of lightning until it was too late, until the sharp crack of thunder nearly deafened Namjoon. He couldn't imagine what the bunny had experienced from the sound. Reflex made him hold onto his boy tightly and Yoongi had the same response to the sound, throwing his hands on top the bunny's ears to protect them. But it wasn't enough. The purring stopped abruptly as the bunny's whole body stiffened.

As much as Jungkook appeared to be okay, there was an undeniable warmth spreading from below his bottom.

The realization of what had happened arrived slowly and was plainly visible on Jungkook’s face. His eyes grew two sizes in surprise and his mouth fell into an O-shape. Then his cheeks blushed a lovely pink, Namjoon's favourite sight.

The bunny was alert again. Alert and horrified.

"Oh- oh my god. I- ah. I'm so sorry! I- I'll…" He looked around frantically, searching for something he could promise them but there wasn't anything he could do. He couldn't help them clean up, he couldn't clean himself up. He needed them to intervene and the dawning realization showed in the quiver of his lower lip. "I'm s-sorry."

"Gguk, calm down. It's okay," Yoongi said as comfortingly as he could. For some reason, this very kin reassurance made the tears start to roll.

He stammered in a watery voice, breath hitching after every few words. "I'm s- sorry. Sorry Da-"

"Shh bunny it's okay." Namjoon's said, attempting to dry the boy's face but the tears kept rolling.

"Got a fright." Jungkook sniffled. He didn't look too pleased that he was crying but he couldn't stop, his emotions were too volatile, too close to the surface. And the longer they sat there on the wet bed, the more the horror of what had happened was sinking in. "Th-the bed. I- I'm so sorry. It was an accident. Please don't be mad."

"Hey," Namjoon cupped the boy's face, speaking firmly and holding the trembling jaw in his palm as he forced the bunny's eyes to meet his own. "Listen to me Kookie." Jungkook's glistening eyes looked back at him unblinkingly. "We'd never be mad at you about this, okay? Never. It's not your fault you can't hold it."

"We can't be mad at you for being a baby," Yoongi added, in a light tone. Jungkook frowned at him while both Namjoon and Yoongi waited for him to protest.

They were offering him an exoneration: They wouldn't be mad… if he admitted he was too little to control his bladder.

He didn't disagree with Yoongi and that was enough for them. The distressed tears didn't stop though."But-but everything is d-dirty."

"Bunny, nothing is as important as your needs okay? Not the furniture, not our clothes, nothing."
"Mkay. I'm sorry."

While Namjoon was reassuring the bunny and drying his tears, Yoongi had fetched supplies and was now standing with his hands on his hips, looking old and exasperated.

"Listen Gguk. There won't be discussion about it this time."

The maknae stared up at his hyung with wide eyes and didn't have time to question what wasn't to be discussed before Yoongi was laying a diaper out on the bed.

"Wha- Hold on. N-no-" Jungkook seemed to be sobering up really quickly at the sight of the powder and the wet wipes.

Namjoon sighed internally. All the work they'd put in hadn't been enough. He'd seemed so ready though. Taehyung had said he was ready. Seokjin had said he was ready. But maybe diapers were something that no adult was every really ready for.

"I told you Gguk. We're not discussing it." Yoongi said.

Jungkook was edging away but Namjoon was behind him so he wouldn't be getting very far. "B-but I have…" he seemed to get stuck here as he watched Yoongi smooth out the white padding.

"...objections."

"I'm sure you do. And maybe we can talk about them another day," Namjoon said, placing a calming hand on the bunny's shoulder.

"No!"

"Kookie, you're getting fussy. I think you need your paci."

"No! Wait! You can't just-"

The gag was in his mouth before he could finish the sentence.

It didn't soothe him as it usually did. Yoongi had to grab his ankles to stop him from fleeing and then he gave them a pull to lay the bunny out flat. Jungkook immediately went to sit up but Namjoon seized his wrists and kept him down.

His protests were muffled and were dying out as he realized he was at a huge disadvantage. His legs still kicked but when Yoongi started pulling off his wet shorts and opening the pack of wet wipes, Jungkook suddenly seemed too distracted by the peculiarities of the proceedings to even protest.

He watched in confused awe as Yoongi parted his legs and wiped him down. It was ticklish and cold and he jerked a little. He watched the powder come next, intrigued and mortified in equal amounts.

While Jungkook groaned out more unintelligible complaints, Yoongi placed a small cherry blossom sticker on the cockcage. They were running out of space on the tiny thing so it had to be a small sticker. Jungkook was surprised into silence, a million emotions flickered across his face in a moment before he made a small questioning sound, a sound Yoongi was familiar with.

"Yes sweetheart, you're getting a sticker. We know how difficult this is."

Jungkook seemed confused after that. More so than before. Like he wasn't sure if he wanted to protest anymore. They turned him over onto his stomach after that and he made one more futile attempt to get away.
The diaper taped up on the sides but it also required some work at the back. It was designed so that if it could be secured around his tail, little fluff ball poking out so that it wouldn't get messy if the diaper was used. Even with the hole for his tail, the diaper was still secure enough that it wouldn't leak.

The sticky tabs securing it both at the sides and the back, meant that it would be impossible to remove. Even without the mittens, Jungkook would have trouble figuring out what was going on at the back of the diaper.

"There you go. Nice and snug," Yoongi said with a pat to the bunny's diapered behind. He stood Jungkook up beside the bed, in just his small shirt and his diaper.

"Sit your padded butt down Kookie," Yoongi said to him dismissively as he got to work stripping the bed and pulling on clean sheets.

Jungkook didn't sit. He rubbed frantically at the diaper, mittens brushing over the taped sides but not catching.

They paid him no mind because they knew he couldn't get it off. But he kept trying.

They were spreading out a new blanket when Namjoon noticed Jungkook seemed to have finally given up and sat on the floor.

The movement made loud crinkly sounds and Jungkook's face was a tomato.

When the bed was fresh, Yoongi went over to where Jungkook had gotten comfortable on the floor. The bunny glared up at him, pacifier bobbing furiously between two inflated cheeks.

He tapped on it with his mittens, a gesture that he wanted it out and Yoongi knelt down so that he was only slightly above him now.

"If I take your paci out Kookie, you have to promise to listen, okay?"

Jungkook nodded eagerly.

As soon as Yoongi pulled the slobbery thing free, Jungkook took a deep breath and released his complaints like a firearm.

"Daddy! Th-this is too far. Take it off." He complained angrily, scratching ineffectually at the sticky tabs again.

Yoongi sighed. "Gguk, I was willing to negotiate but you can't even keep a small promise."

Jungkook left the diaper alone. "Negotiate?"

Namjoon answered him from across the room and then decided it was time that he joined them on the floor. "It's like bargaining, Kookie. You know what bargaining means, right?"

"Yes Daddy." It was long since Namjoon had seen Jungkook blush from saying Daddy. It must be the diaper.

"Well," Yoongi continued, "Daddy only bargains with good little boys."

"I'm a good little boy!" He went red immediately after the words came out.

"You promised to listen, Kookie." Namjoon said, sounding disappointed.
"I will! I am! I'm listening! I'm listening!" He was getting frustrated, feeling impatient but trying to be good.

"We know this is hard baby. So here's the bargain." Yoongi explained slowly. "If you promise not to take your diaper off, we can get rid of the mittens."

Jungkook looked down at his lap where his buckled mitts lay. "These ones?"

"And the other ones. Both."

He looked at Namjoon. "F-forever?"

Namjoon nodded. "If you're good and keep your diaper on."

He barely pondered before arriving at his answer. "Okay."

"Okay?"

"Yeah. I promise."

"Okay little one. Thank you for being so good. You're such an angel."

He was eager to get the mittens off and Yoongi and Namjoon undid the buckles as quickly as they could for their bouncing impatient bunny.

He didn't have time to be naughty though. All it took was another loud crack of thunder for Jungkook to forget everything and seek refuge in the embrace of his daddies.

They may have protected the bunny from accidents but they couldn't control the weather and the storm was still raging outside, oblivious to the hybrid's terror. "Our bunny's poor little ears. What are we gonna do about it Namjoon?" Yoongi asked with a smile.

Namjoon pretended to think. "I say we tickle him."

"Wha-" His eyes widened, looked adorably alert but if was too late.

Namjoon attacked his sensitive sides with wriggly fingers and Jungkook squealed, backing away straight into Yoongi.

The bunny's helpless giggles and tickled shrieks drowned out the sounds of the storm outside. Even if they couldn't hide the thunder completely, the little one was too busy laughing to be scared.

Yoongi pinned his arms above his head, leaving his tummy and underarms vulnerable. He writhed under the ceaseless tickling, giggling uncontrollably as Namjoon's spidery fingers danced across his ribs.

Yoongi was grinning a gummy smile, looking delighted at the bunny's frantic squeals and Namjoon was sure his face looked similarly fond.

They hardly let him catch his breath and he gasped in between laughs, trying to shield his body from the torturous tickles but he couldn't fight both of them at once. They were giving him a new, happier memory of being held down by both his hyungs, to replace the old one.

The storm ended at some point but they were having too much fun to stop.

His t-shirt had ridden up and was scrunched around his chest, leaving his pretty expanse of skin open
to Namjoon's light touch and putting the thick diaper on full display. The bunny couldn't be self-
conscious about it or shy when he was thrashing about breathlessly and that was what they wanted,
to make him comfortable, to make him forget about it.

But it didn't hurt that he looked so goddamn adorable giggling with that bright smile, mouth open too
wide and nose too scrunched for him to keep his eyes open.

Maybe Namjoon only noticed because he was looking out for it. But then his eyes met Yoongi’s, and
he had noticed too. The diaper was wet, there was a slight sag to it. Their baby bunny had lost
control.

The first time his diaper was wet and he didn't notice. He'd have time to get used to the feeling before
the realization hit. It was better than either of them could have hoped for.

Namjoon and Yoongi determinedly looked away from it and kept playing with their squirming little
pet. They were so happy that they upped the tickles, Namjoon blowing raspberries onto his tummy
and Yoongi leaving ticklish light kisses on his face. He shrieked, delighted and overwhelmed and
loving the attention as much as he wanted to escape it.

