Jin knew it was a bad idea to get so involved with the camboy he knew as TaeTae95. But the young man was charming, beautiful, smart, and everything Jin could ever want in a man. Now only if those around him could see that too.
Jin glanced at the clock. Five minutes to midnight. He closed the book he was reading and grabbed his laptop, opening it and logging himself into the cam site he’d frequented more and more lately. It wasn’t that he was addicted to pornography; he honestly didn’t even masturbate that much while online. And even when he did touch himself, he rarely did to completion until long after he’d logged off.

No, Jin was much more interested in the specific camboy he’d found a few months back. ‘TaeTae95’ was a beautiful young man that had burst into the cam scene just six months ago. He’d already gathered a huge fan base, men and women would pile into his room during his weekly shows, lewd and lustful comments spilling over in the chat and the steady uptick of ‘tips’ clear that he was adored.

Unlike most camboys Jin had watched, Tae took his time. He’d start every show with a greeting chat, fully clothed. Often times he was fresh out of the shower, his cheeks pink from the steam and hair still damp over his eyes. Other times he was dressed up in any plethora of costumes to entice and tease his loyal viewers.

He was saving up to buy nice camera equipment he’d said once, and to install a small darkroom in his apartment. He wanted to start his own photography business but good equipment was costly, and no one would hire a photographer without a portfolio.

So he cammed. Jin figured he worked elsewhere as well, a mainstream job just to keep suspicion off him.

He was originally from Daegu, and his accent would come out heavy sometimes in the middle of his shows, particularly when he was edging himself. It was those moments Jin remembered this was a show to masturbate too, and the man on his screen was fucking beautiful.

Jin wasn’t sure when the sexual fascination turned into a personal one. He wasn’t naive. Despite the fact that they were both in Seoul he knew the cammer would never be interested in meeting him. But he liked the man, and wanted to see him succeed. He enjoyed listening to him talk and seeing him laugh, and even the sporadic conversation through the chat was enough to send Jin’s heart fluttering.

“Hey, Handsome,” Tae said almost as soon as Jin logged into his room.

He smirked. He’d chosen the moniker ‘Worldwide Handsome’ as a joke, intending to change it quickly. But Tae had noticed it right away and it stuck. Jin knew anything Tae liked would stick, if he was being honest.

Jin typed quickly in response. He hated that he couldn’t speak to Tae but understood the reasons. ‘Good evening Tae. Your jeans look amazing tonight.’

Tae grinned when he read Jin’s message, touching the deep blue jeans, ripped dangerously close to his crotch. “Thanks. They’re old as hell but they come in handy.” He rose and turned around, revealing a rip along the back of his left thigh way too high to make them socially appropriate for a man to wear in public. “Someday maybe someone will finish ripping ‘em off me.”

Immediately the chat was flooded with lewd offers and the money counter began to rise. Tae grinned
and offered a wink. He stretched with far more eroticism than needed, his pale-yellow t-shirt lifting to show a peek of his toned tummy. “I’m so sleepy tonight, guys.” He said, leaning forward and bracing his elbows on his knees as he read through the comments.

“But you all are so wide awake. You wonder what I’m going to do tonight? Oh…” He pouted for a second then grinned, a wide smile that showed the majority of his teeth.

“It wouldn’t be a surprise if I told you now, would it?” He asked. The count of his tips jumped higher and he giggled. “Admit it, you all like to be teased.” He grabbed the hem of his shirt, lifting it slowly with one hand and sliding his fingers up his stomach. It quivered under his touch. His eyes slipped shut, bottom lip caught between his teeth. Up the shirt went, up his hand went, until he plucked lightly at his left nipple, a quiet whimper leaving his mouth. He dropped his shirt then and beamed at the camera. “See? You love it.”

‘Have you been eating well, Tae?’ Jin worried.

Tae’s gaze softened when he spotted Jin’s message and he smiled a little. “You’ve all been helping to feed me, Handsome. Don’t you worry about me. Just enjoy the show.”

He scooted back on the bed, rising to his knees and stripping his shirt off slowly. He slid his hands up his belly to his throat. He squeezed gently, gasping in the quiet of the room. His hands wandered down to his stomach and lower. He squeezed his cock through his jeans, letting his head fall back.

“Who wants to touch me?” He purred, leaning forward to read the comments. “Ah, Little Squirt, you know I’m a bottom.” He winked and shook his ass a little playfully. “Is that so Big Spender? A whole mansion for little old me? And how do you know I’m a virgin?”

His eyes narrowed for a second as he read the replies flooding in and he giggled. “Just because I look innocent doesn’t mean I am. I’m a grown man. You’ve all been watching me enough to know how much I love cock.” His tongue darted out between his teeth, wetting his lips. “Do you have a big cock to go with that big wallet?”

Jin hated when people got so lewd with Tae. He knew it was a part of the show, and kind of the whole point to the chat, but it made him feel… Things. He knew it wasn’t healthy, his attachment to the boy, but he couldn’t help it. Ever since he’d come back from business school, his father had been putting the pressure on him to really start working his way up in the ladder in their business. It was a multimillion-dollar company and Jin knew he had the stuff to make it to the top, and eventually take over the company when his father retired. But his focus was smaller, despite his father’s pleas to get his head out of the clouds. He wanted a boyfriend, he wanted someone to love and to care for. But finding someone was… Hard. So he hid behind the arrogant moniker of Worldwide Handsome and he flirted with the boy he’d accidentally fallen for, but knew he’d never enjoy in real life.

As Jin watched the show that night; Tae had bought some new toys based on fans’ suggestions and was trying them out one by one as the tips continued to rise, Jin kept thinking back to the studio he wanted so badly to create, and the photography equipment he needed to buy. He was such a good young man, and he’d shown a few of his photos to the fans; they were absolutely breathtaking. With the right equipment, Jin knew he would definitely make a name for himself.
When Tae had logged off for the night, Jin sent him a private message. He was one of the few users authorized to do so, a perk for spending as much in Tae’s rooms as he did every night. He’d never used it before now though.

‘Good evening, Tae. As you’re probably aware by now, I adore your shows and I find you a fascinating individual. I would like to give you a donation, to go toward your photography plans. I want to do this no strings attached – I don’t want a show or a meeting or anything special. But I do want to give you this donation through another means. I know this site takes a good percentage of what I give to you in tips. The amount I’m giving you is relatively large and I don’t want them to take any of it. Do you have a PayPal or some other money sharing site account? Or, if you’d prefer, I can send a money order to a PO box or a neutral location for you to pick up. I want to say again – there are no strings attached to this. I’m doing it because I think you have a good future in photography and I want to help you along your journey. Thank you. – J’

Jin logged off the site, hoping he’d have a reply by the next day. He crawled into bed, letting his mind wander back to Tae’s show as his hands wandered under the blankets.
He didn’t receive a reply until two days later.

‘Hey Handsome;

Look, I’m sure you mean well, but you don’t have to do anything like that. I’m okay earning my money the old fashioned way. And - as kind as you seem to be - I’ve had offers like this before and it either turns out to be a scam or an outright lie. You have to excuse me for not believing you, exactly. Thanks for being so sweet though.

-Tae”

Jin frowned at the answer. He knew Tae was just protecting himself and that made sense, but he wanted to do this for him.

By the next night that Tae had a show, Jin had figured out a way to prove himself. As the tips increased, Jin did something he’d never done before. He dropped a huge sum of money into the tip jar and accepted the offer to private the show.

Tae stopped his dance when the bell went off. He went up to the screen, his eyebrows shooting up. “No one’s ever private’d my show, Handsome.”

Jin typed quickly. ‘Wanted to prove I was telling the truth. I have the money. I’ll give it to you here, if you want me to. But I don’t want a show.’

“Why? This is my job.” Tae sat on the bed.

‘Because you’re a good man. You’re always so kind in your shows and I know it’s for the camera. But I can tell. You do like this work but you want more. I’m a bored rich kid and I want to give you that.’

Tae smiled softly. “What’s your real name, Handsome?”

‘Seokjin.’

“I’m Taehyung. You seem like a nice guy. I’m just hesitant, you get it, right?”

‘Of course. I just want to do this for you. Then you’ll never hear from me again.’

The smile slipped from Taehyung’s face at that. “No, I wouldn’t want that. You’re one of my favorite people in the shows. There’s only so many times I can read how much people wanna pound my ass, you know? Your smart comments and jokes kinda break that up. I appreciate it.”

‘Then why won’t you let me do this for you? I do truly want to help, Tae.’

“I’m...” Taehyung hesitated, picking at a spot on his bed. “I guess I’m bad at just accepting handouts. I want to work for it in some way.”

Jin hesitated a moment before responding, unsure of how Taehyung would respond.

‘Well... If you wanted. We could meet for coffee. Public place. You can say hi, meet me in person.
And I get to meet the equivalent of an at home celebrity.’

Taehyung laughed a little, his cheeks pinking. “I’m not a celebrity by far.”

‘In a way. What do you think? Plenty of people pay what I’m offering and more for that.’

“Nothing else?”

‘I won’t even touch your hand if you don’t want. Nothing else. And that way I can hand you the funds in person.’

Taehyung chewed his lip. “Fine. I’ll send you a message tonight with the location, time and date, and we’ll see if it works... It’s almost time for me to sign off. Wanna at least get some of a show?’

‘I’ll release the video to the public again if you’d like.’

Taehyung thought for a moment then shrugged. “No. I’m happy staying with you.” Taehyung bit his lip, touching his toned stomach. “Do you want me to take these off?” He asked, playing with the hem of his athletic shorts.

‘I would.’

Taehyung grinned, his tongue poking between his teeth. He rose and turned, sliding them down his ass slowly. He looked back at the camera, offering a smile that had Jin’s stomach doing acrobatics. “You’re always so polite on the chat, Handsome. Why don’t you be honest with me in here? What do you really want to do to me?”

Jin swallowed hard, his hands shaking. He typed and backspaced three times before hitting enter. ‘I wish I could make you come.’

“How?” Taehyung asked. He dropped the shorts and kicked out of them, stretching himself out on the bed. He slid his hand down his cock slowly, stroking lightly to get himself fully hard again.

‘With my mouth. I want to eat you out.’

Taehyung grinned, his cock twitching in his grip. “I’d like that. Been a long time since anyone’s been able to make me come just from that. Then what would you do to me?”

He shifted on the bed, spreading his legs to give the camera – and Jin – clear view of his ass as he slipped a finger in.

‘Suck you off. You’re thick and I... Just think you’d taste amazing.’

“Gonna make me come you keep talking like that. What would you want me to do to you?”

‘Nothing, honestly. I’d be able to come just... Making you moan.’

Taehyung moaned softly, strokes himself a little faster. He worked his fingers into himself, hips twitching down against his hand gently. “I’d want to suck your cock,” he murmured. “Repay the favor. I’ve seen how much you tipped when I had my friend join those few times and he came on my face... You get off on that, don’t you?”

‘Admittedly, yes... You two were unbearably hot together.’

Taehyung smirked. “Thanks.” He gasped, arching his back. “Can I come, Seokjin-ssi?” He panted, blinking hard to keep his eyes open and watching the screen.
'Come.'

Taehyung tossed his head back, driving his fingers deep as he came, spilling over his hand and stomach. He writhed on the bed, calling Jin’s name through his orgasm.

Jin whimpered in the quiet of his room, covering his mouth. His cock ached in his jeans, seeking his attention as he watched Taehyung fall apart.

When he recovered, Taehyung grinned. “Thanks for the help tonight, Handsome… I’ll message you, okay?”

‘Sleep well, Taehyung. You did beautifully tonight. Thank you.’

“Really, my pleasure.” Taehyung blew a kiss to the camera before logging off, leaving Jin in silence.

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“Are you sure?” Yoongi asked, reaching across and stealing a fry from Jin’s plate. Jin slapped his hand, scowling when Yoongi still made away with some of his food.

“Yes, I’m sure. Why wouldn’t I be?”

“I don’t know. He’s a camboy. He shakes his ass and jerks off for money.”

“And you play music for money. I sit on my ass and play video games all day while I pretend to learn about my father’s company. Hoseokie dances for money. We all have jobs.”

“Ours aren’t quite as... You know what I mean.”

“He’s a good man.”

“How do you know?”

“It’s just a feeling. And if you steal another fry I’m making you pay for lunch.” Jin jabbed at Yoongi’s retreating hand with the end of his straw.

“Well, I mean you’re gonna do what you want, and it’s not like you’re hurting for the money so I mean – I can’t say shit about it. But just be safe okay? Where’d he say he wanted to meet?”

“The café down the street in about thirty minutes. I’m actually nervous.”

“It’s not like it’s a date.”

Jin glared. “I know that, you asshole. But he’s… I’ve been watching him cam for months. Even you’ve seen one of his shows.”

“One, because him and that other kid were trying to rap to my music. It was cute. But you’ve got a crush,” Yoongi teased, popping the pilfered fry into his mouth.

“I’m making you pay for lunch.”

“I’ve got no money. Pay up, rich boy. Want me to stay nearby? In case things go south with the hooker?”

Jin huffed, taking the check from the waitress and slipping his card into it. “He isn’t a hooker.”
“Could be.”

“Just— Man, why are we friends?”

Yoongi grinned, showing his gums. “My charming good looks and down to earth nature that you can’t get enough of.”

“Remember when I jacked you off in the restroom in middle school? I think that might have been it.”

“Maybe, but that only happened once. Still stayed your friend for years.”

Jin smiled softly, shaking his head. “Yeah, you put up with a lot of my shit. But nah, you don’t need to stick around if you don’t want to. But if you do, we could go to my place after? Play some games?”

Yoongi nodded, finishing his milkshake and leaning back. He stretched dramatically, popping his neck. “I’ve got nothing better to do. I’ll go loiter at the music store for a bit.”

“Don’t they hate you yet?” Jin asked. He took the card back from the waitress and signed, bowing his thanks before rising with Yoongi and walking toward the exit.

“They love me. I always bring a few more people into the store after I’ve been there for a while. I mean, I’m not huge but I’m still somewhat known.” He tugged on his mask as they exited, fixing his baseball cap to sit low over his eyes.

“Oh I know, Tae has a damn poster of your first single on his wall. Let me tell you, getting into someone getting frisky while seeing your best friend’s face in the background, a little tricky.”

“Just think about middle school,” Yoongi teased, elbowing Jin a little as they walked. Jin made a noise of frustration and disgust, shaking his head.

“I hate you. I’ll see you soon though, okay? I’ll be over there and if something does go south – which I don’t think it will – I’ll text.”

“I’ll have my phone either way. Good luck, I hope he’s as nice as he seems at least.”

Jin grinned and shrugged. “One way to find out.” He winked at Yoongi before cutting across the street and ducking into the small café that Taehyung had requested they meet at.
First Meet

Jin was normally a relatively patient man. He could be eager about things without necessarily being impatient. The half hour in the café, however, was the longest, most impatient time Jin had ever spent. He was still full from lunch, but opted for a coffee while he waited. If anything to give him something to fiddle with. He regretted not following Yoongi into the music store for at least a few minutes; anything would be better than waiting in anticipation. Jin realized that Taehyung may not even show up, deciding he was a freak and not wanting anything to do with him. As the clock hit and passed the hour they had planned to meet, Jin wondered if that was exactly what had happened.

At quarter after, Jin looked up when the bell over the door rang. His heart leapt into his throat when the young man pulled his mask down, revealing a strong jaw and wide smile. Taehyung.

He looked around, tucking his bottom lip between his teeth as he searched for the man he was meant to meet. Jin waved, and rose, smiling widely. “Taehyung-ssi!”

Taehyung froze, his eyes widening visibly. Jin hesitated, worrying he’d scared the other. He lowered his hand, smiling sheepishly and sinking back a little.

Taehyung approached him slowly. “You’re… Seokjin-nim?” He asked softly.

“Yes.” Jin bowed a little and held his hand out for Taehyung to take a seat. “Please. I didn’t know if you’d come.”

“I took the bus, it was a little late because of traffic, my apologies.” Taehyung bowed lower before sitting across from Jin.

“What would you like to drink? My treat.”

“Ah, I don’t drink coffee, actually.”

Jin smiled a little. “Then why choose to meet in a café?”

Taehyung shrugged. “I could think of nowhere else that wouldn’t give too much of myself away. I’m not much of a social person and I didn’t know who I was meeting here today. You aren’t… What I expected.”

“I can tell. You looked like you’d seen a ghost when I said your name. I’m curious as to why, but let me get you a hot chocolate or something then first, okay?”

Taehyung nodded, brushing his hair out of his face. “Okay.”

Jin rose and wandered over to the counter. He could feel Taehyung’s eyes on him as he spoke to the barista, ordering another drink for himself and one for Taehyung. He glanced back, their eyes meeting for a quick moment before Taehyung looked outside, still worrying his bottom lip.

Jin returned with the drinks, passing one to Taehyung. “Now… Why did you look so confused?”

“You’re… Handsome,” Taehyung admitted, turning the cup slowly. He kept his head down, not looking at Jin.

“Well, my username is Worldwide Handsome. I try not to lie. But that normally doesn’t heed the reaction you gave.”
Taehyung laughed. “I suppose it is fitting. But I wasn’t expecting someone like that when I was speaking to you online. I expected a fat old man or something… Some married businessman or some loser with an acne problem. I didn’t… Ah.” Taehyung shrugged. Jin laughed heartily, startling him into looking up.

“You must not think highly of your fans, Taehyung-ssi.”

“Well, statistically. Most people that need to masturbate to camboys aren’t men or women that can just go out and get the sex they need. They’re people that have deviant thoughts or those that aren’t able to find a partner. I prefer to see the best in people, so I just assume it’s the latter. Kind people with an unlucky lot in attractiveness.”

“Well, I thank you for the compliment, but I don’t fall into either of those groups, I’m sorry to burst your bubble. No deviant tendencies for me, unless you count enjoying spanking.”

Taehyung chuckled, looking back up at Jin. “Then why watch camboys?”

“Because it’s easier,” Jin admitted. “When I watch camboys, I’m expected to tip. But they don’t know me, they don’t know how much money I have or what I look like. When I go out to the club it’s clear I’m handsome, and I have money. I’m well dressed and I’m not afraid to show off my wealth if I have reason to spend. I don’t boast it, but I don’t hide it either. When I watch cam shows, I don’t need the person on the other end to like me for me, or for my money. I can just enjoy the social contact.”