They knew the moment he had noticed his wet diaper because his whole body stiffened, breath held
as his eyes darted downward.

"I-" Everything was red. His face, his human ears, his neck, his chest. It was cute that he still got
embarrassed, that as much as he wanted to make them happy, everything about being a bunny still
made him shy.

"Kookie? Is everything okay?"

"Uh…” he readjusted the way he was sitting and the diaper made a distinctly damp sound. He was
trying to gather the courage to tell them what had happened but he was also trying to process it
himself. He didn't seem to be finding the words and he only seemed to be growing more nervous.

"What's the matter baby boy?" Yoongi asked, sounding both concerned and confused.

They waited but they could both see he wasn't going to find the words. "Did you have another
accident pumpkin?" Namjoon asked.

Jungkook didn't even nod. He just blinked.

"I don't know how- it just-"

"It's alright Kookie, okay? We'll get you changed and everything will be fine."

Namjoon could see the cogs turning. Jungkook had a lot to process. He had fought the diaper, and
then used it. He had been wrong and his daddies had been right.

It was a lot harder for him to argue this time when they lay him out on the bed and pulled out a fresh
diaper.

He had just proved that they had made a good decision.

"I- I'm sorry," he mumbled, unable to look at Yoongi while he untaped the wet diaper. "I don't know
why- why I-"

Yoongi interrupted him as he wiped along the inside of the bunny’s thighs, making him hiss from the
sudden cold touch. "It's because you're little."

"Bec'se I'm little?"

"That's right Kookie. Only little bunnies have accidents, right?"

The bunny frowned in thought. That must be why. How else could he explain why he had lost control of his bladder? He needed a way to consolidate it in his mind, the reason why this had happened so many times. And Namjoon and Yoongi were there to supply that reason.

It was normal.

Little bunnies had accidents.

Little bunnies wore diapers.

Chapter End Notes

This chapter alluded to a sequel that may or may not happen. But I can't make any promises. Don't hold me to it please :)
Ducky

Chapter Notes

Lots of notes today.
*****
This fic has dragged on for far long enough. As you may have noticed, it will be coming to a close soon.

But DO NOT DESPAIR! I am creating an accompanying fic for dirty and cute little snippets that didn't make it into Interventions, where you will also be free to make whatever fluffy or depraved requests cross your mind.

They can take place at any time during, after or before (?) this story. I look forward to hearing some creative ideas from readers who enjoyed this fic.

It will be up pretty soon so keep a lookout.

A reminder that a sequel is still only under consideration.
*****
Warning for a panic attack/anxiety attack/distress in this chapter.

Also warning for diaper use. If you really can't handle reading about scat, skip the part between the dashed lines (looks like this --------------)

Please read the tags. We're far into this fic but some readers are still confused.

Please please please proceed with caution. It's not my responsibility to protect you from stuff on the internet. I've tagged as best as I can so that you can protect yourself. Please do so.

---

Yoongi couldn't wait for Jungkook's place as their little bunny who needed diaper changes, to be cemented. The ultimate dependence, relying on them to clean up his messes.

They were close, but not fully where they wanted to be yet.

It was incredibly cute when he'd mumble out a shy, "Daddy, wet." Asking for a change without asking for a change. But the diaper was only ever wet from slick.

Jungkook clearly had no intention of using it for its intended purpose.

That problem could be easily rectified. All they had to do was refuse to let him use the toilet and despite the deal Yoongi had made with him, the diaper would still be impossible for Jungkook to remove if he did decide that he wanted to try.

They could have locked the bathroom and that would have been that.

Easy.
But it would have shattered him. He would stop trusting them. He wouldn't be their happy baby rabbit anymore.

So they took him to the toilet. Every time he wanted to go, they would accompany him as they had before.

Between the overalls with the tail hole, undoing the diaper, re-taping it, and cleaning up the cockcage, trips to the toilet were becoming incredibly drawn out events.

Even though Yoongi knew that they wouldn't be doing it for much longer, he was losing patience by the fifth trip already.

"Bunny. Can't you just go in your diaper? Seriously. This is a lot of unnecessary work. Might as well just change the thing while I'm at it, you know?" Yoongi griped while unfolding a fresh diaper. This one was covered in little cartoon dinosaurs. At least there had been progress in that area. They hardly used the plain white diapers anymore, just the cute printed puffy ones.

The bunny shook his head adamantly, ears flopping cutely but frown deadly serious.

Yoongi gave him a quizzical look. "You've done it before."

"BUT THOSE WAS ACCIDENTS! DADDY-"

"Okay okay. Inside voice, little rascal. There's no need to yell, it was just a suggestion. We can keep doing this, bun. But let me tell you, I can feel myself getting older."

Jungkook felt bad that he was being extra trouble but apparently not bad enough to piss himself.

************************************************

Jiin: don't forget, we're supposed to have him at 9 stickers by today

Namjoon: I got it

Namjoon: I'll find a reason to give him one tonight

Jiin: thanks Namjoonie

************************************************

The rocking horse was just the beginning of an avalanche of gifts.

All of them practical but some less so than others. Jungkook's favorite so far was a toy cat. It was soft and floppy, with a bean-shaped body and long spaghetti limbs. The plushy was half his height so when he carried it, it always touched the floor. Taking it around with him involved a lot more dragging than carrying.

Why was he taking it around with him? A good question but difficult to answer. Having free hands felt weird. Especially since he knew his daddies still didn't want him doing too much on his own in case he got hurt, it helped to hold onto something. He didn't feel as silly letting them do things if he could pretend it was because his hands were full.
What began as a plan to keep himself occupied grew into something a bit more and Jungkook decided it was very important that the cat be with him at all times. He was Jungkook’s responsibility now. What if he got bored without Jungkook? What if something happened to him when Jungkook wasn't looking?

Jungkook couldn’t let that happen to Ducky.

His name was Ducky.

"Dougie?" Jimin had asked him, puzzled.

"No. Ducky. Like quack quack. Ducky."

Jimin threw his head back laughing. "Why?"

"Because it’s funny. See? You laughed." Jungkook grinned.

"Jungkook. You are the sweetest boy in the whole world."

"Thanks. Ducky says he agrees with you and that Jungkook deserves marshmallows."

The other gift didn't feel like a gift. It came courtesy of Doctor Lee, a man Jungkook had all but forgotten existed.

His hyungs said they cancelled their appointment with him because Jungkook had adjusted so well that it wasn't necessary anymore.

But they had a short phone call with him and he was hugely disapproving of the dildo pacifier. He said it could cause big problems for Jungkook’s teeth, especially the two front bunny ones that might still be growing.

So they had taken that away and now he had what looked like a regular pacifier. The rubber nub was large, to fit his mouth, but it was soft and very normal. He thought he was going to miss the old perversion of a pacifier but his hyungs were taking good care of him and he got to suck dick a lot more, even when he wasn't very well behaved. Which was nice. The pacifier was just for in between, to keep his mouth busy. It was far less invasive than the gag and most of the time he forgot he was sucking on it because it felt so natural.

For some reason, he seemed to have a mental block against taking it out on his own. His daddies had always put it in for him and taken it and they continued to do that, which was comforting in the midst of so many other changes.

Changes. Changes like the poofy diaper encasing his private parts. Every time he thought of sneakily taking it off, he was reminded of the dreadful mittens and refrained.

It was warm, almost uncomfortably so. And the padding was so thick that it changed his gait. He had to walk a little bow-legged due to the bulk of it. (Taehyung kept calling it a waddle because Taehyung was mean). And when he sat, his thighs had to be far apart to make room for all the diaper that was between them.

None of his shorts covered them. If anything, they made the diaper stand out more. Made it look bulkier.

He understood it was a precaution but he was determined to prove that it was an unnecessary one.
Chim: Guys we can't keep asking him if he wants to visit his parents
Tae: we have to
Chim: what if he says yes?
Hobi: he won't
Chim: but what if he does
Namjoon: then I guess we'll go visit them
Chim: HOW?
agustd: idk we'll figure it out
agustd: we always do
agustd: relax
Jiin: we'll probably have to go eventually. We can't have them showing up here
Hobi: yeah where would we put the rocking horse?
Chim: Lol
Tae: We could always keep him in little space when we go and tell them he mentally regressed
Chim: Like brain damage? That's fucked up
Tae: Not more fucked up than anything we've already done
Namjoon: There's a lot of holes in that plan
Tae: we'll patch it up
Jiin: guys we don't have to hide everything
Tae: what do you mean?
Jiin: I mean, we can just let it be
Jiin: there's hardly proof we're responsible for any of it
Hobi: I was actually gonna say that
Namjoon: I thought we were already on that page
Tae: oh
Tae: wow
Tae: you mean like maybe Koo just really wanted a pacifier?
Jiin: exactly
Jiin: and he needs diapers now
Jiin: hardly our fault
agustd: we made him believe he's just a baby bunny
agustd: what's two more people?

Namjoon: we talked about this before
agustd: yeah we did
agustd: the 95s just need a refresher sometimes
Chim: so I've been stressed this whole time for nothing?
Jiin: yep
Chim: ＼
Tae: 'ㅅ'

Jungkook was in his high chair. He had finished all his food but no one had bothered to let him out yet.

He needed to pee. Daddy was washing up. The tap was running. It wasn't a good situation. That wet whooshing water sound was powerful.

The fact that his food was mostly liquid or soft mush didn't help either. It had gone right through him.

"Mm.. Daddy?" He called hesitantly.
"Yes bunny?" Seokjin replied, back facing Jungkook while he was at the sink.
"I want out."
"Just a second bunny. Daddy is cleaning up."
"Uh. Okay."

It was getting worse. He wasn't going to make it.
"Daddy?"
"Bunny?"

"I uh. I really need to go."

"Kookie. You're wearing a diaper. You'll be fine."

"It's already wet." From slick. He didn't say that part but it was true. It was uncomfortably wet already because of the stupid high chair.

"Well then be a big boy for me and hold it. I'm nearly done here. You can do that, right angel?"

Jungkook didn't answer. He was too busy fighting his bladder. It was hurting. He had to hold it. He had to hold it. They always told him he couldn't hold it. Always told him he shouldn't try. This was the first time ever that Daddy had asked him to hold it.