Taehyung frowned. “So you would rather stay inside and watch live porn than meet someone because you’re afraid they’ll only like you for your looks and money?”

Jin shrugged. “I didn’t say it was a good reason, Taehyung-ssi. I just said it was a reason that didn’t fall into your opinion. I get anxious and timid around people that I don’t know, contrary to the way I am online. It’s easier.”

“It’s a pretty stupid reason to watch cam shows. You could just find someone to sleep with. Who cares what they think of you? It doesn’t need to be long term.”

“I care,” Jin said quickly, his ears reddening.

“I didn’t mean to offend,” Taehyung said when he realized his mistake.

Jin blinked, trying to cover the hurt in his face. “You didn’t,” he lied, “you just stated what is likely a fact. But I know you didn’t come here to talk either.” Jin reached into his pocket and pulled out a thick envelope. He slid it across the table toward Taehyung. “This should be enough to help get your photography business off the ground. There’s cash, and also two slips. I went to a nearby camera store and purchased one of the finest cameras they had, as well as accessories. You only need to present the slip to pick it up. Everything is paid for.”

“And the second?” Taehyung asked softly.

“Ah… I should remove the second,” Jin said softly.

“Why?”

“Because it’s my telephone number. I had hoped… Naive thoughts of a young man. Just dispose of it if you’d like. I hope this helps you, Taehyung-ssi.” Jin rose, grabbing his coffee.

“You’re leaving?”
“I promised I wouldn’t bother you more than necessary. You did me the honor of meeting me and allowing me to hand you my gift in person. That’s all I asked for. Enjoy your drink and get home safely.”

Jin bowed and headed toward the door.

“You don’t need to go,” Taehyung called. “I didn’t mean to hurt your feelings with what I said.”

“I know you didn’t,” Jin said. “But I made you a deal and that deal has been kept. I thank you again, Taehyung-ssi.”

“Seokjin-nim!” Taehyung called again, but Jin was already rushing out the door. He hurried down the street to the music store, ducking in. He spotted Yoongi at the counter, chatting with the clerk.

“Ready?” He asked.

“You done already?”

Jin shrugged. “Just needed to hand the guy money. I’m done.”

Yoongi scowled a little. He looked back to the clerk and spoke softly. The clerk nodded and grinned, heading back to what he was doing. Yoongi rose.

“Okay, let’s go. On the way to your place, you can tell me the real reason you look like you’re about to cry.”

Jin scowled, walking out with him. He tossed the coffee in the nearby garbage can, crossing his arms over his chest. “He just… Wasn’t what I thought he’d be. You can say you were right and you told me so, I deserve it.”

“What happened?”

“I was just too honest with him. He asked why I looked at camshows with my good looks. I explained why, and he said he thought it was stupid. It was a dumb thing to be hurt over but…” Jin shrugged.

“Well, it still hurt you, dumb or not. I’m sorry it didn’t work out. I know you were excited about this. Did you still give him the money?”

“Yeah. His opinion on my dating life doesn’t change that he’s worked hard and deserves to make something of himself. I hope he does well.”

Jin glanced in the café window as they passed it, surprised to see Taehyung still in the same seat, his head hung. His heart ached for a moment, wondering if he’d made the wrong decision to leave so quickly. But before he could think too long, Yoongi was pulling him across the street toward where Jin had parked his car.
Meet & Greet

Nearly two weeks passed before Jin had to worry about Taehyung again. He figured the camboy was done with him anyway, after the way he responded in the café. He skipped a show, making a point to be nowhere near his computer on the night that he knew Taehyung would go live.

Yoongi managed to score a small appearance at the local music store; a little meet and greet for some of his fans and fans of the underground rap scene in general. Of course, Yoongi needed a ride, and some moral support from his best friend. So Jin woke up way too damn early on a Saturday morning and dragged himself and Yoongi down to the store.

Jin didn’t mind these meet and greets, really. There were always interesting people to talk to and he did like supporting his best friend.

Yoongi had been with him since middle school. They’d tried dating once or twice, but realized they just worked better as friends. And it was for the best, because Jin couldn’t even begin to keep up with Yoongi’s mind sometimes. The guy was way too smart for his own good, often overwhelmingly so. Jin could sit and listen to him talk for hours. He was Jin’s closest friend and confidant and – regardless of the backhanded comments from Jin’s father about the career choice Yoongi had made – Jin knew he would never trust anyone more.

“Isn’t the whole underground thing supposed to be more… Invisible?” Yoongi complained when he saw the small crowd outside of the music store.

“Admit it, man – your music is getting popular. Plus these are locals.”

“This is Seoul, nobody is a local.”

“You know what I mean. You agreed to this anyway. Favor to the owner, remember?”

“Yeah, yeah.” Yoongi groaned, adjusting his beanie further over his fading red bangs. “Can we say I got sick?”

“I’m not lying for you. Get in there.”

“You’re staying with me the whole time, right?”

“Cleared my calendar, I promise. And after we’ll pick up some drinks and chill at your place. Decompress without my dad breathing down our necks.”

Yoongi took a deep breath and nodded. “Okay. Thank you. Just keep me calm if I start to freak out, okay?”

“Hey.” Jin grinned over at Yoongi as he parked in the back. “I’ve had your back through all of these things. That won’t change, Yoongi. Ever.”

Yoongi smiled a little, relaxing visibly at Jin’s words. Jin knew Yoongi could do anything he wanted in life, especially if he got over his social anxieties. But a big part of him was glad that Yoongi was willing to put up with him no matter what he chose.
The two climbed out of the car and walked in through the back entrance of the music store, pausing to bow at the owner and let him explain how the meet and greet would go. Much to Yoongi’s relief, he wasn’t going to be asked to speak or do anything more than sit and sign autographs, talk to the fans one on one. Only about a hundred people had won a ticket to get in, through a raffle the music store had run as a support the local artists event. The extra funds were going to be going to funding one of the rap battles that were often held in the basement of the building.

Yoongi and Jin walked out into the main part of the store upon the owner’s introduction. Jin stayed a little to the side, keeping an eye on Yoongi mostly, but also listening to the chatter of the fans as they waited for their chance to meet the local celebrity. Sometimes he heard some good gossip about parties or even up and coming artists at these things.

Nearly an hour in, and Yoongi seemed to be doing well. He was smiling, laughing with one of the girls that was standing in front of him. Jin couldn’t quite tell what she was saying, but it was obvious she was flirting, and Yoongi was flirting right back. Jin couldn’t help but roll his eyes.

“Seokjin-nim?”

The voice Jin heard to his left made his stomach drop into his bladder. He considered not turning around, pretending he hadn’t heard or it wasn’t him. He couldn’t leave; Yoongi would spot his departure and worry.

“Seokjin-nim?” The voice came again. Jin’s shoulders sagged. He turned slowly, his heart stuttering a few beats when he realized just how close the owner of the voice was. Taehyung was just a foot away from him, Yoongi’s new CD gripped in his hand. He was dressed casually, ripped jeans and a loose fitting yellow striped teeshirt. Next to him was another face Jin recognized from camshows, Prince Charming. He’d done a few shows with Taehyung and was the one that had sung along to one of Yoongi’s raps with Taehyung once.

“Ah—Taehyung-ssi.” Jin bowed politely, glancing back over at Yoongi as the line moved.

“Are you in line?” Taehyung asked, leaving room for Jin in front of him.

“Oh, no. I’m here for moral support.”

“Moral support?” Taehyung asked.

“Who is this?” Prince Charming asked softly, his voice just as soothing and sensual in real life as it was on camera.

“Ah, I’m so sorry, how rude of me. Jimin, this is Seokjin-nim—He’s the gentleman that donated such a big amount of money toward my photography endeavors. Seokjin-nim, this is my best friend, Park Jimin.”

Jin bowed lightly, placing his hands together. “Kim Seokjin. Nice to meet you. You two had better move, the line is about to be stalled.”

“Can we talk after?” Taehyung asked as Jimin pushed him forward. Jin nodded quickly, his ears burning.

Yoongi met his gaze, his brows furrowed. Jin shook his head. He mouthed, ‘later’. Yoongi shrugged, turning his attention back to the fan in front of him and offering a wide, gummy smile.

Jin watched carefully as Taehyung and Jimin got closer to Yoongi. When they reached him, Yoongi smiled as usual, his eyes lingering on Jimin a little as the two spoke excitedly. Jin couldn’t help but
smile. They were clearly big fans and seeing the excitement on their faces as they spoke to someone they idolized was absolutely heartwarming. Taehyung glanced over, catching Jin watching them. Taehyung smiled a little, turning his attention back to Yoongi quickly.

Taehyung leaned a little closer, motioning his head toward Jin as he spoke. Yoongi glanced over and nodded, grinning and answering whatever Taehyung had asked. The answer must have surprised him, because his eyes went wide and he nodded, taking the autographed album back from Yoongi. He bowed and moved down the line, waiting off to the side for Jimin to get his album back as well.

As the line dwindled, Jin kept an eye on the door. Taehyung and Jimin were still lingering, talking amongst themselves and with other people as they passed. He kept hoping they’d give up and leave, or he and Yoongi could sneak out unnoticed, but he knew that was unlikely. He didn’t know why he was so anxious about talking with Taehyung. Part of it was that he did still like the guy. And he was sure a part of it was that he was still bitter over Taehyung’s response in the cafe. Either way, he had a feeling this conversation may not end well.

When the final person in line stepped away, Yoongi rose. He waved to those still lingering around the music store before backing up, giving Jin the freedom to follow after him. He spotted Taehyung and Jimin approaching and shook his head, pointing to the door Yoongi was at. Before they could get any closer, he ducked through it, waiting while Yoongi spoke to the manager and received his pay.

“So those guys,” Yoongi said as they walked toward the exit.

“Didn’t you recognize them from that video? It’s the camboys that like your music.”

Yoongi’s eyes widened. “Oh shit, that’s why that one looked familiar. Was the taller one—“

“Taehyung, yeah,” Jin said, rubbing the back of his neck. “He wants to talk to me.”

“About what?”

Jin shrugged. “I dodged them in the main part of the store, I got no idea. Come on.” He pushed open the exit door, his heart sinking when he spotted Taehyung and Jimin waiting in the back.

“Hey, guys,” he said hesitantly.

“Sorry— We figured you meant for us to meet you in the back,” Taehyung said when he saw Jin’s face.

“Ah, oh yeah. That’s totally fine.”

Yoongi clapped Jin on the back. “I’ll be in the car.” He hesitated for a moment, offering a smile to Jimin. “What’s your name?”

“Park Jimin.”

“Nice to meet you. You gonna stay here or wanna come chat with me?”

Jimin’s eyes widened. He glanced over at Taehyung.

Taehyung shrugged. “I’ll be fine.”
Jimin grinned. He turned backed to Yoongi, nodding quickly. Yoongi smirked a little and motioned for him to follow. He snagged the car keys from Jin’s hand and headed off toward it.

“So...” Taehyung said once the two had wandered far enough away.

“What?” Jin asked, stuffing his hands into his pockets.

“I missed you at my show. It was a special one.”

“Special one, huh?”

Taehyung nodded, crossing his arms over his middle. “Ah, I was gonna do a public thank you. To you. Where... Why weren’t you there?”

Jin shrugged. “Was just following your advice. Went to a club to hook up with a real person.”

Taehyung winced visibly. “Oh... Did you... It’s none of my business.”

“No. I went home alone.”

“Oh.” Taehyung hung his head. “Look, I’ve been thinking a lot about how I responded and I’m really sorry. I don’t know why I acted that way. I’m bad around people and you were really beautiful and I just got intimidated and was an asshole. I’m sorry.”

Jin shrugged. “I’m not good around people either really. I’m just good at faking it. It’s okay. You didn’t know it would sting so much.”

“Still not okay for me to say. I’d like to make it up to you. A...” Taehyung shrugged. “A lunch date maybe one weekend?”

Jin chuckled. “Are you asking a fan of yours on a date, Taehyung-ssi?”

Taehyung smiles sheepishly. “I guess I am.”

“Do you still have my number?”

Taehyung nodded. Jin shrugged. “I don’t usually have plans too far in advance. Text me when and where. I’ll let you know.”

“Really?”

“Sure. No reason not to try it. Where are you guys headed? I’ll give you a lift.”

“Ah, my place. You don’t have to. It’s opposite the way you’re going.”

Jin furrowed his brows. “How do you know?”

“Because you probably live in a nice part of the city. I live in the dump.”

Jin chuckled. “Well Yoongi lives right in the middle and that’s where I’m headed so. Get in the car, man.”

Taehyung smiled softly, rubbing the back of his neck. “Thank you.”

“No need to.”

“How did you become friends with him?”
“Yoongi? Ah, we’ve been buddies since middle school,” Jin explained as they walked to the car.

Jin hesitated a moment at the car. “Were you really gonna dedicate a whole show to me?”

Taehyung chuckled and shrugged, hanging his head. “I didn’t know how else to say sorry. I figured you wouldn’t agree to a meeting and I felt awkward private messaging you or texting you.”

Jin nodded. “Understood... Maybe I’ll check out the recorded version. See what I missed.”

“Maybe I’ll just give you a private showing.”

Jin’s eyes widened a little, his cheeks burning. He opened and closed his mouth, not sure what to say. Taehyung grinned wide enough to show almost all his teeth despite his pink mottled cheeks.

“You’re cute when you’re embarrassed... I’m socially awkward too, but I’m good with sexual stuff. Sorry — Sometimes I forget.”

“I’d love a private show someday,” Jin said softly, touching Taehyung’s hand lightly.

Taehyung’s smile softened a little. He opened his mouth to reply when the car door opened on the opposite side.

“You ready, Taehyung?”

“Yes! Seokjin-nim offered us a ride home so we don’t need to take the bus.”

Jimin’s eyebrows raised. “Oh, cool. Thank you.” He disappeared back into the car.

Jin opened the door for Taehyung. “Drop the professional honorific, okay? I’ve jerked off to you and we’re gonna go on a date.”

“I will if you will,” Taehyung shot back. Jin smirked.

“Deal, Taehyung.”

Taehyung grinned and climbed into the back with Jimin.

The drive to Taehyung’s place was full of laughter. Yoongi and Jimin were instant friends, discussing various singers they’d tried to listen to and types of music that they found interesting or annoying. Taehyung and Jin joined in occasionally but stayed more quiet, sharing glances in the mirror as Jin drove.

When they arrived, Jin reached back, touching Taehyung’s hand.

“Text me soon, right?”

“I promise I will. Thank you.”

Jin smiled softly, watching Taehyung and Jimin disappear into a dilapidated building. He glanced back over at Yoongi, who was looking at a piece of paper.

“You get his number?”

“Hell yeah I did, did you see him?”
“He’s cute.” Jin shrugged and headed toward Yoongi’s place.

“Cute, yeah, right. But you only have eyes for the other one.”

“Shut up.”

“No, I’m serious. I saw those looks. You two discuss what happened before?”

Jin nodded. “Yeah, he apologized. Wants to take me on a date.”

“You gonna say yes?”

“Are you when that other one asks you?” Jin grinned over at him. Yoongi shrugged.

“I’ll think about it.”

Jin rolled his eyes. “Yeah, yeah, go get us something to drink, big shot.” He passed Yoongi his wallet as he pulled up to a liquor store. Yoongi got out, laughing the entire time as he walked in.
“Where are you going, Seokjin?” Jin hesitated, his hand on the doorknob.
“Out.”
“Mm. Dressed kind of nice for just going out with your ratty friends.”
“I didn’t say I was going out with friends. I said I was going out. I have a date.” Jin turned to face his father. He’d just gotten home from the office by the looks of his pressed suit and neat hair. It made Jin nauseous to think that was what he was supposed to turn into. He loved his father, he respected him for all he did after they lost Jin’s mother, but they didn’t see eye to eye on so many things and the divide was clear in the household. Though Jin could see himself reflected physically in his father’s face, he saw nothing emotionally.
“Who’s the girl?”
Jin swallowed hard. “It’s... Not a girl.”
“Seokjin—”
“You know I’m not interested in women that way, Dad.”
“I know you still have a duty to keep up appearances. I’m not going to have you cavorting around with queers when things are at such a building point for company.”
Jin shifted. “We’re meeting for dinner at a nice restaurant. There will be no cavorting. It’s our first date, it’s not like I’m going to stick my tongue down his throat on camera.”
Jin’s father grimaced visibly, giving Jin a little surge of pride.
“Seokjin, you know I tolerate this— But reconsider.”
“Not this time. I’m an adult and I understand I must keep appearances and keep your name in good standing, and my own for the company. But this is important for me. I will take care in public.”
“Who is the boy?”
“His name is Taehyung. We met at one of Yoongi’s album signings, I don’t know much about him except that he is an amateur photographer.”
Jin’s father grimaced. “Another one of those. Just don’t get in trouble. Keep your family first, Seokjin.”
“Yes, Dad.” Jin bowed, rushing out before his father could change his mind or ask more questions.
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“Sorry I’m late, Taehyung,” Jin said in a rush when he spotted Taehyung. The other beamed.
“I’m just glad you came. I was scared you changed your mind.”
“Not at all. My father held me up talking. I live with him.”
Jin smiled at the waitress as she approached. He ordered easily, passing the menu over without looking. Taehyung ordered as well, a little more hesitant as he glanced at prices. Jin reached over and touched his hand. “Don’t worry. I’ve got this,” he said softly. Taehyung smiled sheepishly, deciding on a meal and passing the menu back to the waitress.
“It seems silly, I asked you on a date but you’re paying for it.”
“Extenuating circumstances. You’ll return the favor at some point, I’m not concerned.” He cleared his throat. Taehyung smiled. “How is that? Living with your father? I live alone.”
Jin smiled sheepishly and shrugged. “He’s a business owner. He’s old fashioned. The way I am is... Not pleasing to him. But it’s all we have. My mother died when I was very young.”
“Oh, I’m so sorry. What happened, if you don’t mind—”
“Not at all. My mother was in a car wreck. Someone who’d been drinking, I was six.”
“Oh, I’m so sorry.”
“It was years ago, thank you, but I’m okay. And your family?”
“Similar, ironically. My parents died in a wreck when I was just a toddler. I was raised by my grandparents until adolescence. They sent me to school here in Seoul to hopefully make something of myself.”
“And is that where you met Jimin?”
“Yeah, we were in school together.”
Jin nodded. Taehyung fiddled with the napkin for a moment. “I’ve decided to quit camming.”
“Oh?”
“Yeah. I’m doing my last show this week before a hiatus. Thanks to what I saved plus what you
donated, I have enough to get the film developing stuff plus software for my digital photos. I’m
gonna start working on that in my spare time instead of camming. I think I’m going to start with
erotic photography. I like the human body and it’s a lucrative business. I just need some models to
build a portfolio. Jimin offered, he’ll be a great start.”
Jin nodded, listening intently as Taehyung spoke. “Do you think you’ll continue in that field?”
“Ideally yes and no. I’d like to keep it as a hobby, maybe under a separate name. But what I really
want to do is travel. Take photos of the wonders of the world and... I know it’s silly, but that’s my
goal.”
“Your ten year plan,” Jin suggested.
Taehyung smiled sheepishly. “Guess so. What’s yours?”
Jin shrugged. He leaned back as the waitress brought the food, thanking her before looking back to
Taehyung. “Not become my father, honestly. He’s got this whole big plan for me to take over the
company, marry and have kids and be just like him. I don’t care what I do - just not that.”
Jin laughed a little, looking down. “You must think I’m whiny. I’ve got all the money I could ever
want and I complain about how it came to be.”
“Not at all. What do you want to do?”
Jin shrugged. “I don’t know, honestly. No one has ever asked me that. It’s always been assumed that
I’ll follow my father.”
“So you’ve never just... Dreamed?” Taehyung asked softly. Jin blinked at him, a little taken aback by
the question.
“I— I guess everyone has dreamed, Taehyung. But nothing seriously. Maybe I know I’m destined to
follow this path, so why get my hopes up about something different?”
Taehyung reached over, touching Jin’s knuckles. “What does Kim Seokjin dream of? His wildest
fantasies?”
Jin frowned, his brows creasing together as he thought. It shouldn’t have been such a hard question.
“I guess... I’ve always dreamed of acting or singing, I... I don’t know, something artistic. I envy
Yoongi sometimes, his passion for his art. Even you, it’s so admirable.”
“Why don’t you pursue it?”
“My father would kill me. I am living under his roof, spending his money. I may hate him sometimes
but I do understand when he has the upper hand.”
Taehyung nodded sympathetically. “Well tell me then, what do you do for fun?”
Jin smiled taking a bite of his food before answering.
The two went back and forth, discussion ebbing and flowing as they ate. Despite the age gap, they
got along splendidly, finding more in common than they’d imagined.
All too soon they had finished dinner and shared dessert, and Jin was signing the bill.
“Ah... This was nice,” Taehyung said softly.
“Let me drive you home?” Jin asked.
“You don’t need to.”
“No, but I want to. I’d like to spend more time with you.”
Taehyung smiled. He tucked his head down a little. “You’re just trying to get into my pants,” he
 teased.
“Yeah, eventually. But tonight, I can’t come in anyway. I need to meet with some of my father’s
colleagues tomorrow morning. So your pants are safe.”
Taehyung laughed, shaking his head. “Okay, take me home, Jin-hyung.”
Jin rose and helped Taehyung into his coat, wrapping his arm around him and leading him out of the
restaurant.
Taehyung hesitated when they reached his apartment complex. “Ah...”
“Did I get it wrong?” Jin worried.
“No, this is it. But, are you sure you won’t come in?”
Jin smirked over at him. “Are you trying to get into my pants now?”
Taehyung laughed. “A little... But mostly I... I had fun tonight. More than I’ve had in a long time, even with Jimin... I’m just not ready for the night to end I guess. I keep thinking it’s a dream.”
“Why?”
“You’re too good for me. I’m a street rat camboy. You’re some high class college graduate on his way to fame or power and I—” He shrugged. “It’s a dream to date someone like you.”
“Well then I’m your dream come true, Taehyung,” Jin said, his face breaking into a wide grin. He turned, reaching over and grabbing Taehyung’s hand.
“I don’t care about my money. I don’t want it to interfere with what you and I might be. I like you, Taehyung. Do you like me?”
“Very much,” Taehyung said softly, nodding.
“Then that’s that. Will you be doing your final camshow this Friday?”
“Yes, same time.”
“I’ll watch. And then Saturday, how about another date? We can go to the movies or - I think Yoongi is attending a rap battle - we could go to that?”
Taehyung grinned widely. “I would enjoy that.”
“Sleep well tonight, Taehyung. I’ll text you as soon as I’ve made it home safely, okay?”
“Okay. See you soon, Jin-hyung.”
Jin grinned widely. He let Taehyung’s hand go as he got out of the car, watching him enter the building before heading off to his own home.
‘You are... Absolutely head over heels for him, aren’t you?’ Yoongi asked. He and Jin were in Yoongi’s apartment, playing video games before Jin was due to tune in for Taehyung’s final camshow.

‘I didn’t... Mean to fall so hard but I really like him, Yoongi. He’s so kind.’

‘You sure he doesn’t just like your money?’

‘Yoongi—’

‘You know it’s a valid question.’

Jin sighed, setting his controller down when his character died in their game. ‘I know it is. I’m just not thinking about it. I don’t want to, honestly. I just want...’

‘Someone to like you for you,’ Yoongi said, setting his own controller down and rising. He dug around in the fridge and brought them each a bottle of beer.

‘I’m driving—’

‘Stay over.’

‘I promised Taehyung I’d watch his show.’

‘I have internet. Let’s see what the kid can do.’

Jin chuckled. ‘You want to watch the guy I wanna date while he cams?’

‘A thousand strangers will be blowing their loads to the guy you want to date while he cams. I think you’ll handle your best friend.’

Jin chuckled. ‘Valid. Okay. What about you? You talked to Jimin?’

‘A bit. We’ve texted... He says he’s coming to the battle tomorrow.’

‘You don’t seem excited.’

‘I wanna be. But I don’t expect much.’

Jin scowled, opening the bottle and taking a sip. They sat in silence until Yoongi sighed, deciding to continue.

‘I’ve gotten my hopes up in the past. You know that. I like this guy, but I don’t wanna believe he likes me. I don’t want to be hurt.’

‘And if he shows?’

‘Then maybe I’ll give him a chance. But I just... Have a hard time trusting.’

‘I know. I get it, man. I hope he does though. Taehyung was saying he has been talking nonstop about you.’

‘Really?’ Yoongi asked, a small smile curling his lips up. Jin nodded.
“Seems that way. Taehyung and I are coming to the battle too, maybe we’ll catch you two.”

“Sure, maybe go for food after?”

Jin chuckled. “That sounds like a double date.”

Yoongi shrugged. “Guess it is.”

“Are you okay with him being a camboy? I mean really. If you two start dating?” Jin asked while Yoongi set up his laptop.

“I think so. I haven’t thought much about it. I mean, it’s not ideal. But he’s not having sex with these people. He’s just putting on a show, and it’s good money. I think I can handle it. What about you? I mean I know he says he’s quitting for now, but he’s doing erotic photography, right?”

“Yeah. I’ve thought pretty hard about it actually. Or if he goes back into camming. I think it’s a good thing. It would be... Different. But if I don’t trust him to do this thing he’s passionate about, then I shouldn’t be with him at all.”

Yoongi turned his head a little, watching Jin out of the corner of his eye for a moment. Jin shrugged. “What?”

Yoongi made a small noise and turned back to the computer. Jin scowled but pushed the issue no further. He sipped at his beer, telling Yoongi his login information for the cam site and how to get to Taehyung’s page.

Yoongi dragged the laptop over to them, setting it on the coffee table before settling next to Jin.

“You know I’m probably gonna get a boner.”

“Yep. I’ve seen it all before, man,” Yoongi shrugged. “Honestly, the guy is cute. I probably will too.”

Jin beamed. “He is cute, isn’t he? I’m gonna type a bit, if you don’t mind.”

“You’re good.” Yoongi waved his hand flippanantly, kicking his feet up on the coffee table and sipping at his drink.

Jin scooted forward, waiting as the loading screen popped up to signal that Taehyung was online and about to go live. When he did, Jin began to type immediately.

‘Good evening Tae.’

Taehyung grinned, spotting his username despite the flood of hello’s. “Good evening everyone. So, I’ve got some big news tonight.” He scooted back on the bed a little, crossing his legs and putting his elbows on his knees. He was wearing a pair of loose red basketball shorts and a light grey t-shirt. His hair was styled but damp, and he had on just a little makeup to highlight his eyes and mouth. He smiled a little. “Tonight is going to be my last regular show for a while. I know it’s sudden, but with the donations from all of you, I’ve been able to save enough to really get focused on my photography as a serious future career. I wanted to say goodbye to all of you in one more show. I will probably come back occasionally, I love camming honestly and all of you are so fun. But I won’t do them weekly. I will try to announce ahead of time when I plan to do one, so you can tune in if you want. I’ll also keep you guys updated on my page about my photography. I know many of you have asked me about it. So no need to tip tonight. This is all for you guys.”
He cleared his throat, leaning forward to read comments. He smiled at a few, glancing at the camera. “I’ll miss you guys, but I want to put on a show you’ll enjoy a lot tonight. So why don’t we start?”

He leaned off to the side of the camera, turning on music.

Yoongi snorted. Jin realized it was one of Yoongi’s songs playing softly as Taehyung began to dance in front of the bed. His body shifted and popped to the beat, his hands sliding down his frame and up as he let bits of his skin peek: thigh, stomach, ass. He kept a smile on his face, allowing it to shift from sweet to suggestive and back depending on the movement of his body.

“He does have talent,” Yoongi commented after a bit. Jin nodded.

“It’s why he attracted me in the first place. It’s not just sitting and jerking off, he does make his shows interesting and tantalizing and he knows how to do these things.”

On screen, Taehyung was stripping out of his shirt, baring his chest to the viewers. He crawled onto the bed, continuing the dance on his knees. The front of his shorts began to tent, showing his own arousal. The tips still rolled in despite his assurance that they weren’t necessary. Even Jin dropped a bit into the virtual jar despite Yoongi’s scoff.

“It’s polite,” Jin argued, shifting in his seat.

“You’re dating him. And I know you’ve got a hard on, you don’t have to hide it.”

“We had one date. And I’m not fully hard, I’m not fourteen.”

“You were always hard at fourteen.”

Jin shouted, shoving Yoongi playfully. “You just won’t let middle school go.”

“Never. Holy—” Yoongi’s eyebrows shot up. Jin turned back to the screen.

Taehyung was on the bed still, his eyes shut and his head hanging off it. He was letting a bright purple dildo slide into his mouth and down his throat with ease.

“Talent,” Jin breathed.

“I’ll say. Shit.”

Jin chuckled a little, biting his lip as Taehyung deep throated the toy, his hand sliding into the front of his tented shorts.

He withdrew the toy and rolled onto his stomach, grinding against the mattress a few times with a soft moan. He put his chin in his hands, blinking coyly at the camera.

“Did you guys like that?” He asked softly. He giggled a little, shaking his light brown hair out of his face. “I know you wish it was a real cock. I’d take all of your dicks if I could, boys.” He winked at the camera, his tongue peeking out between his teeth.

“Wanna see my cock? Or my ass first?”

He rose onto his knees, pushing his shorts down slowly. Before he revealed his cock he stopped, gasping and making a surprised face.

“Maybe not.” He pulled them back up and turned around, slipping them down over the curve of his ass. He went down on his hands and reached back with one, spreading himself open to reveal a
shining silver plug.

“Surprise,” he peeked back over his shoulder. “Do you like it?”

Taehyung settled the shorts under his ass and lifted himself back up, grasping the toy and giving it a small tug. He moaned theatrically, jutting his ass out.

“It’s a big one,” he murmured, pulling again. He shifted so the camera would catch it all as he pulled the plug free. His rim stretched wide around the plug as he moaned and whimpered, playing it up for the audience.

Jin pressed his palm against his crotch, trying to get some relief.

Yoongi shifted next to him. “Okay, the guy is... Good,” he admitted. Jin chuckled breathlessly.

“He’s amazing.”

“Can you imagine how he’ll be in bed?”

Jin’s cheeks pinked up at that. He squirmed a little, swallowing hard when the plug finally slipped free from Taehyung’s ass. He moaned openly, looking back at the camera and offering a wink.

“Wonder how many of you I could take,” he whispered, spreading himself open. His rim flexed a little, shining with lube. Taehyung arched his back so he could stay on his knees, reaching his other hand back and slipping two fingers easily into himself. He moaned theatrically, spreading himself open.

“I need a cock,” he whined, “I’m so fucking wet and horny. Please—” he began to finger himself the wet squelch of lube adding to the obscenity of it.

He fucked himself back on his fingers, spreading himself open every few seconds to show the camera how loose he was. The tips continued to pile up.

Jin palmed himself through his jeans, squirming on the couch. He glanced over at Yoongi, chuckling a little at his flushed cheeks.

“You like it.”

“He’s literally finger fucking himself, of course I like it, fool.”

“That’s likely going to be my steady boyfriend soon.”

Yoongi shrugged, palming his own crotch. “He’s got a nice ass. Not my fault.”

Jin rolled his eyes, grinning and turning back to the screen.

“You seriously don’t jerk off to this?” Yoongi asked when Taehyung pulled his fingers free and rolled over, wiggling out of his shorts.

He stroked his hands over his thighs and clean shaven groin, cupping his balls before sliding his palm over his cock. It twitched under his grip and he moaned contentedly.

He began to stroke himself slowly, hips jerking.

“I guess I— I just focus on him,” Jin admitted. “I get hard and God he’s— so beautiful but— I don’t bother. I just watch him.” He shrugged sheepishly.
“More willpower than me,” Yoongi admitted. “I’m dying here.”

“You can jerk off.”

“I am not going to jerk off to the guy you wanna date.”

Jin shrugged. “A thousand other people are.” He turned back as Taehyung pulled a thick dildo from under his pillow. He slicked it, wiggling it playfully and giggling.

“Want me to put it in?” He set it on the bed and turned so his back was to the camera again, settling onto the toy with a slow push. He moaned loud, borderline shouting, as it stretched him open. He began to ride it, tossing his head back and arching his back.

“It’s so fucking big— Gonna be sore for days,” he whined. He pulled off the toy and turned to face the camera before sinking back down on it. He began to ride it again, letting his cock bounce between his shaking thighs.

He moaned and whimpered, running his hands over his chest and legs. He grasped his cock, looking at the camera through heavy lids, licking his lips.

“Gonna come for you guys. Make me feel so good, watching like this,” he purred, his voice steady even as he fucked himself on the toy. Taehyung threw his head back, actively chasing his orgasm. He stroked his cock in time with his thrusts, sweat pouring down his smooth skin.

“Oh— Fuck, I’m gonna—” Taehyung broke off, shouting and moaning as his cock throbbed and spilled over his hand and the mattress. He continued to stroke himself until he began to shake from overstimulation, finally letting go of his cock and lifting his hand to lick the come from his fingers.

He pulled off the toy with a loud moan, rolling onto his knees to show off his fucked open hole.

“Did you guys like that?” He rasped, short of breath. He settled tenderly onto the mattress, shaking his sweaty bangs from his face.

“Ah, I’m gonna miss all these compliments. I like you guys so much.”

The door to his room, barely in view of the camera, opened. Jimin burst into the frame, waving at the camera. He sat next to Taehyung.

“Hey everyone. Remember me?”

“How could they forget?” Taehyung teased. Jimin grinned. “Well my buddy Tae is going to link my page after the show. He’s on hiatus, but I am alive and well. And I might even drag his sexy little ass onto my show now and then.”

Taehyung grinned. “True, I could make a guest appearance. You guys definitely should check him out. I’m gonna miss you all but stay happy. I’ll keep you updated as I can. I thank each of you for the support and the affection all these months. I love you all.” He blew a kiss and a wink. Jimin and he both waved to the camera as Taehyung leaned forward and shut it off.

Jin slumped back, looking over at Yoongi. “So?”

“Wow... Uh.. I’m going to my bedroom and I’m going to jerk off.”

Jin laughed. “I’m gonna sleep on your couch.”
“If you come clean it up.”

“You know I’m not a pig.”

Yoongi chuckled. He rose, setting his hand on Jin’s shoulder. “I hope you and him do work out. You’d make a good couple.”

“Jimin and you too, Yoongi. Text him.”

“Should I?”

Jin nodded. “I think so. I know you’re not trusting because of... You know. But don’t assume Jimin will be like her. Give him a fair shot, okay?”

Yoongi smiled a little and nodded. “I’ll try. Sleep well.”

“See you in the morning, man.”

Yoongi winked and headed into his bedroom, leaving Jin alone with his thoughts, and his pressing need to come.
Taehyung climbed into the passenger seat of Jin’s car, grinning. He was wearing a plain raglan with tight black jeans and heavy black boots. A ratty baseball cap was pulled low over his eyes.

“You’re early.”

“Gotta pick up Yoongi, if you’re cool with that.”

“Sure, of course. You look good.”

“So do you.” Jin reached over, squeezing Taehyung’s wrist. He smiled sheepishly before starting to drive toward Yoongi’s place.

Yoongi climbed into the back, clapping Jin on the shoulder. “Thanks for the lift.”

“No problem. You ready?”

“I’m good. I’m pitted against Namjoon tonight.”

“Na— RM? The rapper?” Taehyung asked, his eyes going wide.

“You are going to a rap battle kid. Haven’t you ever been?”

“No. I’ve wanted to but the cover fee and Jinnie’s the only one I’d go with, he and I are both trying to save up...”

“Well you got an inside man now,” Jin teased. “Speaking of, is your friend coming?”

“Yeah, he’s psyched. He was getting ready when I left last he texted.”

“We saw your show last night by the way. You’re good,” Yoongi said. Taehyung’s face pinked up immediately.

“You— Watched my cam?”

“Yeah, Jin-hyung wouldn’t miss it.”

“Wait you... Watch porn with your best friend?”

“You do porn with yours,” Jin said simply.

“Okay, that’s true.”

“Plus, he doesn’t actually jack it, so it was more just watching and discussing.”

Jin glared at Yoongi through the rear view. Yoongi smirked.

“Why don’t you jerk off?” Taehyung asked softly.

“Ah... I mean I do get turned on.” Jin said. “Like, you’re... So fucking sexy when you cam. But I just like watching you. I enjoy the show as much as the reason. I jerk off after. I mean I— Last night was amazing.”