He squeezed his eyes tightly shut, hoping that would help somehow. It didn't. He could still hear the tap.

His bladder stopped listening to him and he felt a hot stream leave his caged cock and make his diaper swell as it absorbed the liquid.

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And then something worse happened. Something worse than pee. It was warm and squishy and made the diaper bulge beneath him. He was appalled.

He couldn't even lift himself out of the awful mess because he was strapped to the stupid chair. It was all hot and gross and trapped against his skin and he wanted out. Wanted the diaper off.

Oh no. How was he going to face Daddy when he came to unbuckle him? He was going to see. He was going to know that he couldn't hold it.

Suddenly his chest felt tight and he couldn't breathe.

As soon as he spotted Daddy coming over he blurted out nonsensical apologies. Tears flooded his vision and he didn't know whether he wanted Daddy to hold him and make him feel better or whether he wanted to run away and hide so he never found out.

Daddy's calm demeanor helped a lot already and Jungkook decided he wanted to be held.

"It's okay bunny. Slow down. Tell me what happened."

Jungkook gasped, feeling like air couldn't fill his lungs fast enough but his Daddy was patient.

"I m-made made made a mess."

"That's okay. You tried, didn't you sweetheart?"

The bunny nodded tearfully, large eyes blinking up at his Daddy with a sorrowful stare.

"So there's nothing to be upset about. That's what diapers are for," he said patiently as he clicked open the tray and started to unbuckle the straps. Aren't you relieved that your daddies were clever enough to diaper you up?"

"Yeah." They were really clever and he was very relieved. "B-ut..." his voice lowered to a whisper. "It's a big mess Daddy."
"Well then we should get our bunny changed quickly, shouldn't we?" Seokjin said with a big grin and affectionate kiss to Jungkook's tearful face.

Daddy was barely reacting. Hardly bothered. Jungkook was confused. This was the grossest thing he could imagine. Why would anyone WANT to change a dirty diaper?

Jungkook was still hyperventilating when Seokjin lifted him up out of the chair.

The diaper was sagging with the weight of its contents and Jungkook was so mortified he could only cry. "Daddy I'm s-sorry. It never happened happened before. I didn't even even even notice." His stutter got worse, aggravated by his hiccupsing and tumultuous emotional state.

"There's no need to apologize sweetheart."

That comforted Jungkook a little. Made it slightly easier to breathe.

"You tried to be a big boy and you couldn't. There's nothing wrong with that, okay?" Seokjin was carrying him with little difficulty. Holding him on his hip, with an arm under his diapered bottom. There was an audible squish and as much as Jungkook wanted to wriggle away so that his dirty diaper wasn't being pushed up against him, he didn't want his Daddy to let go of him.

He was feeling awfully tiny and vulnerable in his mess and he needed to feel safe after his body had betrayed him in the worst possible way. He couldn't believe his daddies were okay with this. They still wanted to keep him when he was nothing but trouble.

He sobbed harder, grateful and horrified. And dreading what was about to happen.

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Daddy made everything okay. He made a lot of stupid jokes. When those weren't distracting Jungkook anymore, he gave him Ducky to hold. Jungkook was thrilled that Daddy had somehow remembered to bring Ducky with.

He had to hold the cat high up on his chest so that he didn't get in the way while Daddy worked.

Seokjin went about the process like it was an everyday occurrence, wiping Jungkook down until he was cleaner than if he had had a bath.

The dirty diaper was tossed so quickly that Jungkook barely got a chance to be upset and embarrassed before there was a crinkly fresh diaper laid out beneath him. Daddy was good.

He pushed a wet wipe into the bunny's hole with a finger and wiggled it around to make sure the little rabbit was clean as could be and Jungkook squirmed at the foreign feeling.

He played with the bunny's hole until it was leaking slick again, clean and opening up under the touch greedily.

Jungkook noticed that Daddy was watching his face so he decided to hide behind Ducky.

"Hm is someone feeling shy?" Daddy hummed, curling his finger gently inside.

Jungkook convulsed with a needy whine and Daddy spread a hand across his stomach where it was rising and falling with his ragged breaths. "Sh sh sh. Calm down little one."

Jungkook tried. He tried to relax his hole around the invasion, tried not to feel self conscious and exposed lying there on top of a clean diaper with Daddy's finger up his bum.
"Careful Kookie. You're gonna strangle poor Ducky."

Daddy held still, waiting for him to relax, other hand rubbing slow circles on his tummy until his body unwound itself. "There you go pumpkin. That's right. Relax for me."

Only when Jungkook was completely pliant, did Daddy start moving his finger. He moved it slowly, in and out. Not really fucking, just playing.

"Good boy."

Small whimpers and moans escaped Jungkook and his legs fell open. He tried not to look down at the bright colorful cock cage between them because it was embarrassing but that was fine because it wasn't for him to look at anyways. It was for Daddy.

He felt soft. And light and comfortable and floaty. Daddy was moving so slow and soothingly that Jungkook's cock wasn't hurting in his cage. It just felt nice, the good feelings traveling through his body in slow large waves. He was being carried out to sea but it was nice. It was quiet here.

"You like that, my sweet boy?"

Jungkook hummed. This was nice. He wouldn't mind diaper changes so much if they were always like this.

But then Daddy pulled his finger out, leaving him empty and leaky. Jungkook complained with a small whine and Daddy cooed at him sympathetically, wiping up the excess slick with a wet wipe.

"This would be your tenth sticker, baby bunny."

Something miraculous happened then. Daddy pulled out a key. A key to the small lock between his legs. Jungkook could barely comprehend what was happening as the pink cage that had almost started to feel like it was a part of him, clicked open.

Tenth sticker? For what? Jungkook wondered but didn't dare question it.

His dick bounced up immediately, small and free and raging hard. It looked tinier than before. Had it somehow gotten smaller?

Daddy ignored the hard little thing effortlessly, didn't take any notice of it at all. Jungkook couldn't believe it. Something was wrong, surely. Was he asleep? Was he going to wake up still caged and horny?

Daddy smoothed the thick padding over his hard bunnycock, keeping it pressed against his stomach and then taped the diaper sealed. He wasn't dreaming. He could feel the diaper against his cock. That was an awake feeling.

Daddy's large hand gently patted the front of his diaper and Jungkook bucked up into it, desperately aroused by the muted touch.


All the blood had rushed from his brain to his erection and now he was lightheaded. He'd never been this hard ever and Daddy's tone wasn't helping.

The bunny knew he wanted to say something but he didn't know what. This new thing was too sudden. Where was the cockcage? He needed to touch himself. Isn't that what was supposed to
happen?

He didn't have time to locate his words before Daddy pushed his soother into his mouth and he found himself sucking on it furiously, confused and needy.

"I'm so proud of you little one."

Proud?

It didn't matter what for. It made him glow inside and Daddy could tell.

He put the bunny in a sleeper. One that covered his whole body right up to where his shoulders met his neck. It zipped up at the back and he couldn't reach the zipper, let alone grip it with the fleece covering his hands.

The onesie made the thick bulging shape of the diaper awfully obvious. It even covered his feet and he was getting a bit sweaty already in the clothing. But there was nothing he could do, he was trapped inside the thick pajamas and it kept his diaper pressed up tightly against his body, the feeling against his cock inescapable.

He needed Daddy's help. Needed Daddy to touch him because he couldn't do it on his own.

He stretched inside the onesie, pushing against the material like maybe he could punch his way out of it and Daddy chuckled fondly at his squirming.

"Do I have a fussy baby bunny today?" Daddy asked teasingly as he picked him up. He carried him to the living room where there was a large mat with alphabet blocks printed all over it, spread out on the floor where the coffee table used to be.

Jungkook was deposited on this mat on his padded bottom, feeling confused and horny and not understanding anything.

Daddy said something about going to fetch him some toys and coming back soon but Jungkook was just upset that his daddy was suddenly going away. He nearly cried about it and he didn't know why. He was overwhelmed.

Daddy returned to the sight of Jungkook, eyes shut and grinding his little paws desperately against his crotch, struggling to gain any kind of sensation from the padded layers of diaper and fleece.

"Bunny!"

Jungkook pulled his hands away immediately and blinked up at Daddy with the most innocent expression he could muster, his little thing still achingly hard and in need of attention. It must've worked because Daddy's expressions softened and he began placing down a few toys on the mat. One of them was a colorful xylophone that might have held Jungkook's attention on another day but failed today.

Daddy sat down on the couch to do grown up things on his phone and Jungkook was left to his own devices.

He was so frustrated that he just fell onto his back and kicked at the air a few times in restless irritation and need. He tired himself out after only a few seconds of wild flailing and stopped to catch his breath. His cock was still hard. Daddy hadn't seemed to notice his little fit, so he sat up and tried again to get some sort of friction through his diaper. It was really difficult.
"Do we not like the toys today Kookie?" Daddy asked, looking up to check on his bunny. "What about Ducky? He's looking mighty lonely over there."

Was he? Was Ducky sad?

Jungkook picked him up and held him close just in case.

Daddy looked very occupied.

Maybe Ducky could help. He tried, but Ducky was too soft and floppy. He needed someone hard and sturdy. Solid like Daddy. In frustration he threw Ducky away from him and he flew further than Jungkook intended, attracting Daddy's attention.

"Kookie! That's naughty! Don't throw Ducky."

Jungkook tried to look a little sorry for himself which wasn't difficult because he was indeed feeling very sorry for himself. His soother was bobbing in his mouth rather furiously as his emotions were building and he stretched his arms out towards Daddy, hoping he'd see his need and help.

Daddy of course picked him up and brought him back to the sofa, sitting down with Jungkook on his lap.

"How about you watch some TV with Daddy? Hm?"

Daddy said, switching it on and pulling Jungkook so his back was against Daddy's solid chest. Solid.

He spoke around his soother, the rubber nub distorting his words only slightly but Daddy still didn't understand.

"Daddy touch? P-please."

Daddy rubbed his thighs gently. The touch was nice but it wasn't where Jungkook needed it to be. "Baby you're gonna have to try speak a bit more clearer so Daddy can understand you."

"Daddy please," he gasped when Daddy's hands got closer to his diaper. Words were difficult. "Help. Touch? Please."