“Yeah, I heard him moaning for an hour,” Yoongi teased.

“I will kick out out of my car.”

Taehyung laughed helplessly at the banter, covering his mouth. “Well I’m glad you both liked it. I... I don’t think I ever expected a rapper I’m into to watch, I— oh god, I stripped to one of your songs.”

Terror crossed Taehyung’s face. Yoongi smirked.

“You did. You did a good job. I wasn’t offended.”

Taehyung sighed a little. “Thank goodness. If I’d known...”

“Nah, don’t worry about it.”

Taehyung looked at Jin, studying his profile as he drove. “You really liked it?” He asked finally.

“Yeah,” Jin smiled softly over at him. “You’re beautiful, Taehyung. The show was amazing. It always is.”

Taehyung grinned widely.

“Course, we all know he wishes you’d do a private one for him, right hyungie?” Yoongi teased. Jin turned, shooting him another glare.

“It’s okay,” Taehyung said softly. “I don’t mind. I do this to turn people on.”

“You don’t have to anymore though.”

“Thanks to you, largely.”

Jin shrugged, pulling into the full parking lot of the music store. They climbed out and Yoongi led them through the back. Taehyung grabbed Jin’s hand and held him back a little, leaning close to his
ear.
“I didn’t wanna say this in front of him, but it’s okay that you want a private show, Jin-hyung... I thought of you the whole time... Nearly moaned your name when I was coming.”
Jin swallowed hard, turning to meet Taehyung’s gaze. His face warmed when their gazes met.
Taehyung smiled softly and shrugged. “Just so you know. I’ve got no hesitations with you for that... I’ve already fantasized about it.”
Jin shivered, closing his eyes and taking a deep breath. “I would really, really like to kiss you.”
“I wouldn’t mind if you did,” Taehyung said softly.
Jin wet his lips, leaning forward a little.
“Are you two gonna stand here all night?” Yoongi asked. Jin jumped back from Taehyung, gasping audibly.
Yoongi laughed a little, trying to stifle it. “Sorry, did I interrupt something?” He continued on before Jin could speak. “Come on, I gotta be on stage for the new guys to start. I’m a veteran.”
“Yeah yeah, I gotcha.”
Jin grabbed Taehyung’s hand, smiling apologetically. “Sorry,” he mouthed.
Taehyung shrugged. He let Jin lead him out to the crowded floor, slipping between the barricade and the stage. The security man smiled and nodded at Jin, recognizing him as a friend of Yoongi’s.
“We’ve got a buddy coming - if you see him pull him in here with us, would you?” Jin asked the guard.
“What’s he look like?”
“Do you have a picture of Jimin on your phone?” Jin asked. Tae nodded and pulled his phone out, showing the guard what Jimin looked like. The guard nodded. “I’ll keep an eye out. Tell him to get my attention if he gets to the front.”
Jin nodded, wrapping an arm around Taehyung and leading him to the side of the stage. “This is a good view and you won’t get shoved by drunk idiots... Only downfall is it’s a little chilly cause of the fans.” Jin explained, pointing to the fans set up on stage and aimed at the music equipment.
“Good thing I’ve got you to keep me warm, right?”
Jin grinned. “Any time.” He slung an arm over Taehyung’s shoulders as the announcer picked up the mic.
Jimin arrived shortly after the first rappers took the stage, breathless but looking beautiful regardless. He flung himself into Taehyung, all smiles.
“Hey!” He shouted above the sounds of the crowd. Taehyung grinned widely.
“You made it!”
“Of course. Hello, ah—” Jimin bowed his head at Jin.
“Don’t worry about it, any friend of Taehyung’s is a friend of mine. You didn’t miss anyone big. This kid isn’t bad though.” Jin pointed to the boy rapping closest to their side of the stage. Jimin stood close to Taehyung, watching with rapt attention. He spotted Yoongi on the side of the stage, raising his hand to signal a hello. Yoongi grinned broadly for a moment before resuming his previous glare, a perfect bad boy look to intimidate anyone that didn’t know his true nature.
Jin leaned around Taehyung. “He likes you,” he said.
“Really? I feel like I’m trying too hard.”
“He appreciates it, even if he doesn’t always come out and say it. Yoongi’s been hurt in the past. It’s not my place to explain in detail, but it’s made him shy to date. Keep doing what you’re doing, okay?”
Jimin nodded, smiling softly. “Thank you. For telling me.”
“I’m his best friend. I want him happy. But if you hurt him, kiddo — I’ll kill you myself.”
The smile slid from Jimin’s face. He nodded stoically. “Understood. But, you need to know. I don’t care how many years older than me you are. If you hurt Taehyung... Same goes.”
Jin nodded. “Fair enough.”
Taehyung groaned theatrically. “Enough measuring dicks, I haven’t even seen Jin-hyung’s yet.”
Jin grinned and Jimin laughed a little. “I figured you two got busy the first night you went out.”
Taehyung shook his head, taking Jin’s hand. “He was a perfect gentleman. Not even a kiss on the mouth.”
“I had eaten onions. I was not about to make that our first kiss,” Jin argued.
Taehyung shrugged, leaning a little closer to Jin.
“You cold?”
“A little,” he admitted. Jin shrugged out of his leather jacket, pulling it onto Tae. He grinned, looking him over.
“It suits you.”
Taehyung grinned wide enough to show all his teeth, wrapping his arms around himself. He nuzzled close to Jin still, his smile turning sheepish when Jimin rolled his eyes playfully.
Yoongi stepped to the front of the stage, taking the mic that was offered to him. He glanced down, throwing a wink at the three before grabbing the hand of his competitor in a shake. Everyone knew he and Namjoon, the rapper that went by RM were actually good friends. They had collaborated a few times already and battles putting them against one another were all in good fun. Yoongi won the coin toss that determined order, and immediately sprang into a fast paced rap implying he was better than any letter of the alphabet, including R and M.
Namjoon shot back with a few sharp lines about Yoongi needing to learn to spell before he could learn to rap. The two went back and forth amidst the screams of the crowd. Grins on both their faces as they shot playful insults at one another. Everyone knew there would be no winning between the two; they worked well enough together that it would continue to loop around until they fell over with exhaustion. Instead a third party stepped on stage, a newcomer to the scene who jumped in with rap pointed at Namjoon. The two looked at one another, smirking. They ganged up on the newcomer, causing a stumble and a forfeit within five minutes of back and forth. The crowd went crazy, cheering for both Namjoon and Yoongi.
Winners were announced shortly after, and the crowd began to break up. Jin hoisted himself onto the stage, reaching down to help both Jimin and Taehyung up. Yoongi waved them over near the back of the stage where he was chatting with a small group.
“Hey, great job, guys,” Jin said, clapping Yoongi and Namjoon on the back. He nodded to a few others in the group.
“Who’s this?” Namjoon motioned to the starstruck Taehyung and Jimin.
“Ah, my date Taehyung-ie and his friend Jimin.”
“Who is my date,” Yoongi said softly. Jimin’s face brightened visibly at his words. He stepped a little closer to Yoongi.
“You did amazingly,” he murmured.
“Well thanks. This is Namjoon. His boyfriend is somewhere around here.”
“Helping clean up backstage, I think,” Namjoon said, shaking Jimin and Taehyung’s hands.
“Are you all joining us for a drink?”
“Ah, we promised these two a real date,” Jin said, wrapping his arm around Taehyung’s middle.
“Meet up later though?”
“Sure, text me,” Namjoon said. He pulled Yoongi into a half hug and then Jin. “Nice to meet you two. Don’t let these dogs take advantage of you boys,” he teased Taehyung and Jimin, offering a wink before heading off.
Jimin and Taehyung shared a shocked glance.
“What?” Yoongi asked.
“It feels like we’re among celebrities or something,” Taehyung admitted.
Yoongi snorted. “We’re just guys. Come on, let’s get out of here. What are you guys craving?”
The group made their way off the stage and out the door, discussing where to go for food.
Double Date

“You guys really don’t have to do this,” Jin argued.

“Yeah, I mean – I always make rich boy pay for my food, he doesn’t mind,” Yoongi said, attempting to sling an arm around Jin’s shoulders. Jin stood taller, shrugging Yoongi off his shoulders.

“Well that’s a different story. But really.”

“We want to,” Jimin argued. “We can’t afford much but you guys got us into the show, and we want to do this, okay? Next double date you can pay for it all.”

Jin sighed, cocking his head a little. He looked to Taehyung, who shrugged and smirked. “We’re too cute to say no to, you can admit it.” He slung his arm around Jimin. The two turned, putting on their best sweet, young expressions. Yoongi made a noise of frustration.

“Don’t do that.”

“Why not?” Jimin asked, pulling away from Taehyung to walk close to Yoongi. “Afraid I’ll make the tough rapper laugh?”

“Oh I’m not so tough,” Yoongi said softly, meeting Jimin’s gaze. He wet his lips, smiling a little as Jimin grinned at him.

Taehyung wrapped his arm around Jin’s middle, glancing at the two. He looked at Jin and grinned broadly, nodding toward them. Jin nodded knowingly, wrapping his arm around Taehyung’s middle as the four walked down the street.

“I know it’s probably not as good as you guys had expected,” Jimin said when they reached the street with the evening vendors.

“This is perfect,” Jin argued, raising his hand. “It’s better anyway, we can get food then maybe head to the park. It’s an okay night and we can talk more easily than we could in a restaurant anyway.”

“Yeah?” Taehyung asked hopefully. Yoongi nodded.

“I agree with Jin-hyung. This was a good idea, guys. What do you guys recommend?”

Jimin and Taehyung stepped ahead of their respective dates, speaking quietly as they led them through the street. Jin elbowed Yoongi lightly.

“You like him.”

“Don’t get your hopes up yet.”

“Oh they’re up already. You’re lovestruck.”

“Don’t even.”

“Oh come on – I have eyes. You two were gazing at each other half the way here.”

“Shut up.”
Jin rolled his eyes, nearly running into the younger two when they stopped at a vendor.

The four ordered and Jimin and Taehyung paid. They crossed the street to the nearby park, picking a trail at random and beginning their walk down it.

“So I know what Taehyung wants to do,” Yoongi said, “but what about you, Jimin? What’s your story? Why the cam shows?”

“Good money, honestly,” Jimin said. “Taehyung and I both have part time jobs at one of the local convenience marts, but the hours are iffy and the pay isn’t good.”

“We manage to pay rent and necessary bills with what we make most of the time, but not much else,” Taehyung added.

“So I started camming with Taehyung to help my mom pay for things around the house, and my little brother. Our dad left after the divorce, I’m not sure where he is. When my mom died a few months back I knew I needed to keep up the camming to make ends meet.”

“You have a little brother?”

“Yeah, Jungkookie. He’s a good boy, has a lot of talent. Right now most of my extra money camming is going into a fund to send him to a dance school. He’s got dreams of being an idol.”

“What about you then? What are you dreams?” Yoongi asked.

“I like dancing too. Singing - but I’m not as good at it. I’d like to try out for one of the entertainment companies myself, in the future. It would need to wait until Jungkookie was out of the house of course; I can’t risk him not being cared for.”

“That’s admirable, Jimin,” Yoongi said softly, interest shining clear in his gaze.

“He’s an amazing dancer,” Taehyung said. “I wish he could use that talent a little more.”

“But dancing doesn’t pay as well as sex does.”

“So why stop camming now, Taehyung? The donation helps with the photography, sure, but what about your bills?” Jin worried.

“Ah, I make ends meet okay. Hopefully the photography will help with that, but if not I can always go back to it. I figure I’ll still do it sporadically as I need money. I’ve been saving up quite a bit from the shows - so I have a little wiggle room.”

“Taehyung’s great with money and budgeting and stuff. Before my mom passed, I’d planned on moving in with him, it would save us on rent, plus with camming together.”

“I still say you two can move in. Or I can move in with you two once the lease on my place is up,” Taehyung argued. Jin chuckled a little.

“You guys are really close. I know it’s weird for a date to ask but... Why aren’t you two dating?”

Jimin shrugged. “We did try. For a while. But we fought constantly. I mean sex is fun but.. We’re better as friends.”

“Makes sense. That’s how Jin-hyung and I are, we get that,” Yoongi said.
Taehyung nodded. “I was wondering about that; Jin-hyung talks so highly of you. Selfishly though, you and Jimin are a cute couple... And I can’t say I’m not glad Jin-hyung is single.”

Jin wrapped his arm around Taehyung. “Am I still single?” He asked softly.

Taehyung looked over at him, smiling. “I haven’t even gotten my first kiss yet. That’ll make it official.”

“Oh, is that so?” Jin leaned a little closer to Taehyung.

Taehyung wet his lips, his eyes darting down to Jin’s mouth before going back to his eyes.

“Min Yoongi-oppa?”

Yoongi looked forward. A woman a year or two younger than Yoongi stood, her arms crossed over her chest.

“Ah- Hello Yoojoo.”

“What are you doing here?” She asked, approaching the four. Jin shifted his weight to his other foot and back, glancing between Yoongi and Yoojoo.

“Walking in the park,” Yoongi muttered.

“A friend of yours?” Jimin asked softly.

“My ex-girlfriend,” Yoongi said. “Well, nice seeing you.” He wrapped an arm around Jimin and tried to get past her before anything more could be exchanged.

“Who is this?” Yoojoo asked, still blocking the path. She jutted her chin at Jimin.

“He’s my date,” Yoongi said, squaring his jaw. She snorted.

“This? He looks like a toddler. Shouldn’t you be napping with a binkie by now, child?”

Jimin’s eyes narrowed. “Shouldn’t you be napping in your kennel with a milkbone by now, poodle?”

Yoojoo gasped, one hand going to her permed hair. Jin and Taehyung both tried unsuccessfully to stifle chuckles while Yoongi gaped.

“You rude little brat!”

“What’re you going to do?” Jimin snapped, stepping forward. “You’re an ex. I’m with him now. You have no say over who he dates, and no reason to be rude to him or me.”

“How do you know what I have a right to say or do? How do you know what he did to me?”

“What? Asked you to wash off the Halloween makeup before he realized it was your actual face?”

Yoojoo gaped. She stepped forward and slapped Jimin hard across the cheek, spitting on the ground between his feet. “Gross faggot,” she snarled before storming off.

“At least I know that green and purple don’t go together! Did you skin Barney?” He shouted after her.
Jin lost it then, covering his mouth as to attempt to stifle the laughter. Taehyung laughed against Jin’s shoulder. Jimin grinned broadly, but it faded at Yoongi’s scowl.

“I didn’t— She was being a bitch,” Jimin defended softly.

“I don’t need someone to protect me,” Yoongi muttered, pushing past him and walking down the path.

Jimin looked over at Jin, a panicked expression on his face. Jin was still smiling, shaking his head softly. “Here’s where you go after him. He’s not as tough as he acts. We’ll catch up in a bit.”

Jimin nodded, hurrying after Yoongi as he turned down one of the side paths.

“Yoongi-hyung! Wait!” Jimin called when Yoongi didn’t stop. He caught up with him and grabbed his wrist. “Hey, please.”

“Why did you do that?” Yoongi asked, finally slowing down.

“Because she was rude. To both of us. I should have been more respectful maybe, but… I could see how uncomfortable she was making you.”

“I don’t need a boyfriend to protect me, Jimin. I do fine on my own.”

“I know. I’ve admired you since you started putting out music. I’ve listened to your lyrics and argued with people about the meanings. You’re one of the bravest guys I’ve ever seen. But you’re not Agust D. You’re Min Yoongi right now. And you have feelings. You don’t need someone to protect you. But isn’t it kinda nice to have sometimes?”

Yoongi scowled, glancing at the ground.

“I don’t want this to mess anything up – we just started and I really like you,” Jimin continued when it was clear Yoongi wasn’t going to speak. “I don’t want to be your bodyguard… I want to be your boyfriend.”

Yoongi looked up, meeting Jimin’s gaze. He wet his lips. “I can’t believe you called her a poodle.”

Jimin hesitated for a moment, his eyes narrowing. When Yoongi began to smile, he grinned. “Her hair is terrible.”

“You know, I used to have that hairstyle.”

“I remember.”

“It looked awful on me too.”

Jimin laughed and nodded. “I hated it so much. Never go back to it.”

Yoongi laughed, nodding. He pulled his wrist free from Jimin’s grip and replaced it with his hand, twining their fingers. “Thank you,” he said softly.

Jimin nodded. He leaned against Yoongi, taking his other hand. He leaned close to him, brushing his lips lightly over Yoongi’s cheek. Yoongi smiled softly. He met Jimin’s eyes, the breeze ruffling their hair.
“I know you’re scared of it,” Jimin whispered, barely audible over the leaves of the trees.

“Oh?”

“Jin-hyung—He mentioned some stuff. She was…”

“Yeah, she was the one that hurt so bad. I haven’t seen her since the breakup; we usually keep pretty different company.”

“I don’t know the details. I don’t need to. But I remember the change in your music. The pain in your voice. I don’t ever want to hear that sound again. And I don’t ever want to be responsible for it.”

Yoongi freed one hand, reaching up and brushing a lock of Jimin’s hair from his face. “I can’t promise anything. I don’t… I don’t know how to do relationships and I’ve got a weird life.”

“I don’t want promises. I just want to smile with you for a while.”

“I think we can make that work,” Yoongi said. He leaned closer, wetting his lips. Jimin drew in a quick breath.

Before either could move, Taehyung shouted from behind them, he and and Jin coming up the path.

“Let’s go get some sweets! I’m still hungry.”

Yoongi pulled back, offering a grin. “You and Jin-hyung make a good pair then.”

Jin smirked, his fingers laced with Taehyung’s as they approached. “Are you two good?” He asked.

Jimin smiled softly, lowering his gaze a little. “We’re good, I think.”

“Oh yeah,” Yoongi agreed, squeezing his hand. “We’re just fine. Let’s head back to the car, we can pick up something on the way home.”
“Do you want to come in tonight?” Taehyung asked. The two had dropped Yoongi and Jimin off earlier separately, Yoongi being tired and Jimin having to make sure that his brother was in bed.

“I think I would like to,” Jin admitted, glancing sideways at Taehyung.”If you don’t mind.”

“I want you to.” Taehyung reached over, setting his hand over Jin’s on the gearshift. He instructed Jin on where to park and climbed out once he did.

Jin caught up, taking his hand as they climbed the stairs to Taehyung’s small apartment.

“It’s not much,” Taehyung said as he unlocked it.

“It’s fine,” Jin said. Taehyung flipped on the lights to reveal a small living room equipped with a threadbare couch and a small television. The corner was occupied by a bookcase overflowing with books about photography, art, and anatomy. The walls were mostly bare, save for a few framed photographs. Jin could see the entrance to a small kitchen, a bathroom, and the bedroom from the doorway.

“It’s tiny,” Taehyung said, rubbing the back of his neck. He shrugged Jin’s jacket off and hung it on a hook by the door.

“It’s fine.” Jin wrapped his arm around Taehyung’s middle and brushed his lips against the curve of his neck. “Anywhere is fine with you around.”

Taehyung laughed a little, leaning back against Jin. “Such a way with words. Do you want something to drink?”

“Sure. What do you have?”

“Ah,” Taehyung pulled away and wandered into his kitchen. “I got water, some juice, and soda. Not much, unfortunately. I think I have tea…”

Jin leaned on the entryway, smiling softly. Taehyung peeked over the door of the fridge, smiling sheepishly. “What?”

“I’ll just take some water.” He held up the small bag. “And I managed to save some of the sweets we bought, if you wanna share those.”

“You are an angel.” Taehyung grabbed two bottles of water from the fridge and kicked it shut, walking with Jin to the couch and settling next to him.

Jin dumped the bag onto the small, scuffed coffee table. It contained a handful of candy bars as well as some choco pies and packages of gummies. Taehyung’s hand darted out, grabbing one of the pies and opening it. He took a big bite before smiling sheepishly. “They’re my favorite.”

Jin smiled fondly. “I had a nice time tonight, Taehyung,” he admitted. He unwrapped a pie of his own and took a small bite.

“So did I. It was nice hanging out with you and Yoongi-hyung and Jimin. It felt really… I don’t know.”

“Normal,” Jin supplied.
Taehyung nodded. “Yeah.” He popped the remainder of the pie into his mouth. Jin chuckled. He reached out and wiped a bit of chocolate from Taehyung’s bottom lip. His fingers rested lightly on Taehyung’s jaw, thumb brushing his mouth.

“I—”

Taehyung swallowed, his eyes meeting Jin’s. “We kept getting interrupted.”

“No interruptions now,” Jin whispered. He closed the space between their bodies, cupping Taehyung’s chin in both of his hands. “Just you and me.”

“Just us.” Taehyung grabbed Jin’s wrists, wetting his lips.

Jin offered a soft smile, leaning forward slowly. When Taehyung didn’t stop him, he closed the final bit of space between them, pressing their mouths together.

The kiss increased in intensity almost immediately, their mouths slotting together perfectly. Taehyung fistled Jin’s shirt, sliding a little closer to him before giving in and straddling his lap. Jin broke the kiss, running his tongue over his swollen red lips. “Tae--”

“Should we stop?” Taehyung worried.

“No, I-- I really don’t want to,” Jin admitted, his ears burning red. “But please don’t force yourself, I mean if you’re not comfortable...”

“I’m a camboy, Jin-hyung. Sex is one thing I know I’ve got handled.”

“That’s my point.” Jin said. He let his hands rest on Taehyung’s hips, sliding his thumb under the hem of his shirt to brush over his smooth skin. “We don’t have to have sex if you aren’t sure. Just because you’re a camboy doesn’t mean that I’m expecting it. If you want to, I’d be an idiot to say no, but I want us both to be at that point.”

Taehyung smiled broadly then, reaching up and stroking his thumb over Jin’s cheek. “It’s going to sound stupid, but I think that’s the kindest thing anyone’s said to me in years.”

“What can I say. I’m an angel,” Jin joked. Taehyung laughed then, slapping his chest lightly.

“I hear what you’re saying. How about... We just make out a little. See where it goes?”

Jin nodded. He tilted his head up a little to brush his lips over Taehyung’s jaw. “I like that idea.”

Their mouths met again, less urgent this time. Tongues slid over one another’s lips, their hands roaming each other’s bodies. It became apparent quickly that Jin was at an advantage, his knowledge of Taehyung’s erogenous zones clear from the viewing of his cams.

Taehyung whined, pulling back when Jin nipped the sensitive spot behind his ear. “You are a fan, aren’t you?”

“Haven’t missed a single show. Except that one week.”

Taehyung smiled softly, biting his bottom lip. “So you’ve been watching me come for months... You know... Everything.” He sat back a little more, sliding his hands down his chest. Jin swallowed hard. He nodded, looking Taehyung up and down.

“Real life is better,” he said in a voice barely above a whisper.
“How can you be so sure? I still have my clothes on.”

“Because when I watched you or you and Jimin, I was just hearing and seeing it. Right now, I... touch you...” he slid his hand up Taehyung’s thigh, squeezing firmly. “And I can feel the heat of your body. I can feel your breath on my face and the way you shiver when I touch just right... That’s better than any show.”

Taehyung closed his eyes as Jin spoke, his face mottling red with a blush. He slid his hands over Jin’s broad shoulders, leaning forward and nipping his earlobe playfully.

“Will you come to bed with me?”

Jin shivered visibly. He wrapped his arms around Taehyung’s middle, pressing a kiss to his sweat damp neck. “You don’t have to ask twice. Lead the way,” Jin murmured.

Taehyung scrambled up, grabbing Jin’s hand. He pulled him up and into the bedroom, hesitating at the doorway.

“My cam stuff is still set up, but I promise it’s off.”

“I trust you,” Jin assured him. Taehyung smiled softly and allowed him in. Jin glanced around. The bedroom was clean, the bed made. A box of sex toys sat near the head of it on the floor. Taehyung’s laptop was set up on a stand in the middle of the room, near the bed, with a few lamps and a nice camera hooked up to it. The far corner of Taehyung’s room was the closet, with a lock and a large red Do Not Enter sign on it.

Jin pointed, confusion written on his face.

“Oh, that’s my dark room. I still do some regular photography and I need a light free space to develop those films. The closet works well. And I keep all my expensive cameras in there since I can lock it.”

“Clever. I’m interested to see sometime.”

“I’d love to,” Taehyung said. “But right now I think I’d rather see you naked.”

Jin laughed. He let Taehyung kiss him, wrapping his arms around Taehyung’s middle. Before Taehyung could do anything more, Jin sank to his knees, undoing Taehyung’s jeans.

“Hey, I said I wanted to see you naked,” Taehyung complained.

“Mm. But I want to suck your cock,” Jin said with a matter of fact tone. He tugged Taehyung’s jeans and boxers down, wetting his lips. “You’re huge.”

“Flattery will get you nowhere,” Taehyung said, grinning down at Jin.

“No? How about this then?” Jin stroked Taehyung’s thickening cock a few times before wrapping his lips around the tip and giving a gentle suck. Taehyung gasped.

“Oh, yeah— That might,” he joked, setting his hand on the back of Jin’s head.

Jin bobbed his head along the shaft, his eyes slipping shut. Small moans escaped his mouth, an assurance that he loved this as much as Taehyung did. His own jeans were bulging at the front, his need on clear display.

“Bed—” Taehyung gasped, fisting Jin’s shirt.
Jin pulled back with an obscene smack of his lips and rose.

Taehyung moved forward enough to tug Jin’s shirt off, his fingers playing over his smooth chest. He leaned down, pressing kisses over Jin’s collarbone. “I want you...” He breathed.

“I’m right here, Tae,” Jin promised. Their mouths met for a few moments while Jin tugged Taehyung’s shirt off. The rest of their clothes went without words, and the two fell into the bed in a tangle of bare, warm legs and desperate kisses.

Taehyung found himself on his back once more, Jin’s lips pressing firm, persistent kisses down his stomach and legs, all the way to his ankle. Jin rose to his knees, lifting Taehyung’s bare foot and nipping his ankle playfully. Taehyung giggled, squirming.

“Oh, ticklish?” Jin teased, giving another playful nip to Taehyung’s Achilles’ tendon.

“Yes!”

“Ah, I’ll stop,” Jin promised, but proceeded to place teasing bites and feather soft kisses down Taehyung’s calf and knee. Taehyung laughed helplessly, squirming in Jin’s torturous grip.

His giggles faded to nothing as Jin’s mouth continued its journey, up his thigh to his still hard cock. Jin ran his tongue over the underside, rolling his eyes up to meet Taehyung’s gaze.

“Hyung...”

Jin smirked. He closed his eyes, lowering his head to nuzzle and lick Taehyung’s balls. He sucked gently at each before returning his attention to Taehyung’s cock. Torturously slow, he traced the prominent veins with the tip of his tongue, puffing cool air over the sensitive skin.

Taehyung’s fingers twined in his hair, his hips twitching in any effort to get more stimulation.

Jin pulled back, squeezing Taehyung’s hip. “Where do you keep your lube?”

Taehyung fished for it in the top drawer for a few seconds, his lips parted as he struggled to normalize his breathing. He passed a half full bottle to Jin wordlessly.

Jin went back to work, teasing and tormenting Taehyung with his mouth. This time however, he added the gentle press of fingers into Taehyung’s well trained body. He relaxed easily, moaning softly as he struggled to focus his gaze on the man between his thighs.

“You can take me bare,” Taehyung whispered after a short while. Jin’s eyes snapped open. He looked up at him. “You sure?”

“Mhm. I’m clean. I wanna feel all of you... If you... I mean if you planned on...”

“Of course,” Jin smiled softly. “I’d love to... I just wanna make sure you’re ready...”

“You can put it in,” Taehyung assured him. “I’m good at taking big things... I’m sure you know.”

Jin chuckled. He pulled his fingers free and rose to his knees, slicking his cock with more lube.

“Tell me if it hurts?”

“Of course.”

Jin lined himself up, dropping onto his free hand over Taehyung. Taehyung wrapped his legs loosely
around Jin’s hips, his hands resting on his shoulders.

Jin began to press in slowly, mirrored gasps slipping from both of their mouths. Jin continued to push in, leaning down to kiss Taehyung gently. Taehyung’s hips bucked up, moving in tiny circles to take Jin deeper.

They moved together, lazy thrusts punctuated by quiet sighs and soft whimpers between their kisses.

“Please—” Taehyung finally whimpered, his short nails biting into Jin’s shoulders. “Deeper.”

Jin obeyed, dragging a desperate moan out of Taehyung.

“Do that again,” Jin whispered. He drove in a little harder, and Taehyung responded, his mouth curling up into a smile.

“You like it when I moan, don’t you?” He asked. Jin nodded.

“Do you like my dirty talk too?”

Jin swallowed hard, his Adam’s apple bobbing wildly. Taehyung’s smirk grew.

“It’s okay. Do you know how many people wish they could do this? And I’m all yours, Jin-hyung. You’re the one who’s got me now. Take me. Please.”

Jin drove in a little harder, crying out sharply.


The bed squeaked dangerously as Jin let go, fucking into Taehyung. Taehyung’s nails raked welts down his back, his screams muffled by Jin’s kisses.

“You’re gonna make me come!” Taehyung panted, squeezing his thighs tighter around Jin’s waist.

“Come for me, Taehyung,” Jin panted, shaking his bangs out of his face to look down at Taehyung. “Come on my cock, come on.”

“Please don’t stop,” Taehyung begged. “Don’t stop, God please... Come inside me.”

Taehyung arched under Jin, his head slamming back into the pillow. His orgasm hit hard, ripping Jin’s name from his mouth like a plea.

Jin continued to fuck into him, groaning at the clench of his ass and the slick slide of come between their bellies. He took Taehyung down from his orgasm while chasing his own. His arms shook, nearly giving out as he fell over the edge into his own ecstasy, moaning Taehyung’s name. Taehyung wrapped his arms around Jin, holding him tight as he spilled inside him.

Jin pressed a lazy kiss against Taehyung’s cheek, laying carefully over him as he came down from his orgasm. Taehyung’s legs went slack, a quiet giggle escaping from his mouth.

“What?” Jin panted, smiling softly. Taehyung was grinning tiredly, his eyes closed.

“That was the best orgasm I’ve had in months.”

“Now I know you’re lying,” Jin laughed, carefully pulling out.
Taehyung winced for a moment then smiled. “I am not. There’s wipes in the drawer there to clean up.”

Jin reached over, snagging the bag and wiping their stomachs clean. He tossed away the garbage and stretched out next to Taehyung, setting a hand on Taehyung’s smooth stomach.

“It was amazing. I... I hope I didn’t do anything wrong.” Jin worried.

“What could you possibly have done wrong?”

“I don’t know. Just showing that insecure side I guess.” Jin smiled sheepishly.

“You were perfect,” Taehyung said, twining their fingers on his stomach. “It really was amazing... Will you stay with me tonight?”

“Of course. Do you want anything before bed?”

“Are there any chocopies left?”

Jin laughed suddenly, shaking his head.

“What?” Taehyung pouted a little, surprised at the outburst.


“How so?”

“Well, you said I gave you the best orgasm you’ve ever had in months... But food - Top of your list for needs.”

Taehyung laughed as well, his cheeks pinking up. “Well take it as a compliment. You wore me out and I need some quick energy!” He defended. Jin grinned wider, leaning forward and pressing a kiss to Taehyung’s mouth.

“I’ll check and see if there’s any left.” He crawled out of bed, padding into the living room. He returned with treats in hand, and Taehyung grinned.

“You are perfect.” He sat up, taking a pie as Jin sat down.

“And you’re a man after my own heart.”

Taehyung cocked his head a little in question. Jin shrugged. “Just... I love food is all. You’ll learn that about me.”

Taehyung smirked. “Good. You can cook for me then.” Jin nodded, his smile growing wider. “Deal.”

They ate in a comfortable silence, their knees touching. Their gazes met every few seconds, and Jin couldn’t deny the way his heart clenched and stomach fluttered.

They finished the snacks and crawled under the sheets, snuggling close. Taehyung wrapped his arms around Jin, burying his face in his chest. “I’m a cuddler, I’ll apologize in advance.”

“Don’t. I like it,” Jin assured him, brushing his fingers over Taehyung’s back. The two fell asleep easily, wrapped in one another’s arms.
Jin slapped at his phone early the next morning, silencing the ringer before it woke Taehyung. He opened one eye a crack to read the name on the caller ID before crawling out of bed and answering the FaceTime. He put his finger to his lips to signal for Yoongi to stay silent until he pulled on his boxers and slipped out of the room. He shut the door behind him. “Morning.”

“Morning to you sleepyhead.” Yoongi smirked. “Is that a hickey on your neck?”

Jin touched his neck and hurried into the bathroom, the tops of his ears reddening when he saw the deep purple bite mark on his shoulder.

“Yes, yes it is.”

“You had a good night then. Is he as good in real life as he was on camera?”

Jim smiled sheepishly. “He’s amazing... He... I mean the sex was unbelievable but just him.” Jin sighed softly.

“You look less than happy about that.”

“I’m falling for him, Yoongi. I know it, I can feel it and I’m scared of it,” Jin said softly. Yoongi stayed silent for a few moments, his eyes fixed on a point somewhere below the phone in his hand.

“Do you think he’s falling in love with you?”

“I don’t know. It’s been two dates. It’s stupid to be this crazy for him.”

“Not necessarily. Just because I’m allergic to affection doesn’t mean everyone is,” Yoongi joked, earning a chuckle from Jin. “Why are you going to do?”

“Just let it play out. I don’t want to tell him how I feel yet. It might scare him off and it might just be lust talking. I don’t know. It doesn’t feel like lust but...” Jin shrugged one shoulder. “Did you need something?”

“Nah, I was gonna ask if you wanted to come over today and hang out, but it seems like you’re otherwise occupied.”

Jin chuckled, rubbing the back of his neck. “Nah. I have to go home at some point or my dad’s gonna flip out. Why don’t I text you when I’m headed home, if you’re not busy I’ll pick you up and we can chill at my place.”

“Sounds like a plan. Have fun, Jin-hyung.”

Jin smirked at the teasing implication in Yoongi’s voice. “Shut up.” He hung up, padding back into the bedroom and crawling back into the bed with Taehyung.

Taehyung rolled over, blinking sleepily. “Mm... Morning.”

“Morning, baby. Did I wake you?” Jin worried.

“No, I normally get up around now... Were you heading out?”

“No, not at all. Unless you want me to go. I was ah... I was gonna ask if you wanted to get
breakfast.”

Taehyung smiled softly, nuzzling against Jin. “Careful. A guy could think you really like him, a dinner, great sex, and breakfast in the morning.”

“What if I want the guy to think I really like him?” Jin asked softly. Taehyung met his gaze, his mouth parting just a bit. Their lips met without words, and Jin’s heart did that all too familiar skip when he felt Taehyung’s fingers lace with his on his hip.

“I’d love breakfast,” Taehyung whispered when they parted for air, his lips still brushing lightly over Jin’s.

“Last night was amazing, by the way. I enjoyed spending time with you.”

“Ah, you’re just saying that because I let you come in me,” Taehyung joked, pulling away and sitting up. He stretched, his back popping.

Jin traced his fingers down Taehyung’s bare spine. “Well that was fun too. But I meant the whole night. I enjoyed it. I’d like to do this again soon.”

Taehyung nodded, brushing his fingers through his shaggy hair. “Me too. Lemme get showered quick and we can go out…Do you…Wanna join me?”

“Do that and we might never leave the bed,” Jin admitted.

“I wouldn’t mind that either, but I am hungry, so stay.” Taehyung winked before crawling over Jin and padding out of the bedroom. Jin smiled helplessly, falling back onto the pillow with an overdramatic sigh. He stared at the cracked ceiling as he heard the water in the shower turn on and then sat up, beginning to examine Taehyung’s room a little more closely in the light.

The box of sex toys were ones Jin had seen in various camshows Taehyung had done, and a few that Jimin had done. Some brought back some less than chaste memories for Jin as he looked through them. He rose, wandering to a bookshelf in the corner. It was filled with more books on photography and artwork. The top of the shelf was lined with CDs, the one Taehyung had gotten autographed by Yoongi front and center. Next to the shelf was a scraped up dresser, bare on the top save for a framed photo of a young Taehyung with two people that were clearly his parents, and a second photo of an elderly couple with a fluffy white dog. The walls were mostly bare, save for a poster of Yoongi from his debut album and a ragged movie poster for I’m a Cyborg, But That’s OK. A skateboard was leaning in the corner, worn from use.