"Sorry bunny. Daddy doesn't understand baby babbling." The hands roaming his body wondered up over his stomach, making him squirm at the ticklish sensation but then went to his nipples and began rubbing over them through the fleece. It was an odd mix of ticklish and arousing that had Jungkook leaking furiously from his bunny hole. The slick spread in his diaper. There was so much of it that the wetness spread to the front where his cock could feel it.

"That's it baby boy. Fill that diaper with slick for Daddy." Daddy was still rubbing lightly over his nipples but it felt like too much. "Daddy loves it when his bunny's diaper is all wet."

It was wet. It was very wet.

"Wanna cum! Daddy please!"

That, Daddy understood.

Daddy gave his nipples soft pinches through the onesie and then rubbed them again softly, making Jungkook whine. "You're allowed to cum baby."

That's not what he meant. But Daddy knew.
Daddy lifted a knee so that his muscled thigh was pressed up against Jungkook's crotch and the hybrid moaned loudly around his soother at the pressure, rocking against it immediately and nearly blacking out from finally getting that delicious friction he had been craving for so long.

Daddy chuckled in his ear and lifted his knee a little higher. The thigh was firm and thick and hard in the right place so that Jungkook could feel the diaper moving against his cock as he rocked.

He moved his hips in a wave, grinding in the diaper. But it wasn't slow and sensual, it was fast and urgent. Needy rutting like a rabbit.

Seokjin exhaled in awe. "Look at you, our beautiful boy. Our pretty pet."

Our?

Oh.

He opened his eyes and Taehyung was there. Sitting comfortably on the floor, looking up at him with a hand on his thigh that Jungkook hadn't even noticed. Just watching.

"Poor bunny. So helpless, aren't you?" Taehyung was looking at him so fondly, almost with admiration and Jungkook wanted to be that. A helpless bunny who was loved and adored by Taehyung.

A voice from behind him startled him and he faltered in his thrusts from fear. "Are you going to cum Kookie?" His thrusts picked up speed again when he realized it was Namjoon, leaning against the back of the couch, and watching over Seokjin's shoulder. "Rubbing your naughty little cocklet against Daddy's thigh like that."

He whimpered as the humiliation rushed through his veins like a drug and made him chase his pleasure even more urgently.

It was so difficult. It was the most Jungkook had worked for an orgasm ever.

He felt like his skull was too small, there was a pressure building in his head that was running down his spine and pooling in his belly. It made him feel stretched too far like an elastic band waiting to snap. And he wanted to snap so bad. He wanted an orgasm to break him.

"Look at you sweetheart. Such a helpless needy little thing." Jimin was next to him. Playing with his tail gently. He had forgotten it was even sticking out but Jimin gave it a sudden tug and Jungkook felt a gush of fresh slick seep into the padding around his crotch. He whined loudly, falling forward onto Seokjin's knee but that only gave Jimin more room to play with his fluffy tail.

"Are you all wet in your diaper pumpkin? Does it feel nice against your little willy?" Yoongi's voice didn't even surprise him this time but his words did. They made his cock leak so much precum that for a second he thought he was coming. But there was still too much tension in his body.

It was like someone had lit a firework inside his belly and he was waiting for it go off, feeling the spark burn and move closer to the bang.

Hoseok was next to Taehyung where he had a hand on Jungkook’s calf muscle, massaging it and giving it gentle squeezes. "We should give him a spanking. For humping Daddy's leg like a dumb animal," Hoseok suggested.

In his mind, he was everything they were telling him he was. Helpless. A baby animal who couldn't do anything. Sweet and horny. A dumb pet that needed to be taught how to behave.
Someone spanked him then. Hard. And he cried but didn't stop grinding his crotch against the leg in front of him.

Someone hit his bum again, right below his tail and it was so embarrassing to be spanked over a diaper that his mind blanked. "Fuck."

At the sound of that one word that sounded more like "huck" around his soother, Daddy lowered his leg and Jungkook suddenly fell forward and landed with his hands on Daddy's knees.

"Was that a bad word I heard?" Daddy asked in his ear and Jungkook only groaned cutely in frustration, sliding back and forth along Daddy's horizontal thigh to try and get friction like that. But Daddy brought a hand round to the front and cupped it over his diaper, holding him still by the crotch. "Apologize to Daddy, sweetheart."

Jungkook bounced in place, frustrated and desperate and angry that the pleasure had stopped so suddenly, when he was at his peak.

"Oh, hyung don't be mean. He's only little." Jimin said sympathetically.

"Exactly. That's why he can't be using those words." Seokjin answered, hand not moving. Jungkook only squirmed, trying to get humping again but Daddy was making it very difficult.

"Kookie, say 'sorry Daddy'."

Jungkook was hardly comprehending what they were saying. He only knew that he needed to cum. "Bunny, you need to apologize," Hoseok said slowly, sweetly, stroking his face with the back of his hand.

"S-sorry Daddy. I'm sorry Daddy." He said quickly when he realized that's what would get him Daddy's leg back where he needed it.

A hand spanked him again and he whimpered and whined.

"Those are the sounds I like to hear baby," someone said but he didn't know who. They were all blurry figures in his periphery. Everything was swimming in front of him, tinted multiple colors like a kaleidoscope.

All of them were a reassuring presence but it was their touches and their voices that were clearest. They were helping but not helping and it was driving him crazy.

The leg returned and he grinded, picking up speed quickly.

He was trembling, could barely keep himself moving but it was like his body was doing it on its own now, chasing something that he wasn't even sure could happen anymore. Had he forgotten how to orgasm? It felt close but out of reach.

He was making sounds. Vulgar and pornographic sounds, and wet sucking sounds around his soother that still didn't disguise the crinkle of the diaper beneath his onesie.

Namjoon spoke up from behind him in a gruff reassuring voice that travelled through Jungkook's entire body. "You're doing so well my little rabbit."

Yoongi was tugging on the soother in Jungkook's mouth, pulling on it until it was almost out and letting Jungkook suck it back in over and over.
"Our sweet dumb baby bunny," he cooed and Jungkook was cumming against his Daddy's thigh with a cry around his soother, body shaking as the orgasm wracked through him with force, traveling through his bones like electric shocks. He writhed under their hands, tensing as the waves of pleasure took over, blinding him. It continued to hit him over and over with such strength that he became silent, just shaking uncontrollably as he filled his diaper with cum.

There was a soft hum of their praises but he couldn't understand them. Seokjin carried his spent body over to the alphabet mat and laid him down gently.

He was crying. His body was shaking with sobs as he came down from the high. Everything was even more of a blur as the tears didn't stop. It was a quiet cry, an overwhelmed cry where he could only tremble as the huge drops rolled down his face.

Yoongi was pushing the hair gently back from his forehead while Jimin ran a damp cloth across it to mop up the sweat and the tears and cool him down.

Someone pulled his soother out. Maybe so that he could breathe properly as his nose was stuffy from crying. Or maybe so that he could talk but the orgasm had stolen all his words from him and it was a long time before he could understand any either.

But eventually the indistinguishable hum of their voices cleared up to form words he could make sense of.

"See? We knew it baby. We knew it was gonna be too much for you." Seokjin was saying, petting his tummy comfortingly.

"Orgasms are for big boys," Hoseok agreed. That only made Jungkook shiver harder. He was exhausted but he felt like his mind was clearing a little. Like a fog was lifting.

"We know sweetheart. It was too much, wasn't it?" Yoongi kept brushing his hair back, comfortably.

"No." He found himself speaking with more clarity than he thought he was capable of and he surprised himself. "Y-you did this to me."

Everyone looked at him in confusion. "What do you mean baby boy?"

His chin was wobbling and he was uncertain about what he was about to say next but the words came out anyway. "I- I know you did this! You're all insane. I- I-"

Jimin petted his head carefully. "Oh baby you're just confused. You must be so tired little one. It's been a long day, hasn't it?"

"S-stop! Stop that! I'm not a baby!" Jungkook felt like kicking out but he was too tired and Jimin petting his head was calming his nerves as it always did and making it difficult to feel strongly about anything.

Namjoon let out a long-suffering sigh. "Kookie, sweetheart, think for a second. Use your little bunny brain." He was speaking down to him but was speaking to him but like he was an adult. It was disconcerting and Jungkook's head was spinning. "You like it. That's all that matters."

"And you're happy now, aren't you?" Namjoon suddenly had the soother in his hand, floating above Jungkook's head like a mobile and the bunny was transfixed, visibly struggling to tear his eyes away from it.
Taehyung cooed from somewhere off to the side. "You want your paci, don't you bunny?"

Jungkook couldn't turn away from it, couldn't blink. "N-no."

Namjoon moved the soother enticingly. "Don't lie to your Daddy, bunny."

"I- you- it's because of you. You all. You made me want it." His eyes were filling, turning the soother into a blurry spot. "I can't help it."

Jimin was still stroking his ears slowly. "Of course you can't sweetheart. You're just a-"

"Don't," he said, quietly. Not nearly as forceful as he wanted it to be.

Taehyung touched his face softly with a gentle hand. "Aw, everything is too much for our bunny, isn't it?"

This was too much. He wanted to sleep. He was so tried.

Jungkook turned away from Namjoon and the soother, tears escaping from his tightly shut eyes, trying his hardest not to say what he was about to say. "Want it."

Namjoon was calm. "Nicely. Ask nicely Gguk."

Jungkook choked on his tears. He couldn't. He didn't need a soother. He didn't need it. But he wanted it. Badly.

"I think someone needs a nap," Seokjin said, rubbing Jungkook's tummy through the onesie softly. "I hate seeing my baby cry so much. Your soother will help, darling."

No. He couldn't. This was all so wrong. Why did he need it so badly? Why were they speaking to him like that? Why did he like it? This wasn't him. Everything was all wrong.

But his mouth felt empty and he was already crying.

He had crapped in a diaper today. There wasn't really any coming back from that. He couldn't claw his way back from a place of such dependence. And now he needed that soother. Badly. Or he was going to start wailing and the prospect of that was horrendous.

He swallowed his pride and let his desperation for the abominable thing consume him. "Please Daddy?"

He sobbed then, ashamed of his behavior but still needing it desperately.