The door creaked open and Taehyung entered, a towel wrapped around his hips. His hair was still damp from the shower. He smiled broadly at Jin. “Hey.”

Jin turned, looking Taehyung up and down. He stepped up to him, setting his hands on his hips. “God, you’re beautiful,” he murmured. He leaned forward, brushing his lips lightly over Taehyung’s.

“You’re a flirt.”

“Usually. Get dressed, I know a nice casual place we can go.” Jin kissed him again and stepped to the side, pulling his own clothes on. He watched Taehyung as he did, unable to keep his breath from quickening when Taehyung let his towel drop.

“Are you staring at my ass?” Taehyung asked, peeking back at Jin over his shoulder.
“Of course I am. You’re gorgeous.”

“You’ve already gotten into my pants.” Taehyung wiggled into a pair of tight fitting jeans as he spoke. Jin stepped up to him, pressing against his back.

“And I hope to get into them a lot more often.” He kissed along Taehyung’s neck, letting his teeth graze his earlobe. Taehyung turned around, wrapping his arms around Jin’s neck.

“I bruised you,” he said, noticing the hickey.

“Ah, not that bad. I kinda like it. Makes me feel good to feel like you’ve marked me.”

“Will your dad be angry?”

Jin shrugged, kissing Taehyung’s shoulder. “Who cares?” He backed up, allowing Taehyung to dress. He followed Taehyung out into the living room, fixing his hair as he walked.

Taehyung grabbed the jacket he’d borrowed from Jin the night before, handing it over to him. Jin pushed it back. “Keep it.”

“I couldn’t.”

“It looks good on you. Keep it, please. I like the look.”

Taehyung smiled sheepishly, touching the smooth leather of the jacket. He shrugged it on and zipped it, his cheeks mottling red when Jin grinned broadly. “Perfect.”

The two walked out together, climbing into Jin’s car. As they drove, Jin glanced over. “Have you found a model to pose with Jimin yet for your photo portfolio?”

“No, unfortunately. It’s hard to find someone I trust. Since it’s nude photography it’s a little tricky to pass as art and not obscenity.”

“What about me?”

Taehyung glanced over. “What do you mean?”

“I mean… I know my body is nowhere as nice as Jimin’s but, I’d be willing to pose with him, as long as my face was mostly covered.”

“No way.”

Jin’s ears began to burn. “Well, I mean… I get it, I’m not…”

“No, I mean—I’d love you to model for me, but isn’t that… I mean you’ve got your whole life and it’s a risk…”

“It’s art.” Jin shrugged. “If it helps you, I’m glad to do it.”

“And you’d be okay posing nude with Jimin?”

Jin nodded. “He’s a handsome boy. As long as he was okay posing with me, I wouldn’t mind. We’d just be doing it for you anyway, it’s not like we’d be having sex or anything.”

Taehyung leaned over, hugging Jin as soon as he stopped at a red light. “You are literally the best person in my life.”
Jin laughed a little, hugging back as well as he could in the cramped front seat of the car. “Ah, I’m just trying to help.”

“It does. You have no idea the weight it takes off my chest to hear you say you’re willing to be my other model. Now we just need to find a location.”

“What theme are you going for?”

Taehyung was quiet for a moment, thinking. He shrugged. “Anything really. I want something pretty. Grass or nature, lots of natural light. I like working with that sort of thing. But of course I want it to be private because of you guys.”

“What about a back yard?” Jin suggested.

“Nobody I know has a backyard that could be used.”

Jin raised his hand, looking at Taehyung out of the corner of his eye.

“You couldn’t.”

“I could. It’s fully fenced and quite large. Plus we have a nice little garden and a pool; it could be a nice place for you to use if you want.”

“But your dad…”

“Just come over on a day he’s gone.” Jin shrugged, parking at the diner. He climbed out with Taehyung and walked in with him, bowing politely to the elderly lady behind the counter.

“Ah, a new friend today!”

“Yes, grandma. This is Taehyung,” Jin introduced him, sitting at the counter with Taehyung. He smiled when Taehyung looked at him confusedly.

“I come here a lot with Yoongi.”

“Is this a special friend?” The lady asked, offering a wink. Jin smiled sheepishly and nodded.

“Yes, grandma. You could say that. Can we have your special?”

“Anything for you, Jin-ie. When will you come work for me, eh? Let grandma’s hands rest?” Jin took the elderly woman’s hand and gave it a gentle squeeze.

“I could never fill such big shoes. You have the finest hands in breakfast foods.”

She smiled broadly and patted Jin’s cheek. “Ah if I had a child I wish he would have been like you.”

“I know. Would you like me to help with the garbage?”

“No, no. I’m thinking of hiring someone for it.”

“Nonsense. Will you allow me? Please?”

“Too good to me.” She scolded playfully.

Jin rose regardless and ducked behind the counter, offering her a hug. “Go now, work that magic in the kitchen. I’ve got this.” He shooed her into the kitchen and grabbed a spare apron.
“You don’t drink coffee, do you like tea? Or orange juice?”

“Ah, juice please,” Taehyung said, putting his chin in his hands. “You seem comfortable back there.”

“I love this place. She is a life saver, she’s been making me food since middle school.”

“Why don’t you work here?”

“My father would kill me, honestly. He sees this work as below us.” Jin rolled his eyes deeply. He poured Taehyung a glass of orange juice and set it in front of him. “Will you be okay here a moment while I take out the garbage?”

“Sure.”

Jin dipped into the kitchen. The elderly woman came out a few minutes later, smiling warmly at Taehyung.

“How long have you known Jin-ie?”

“Just a few weeks,” Taehyung admitted.

“There is love in his eyes for you.”

“I know,” Taehyung admitted, diverting his gaze.

“You’re scared of it.”


“Then do.” She smiled. “You two make a handsome couple. A shame you can’t bear children.”

Taehyung giggled a little at that. “Why?”

“You’re both beautiful boys. Your children would be lady killers.”


“I never had children. When I die there is no one for this restaurant. If I had a child like him I would have been proud. I wish I could train him.”

“His father—“

“Ah that rich idiot. Jin-ie is better than that fool.” She waved her hand.

“Are you telling tales, grandma?” Jin asked, wiping his hands on the apron as he entered from the kitchen.

“Never.”

“Always. Your sausage will burn.”

“Then flip it.” She swatted at Jin with the spatula in her hand. He laughed and circled around her, pouring himself a cup of coffee and settling next to Taehyung after pulling the apron off.

“She’s lovely,” Taehyung said when she wandered back to the kitchen.
“Ah, she is. This is my special place.”

Taehyung took Jin’s hand gently, twining their fingers. “I’m glad you’ve decided to share it with me.”

“You and Yoongi are the only people I’ve ever brought here actually,” Jin admitted, sipping his coffee.

“Thank you.”

“Thank me when you taste her special. It’s heaven on a plate.”

“I believe you. May I kiss you?”

“Never have to ask.” Jin leaned over, their lips meeting gently. Taehyung rested his head lightly on Jin’s shoulder until the food was brought out. She patted Jin’s hand.

“Enjoy.”

“Always.” Jin pushed money into her palm. “Don’t argue.”

“Ah, Jin-ie.”

“Come sit with us.”

“Nonsense. Enjoy breakfast with your lover. A cold pack should help that love bite.” She brushed her finger over the bruise on Jin’s neck. He smiled sheepishly.

“I will ice it today.”

He watched her walk back into the kitchen before looking at Taehyung, watching him take a bite of the menagerie of food on the plate. His eyes brightened as he chewed, a grin spreading on his face.

“This is amazing. What is it?”

“No idea. She won’t tell me everything that goes into it unless I agree to work with her.” Jin chuckled. “It’s magic, I tell you.”

“I agree with you.” Taehyung looked back down at the food, focusing on savoring every bite.

The two finished their food and Jin ducked into the kitchen to clean their plates.

“Did you enjoy it?” The woman asked.

“It was amazing, ma’am. Best breakfast I’ve had in years.”

“Don’t you dare ma’am me now. I’m grandma.”

Taehyung smiled softly. He nodded.

“And you can come visit without Jin-ie as well. You live close, I can tell. I always have a seat for my boys.” She stroked his cheek. “You’re safe here.”

Taehyung’s eyes welled with involuntary tears. He nodded again. “Thank you.”

Jin emerged from the kitchen, hugging her gently.
“Call me if you need anything, please.”

“I know. Enjoy your day, Jin-ie.”

“See you soon, grandma.” He passed her the apron and wrapped his arm around Taehyung, leading him out and back to the car.
Modeling

“This is such a perfect place for this,” Jimin said, looking around the wide back yard.

“Thanks. I mean - I’m glad it could be of some use,” Jin said, wrapping his arms around Taehyung’s middle. He rested his chin on his shoulder.

“You’re sure your Dad won’t be around?” Taehyung worried, holding his camera bag a little closer to his chest.

“I’m positive. He’s in Japan for two days. The only one who’ll come by is Yoongi. Otherwise you and me have the house to ourselves.” Jin pressed suggestive kisses along Taehyung’s neck, earning a soft sigh from Taehyung and a giggle from Jimin.

“Room for me?” He joked.

“You and Yoongi can sleep in my spare room, if you want,” Jin offered.

“Oh, I would, but my brother. I can’t leave him alone all night.”

“You could,” Taehyung said, “you’re just a ridiculously protective big brother.”

“How old is he?” Jin asked.

“He’s sixteen. He could stay alone probably…” Jimin chewed his bottom lip.

“Well the offer stands, okay? You and Yoongi can decide if you wanna stay over, you’re welcome to the room if you want it.”

“Thank you, Jin-hyung,” Jimin said.

“My pleasure. So what do you want us to do, Taehyung?”

Taehyung dropped to his knees, undoing his bag and beginning to set up his cameras. “Ah, some simple stuff first. Could you and Jimin strip down and sit back to back? Kinda rest your heads on each other’s shoulders?”

The two nodded. Jin stripped without hesitation, setting his clothes nearby. He took Jimin’s and placed them in the same area, smiling. “You look shy.”

“Ah - Camming is different. It’s not real life. Just Taehyung.”

“Well I think you’re beautiful, so you don’t need to be shy around me, okay?” Jin assured him, setting his hands on Jimin’s shoulders and giving a friendly squeeze.

He sat on the trimmed grass and patted behind him. Jimin sat as well, pressing their backs together. He smiled a little when Jin laid his head back against his shoulder.

“Is this good?”

Taehyung grinned. “It’s perfect. Your guys’ bodies are perfect for this.” He began to snap photos, moving his camera to get different angles.

“Why do you say that?” Jimin asked.
“Your torso is shorter but your legs are so long and beautiful. And Jin-hyung has shorter legs but this
lean, long torso. It’s really clear in this angle... Jin-hyung? Can you lie on your back now? Have
Jimin stretch next to you so your feet are even, head on your chest?”

The two obeyed, giggling a little at the tickle of the grass.

“Sorry if I get hard,” Jimin whispered when he pressed against Jin.

“Ah, I’ll take it as a compliment. It’s kind of erotic.”

“Actually you two hard would be just fine,” Taehyung said as he snapped the photos. “I wasn’t
going to ask because I know this can be awkward, but if it happens don’t worry; I can work with it.”

“Good to know,” Jin said. He brushed a lock of hair off Jimin’s forehead. “Yoongi seems happier
this week.”

“We’ve had three dates now,” Jimin said proudly. Taehyung gave them another position to get into
as they spoke.

“Have you two...”

“Oh yeah. Our second date alone. He’s amazing,” Jimin said, his cheeks pink.

“He implied you two had gotten intimate but I wasn’t given the details. He’s a tease.”

Jimin laughed. “Well the long and short of it is that he fucked me hard enough that I wanted to sleep
for days. And he made love to me... I’ve never...” He trailed off, shrugging. “I didn’t know it could
feel like that.”

“Only a month and you’re over the moon for him,” Taehyung teased, stepping up to reposition their
arms.

“Oh look who’s talking. All you can talk about is Jin-hyung.”

Taehyung blushed a brilliant crimson, but Jin only smiled softly. “Really?”

“My God, yes. If I didn’t like your company I would hate you, he is head over heels for you, don’t
you know?”

“We haven’t talked about it.”

Taehyung bit his lip, scratching the back of his neck. “Stop talking, you’re ruining the shots and
you’re making Jin-hyung red.”

“You can fix it in Photoshop.”

“I can, but I’d rather not have to. Quiet or I’ll find something to gag you with and make this a
bondage photoshoot.”

“I certainly wouldn’t mind that,” Yoongi said. He came around the side of the house, leaning against
it. Jimin grinned and scrambled up, rushing up to him and kissing his cheek.

“You made it.”

“Told you I would. Looks like you guys started the fun without me.”
“It’s not like we’re having an orgy,” Jin said, putting his hands behind his head. Taehyung was still taking photos of him, taking advantage of the candid moment.

“Well, never know. You’re here with two beautiful camboys.”

“I would never without you present,” Jin promised. “How was the trip over?”

“Ah, I hate the bus that runs out this way. For as nice of a part of town as you live in, the bus is miserable.”

“I keep telling you to let me help you get a car.”

“But then I’d need a license. Plus, if I got a car, what would I need you for?”

“My dashing good looks?” Jin suggested. Yoongi snorted, taking a seat in one of the lounge chairs and pulling his baseball cap lower over his eyes to shield from the sun.

“Where do you want me?” Jimin asked Taehyung.

“Actually I’m gonna get some of you alone. Would you mind getting into the hammock?”

Jimin did as suggested and Jin wandered over to grab his shorts. He tugged them on, crawling onto a pool float and letting himself drift. He could hear Taehyung giving Jimin quite commands. Yoongi was humming something - likely a new song he was creating in his mind. The world around them felt soothing and calm. It felt nice, and almost normal. Jin felt himself drifting to sleep, lulled by the soft motion of the water and the sounds of his friends and lover around him.

“Jin-hyung!” Jin was startled awake by the splash of cold water in his face. He lost his balance on the float and ended up in the water, inhaling a mouthful of chlorine before he could right himself. He gasped for air, grabbing ahold of the float and shaking his wet hair from his eyes so he could find the offender.

Jimin was laughing wildly at the other end of the pool, his smile so wide his eyes were nearly shut. “He made me!” He shouted when Jin started toward him. He turned toward where Jimin was pointing, not at all surprised to see Yoongi standing by the pool smirking at him.

“Do you have anything in your pockets?” Jin called.

“No-- Why?”

“Because you’re about to get wet!”

As soon as Jin finished speaking, Taehyung shoved Yoongi hard. He cried out, reaching back and grabbing a handful of Taehyung’s shirt. The two splashed into the water, creating waves that knocked Jin’s grip off the float once more. He and Jimin swam to their respective boyfriends’ rescue, earning facefuls of water for their efforts.

As the waves calmed, the four’s laughter rang through the quiet neighborhood. Jin and Taehyung hung together at the side of the pool, sharing chlorine tasting kisses and wiping water from each other’s faces. Yoongi had pulled himself out of the water, complaining about his drenched clothing, and Jimin was wrapped around his leg, head resting on his chin as he looked up at him.

“I have some of your clothes still from the last time you spent the night,” Jin offered Yoongi. He
nodded.

“I’m not too worried about it. You didn’t have any of your camera stuff on you, did you Taehyung? I didn’t think about that when I pulled you in.”

“Oh no, I thought you might get the jump on me, so I put that all safely out of harms way.” He motioned to his camera bag against the house.

“You can borrow some of my clothes when we get in, I’ll stick yours in the dryer,” Jin offered.

“Or I could just walk around naked for you,” Taehyung suggested. Jin smirked, pressing a kiss to his mouth.

“We’d certainly give those two a show.”

“You say that like they’d mind.”

Jin glanced over at Yoongi and Jimin. They were both watching the two, their expressions unreadable.

“Ah, did you want more photos though? We can dry off and finish up.”

“I got a lot of Jimin while you dozed and some of you. I’d like to get the both of you in the garden though. Your hair is fine wet, I think it looks good on both of you.”

“Sure. You can use my shirt to dry your hands, it’s fine.” Jin hoisted himself out of the pool and helped Taehyung out while Yoongi helped Jimin out.

The two stripped down, fixing their hair as well as they could. They knelt on some of the stepping stones in the near garden, their knees and foreheads touching. Jin smiled softly.

“You’ve got gorgeous eyes,” he commented. Jimin chuckled, his cheeks reddening.

“Thank you.”

“They look stiff,” Yoongi said.

“They do…”

“Jin-hyung, put your hands on Jimin’s thighs.”

Jin looked over at Yoongi, his eyebrows rising. “What?”

“His thighs. The photo will look better if you two look like lovers.”

“He’s right,” Taehyung agreed.

Jin looked at Jimin. “You alright with that?”

Jimin nodded. “I’m a camboy, Jin-hyung. You couldn’t do a thing to shock me.”

Jin placed his hands on Jimin’s thighs, sliding his palms over the smooth flesh there before finding a comfortable spot. Jimin wet his lips. He set one hand on Jin’s thigh, up near the crease of his leg. His other he rested on the cut of Jin’s hip, his thumb tracing the firm muscle there.

Jin swallowed visibly, screwing his eyes shut. He glanced at Yoongi, his heart rate speeding up more
when he saw the dark, lust filled expression in Yoongi’s eyes.

Taehyung snapped a few more photos, growling to himself. He rose, going to Yoongi. They flipped through the photos.

“You have an eye for this too. I can’t figure out what’s missing.”

“They’re only half hard,” Yoongi said simply.

“You think?”

“Get him hard, Jin-hyung.”

Jin blinked owlishly at Yoongi for a moment. He looked back to Jimin, who nodded.

“I’m okay with it.”

Jin slid his hand back up Jimin’s thigh, his fingers brushing over his half hard cock. Jimin’s eyes fluttered shut.

Jin continued to tease lightly before grasping his shaft, giving a firm stroke. Jimin moaned softly, biting his lip. The click of Taehyung’s camera kept Jin grounded as he began to stroke Jimin. He glanced up at Yoongi, surprised to see him standing still, his arms crossed. The front of his still wet jeans was beginning to tent, a clear sign of his own growing erection. Jin looked back to Jimin, leaning over more so his lips brushed his ear.

“Yoongi likes this.”

Jin looked over, smirking a little. “So does Taehyung.”

Jin looked to Taehyung, his cheeks reddening. He was still taking photos at a slower pace, his hands shaking lightly.

“Do you want me hard too, Taehyung?” Jin whispered. Taehyung glanced at Yoongi then back to Jin. He nodded.

Jin wasted no time, burying his fingers in the soft, dark curls around Jin’s cock before stroking upward. His other hand slipped lower, cupping Jin’s balls. Jin hissed, his hips jerking.

“He loves that,” Taehyung murmured, moving a little closer to get different angles. Yoongi stepped near him.

“You know,” he murmured, “they are beautiful together.”

“They are,” Taehyung agreed. Jimin was resting his forehead on Jin’s shoulder, panting softly as Jin stroked his cock. He slid his thumb over Jimin’s tip, gathering the precome swelling from it. He brought his thumb to his mouth.

Taehyung made a small noise, nearly losing the grip on his camera when Jin slid his thumb between his lips, sucking gently.

“Th-- That’s good,” he whispered.

Jimin backed up, releasing Jin’s cock. He looked at Yoongi, nerves showing in his expression.

“Come here,” Yoongi whispered.
Jimin rose, brushing dust from his knees.

Jin shifted a little, looking at the ground. The reality of what he’d just been doing hit him then, guilt beginning to soften his arousal.

“Jin-hyung,” Taehyung said softly.

“I--” Jin looked up at him. “Was that too much?”

Taehyung set his camera down carefully and sank to the ground in the spot Jimin had vacated. He stroked Jin’s cheeks. “That was the sexiest thing I’ve seen in a long time. Were you okay with it?”

“I--” Jin glanced at Yoongi and Jimin. The two were locked in a deep kiss, Yoongi’s hand sliding lazily over Jimin’s cock. “I liked it,” Jin whispered. “But that doesn’t mean I-- You’re my boyfriend.”

“I know. And Jimin is my cam partner. Yoongi-hyung is your best friend. If you’re okay with it...”

Jin leaned forward, catching Taehyung’s mouth in a desperate kiss.

“Let me make you come,” Taehyung panted against Jin’s mouth. He wrapped his long fingers around Jin’s cock.

“Yes--“

Taehyung rose, helping Jin up and over onto the grass. Jimin was stretching out, spreading his legs. Yoongi settled between them and pushed his ass open, running his tongue over Jimin’s hole.

Jin laid down next to him. “Jin--“

Jimin looked over, his eyes half closed. He smirked, gasping softly and burying his fingers in Yoongi’s hair.

“Jin-hyung.” Jin looked at Taehyung, smiling softly. Taehyung returned it. He lowered his head, taking Jin’s cock into his mouth.

“Taehyung—“ Jin hissed, grabbing Taehyung’s shoulders as he sucked him. He was hyper aware of Jimin’s eyes on him, but the knowledge made his stomach twist and his cock throb with need. He closed his eyes, soaking up the situation. He moaned softly, running his fingers over Taehyung’s skin.

Taehyung pulled away suddenly, gasping. Jin opened his eyes, his heart skipping a beat when he saw the reason. Yoongi rose onto his knees, pausing his attention on Jimin, and reached over, undoing Taehyung’s jeans and pulling his cock free. He was stroking the length of him.

“Does it feel good, Taehyung?” Jin whispered. Taehyung nodded, biting his bottom lip.

“Keep sucking.” Jin fisted his hair and gave it a gentle tug, guiding him back to his cock.

“Yoongi-hyung,” Jimin murmured, stroking himself as Yoongi ate him out.

Yoongi glanced up, meeting Jimin’s gaze before looking at Jin, offering a playful wink. He squeezed Taehyung’s cock, earning a shout and a fluttering of Taehyung’s throat that had Jin’s hips bucking.

“Please--“ Jimin’s whimpers grew in pitch and intensity. He buried his fingers in Yoongi’s hair, bucking his hips. Jin stretched his arm out, pushing Jimin’s hand off his cock and stroking it for him,
keeping up the pace with Yoongi and Taehyung. Jimin shouted into his fist as he came, spilling over Jin’s hand and his belly.

Yoongi moved up, unzipping his own jeans. Jimin and Jin both helped him lower them enough to free his cock, stroking at his balls and shaft. Taehyung gagged gently on Jin’s cock, his own hand working between his legs.

Jin whimpered, his hips twitching. “I’m close--“ He warned Taehyung. Taehyung nodded and leaned up. He slid forward, lining up his and Jin’s cocks and wrapping one large hand around them. Using spit and precome he stroked them both until Jin came, his fingers digging into the ground around him.

Taehyung continued to stroke, his bottom lip tucked between his teeth as Jin whimpered from overstimulation. He used his free hand to help Jimin get Yoongi closer to the edge.

Taehyung came next, spilling his own release over Jin’s cock and stomach with a sharp cry of his name. Just a few moments after, Yoongi leaned over. He kissed Jimin deeply as his own orgasm hit, muffling his shout with their mouths.

The four stretched out side by side, panting as they recovered from their orgasms. Taehyung snagged his camera, shifting to get a few photos of Jimin and Jin post orgasm. Jin smiled sheepishly.

“Those can’t turn out well.”

“You’d be surprised,” Taehyung said. Jin took the camera and turned it on Taehyung, snapping a photo of him and then one of them together.

Yoongi sat up, grabbing Jin’s shirt. “Using this,” he said before beginning to wipe Jimin’s stomach clean. Jin took it afterward, cleaning himself up and sitting up. He looked over at Yoongi and Jimin, and then at Taehyung.

“We need to talk about this,” Jin whispered. The air seemed to grow heavy around them as they all looked at one another, unsure where to begin now that the lust filled adrenaline had worn off.
Yoongi rubbed the back of his neck. He shrugged. “I was fine with it,” he said simply. He wiggled out of his jeans, still damp from the pool, and fixed his boxers. He stretched out on the grass next to Jimin. “It was fun.”

“It was,” Taehyung agreed, relaxing a little once Yoongi spoke. He smiled softly at Jin. “You looked so beautiful with Jimin.” He fixed his own clothes and pawed his hair down flat. “Are you okay with it?”

Jin glanced over at Jimin before nodding. “I-- I am. But where do we go from here?”

“Let’s not go anywhere,” Jimin said. He sat up, stretching his back. It popped and he groaned contentedly. “I’m dating Yoongi-hyung and I intend to keep it that way. Sex is fun, but I know I couldn’t maintain a relationship with you, Jin-hyung.”

“And I’m not... I mean physically you’re attractive, Jimin, but emotionally --”


“You’re too damn high maintenance for me to date. Why do you think we failed as teenagers?”

Jin grinned. “I’m high maintenance? Look in the mirror, Min Yoongi.”

Yoongi tossed his jeans at Jin, a smirk twisting his mouth.

Taehyung wrapped his arms around Jin’s middle, pressing kisses to his shoulder. “I agree with you guys. I love Jimin but we’re best as friends or cam partners. I get along with Yoongi-hyung but... I don’t know if it’s love, I mean-- We’re still pretty fresh to this relationship but... There’s something special with you, Jin-hyung.”

Jin’s gaze softened. He twined his fingers with Taehyung’s on his belly and kissed his mouth. “I agree. So we keep things as they are.”

“Fuck around when all of us are together if we want to, but don’t make a requirement,” Yoongi said.

“And if that changes for any of us, I think it’s important to keep the lines of communication open,” Jimin said.

“Yeah, we’re all really good friends; I don’t want this to ruin that,” Taehyung agreed.

“Did you get all the shots you wanted?”

“Oh yeah, there’s a ton to work with. I can’t wait to start editing and printing them honestly.”

“Are you going to turn them in to art magazines or something?” Yoongi asked.

“That’s my plan. Get hired by a few if I can.”

“Can I see some of the raw shots?” Yoongi asked. Taehyung nodded. The two moved toward the pool, their heads together as they looked through the photos Taehyung had taken.

“Will you be staying over?” Jin asked Jimin, pulling his shorts on.
“I’d like to. I need to call Jungkookie first, just to make sure he’s gonna be okay alone tonight. Did Taehyung talk to you about camming with me?”

“He mentioned something, but we got distracted. Do you two have a set date for when he’s gonna appear on your channel?”

“We’re thinking sometime next month. I was wondering if you and Yoongi-hyung wanted to watch us live? You’d have to be quiet of course, and I’m sure Yoongi-hyung would wanna stay off camera, but you’d be welcome to. Especially now that we have all kinda played around together.”

“I think that’d be fun, if Taehyung was comfortable with it. We’ll talk about it tonight. Call your brother, I’m gonna order takeout for dinner for us.”

Jimin nodded, rising and heading to where his jeans were to find his phone.

That evening, the four settled onto the couch in the den. Jimin and Taehyung sat in the middle, bookended by their boyfriends.

“Why?” Yoongi asked for the third time.

“Because Jungkookie recommended it,” Jimin shrugged.

“It’s just a scary movie; you act like we’re making you watch a murder,” Taehyung teased as Jin turned on the film.

“There is likely to be murder!” Yoongi cried.

“Not real murders. It’s just a film, not a snuff piece.”

“Ah - How do you know? You’ve heard the tales of people dying on movie sets.”

Jin leaned forward to speak to Jimin. “Also your tough rapper boyfriend is a giant baby about horror films.”

“Oh, like you’re much better,” Yoongi grumbled.

“I think I am. Either way, it’s picked, it’s starting, now everyone hush or I’ll find the duct tape.”

“Kinky,” Jimin teased. Jin chuckled and Taehyung snorted. The film started, silencing the four as they watched.

It was a record for Yoongi. He managed to make it through three jump scares and a completely gory disembowelment before he was curled up against Jimin’s side, not so sneakily hiding his face in his shoulder during the scary parts. Jimin wiggled himself into a lying position, allowing Yoongi to snuggle between his frame and the back of the couch.

Taehyung did the same, his and Jimin’s legs tangling together as they shared the small space. Jin gladly took the same spot Yoongi had taken; content to bury his face in Taehyung’s broad chest whenever that damned creature would appear out of nowhere. He screamed first, startling the other three and causing Jimin to burst out into laughter.

Taehyung fared better, his face a permanent scowl of horror and shock. He held onto Jin’s hand, glad to have something to distract him from the gore.
To the relief of the elder men, the film drew to a close after a painfully long two hours. Jimin was fast asleep, his chin tucked over Yoongi’s head and his arm hanging freely off the couch.

“Ah - Should we wake him?” Taehyung asked.

“I can carry him, but I’d rather not,” Jin admitted. Yoongi chuckled. He sat up, freeing himself from the cozy trap of Jimin’s body and the couch. “I... Will one of you come with me?”

“Where?” Jin asked.

“The... Bathroom.”

“Why?”

Yoongi glanced down the darkened hallway that led to the guest bedroom and bathroom he’d be staying in. “Ah... No reason.”

“You’re scared,” Jin teased.

“You screamed more than once and my hand is numb from you squeezing it,” Taehyung defended, smirking when Jin’s ears reddened. “I’ll go with you,” Taehyung said, rising.

“Leaving me here alone?” Jin whined.

“Jimin’s here.”

“Yeah, he’ll be a lot of help when the murderer comes knocking.”

“Well, if someone tries to murder you just start screaming. If it doesn’t make their eardrums bleed we’ll at least hear it,” Yoongi teased.

Jin glared, flipping him the bird before grabbing a pillow from the back of the couch and snuggling up with it.

Taehyung rolled his eyes, smiling, and headed down the hallway with Yoongi. He leaned on the sink when they reached the bathroom, staring at the tile of the floor.

“He’s in love with you,” Yoongi said casually as he used the bathroom.

“What?”

“Jin-hyung. He won’t say it, he doesn’t want to scare you off. But he’s in love with you, Taehyung. He would give up everything to be with you. You need to know that.”

“I-- I feel like I do know it, deep down. I’m just... Scared, I guess.”

“Why?”

“I’m me. He’s... Him.”

“He’s no better than you.” Yoongi tucked himself back into his pants and flushed the toilet, nudging Taehyung out of the way to wash his hands. “Money doesn’t make a person good or bad. You’re a good kid.”

“I’m a kid.”
“So is Jin-hyung. He’s never been on his own, not like you or Jimin, or me. He’s probably more of a kid than we all are. He’s a good man though, and he’s trying hard. Just please don’t hurt him.”

“Jemin is in love with you too.”

“I know he is.”

Taehyung furrowed his brows. Yoongi shrugged. He wiped his hands and leaned on the sink himself. “I’m good at reading emotions. I can see it in his face. I love him too, you know. I’m not ready to say it, but I feel it. I trust he’ll be there when I am ready.”

Taehyung smiled, reaching out and squeezing Yoongi’s wrist. “He will be. I’m sure of it. Do you think Jin-hyung will wait for me?”

“Yes. Provided his father...” Yoongi trailed off, shrugging. “His father makes his life difficult.”

“We haven’t met.”

“And if Jin-hyung has his way you likely won’t. He’s not a nice man. He doesn’t like that Jin-hyung is gay, or even that he’s friends with someone like me. I doubt he’s even talked about you to his father. Don’t take offense to it -- You are much better off if that man doesn’t learn of your existence.”

“What’s taking so long?” Jin called before Taehyung could answer. Yoongi chuckled.

“We’d better go rescue your boyfriend.”

The two made their way back down the hall and woke Jimin. Yoongi and he said their goodnights and disappeared into the guest room, leaving Jin and Taehyung alone.

“Do you want to go to bed?” Jin asked as he cleaned up the den.

“I am a little sleepy. Maybe at least go cuddle in bed.”

Jin nodded, offering his hand. Taehyung took it and followed Jin to his room, looking around as he entered it for the first time.

“This is beautiful.”

“Ah, it’s a bit... Large. It’s empty sometimes,” Jin admitted. “The bed is too large to sleep in alone.”

Taehyung wrapped his arms around Jin’s middle, kissing over his neck. “Well I’m here tonight. Think sharing it with me will make it less empty?”

“I think sharing it with you will make it perfect,” Jin admitted. He turned around, pressing himself against Taehyung before kissing him deeply. The two stood in the middle of the clean room, their lips sliding together in a dance they had done for nearly a month. By now they’d memorized one another’s bodies, spending hours in Taehyung’s apartment taking each other apart and learning all there was to know, at least physically.

Their clothing was shed piece by piece, lazy movements toward the bed. Nothing was hurried or forced. The room was cool, quiet, and peaceful. Even as the two fell onto the bed, completely nude and desperately hard, nothing was spoken.

Jin broke the kiss only to snag the lube from his bedside stand. He took his time opening Taehyung up, muffling Taehyung’s soft cries with his lips.
When he finally slipped inside, Taehyung whispered his name, letting his hands drift down Jin’s back. The thrusts were deep and as lazy as the foreplay had been. Neither was chasing an orgasm or begging for more. It felt different to Taehyung, that night. Though nothing had been said between he and Jin, Yoongi’s words weighed on his mind. He saw the love in Jin’s eyes, felt the promise in his kisses.

Their orgasms were just as lazy and slow as their lovemaking was. Taehyung didn’t know who started to come first, but he knew they were both finished together, quiet sighs of one another’s names fading into heavy breaths and soft laughter.

Jin cleaned them up without a word, tossing away the tissues and pulling the blanket over their nude bodies. He pressed another kiss to Taehyung’s mouth, letting it linger. They didn’t have to share words, Taehyung realized. Not yet at least. This was about a perfect as things could get.
Without a Roof

The weeks passed freely and life couldn’t get better for Jin and his friends. Yoongi and Jimin were going as strong as ever, and Jin spent more time with Taehyung than at home, it seemed. He was crazy for the camboy that stole his heart, and anyone spending more than a few minutes with them could see that.

The four spent time together as well, sometimes intimate moments, other times just as friends, playing video games or sharing double dates. It couldn’t get better.

Taehyung edited and developed the photos he’d taken, putting them into a nice portfolio and passing a copy of it off to Jin and Jimin for approval before sending anything to companies. He knew their reputations were at stake; especially for Jin, and wanted to make sure they thought the photos were good - and anonymous enough.

Jin came home one evening from Yoongi’s house, having spent the day doing a long gaming marathon. He walked into the kitchen, a little surprised to see his father sitting at the kitchen table.

“I didn’t expect you to be home.”

“I didn’t plan to be. But there is something that needs to be discussed, Seokjin. Sit down.”

Jin swallowed hard, a pit growing in his stomach at the tone of his father’s voice. He sat down across from the man that helped create him for the first time in years at their table, folding his hands neatly in front of him. “What do you want to talk about?”

His father reached over to the chair next to him. He grabbed something and threw it onto the table. The smooth black binder slid across the polished wood, stopping in front of Jin. A few photos from inside it spilled out. The top photo was a close up shot of Jin’s bare stomach in black and white. His softening cock lay at the bottom of the frame, semen splattered over his skin.

Jin felt a knot form in his stomach, tying it tight.

“Why were you in my room?” He asked.

“This is my house.”

“This was in my room, Dad. Why were you in my room?” Jin repeated, his knuckles white as he gripped his hands in front of him. He couldn’t tear his eyes away from the photo, his ears and cheeks burning.

“This is my house. I was looking for something that I thought you may have borrowed. And I found this... This pornography.”

“It’s not pornography.”

“It’s you and my house!” His father roared. Jin flinched a little at the sudden rise in his voice.

“It’s just photography, Dad.”

“Oh? Just photography?” His father rose and grabbed the binder, yanking it open. He grabbed a photo and threw it down in front of Jin. “Explain how this is just photography and not pornography?”
Jin swallowed hard. The shot was further away, from when Jimin and Jin had been stroking one another in the garden. Their faces had been artfully darkened so no one could have told who they were, but it was clear to those that knew them.

“It’s erotic photography.”

“You did this in public!”

“We were in the back yard. There’s a fence--”

“This is obscene, Seokjin! I will not have it in my home!”

“Then I’ll return it. I was just looking it over to approve anyway.”

“Approve for what?”

Jin sighed softly, reaching for the binder. His father slapped his hand and pulled it closer. “For what, Seokjin?”

“For publication. Taehyung wants to work for some art magazines.”

“No.”

“You can’t tell me no, Dad. This is my body and my choice.”

“It’s obscene and I will not have my son taking part in this!”

“I’m taking part in it.”

“Is this the boy you’ve been cavorting with?”

“What does it matter?”

“I don’t want you seeing him any longer.”


“I can. You’re living in my house, I can do whatever I want.”