Namjoon brought it to his lips and Jungkook latched on. "There you go bunny. You're such a sweet thing. Daddy's good little boy."

He didn't know what to feel. He was unraveling into a pile of limp ribbons.

But his daddies were all around him, like a handsome choir of angels, singing reassurances.

"We love you Kookie. So so much, little bunny and we're going to take such good care of you. There'll be no more nasty grown-up problems for you to worry your pretty little head about, sweetheart.

"You're going to be our precious baby bunny forever. Safe and cared for, like you should be."
"We'll protect you baby boy. You have nothing to worry about. Let us take care of you Kookie."

He felt all his pieces coming towards him from where they'd scattered, their words stitching him back together into something familiar.

"You can't do this on your own, bunny. It's too much. You're too little."

"Let us help you sweetheart."

They loved him. Everything would be okay. He was safe.

The exhaustion from his violent orgasm washed over him and he was falling asleep in his cum-filled diaper while his daddies petted him softly.

"We love you so much Kookie."

They loved him. They'd take care of him. Everything was okay. He was safe. He was precious.

"Love you too, Daddy."

Chapter End Notes

Jungkook isn't incontinent now. He just had an accident that may have been drug-induced so they could reward him for it and encourage him to use the diaper.

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Also, I don't plan on writing more on JK's parents. I just figured that since I've involved them in this story, I should explain how the hyungs plan on dealing with them.

*****

I like to imagine that Jungkook explained that Ducky was the English word for (ori) but before that, the hyungs thought he was calling the cat (teoki) like sticky rice cake which sounds nearly the same and they just went along with it.
Jungkook picked up his red fire truck and drove it straight into the tower of blocks he had painstakingly stacked. The tower collapsed to the ground with a satisfying crash and the blocks scattered across the playmat.

"Bloojshh!" He made an explosion noise to add atmosphere to the tower's destruction.

With a look of concern over the crash, Hoseok peered around the corner. "Everything alright Kookie?"

Jungkook looked up from where he sat in his playpen and grinned at Hoseok, bunny teeth a little more prominent than they had been last week.

Even though Hoseok had only been in the kitchen for a few moments, Jungkook was filled with a pure excitement to see him.

The man still looked concerned. "What happened bunny?"

Jungkook’s face pinched in innocent confusion. "Mnothing Daddy. I'm just playing." The bunny held his fire truck up at his daddy through the vertical bars.

Hoseok took it wordlessly and turned it upside down to examine the underneath while the bunny watched on with anticipation. There was a small switch that Hoseok pushed so that the red lights started flashing like a real fire truck.

"Thank you for helping, Daddy!" He reached for the truck, hands grabbing at the air excitedly until Daddy handed it back to him.

"You're welcome honey."

Jungkook had resisted the urge to do it on his own because that was the kind of thing that brought the awful mittens back and nothing was worse than the mittens.

"Be careful Kookie," Hoseok cautioned, as if sitting in a playpen was dangerous.

"It's just blocks," Jungkook muttered with a roll of his eyes.

The grumble didn't go unnoticed and Daddy sat down on his heels beside the barrier of the playpen so he could get a closer look at the bunny through the plastic bars. "Am I detecting an attitude, little boy?"

Jungkook hmphed, giving his attention to his new tower of blocks to hide his face from Daddy's penetrative gaze. But Daddy smirked at him knowingly. Daddies were always like that, caring and kind but teasing and mean in the same breath. It left Jungkook spinning.
He felt small, emasculated and ashamed. Frustrated too, at how limited he was but also horny.

Aware that the small exchange had turned him on, Hoseok pushed a bit further, always trying to make the bunny blush even though it was so easy to achieve.

"Does someone need a time out?"

See? Mean.

As much as Jungkook tried to suppress it, a blush slowly crept its way up his neck to fill his face and he shook his head.

Blocks were boring but a time out was much worse. They only gave him blocks when they wanted him to be extra little. Blocks were just so simple that they emptied his mind and made him feel blank, made his brain feel like it had turned to cotton candy and he had a feeling his daddies knew that. Whenever they interrupted him while he was stacking his blocks, it always took him long to find words and long to register what they were saying. He felt so so dumb and they always rubbed it in, repeating their questions and speaking slowly.

He wished he wasn't so happy like this, having daddies to rely on. An inkling of shame still lingered because he knew it was supposed to be shameful. He wasn't supposed to be happy but he was. He wasn't supposed to enjoy when they teased him or scolded him but he did because he liked knowing that he was not just a little bunny but a little bunny that belonged to them.

He knew who he was now, and not a lot of people could say that about themselves. He knew what was expected of him and he liked that - he liked knowing. And besides that, he was good at it.

The playpen had initially been set up to manage his running speeds inside the house. But now they hardly needed an excuse to use it. They just plonked the bunny down inside the playpen with a few toys to keep busy and then went about their business.

The barrier of the playpen was a bit like the side of a crib in that it had two layers of bars. One of them could be lowered, but it could also be lifted to a greater height.

At it's full height, if Jungkook stood on his tippy-toes he still couldn't quite see over the top bar. And it was mostly kept at that height by his daddies. It had a locking mechanism on the outside that kept the railing from slipping but of course the bunny had no way of lowering the rail from the inside.

The vertical bars were spaced wide enough apart that Jungkook could fit his arm through the gap and reach out but narrow enough that the rest of his body couldn't follow. It was wide enough for his daddies to reach through to ruffle his hair or give him his paci or check his diaper. But if he wanted out, they could lower the top railing, and lift him out over the edge. It was a cleverly constructed and perplexingly perfect for Jungkook's stature, making him feel too small whenever he wanted to peer over the top.

Hoseok put his stern face on, all signs of playful joking completely gone. "Is your diaper wet, Kookie?"

Jungkook shook his head no adamantly. Well, it was always a little wet. He couldn’t help it. He had gotten used to the constant slightly sodden feeling around his groin. The squishy padding was always a little damp from how much slick he leaked into it.

His daddies seemed to take pride in how frequently they changed his diaper and how they made sure he never got a rash. The diaper was bulky and hard to ignore and it was a constant reminder of who he was now and that every single need of his was taken care of.
And when he was tempted to forget, it reminded him that he needed assistance with the most basic tasks. It was a very visible reminder too. Rather than conceal it, the short onesie he was wearing only made the puffy diaper more obvious. The onesie was tight against his body and the diaper poked out of the onesie's leg holes, making it impossible to disguise.

Jungkook enjoyed the sight of his own bare thighs and smooth legs. They were so soft and sensitive and he liked the way he had a lot more sensations to pay attention to when they were bared. Like the feeling of the playmat, or his favorite soft blankets, or the scratchy jeans of his daddies. But he was not a huge fan of the way his exposed thighs meant his diaper was always on display.

"Do I need to check?" Daddy asked disbelievingly, eyebrow raised.

Jungkook shook his head again and tried to evade the hand that was reaching towards his nether regions to feel the padding between his legs through his onesie. It was awfully embarrassing when they checked even after he told them he was dry. It was like they thought he was too dumb to know.

The worst part was that when Daddy's hand went to touch, Jungkook's hips bucked up automatically. He couldn't help it, his cock was always wanting attention and it got excited at the smallest hint that something might be happening. Silly thing was small and dumb and needy, just like him.

His hips eagerly pushed up towards Daddy's hand even as it moved away and Daddy laughed, still finding it amusing even though the bunny did it every time they checked his diaper. Jungkook had a sneaking suspicion they never really needed to check and that they just liked seeing how needy he was.

Now his cock was hard in his diaper for no reason and Daddy wasn't going to play with him because he still had to finish cooking.

See? Mean.

He wasn't allowed to use grown up words like cock anymore. His daddies used words like cock and dick and fuck but he was little so he had to call it his pee pee or his little thing.

The onesie he was wearing had a zip at the back that he couldn't reach which meant he couldn't undress or touch his little thing if he tried. The bulk of his diaper was another problem but he could still get some friction if he rocked enough or grinded against the right kind of toy or rubbed his diaper the right way.

Struggling for an orgasm through his diaper was not only slow and maddening but it was awfully humiliating when his daddies watched him do it. His daddies didn't mind if he humped things anymore, as long as he did it in his diaper.

He was only allowed to cum in his diaper because that's where little boys made their messes so his daddies would also only play with his little thing over the diaper, squishing the padding and crinkling it and rubbing over it and teasing him for being so cute and needy until he filled it with cum.

He often had to sit in it because cum didn't count as a messy diaper. His daddies explained that small cocklets didn't have enough cum to fill a diaper. That meant Jungkook had to properly wet and fill his diaper if he wanted a change.

He was proud of the progress he was making in that regard. He was getting better at letting go but he still had to work on going number two. That was horribly difficult to do no matter how hard he tried and it went against instinct to debase himself in that way. But he didn't have much choice and he
supposed he'd get used to it with time and his daddies would help him, he was sure of it. He wanted to be perfect for his daddies, just like they were perfect for him.

He still saw his pink cage regularly. Whenever his daddies played with him (he had to remember not to say fuck), they always locked his pee pee up because his pee pee was for his daddies to look at and they thought it was cute so they dressed it up all nice.

Also, little rabbits weren’t supposed to touch themselves. Little rabbits could only hump.

So whenever the diaper came off, the cage went on. To make sure he was good.

He knew he wasn’t allowed, but he would always beg and plead and cry for them to unlock it, sometimes tugging at the cruel cute cage in frustration even though it pulled harshly on his balls and hurt. He wanted it off so badly that sometimes he would just cry as they thrust into him but they wouldn’t take it off. He knew they wouldn’t, knew he was being naughty but he kept asking. They seemed to enjoy his pleas more than anything, he could fuss as much as he wanted, as long as he knew the rules. And fuss he did, especially when they wiggled his squished little thing back and forth for fun.

"Where are little boys allowed to cum, sweetheart?" His daddies would ask. They liked asking these kinds of questions to make sure he wasn't forgetting all the new things he was learning.

"In their diapers."

"That's right bunny. Can you tell Daddy why?"

"Because daddies are in charge and daddies know best," he answered correctly.

He spent most of his time hoping they would touch him or play with him. He asked frequently, noticing that it never annoyed them. "Daddy, can we play? Please?" They looked at him with such affection and even if they said no, they still gave him a sweet kiss.

If they didn't have time, they would let him play on his rocking horse, ensuring that he was all locked up first.

If he was really good, he would get a treat. He still liked the taste of cum. As mysterious as that was, it hadn't changed. It tasted fucking sweet. Sugary and delicious and bizarrely addictive.

"Lunch is nearly ready kiddo. Play nicely for a little bit longer, okay?" Hoseok said, ruffling the hybrid's hair as he got to his feet.

Jungkook wanted to be good but he didn't want his daddy to go away again. It was always hard when they left, even if it was only for a short while. It was boring without them, there wasn't much to do on his own and he missed their scents. Not only that but they did most of the talking, they were cheerful and full of energy and they had a presence. It was a presence that he found grounding and comforting and he always felt a bit fearful if it wasn't there.

He stretched his arms out towards Daddy, opening and closing his hands while he pouted, trying to look as pitiful as he could. For some reason, pleading often worked a lot better when he didn't use words.

This time, it almost worked. Daddy's eyes curved with fondness and he crouched back down to give the bunny some sympathetic petting. "The kitchen isn't a place for little rabbits. You could get hurt baby boy. Play with your blocks," he said with finality.
He wasn’t allowed in the kitchen anymore, after the lollipop jar incident.

There was a block between Jungkook’s lips. He wasn’t sure when it had made the journey there but it was covered in spit now and so were the fingers that were holding it.

"Kookie! Take that out!"

The little rabbit just stared at him, eyes round with innocence and mouth stretched wide around the block. There was a lot of drool.

Daddy sighed. Probably thinking that not even blocks were safe for their baby bunny to play with. It was like he kept proving to them over and over that he was actually littler than they thought, without meaning to.

"Bunny. That's not for sucking on."

Jungkook pulled the block out a little, just so he could get his teeth on it for a good nibble.

And then his chewed wet block was snatched away and Jungkook felt upset. They gave him blocks to play with but then took it away when it suited them? That wasn't fair. That was… that was mean.

"Oh no. Oh, Kookie, baby, don't cry. Shit. Please don't cry. This just isn't for chewing."

Jungkook hadn't noticed that he was crying. He wasn't even that upset about it but tears just seemed to roll whenever they wanted to roll. He wasn't good at stopping them. He didn't particularly want to be crying right now but it was happening anyway. How embarrassing.

*Stop crying, Jungkook. Stop crying. Roll back the tears. Pull them back up with The Force.*

Daddy picked up the soother that was hanging against the bunny's chest and popped it into his mouth, a softer replacement for the toy block. "There you go. That's better, isn't it bunny?"

He stopped crying. Damn it. His daddies always knew how to help. They were almost maddeningly perfect at looking after him.

The plastic chain of the soother, instead of being clipped to his onesie, disappeared beneath the neckline of his clothes. The small chain ran along his skin, hung down his sternum and ended in two little clips that were pinched to his nipples. It was hard to tell if you didn't already know what the soother was dangling from but his daddies knew.

When he wasn't sucking on his soother, it hung from his chest and tugged on his sensitive nipples when it swung. So he preferred having it in his mouth.

He sucked on it happily and he felt… soothed. As was expected. It was comforting, it gave him some relief from the incessant need to suck and it gave his tingling nipples some relief too.

"Blocks are for playing. Not chewing, okay?" Daddy reminded him one last time.

Jungkook pouted around his bobbing soother and Daddy left a kiss on top of his droopy bunny ears before standing up again and heading back to the kitchen to finish cooking.

The bunny was left with his blocks and the fire truck.

Being in the playpen was boring as hell but he suspected that was the point. His entire world shrunk to that small square of space and the few toys inside it that his daddies chose for him. It reinforced his position in the house quite effectively.
He would have preferred to have his rainbow xylophone or maybe an action figure or even a puzzle but instead he was stacking blocks because little boys had to listen to their daddies and today his daddies had chosen blocks.

Shamefully, that thought turned him on and it made stacking blocks feel like a different kind of playing. A dirty kind of playing where his daddies were in charge.

Again, the thought made him unfathomably aroused but he had stopped questioning the peculiarity of it long ago.

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Doctor Lee came to visit that day. He entered the living room without warning, Seokjin at his side.

Jungkook blinked at the doctor from where he sat in his playpen, briefly struggling to place the man's face. It had been so long since he'd seen him. Multiple appointments that were supposed to happen but never did.

But here he was, standing in their living room while Jungkook sat on cushioned mat in a playpen.

The man was dressed casually, in jeans and a checked shirt but he carried a rather formal looking leather briefcase with him that suited his serious demeanor.

"Cute." Doctor Lee commented as he took in the set up in the living room. "What happened, Seokjin-ah? The age gap wasn't big enough for you?" He joked.

Joked. The man was capable of jokes. He must have a much closer relationship with Seokjin than Jungkook realized. Jungkook only remembered him as being a robot.

Seokjin laughed harder than Jungkook thought the joke warranted. "Doc, you of all people shouldn't be affirming those misconceptions."

"You're right. It was a joke in poor taste but I couldn't resist." The doctor's eyes seemed to be drinking everything in, analyzing. And it was clear that he was running through a lot of thoughts fairly quickly, drawing fast conclusions and making educated guesses.

He paused when he eyes landed on the thick diaper bulging rather obviously beneath Jungkook's onesie and the bunny hybrid was mortified. The only thing he could think of that might decrease his humiliation even a little was to not be in the playpen so he called out to Seokjin hesitantly, making sure he spat out his soother first because that certainly wasn't doing him any favours either.

"D-daddy?"

Doctor Lee laughed lightly, presumably at the title Jungkook had used for Seokjin without even remembering to be embarrassed about it.

Seokjin looked down at him with a soft smile. "Hello there cupcake. What's the matter? Are you wet?"

Jungkook blushed so hard that words seemed to be a puzzle he couldn't solve. He didn't want to encourage this line of conversation so he just reached out towards Seokjin, looking at him in earnest
and hoping he understood.

"You want out sweetie-pie? You wanna come sit by the grown-ups while we talk?"

Jungkook nodded and Daddy came over to lift him out. He placed the bunny down on the sofa and then sat down beside him, pulling the boy's frilly-socked feet across his own legs so that Jungkook was sitting close enough to feel comfort.

Daddy handed him his fire truck to keep him busy and Jungkook got to work rolling it along his own smooth thighs and over the seat of the couch.

He thought he'd be left now to play but Daddy pushed his hair back, speaking softly. "Kookie, you wanna say hi to Doctor Lee?"

Jungkook remained silent without looking up from the truck, not knowing how to interact with the doctor while Daddy was right there watching him.

Last time he had seen Doctor Lee, Jungkook had bowed at ninety degrees and given the man a firm handshake. But that seemed out of place now.

"He's just a bit shy sometimes." Seokjin said, continuing to stroke his hair comfortingly.

"I completely understand," the doctor said lightly. And then after a moment, "I would advise perhaps inviting over some of his old friends. I assume he has not seen them since his life changed so drastically."

Seokjin nodded in agreement, encouraging the doctor to continue.

"It will help him adjust and help him better accept his new position. He's feeling shy right now because he's having difficulty reconciling his old self with his new self."

Jungkook did not want any of his friends visiting. He knew his daddies would be more embarrassing than ever. He couldn't even picture one of his taekwondo mates sitting in their living room. Would he be allowed to play video games with them?

Hoseok came in to hand the doctor a cup of tea, before scurrying back to where sweet smells were drifting from the kitchen. It made sense why he had been in there for most of the day now. They were preparing for a guest.

The doctor took a sip of his tea and hummed in appreciation. Jungkook hadn't had tea in a very long time but it didn't smell all that appealing anymore. Tea was an adult drink. "You've done a very good job with him," the doctor said over his steaming cup.

Jungkook could hear the smile in Daddy's voice without taking his eyes off his toy. "Couldn't have done it without you, Doc."

Jungkook had been considering it for a while now, but he could no longer resist the compulsion. He put one end of the glossy plastic truck between his lips and sucked.

The doctor hummed again, sounding neutral but thoughtful. "How are the others?" He asked politely.

The truck was a weird shape in Jungkook's mouth - too angular. It left gaps on the side so he couldn't suck on it properly and it made drool gather and slip out no matter how he turned the toy.
"They're happy," Seokjin replied, readjusting Jungkook's legs in front of him so that they lay more comfortably. "Namjoon in particular is very pleased with how the oral fixation turned out. It made our little boy so sweet. And dependent."

The doctor smiled proudly. "I had four of my best engineers modifying those genes. Two of them nearly quit."

The truck fell out of Jungkook's mouth.

He suspected they had done something nefarious to provoke his transformation but never had he imagined that they had made specific alterations, that they had that level of control. And never had he had such direct confirmation. The last place he had expected it to come from was the doctor in front of him. They were all involved. The whole hospital. And he had stayed there for weeks, willingly. They could have done all sorts of things and by the sound of it, they had.

And as they chatted, uncaring that he was right there, Jungkook realized they could talk about it in front of him because there was nothing he could do. And they knew that. He had no power, no autonomy, no independence at all. He might as well have been a real bunny that couldn't understand humans.

If anything, it was a display of how deeply their roots of power and control ran beneath the surface. He didn't think he would leave even if he had the opportunity but he was discovering that that opportunity would likely never arise.

But Jungkook also knew that he could never go back to his old life. Not like this. How would he explain to someone that he had been modified to please his owners? It was humiliating and he didn't think anyone would even believe it.

He leaked so much, all the time, he liked things in his mouth, his body was restless and sensitive, his emotions were tumultuous and out of his control, he wasn't used to doing things on his own. He couldn't be alone, he couldn't leave them. But he also didn't want to. He could never do that, he could never hurt them like that when they loved him so much. And he them.

They may have done bad things in the past but it was because they wanted to take care of him. Because they loved him and they loved him even more now that he was exactly what they wanted. Now that they had made him into exactly what they wanted.

"They won't talk, will they?" Seokjin asked the doctor. He didn't sound worried but more like he wanted confirmation.

"No. Your father paid far more than enough to keep everyone quiet," Doctor Lee reassured them.

"Well they did a great job. It helped a ton with the bottle-feeding," Seokjin said.

The doctor's eyes grew large behind his spectacles. "You started bottle-feeding already?"

Seokjin nodded. "He actually loves it, but that might be because of the cum."

Jungkook was feeling light-headed. There was cum mixed in his bottles? Is that why it tasted sugary and had an undercurrent of caramelly goodness? He didn't feel like he was having the right reaction to this information. He felt fortunate that they had been allowing him a treat so often. He felt appreciative.

Daddy was still talking about the bottle-feeding. "You wouldn't believe how much SNS helped to speed things along. Or maybe it's just our little rabbit's sweet personality."
"SNS, hm? That's interesting."

Seokjin went on to explain the intricacies of how they had harnessed social media to help teach their hybrid how to behave properly and Jungkook was surprised at each new piece of information. He liked his SNS and he liked sharing things. He hadn't realized he was learning anything from it. But he felt proud that even without knowing, he had managed not to disappoint them.

"It also helped us introduce new things to him. Bibs, soft foods, the baby bouncer," Daddy gestured to the dreaded contraption hanging in the doorway that he also liked to call the bunny bouncer. And Jungkook didn't follow the gesture to look at it because even looking at it burned something deeply mortifying inside his belly.

The doctor shook his head in what looked like disbelief. "My god Seokjin, you're just like your father. You impress me more and more every day."

"I really can't take all the credit. I share this house with some beautifully warped minds," Seokjin chuckled.

Jungkook had a wheel of the truck in his mouth and it was collecting his spit as it turned, making a rather large mess but he didn't care.

"Actually, Seokjin, on the topic of your intellectual prowess, I've been meaning to ask you for a favor."

"You shouldn't hesitate, Doctor Lee. We consider you family, you know that."

The doctor offered a warm smile, clearly moved by the sentiment. He adjusted the glasses on his face before he spoke. "Would it be possible to borrow Jungkook for a demonstration? The institute will be showing some of our more, shall we say, distinguished clients what we're really capable of."

"I'm sure that won't be a problem. I'll have to speak to the others but it should be okay."

"Fantastic. It will probably just be a medical demonstration on my part but if you'd like to do a behavioural demonstration as well, you're more than welcome to. In fact, I wanted to invite you or one of your colleagues to speak at the seminar as well. Maybe explain some of the training from your own perspectives? Or how you introduced the gene-activating substances into his diet? And I'm sure some of our clients would love to hear about the social media side of things. It's truly remarkable how much you accomplished with that."

"I think Namjoon would be best for that but I will discuss it with everyone. Can you send me an email with all the details?"

Daddy finally noticed that Jungkook had the truck in his mouth.

"Kookie, baby, that's not for sucking on," he scolded gently, prying the slobbery plastic toy from his fingers.

He replaced the truck with the bunny's soother and then tried to wipe the truck down with his shirt.

"He still likes the taste of cum, am I right? We were worried the effect might wear off as time went by."

"There's been absolutely no sign of it fading. He loves it more than ever, Doc. He'll show you."

Daddy turned to speak directly to Jungkook this time so he stopped rolling his truck to pay attention.
"Kookie, you want a treat little bunny?"

He nodded. Yeah he did. Way better than his soother.

"You wanna nurse on Daddy's cock Kookie?"

Well, not in front of Doctor Lee particularly but he didn't want to turn down a treat because he didn't know when it would come again.

They had never used the word nurse before. It made his face burn red and the way Doctor Lee was watching him wasn't helping either.

Part of the joy was the sucking, not just the taste. But he wouldn't lie, he also loved the anticipation of the whole thing, waiting with bated breath for when his daddies' cum would finally hit his tongue. It was thrilling.

And there was always the hope that Daddy would help him cum if he sucked really good.

Jungkook slipped onto his knees easily, taking up a familiar position between Daddy's thighs. He was careful to keep his hands on his own knees, out of the way and wait for Daddy to take out his cock and give Jungkook permission.

Seokjin unzipped slowly, watching Jungkook intently and enjoying that look of pure need on his face, like a pet waiting for its owner to place its bowl of food on the floor. He held his cock out, stroked it a few times himself to get it hard and then stroked it a bit longer to make the bunny pant. "Come get it sweetheart."

Jungkook moved quickly to get his mouth around his daddy's big thing. He made sure to lap at it first and get it all wet before trying to fill his mouth with it. His head bobbed quickly between his daddy's legs, and his stuffed mouth moaned in pleasure, not hiding his pure ecstasy at being allowed a treat. He was aware that his diapered bum and fluffy tail was poking up into the air and was probably an embarrassing sight but he was too invested in sucking as best as he good to be distracted by his own shameful appearance.

"He's a bit too good. He makes me feel like my stamina is weak. Which it isn't," Seokjin said in a rush, possibly afraid that the doctor might offer a solution to the non-existent problem. "But Taehyung came up with something rather clever. If we feel like we're getting too close, we hold him back for a bit to recover."

Jungkook had a feeling a demonstration might be coming but he was hoping that it wouldn't. To his dismay, Daddy grabbed a hold of his long ears and pulled his head back, forcing his mouth off the large cock.

Jungkook whined because he knew that the thing he was waiting for so eagerly was being prolonged. It was cruel, having to watch the cock in front of him and not being able to taste it. And he could see how close his daddy was. All it would take was a little more licking so he strained forward, wanting it back in his mouth like he'd never wanted anything before. It hurt his ears but he didn't notice because of his single-minded determination.

"Holy shit," he heard it from his periphery, merely a whisper from the doctor's mouth but it felt like praise and Jungkook's tail was shaking with pleasure as his diaper grew a little wetter.

"That's the kind of thing you should put on your social media."

"We haven't shared any sexual content yet," Daddy explained to the doctor. "That's a special side of
our bunny that's just for us. And Kookie knows his little boy parts belong to his daddies, don't you honey bunny?"

Jungkook didn't give him an answer, he was too busy fighting against the hold on his ears, too close to tears from desperation. "Daddy, please?" He stuck his tongue forward, hoping to somehow reach.

Seokjin continued the conversation, paying no mind to the bunny's pleas. "We mostly need him to have a regressed public image so that we can take him out in public the way we want to. Strollers, diaper changes, you know? That kind of thing mostly. We decided it was best not to share any sexual content if we were going to commit to that image."

"And they all love baby Koo, don't they?" Daddy asked Jungkook, perhaps hypothetically.

They loved him a lot. They even sent gifts. Toy trains and bibs and legos and sparkly hair clips like the ones Taehyung liked.

The doctor said something in response. Jungkook wasn't listening. He was crying now and his ears were hurting so he finally pulled back, sitting back on his knees and waiting sadly, choking around the small sob in his throat. He knew he had to be patient but it was hard.

Doctor Lee was intrigued by what Seokjin had said with regard to the regression but then he said something unexpected. "That's why I said you should post this kind of thing. Keeping that image is a lot of pressure when you've got such a horny needy little thing to take care of. Why not show everyone what he's really like?"

Seokjin looked like he was considering it and Jungkook was worried that he had been forgotten. He hoped he was still getting the rest of his treat. He continued to wait on the floor, gaze fixed on Seokjin's standing cock while he waited for the man's permission.

"Once they see what he's like, they'll understand why you all do what you do. And I guarantee you there's an audience for it. Start now Seokjinnie, before the market gets competitive."

"You make a good point as always, Doctor. We've already used it to its full potential for making our little bunny into the perfect baby. I'm sure we can explore other avenues. I'll run it by the rest of the guys- Bunny! No! Down boy!"

Jungkook had used the opportunity of Seokjn's slip in attention to lunge forward and swallow up his daddy's cock, until the whole thing disappeared.

Doctor Lee chuckled, as if Jungkook had just proven  his point about how difficult it would be to keep up the regressed image in public when he was this insatiable.

Seokjin had difficulty pulling him off this time and Jungkook purposely swallowed around the man's cock over and over, massaging it and making Seokjin let out surprised moans.

Seokjin managed to pull him away with much labor and promptly sprayed his cum into the boy's awaiting open mouth. Jungkook was only pleased for a brief moment as he gulped down his daddy's yummy cum and swirled his tongue around his mouth to appreciate the full taste.

"Bunny your behavior was unacceptable," Seokjin scolded, sounding a little out of breath but mostly recovered. "You've embarrassed us in front of Doctor Lee. He was just inviting us to do a behavior demonstration but how can we do that with a misbehaving bunny? Hm?"

Jungkook felt the tears sliding down his face but he was glad for them this time. He hoped they would assist. "D-daddy I'm sorry. I'm so sorry. You tasted so good. I didn't know what to do."
"Hoseok!" Daddy suddenly yelled out towards the kitchen.

"Yeah?" Came a distant voice.

"Can you bring me the paddle?"

"Daddy I'm sorry! Please please don't spank me," he pleaded even though he knew it was no use. He had been naughty so Daddy would have to teach him a lesson. But then much quieter, barely a whisper he added, "Please not in front of Doctor Lee Daddy."

"You misbehaved in front of Doctor Lee so you're going to be punished in front of Doctor Lee. I don't want him to think I don't know how to discipline my little boy."

The paddle meant this wouldn't be like other spankings. It wasn't going to be fun, it wasn't going to be foreplay, he wouldn't get to cum afterwards like he sometimes did with more playful spankings. He wasn't going to be spanked just because his daddies liked to keep his bottom warm and red in his diaper. No, this was a proper paddling and it was going to hurt.

Instead of Hoseok, it was Yoongi who arrived with the paddle. He bowed to Doctor Lee and gave him a friendly handshake before handing the paddle over to Seokjin. "Sorry for… whatever is happening here Sir," Yoongi said rather sheepishly.

The doctor shook his head. "No, not at all Yoongi. It's completely okay. Would you think less of me if I told you I was looking forward to watching?"

"Not at all Sir. In fact I'm going to stay myself," Yoong said with a light chuckle, taking a seat across from the man. The two began engaging in conversation whilst on the other end, Seokjin was cooing comfortingly to the restless bunny and laying him down across his thighs to unzip his onesie.

"I know Kookie. You're too little to know any better but that's why you have daddies. To teach you how to behave so that you can be the best the little boy, hm?"

"I'll be good Daddy. I swear!"

The promise didn't save him from the spanking. It didn't feel so much like a punishment as it felt like a way of subduing him, of getting his attention and putting a clear message across of who was in charge.

And boy did he feel that message.

There was a lot of tears and snot and his burning red bottom hurt like hell afterwards when it was put back into the puffy diaper.

He squirmed in it, not liking the feeling of the padding against his smarting skin but the leaking slick helped cool it down as it filled his diaper.

********************

Unfortunately, Doctor Lee was staying for lunch.

Unfortunate because Jungkook had to sit in his high chair at the dinner table while the rest of them sat in big normal chairs without a plastic tray in front of them.

He kicked and whined as they tried to buckle up the straps but all it took was a time out threat before
he settled. He was still sniffing angrily though when they clicked the tray table closed. And his bum was sore.

They were being a lot stricter with him after he embarrassed them with his behavior in front of the doctor.

They all dished out heaps of food and opened their steaming rice bowls while he had to eat mush. He wasn't excited about the mush but he knew better than to complain. He knew what they would say. He was too little for grown up food.

When he was done with his food he was given a bottle for dessert as usual and he sucked it down happily. It tasted too delicious for him to feel any shame about his enthusiasm.

Jimin mentioned something about Jungkook's soother and that made Doctor Lee speak up in surprise. "You call it a soother? I think that word might be a bit too difficult for your little boy."

"I think you're right, Sir," Jimin said, looking pleased with the doctor's intellect.

The doctor offered Jimin a small smile in response. "Why not try calling it a binky?"

Taehyung turned to the bunny and spoke slowly, enunciating his words with unnecessary clarity. "Can you try say that Kookie? Binky? Bink-ee."

Jungkook cheeks turned pink and he figured the sooner he said it, the sooner Taehyung would stop repeating the childish word. "Binky."

"Good job Kookie!" Jimin exclaimed with far too much pride. Jungkook wished he wasn't confined to his highchair so maybe he could slink away and hide.

Doctor Lee had started explaining something and he sounded quite serious. Jungkook had missed the first half while he was engrossed by the warm feeling of milk filling him but he tried to catch up now that his bottle was empty. "We've developed an auditory hypnosis program that can regress your pet's speech. If you're interested-"

"We're interested," Yoongi interrupted hastily, earning an almost delighted expression from the doctor.

Doctor Lee went on to explain in a bit more detail. "It's a recording to play while your pet sleeps. It can help change speech patterns and it also removes some vocabulary or replaces certain words with more age-appropriate terms. We actually developed the program for a client whose pet refused to call the toilet a potty. The results of the first hypnosis program was so successful that we had to develop it further. I apologize if I've spoken too much. I get a bit over zealous when it comes to our research."

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"If hypnosis seems too extreme, we also offer silicon prosthetics that we can lay over your pet's teeth. It not only makes eating hard foods impossible but it can give them a very cute lisp and make it generally difficult for them to pronounce most words."

Yoongi was very vocal about his interest. "He already as a bit of a lisp but it would be perfect if it was more prominent."

The doctor took this moment to look over at Jungkook, seemingly evaluating. "Ah, well, you could always wait and decide at a later stage. I have a feeling his two front bunny teeth still have a lot more growing to do and when they're very big they’ll certainly give him some cute speech challenges."
“M-my teeth are gonna get bigger?” Jungkook managed to stammer out. No one had told him that. They were already so long that they could be seen a little even when his mouth was closed, pressing against his bottom lip.

“Kookie, don’t interrupt.”

“Sorry, Daddy.”

Doctor Lee went on. “I can still offer you our assistance through the audio hypnosis program, while you wait for his teeth to grow.”

Taehyung addressed Jungkook now, spoke directly to him so he would know it was okay for him to talk. "Would you like that cupcake? Would you like Doctor Lee to help you talk more like your proper age?

Jungkook didn’t have to think about it. He shook his head. "No thank you Daddy."

"But it would make your Daddies so happy darling, to hear you struggle to talk."

"Really?"

"Yes, baby boy."

Jungkook had to think about that.

His daddies continued to discuss it with Doctor Lee. They talked about his teeth, about prosthetics, about hypnosis. It was a little frightening but the more he saw how happy they were about it, the more interested he became. Yoongi hadn't stopped smiling since Doctor Lee had mentioned it.

Jungkook finally gave them an answer, uncertain as it was."O-kay. But-but can I maybe try on my own first?"

Seokjin looked over at Doctor Lee for guidance and the man pushed his glasses back up his nose. "I suppose that's alright. It would help him adjust to the changes later."

They were going to do it anyway, he realized but he hoped he could convince them not to. He sat quietly, formulating a plan and trying to build up the courage to say what he needed to. It was possibly going to be the most embarrassing thing that had ever come out of his mouth but it was necessary. It might save him from the horrible fate of hypnosis.

"Dada, Kookie can do it! Pwomise!"

The all stared at him in shock before their expressions melted into ones of complete adoration. The dada had made them melt but the lisp that he had tacked on to the end of "promise" had been the nail in the coffin. Even the stoic doctor looked endeared and Jungkook counted that as a huge win.

He wanted to be a good rabbit for them. But he didn’t want hypnosis to take away his words. He wouldn’t be able to speak big then, even if he tried. That was scary.

"We know honey, you can do anything! You're our perfect little boy.” Jungkook beamed at that. "But we might still need to help you along the way. Like we did before, remember?” Namjoon said.

"Uh-huh Dada,” Jungkook answered, sounding a bit defeated. He was better at shrinking his words than he had thought and he was determined to keep it up because there was still a possibility they might choose not to do it. If he was good enough.
After lunch they all migrated to the living room where Doctor Lee picked up his briefcase and Jungkook breathed a sigh of relief, glad that the man was finally leaving. But instead of heading to the front door, the doctor clicked open his briefcase to reveal an array of small medical tools.

Jungkook felt the instinct to run kick in but he was on Namjoon's lap who tightened his hold around the bunny's waist, predicting his attempt to escape.

He pressed back into Namjoon's hold instead, having a strong feeling about what was about to happen and not wanting it to.

The first part wasn't so bad. Namjoon held him the whole time and aside from how cold the metal part of the stethoscope was against his chest and back - he knew how to breathe in and out so that part went well. But he didn't like the little torch the doctor brought towards his ears to look inside and he immediately twitched away.

"We're going to have to get restraints for the demonstration," Doctor Lee mused out loud. And Jungkook realized that they must have discussed it and agreed to it at some point today when he wasn't paying attention. He tried harder to keep still then but it was impossible.

The doctor's latex gloves tickled and he kept touching spots where Jungkook was too sensitive. Of course he wriggled. Namjoon eventually put a bit more effort into holding the bunny still while the doctor examined him.

It was all going fine up until he was laid across Namjoon's thighs with his bottom upturned and they were untaping his diaper. He received no warning, the thin thing was just pushed into his hole. He could feel it sticking up out of his ass and into the air.

He tried to reach back to touch it but Namjoon stopped his hands in its tracks. "Relax bunny. It's just a thermometer."

A thermometer? Was sticking out of his ass? In front of everyone? And he was just supposed to wait there with it inside him?

"Daddy I don't like it. Take it out please?"

"It's just for a few minutes honey. It doesn't hurt, right? It'll be okay Kookie. It's important for the doctor to know you're okay."

A few minutes? What was this, the slowest thermometer in the world? They were all just going to wait with him for the thermometer to finish reading in his ass?

Jungkook couldn't bear it. His bottom was so sore and red from his spanking earlier. And now there was a thin glass rod stuck between his cheeks.

"Dada pwease? Don't wike it."

They listened this time. Whether out of sympathy or because the time was actually up, Jungkook didn't know. He was just glad it was over when the doctor pulled the rod out to check the reading and they were putting his diaper back on snugly.

Namjoon let him curl up against him for comfort and he stroked the bunny's back and held him tight. "You did so well sweetheart. Thank you for letting the doctor make sure you're okay. You know how we worry."

Doctor Lee handed him a lollipop when it was done and Jungkook accidentally gave him a delighted
grin and decided that maybe the guy wasn't so bad.

After the doctor left, Jungkook felt drained. His brain felt like it had been flooded with information but it was all murky and he wanted to forget about it because it was tiring to think about. Maybe that's what his daddies meant when they said that too many big thoughts were bad for him.

He felt weak, sleepy, foggy.

"I think it's naptime for little boys."

Jungkook supposed they meant him. He protested against nap time every day, but today he went easily, feeling the weight of the day and the doctor's visit heavy on his eyelids.

Namjoon carried him to his crib and placed him in gently, pulling a soft blanket up to his chin and stroking his long velvety ears with a fond hum.

Namjoon remembered to tuck Ducky in beside the bunny and Jungkook immediately curled himself bodily around the toy, enveloping it and keeping it safe.

His eyes were closing. He felt his thumb being pulled out of his mouth even though he didn't remember putting it there. A small displeased whimper left his empty mouth. "Dada, binky?"

Namjoon was quick to push the rubber nipple against his lips for him to suck on and Jungkook felt so warm and comfortable that nothing else really mattered.

"Daddy loves it when you talk like that Kookie. We can't wait until you lose all your big boy words completely."

That made Jungkook frown lightly, despite how sleepy he was.

He talked around his binky so his speech was a bit garbled but still understandable enough. "But Koo talks more bigger when Koo's all grown up?"

Namjoon stroked his cheek gently, letting out a sympathetic murmured aw. His gaze grew intense and his grin darkened, but his words were spoken softly and lovingly.

"Oh Kookie, sweetheart. You won't be growing up. You're going to be our helpless little bunny. Forever."

Chapter End Notes

Thank you to everyone who has shown support for this heinously depraved work of fiction.

We've finally reached the end of this long kinky journey and it's been a pleasure to take you all along with me. Thank you to everyone who has put coal into the engine to keep this train running! I wouldn't have been able to do it without you ♡ there were so many moments where I nearly abandoned it and ran away but the encouragement from readers really kept me going.

And remember, this isn't the end! Indecency is up, go check it out if you want to see
more little bunny Koo!

@jimins_jeans

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