“I’m --“ Jin swallowed thickly, glaring at the table. He shook his head. “I won’t stop seeing him.”

“Yes, you will. Or you will no longer be a part of this family.”

Jin winced visibly. He shook his head. “Dad—“

“I’ve given you your choice, Seokjin. Family or your whore.”

“He’s not a whore,” Jin spat.

“He’s making you one. Decide, Seokjin.”

“I’m not leaving Taehyung.”

“Then you are not my son. You have ten minutes to pack and leave.”

“Dad—“
“Go.”

Jin grabbed Taehyung’s photos and rushed to his room, tears burning his nose. He grabbed a suitcase, piling his computer and clothing into it. He snagged a photo album and a few extra sentimental items, his heart threatening to pound out of his ribs. A real fear settled in Jin’s bones as he tossed in his cologne and a bag from the bathroom. He zipped the suitcase, blinking away tears.

Drawing a deep breath, Jin made his way down the stairs, pulling on his jacket. “Reconsider,” he whispered to his father, who was standing in the main hall, arms crossed.

“Leave the queer.”

“I can’t.”

“Why?”

Jin shook his head. “You wouldn’t understand. I love him.”

Jin’s father scoffed. “Let’s hope love can pay for your lavish lifestyle then, Seokjin. You are cut off as soon as you walk out that door. You won’t get a penny from me and you won’t be welcome back until you prove you’ve left that whore of yours. Your mother would be ashamed.”

“She would support my love. She’d be ashamed of you for turning away your son because of who he dates.”

“I tolerated the queers you brought home. I won’t tolerate obscenity. Get out. You make me sick. You’ll be back in a week when your money runs out, begging my forgiveness.”

Jin opened the door and stormed out, his vision blurring as he made his way down the steps of the home he’d grown up in.

He drove first to a bank, making sure his savings was inaccessible to his father. He went through and made as many advances on the cards his father gave him as he was able to, depositing it into the savings and cutting up the cards.

He wound up at Yoongi’s within the hour, his hand shaking as he knocked on the door. Yoongi opened it, scowling.

“Jin-hyung. What’s—“

The tears that Jin had been holding back finally broke free when he met Yoongi’s concerned gaze, streaking down his face. “I’m scared—“ he managed to get out.

Yoongi ushered him into his apartment, shoving his laptop onto the table and sitting Jin down on the couch with him.

“Breathe, you’re going to hyperventilate,” Yoongi worried as Jin sobbed. He held onto him, gently rocking them and trying to get his breathing to stabilize.

When Jin’s sobbing was reduced to broken hiccups, Yoongi leaned back. He snagged a tissue and wiped Jin’s cheeks and nose, smiling in a way he hoped was comforting when Jin met his eyes.

“You look terrible, handsome,” Yoongi joked. Jin laughed brokenly, shaking his head. He took the tissue and blew his nose, drawing in a deep, ragged breath.
“What happened, Jin-hyung?” Yoongi asked softly.

“My dad. He came into my room and found Tae’s photography. He flipped out and told me to choose between our home— My family... And Taehyung.”

“Oh God... Jin-hyung.”

“All I own now is in a suitcase in my car. I— I have nothing, Yoongi. I’m scared. I’ve never been on my own, I—“ Jin shook his head. “I’m sorry, I didn’t know where else to go.”

“No, don’t be sorry. You’ve helped me more times than I count. Have you told Taehyung?”

“God no. He can’t find out.”

Yoongi scowled. “Why?”

“He’d be heartbroken, Yoongi. He’d feel so guilty knowing what my choice was. I won’t let him feel that. He can’t know. Please.”

“He deserves to know, Jin-hyung. You gave up everything for him. Because you’re in love with him.”

“And that’s why I won’t tell him!” Jin cried, desperation in his voice. “He doesn’t love me that intensely. If he doesn’t feel badly for my choice he could leave me for it.”

“How do you know he doesn’t love you that much?”

Jin shook his head, wiping his eyes again. “I just know.”

“Hyung.”

“No one loves me that much, Yoongi. I won’t get my hopes up.”

Yoongi sighed softly, knowing argument was impossible. “Well, then, you’ll stay here until you get enough to get your own place.”

“Really?”

“Sure. We’ll figure it out. First thing you need is a job. But we’ll talk about that tomorrow. Are you hungry?”

“No, not really.”

“Then rest. You can take my bed.”

“We can share, we have before. I won’t put you out.”

Yoongi nodded. He reached out, wiping a stray tear from Jin’s cheek before brushing his hair from his face. “Ah. Broken prince now, aren’t you?”

“I’ve never had to be on my own,” Jin whispered. “What if I fail?”

“I won’t let you. You’re my closest friend. I will help.”

Jin pulled Yoongi into a tight hug, kissing his cheek. “You are my family, Min Yoongi.”

“I know. Come on. I’ll lay with you to help you sleep.”
“You promise you won’t tell Taehyung?”

“I promise. But I don’t believe you’re right. The man loves you, Jin-hyung. You should tell him. But that’s all I’ll say on the matter. Come on.” Yoongi rose and pulled Jin up. “Go get your suitcase. I’ll clear some closet space so you can put stuff away tomorrow.”

Jin pressed a kiss to the corner of Yoongi’s mouth. “I owe you everything.”

“You owe me nothing. Go on.”

Jin nodded and headed down to get his suitcase, the fear in his heart finally settling into a cold understanding. He wasn’t going to give his father the satisfaction of crawling back. And he wasn’t going to leave Taehyung. He’d make his own way with his friends, no matter what.
Secrets

Jin woke the next morning wrapped in Yoongi’s arms. He stared up at the water stained, cracked ceiling as the events from yesterday filled his mind. He was homeless. He’d been disowned. All because he chose to love a boy and take part in artwork. It felt minuscule now that a new day had dawned.

He wiggled out of Yoongi’s embrace and padded to the bathroom. The face that stared back at him in the warped mirror didn’t seem to be his own. His eyes were bloodshot and swollen, dark circles surrounding them despite his sleep. His hair was messy and dirty. He turned on the shower, looking around the small room as he waited for the water to warm. He’d been in Yoongi’s bathroom a thousand times, but it all seemed new. He thought of his bathroom back home, the lavish tub and the beautiful, rich green stone of the sink. The entirety of Yoongi’s bathroom could have fit inside his old bathroom twice over.

But he wasn’t going to complain. Jin realized his place; he’d realized it the second Yoongi opened the door the night before. He went from the top of his world to the bottom. He had enough money to last a month - maybe two if he spent very carefully, and that was it. The clothes in his suitcase, his toothbrush, shampoo, conditioner, the few makeup items he grabbed and some of his jewelry -- It was all he had. Expensive memories of a life he’d lost by falling in love.

He showered and shaved with the things he’d brought from home, drying off and walking quietly back into Yoongi’s room. He dressed in what he could find that wasn’t wrinkled, taking a moment to hang some of his clothes in the space Yoongi had made in the closet for him.

Jin tried to fix his face the best he could, knowing he needed to look halfway presentable if he hoped to gain employment anywhere. He had zero work experience and his only references were Taehyung, Jimin, Namjoon, and Yoongi; none of whom were very proper to put on any resume. Jin knew of one place that he could try, but he still wanted to do it properly. He scrawled a quick note to Yoongi about stepping out and placed it on the bedside stand before heading out into the cool morning.

Jin stepped into the diner, relieved to see it empty. It had just opened; Jin could still see some of the covers over the drink machines.

“Jin-ie!” The old woman cried. “You’re here early!” She frowned when she noticed Jin’s expression. “Oh my. What’s happened, son?”

Jin lowered his gaze, approaching the counter. He crossed his arms behind his back. “I am not here as a customer, ma’am. I am coming to ask you for a job. I don’t have any references that are worthwhile and I have no work experience. I don’t expect much - you don’t even need to pay me minimum wage, I don’t deserve it. I need something though and you are the only person that might give me a chance.”

“Jin-ie,” she whispered. She circled the counter and took his face in her hands, lifting his head to look at her. She made a small noise when she saw tears streaking down his cheeks. “What happened?”

“My dad kicked me out,” Jin whispered. “He asked me to choose between Taehyung and my family and I-- I chose.”
“You chose the boy.”

“I know it was wrong of me. I know I should give him more respect, it was shameful, but I--“

“It wasn’t shameful in the slightest.” She wiped his tears with a callused thumb. “Your father is a selfish fool. You are a man in love. But now you have no home.”

“I’m staying with Yoongi. But my father will not pay for my life - I need to earn my own way.”

“Ah.” She patted Jin’s hand and stepped back around the counter. “Would you like the special?”

“No, thank you. I-- I need to save my money, honestly.”

“You look tired. You need to eat. Employees receive a free meal a day while they work here. Consider this an advance on that. Sit down.”

Jin’s heart jumped into his throat. “You mean--“

“I can pay minimum wage. I’m afraid I can’t offer more than that. I do make enough for that though. You know I’ve been looking for someone to hire, why not give the position to a young man I trust. You will come tomorrow morning and I’ll have us sign the paperwork and begin your training.”

Jin sobbed brokenly, bowing low to her. “Thank you, oh God, thank you so much.” He whispered.

“None of that. Nothing changes between us. I will employ you as my grandson. You are as much to me anyway. Now sit down and let me make you some breakfast.”

Jin nodded, wiping away his tears and taking a seat at the counter. “Are you sure you want me tomorrow? I can start right away. I could just hang around today and try to learn some things before officially starting,” he offered.

“Nonsense. You take today to yourself. Spend it with friends or that boy of yours. Put a smile back on your face. You can begin tomorrow.” With that she turned, heading into the kitchen. Jin put his head in his hands, his heart pounding a mile a minute. He worried that someone may walk in and hear it thudding against his ribs. He had a job, he had a place to stay. Despite his father’s ominous warning, he was determined to succeed.

Jin’s phone buzzed in his pocket, a text from Yoongi.

‘Headed to see Namjoon - door is unlocked. I’ll get you a key made this afternoon. Good luck on the job search.’

Jin sent one back as the food arrived, ‘Luck was good - grandma is letting me work at the diner. Will be back soon.’

“You will need sturdy shoes and clothes you don’t mind getting dirty,” she warned.

“I understand. I have something.”

“Good. Make sure your nails are trimmed. I will have you kneading for most of the day, likely.”

“Yes, grandma. Thank you again.”

“Ah, it is my pleasure. I have a strong boy to take work off my old shoulders. You will be a benefit.”

“I hope to make you proud.”
She patted his cheek. “Oh, here.” She placed a cardboard container by him. “I must be getting senile; I made too much.” She winked. Jin smiled softly and nodded.

“You are a blessing.”

“Ah, nonsense. Now, tell me how you and your boy are getting on?”

Jin smiled. As he ate he told her about Taehyung and updated her on Yoongi, his music, and Jimin. She smiled, delighting in their adventures, no matter how minuscule or silly they were.

When Jin finished, she took his plate and pushed the container to him. “Enjoy, I’ll see you tomorrow at seven sharp.”

Jin bowed in thanks and headed out.

As he headed back to his car, Taehyung texted. ‘Are you home?’

‘No, why?’

‘I was gonna pick up the photos, I can do it later though, no rush! How are you?’

‘Ah ~ I actually have them at Yoongi’s place. I’m stopping by there shortly and then I can bring them to you. Are you near your home?’

‘Will be in about 10. I miss you anyway.’

Jin smiled sheepishly at the text. He drove back to Yoongi’s, tucking the food into the fridge before snagging the portfolio and heading out to Taehyung’s place.

When he arrived, Taehyung wrapped his arms around him, kissing him hard. “I missed you.”

“It’s only been a few days,” Jin said, laughing a little.

“Still missed you. Let’s go out tonight.”

Jin handed the portfolio back to Taehyung. “What do you have in mind?”

“There’s a few movies Jimin has been talking about wanting to see.”

“Wanna call him and Yoongi to join us?”

Taehyung shook his head. He tossed the portfolio onto the couch, burying his face in Jin’s neck. “I miss you... Wanna spend some time with just you and me.” He pressed a kiss to his soft skin, smiling softly when Jin hugged him tightly.

“I’d be glad to. It’s early yet though; do you want to do something until evening?”

“Ah, good point. Cuddle with me while I work on my portfolios for the different magazines I’m applying to?”

“I would love to.” Jin pecked his mouth. “Those photos were great, by the way.”

“Yeah?”

“Mhm. My seal of approval is on each one.”

Jin settled onto the couch, worming his way as close as he could to Taehyung when Taehyung sat.
Together they put together smaller, more edited versions of the portfolio and tucked them into manila envelopes.

Taehyung’s scent was soothing, his body warm and comfortable. Jin felt his head drooping, struggling to stay awake.


“Hmm?”

“Wake up, baby, you’re putting my arm to sleep.”

Jin opened his eyes slowly, glancing around the room. “Oh sorry,” he mumbled. He rubbed his eyes, grimacing at the ache in his own arm. “How long was I out?”

“About two hours. You must have needed it, I was moving a lot. You okay, hun?”

Jin smiled softly at Taehyung’s worried expression. The events of the past day bubbled up in his mind, his throat closing. He wanted so desperately to tell Taehyung; sit and cry with him, have Taehyung hold him and tell him it would be okay.

But the fear of that not happening, of Taehyung turning him away or getting angry at his unrequited and over the top love sealed his lips. Instead he just shook his head.

“I’m great, Taehyung. Just didn’t sleep well last night. Are you done with the applications?”

“Yep. Just need to drop them in the mail. Wanna stop by a mailbox on the way to the movies?”

“Sure.” Jin reached out, stroking Taehyung’s cheekbone with his thumb. “God, you’re so handsome, Taehyung.”

Taehyung laughed, pulling his face from Jin’s hand. “What’s gotten into you?”

“Nothing, I just...” Jin trailed off. “I just am really lucky to have you is all.”

Taehyung smiled softly. “You sure you’re okay?” He asked, taking Jin’s hand.

“I’m amazing. Luckiest guy in the world.” Jin leaned forward, pressing a soft kiss to Taehyung’s mouth. “Let’s go on our date. Then I’m gonna take you back here. And I’m gonna show you just how good you make me feel... How happy you make me.” He slid his hand slowly up Taehyung’s thigh, giving it a firm squeeze.


“Well, we don’t wanna miss the movie, right?”

“Ah... I suppose not. Kiss me again?”

Jin grinned, pressing another kiss to Taehyung’s mouth before standing and gathering envelope pile. “Come on.”

Taehyung pulled on Jin’s leather jacket, smiling sheepishly when Jin smirked. “What? It does suit me.”
Jin nodded in agreement, pocketing his car keys and heading out with Taehyung.
Jin wiped his hands dry, pulling his phone from his pocket. Taehyung had sent him a text. ‘Pick up Yoongi-hyung before you come over tonight, remember it’s the camshow performance at Jimin’s place.’

‘Will do. See you then baby.’

“Jin-ie? Could you handle the customers at the counter?”

Jin nodded, tucking his phone away. “Of course, grandma.” He hurried to the front, greeting the young couple with an award winning smile.

Jin had been working at the restaurant for nearly a month. He had learned quickly, and realized that cooking and working in the kitchen was not only soothing, but extremely enjoyable. He was working on new recipes daily, and worked on trying them out when he could.

Taehyung still didn’t know his secret, but things seemed to be going well; Yoongi and he split the bills and their friendship wasn’t suffering with the new roommate status. Jin did feel guilty about hiding the situation from Taehyung, but he didn’t want to risk losing him, not after losing everything else. Taehyung was his main source of happiness and he was terrified of that going away.

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“Are you excited?” Taehyung asked when Yoongi and Jin arrived at Jimin’s apartment.

“To watch you fuck my best friend’s boyfriend?” Jin teased.

“Well, get fucked by him,” Jimin corrected, snuggling up against Yoongi immediately.

“Where’s your brother?” Yoongi worried, looking around the quiet apartment.

“Ah, he’s at his friend’s place for a while. He knows what I do, but I’d rather him not hear it,” Jimin explained.

The four walked into the bedroom, Jimin and Taehyung talking about their plans for the show. Two chairs were set up off from the side of the cameras.

“I wish I had something more comfy for you guys,” Jimin said, frowning at the set up.

“It’s fine. It won’t be that long and I’m sure we’ll be interested enough in what’s going on that we won’t care,” Jin assured him.

Jimin smiled softly. He and Taehyung disappeared again, leaving Jin and Yoongi in the room.

“Are you excited to watch?” Yoongi asked, settling into the chair.

“Yeah. It’s been a while, obviously... I mean having the real thing is better, but...”
“The taboo feeling of it,” Yoongi agreed. “Have you thought anymore about telling Taehyung the truth?”

“Yoongi—”

“You don’t give him enough credit.”

“I can’t risk losing him. He’s all I got, Yoongi. This past month has been...” Jin shrugged. “Taehyung is the only bright spot some days.”

“I know,” Yoongi said softly. He didn’t need Jin to mention the nights he caught him crying in the bathroom or the way Jin’s clothes had begun to hang looser on his body. “I just... I don’t mind you staying. I just wish Taehyung knew too.”

“I’m just scared,” Jin whispered, picking at a spot on his jeans.

“I get it. I do. Just be careful. This could end up biting you in the ass.”

Jin nodded softly. He couldn’t say anything further on the matter, however, because Jimin walked back in. He’d applied a light layer of makeup and stripped down to a tank top and a pair of basketball shorts.

“So, I’m gonna start the cam and Taehyung’s gonna come in a few minutes after. Ah, enjoy, I guess? I’ve had Yoongi-hyung watch before, but never more than one. Just, you know, silence and all that good stuff. I’ve got you guys positioned far enough away from the cameras that simple movement shouldn’t pick up on the video but try not to talk.”

Jin and Yoongi both nodded their understanding. Yoongi rose, pressing a gentle kiss to Jimin’s mouth. “Knock it out, baby.”

Jimin beamed and padded to the bed, leaning forward to log into his account and start the show.

Jimin grinned at the camera, waving brightly. “Hey everyone! I hope you guys have been doing well. I missed you all last week.” He leaned forward, laughing and answering questions as they rolled in.

Taehyung slipped in after a few minutes, winking to Jin. He was wearing a pair of basketball shorts and a loose black t-shirt. He jumped onto the bed and pressed a kiss to Jimin’s cheek.

“Surprise!” He called, laughing a little.

“Well not a surprise, I did announce you were coming.”

“Well, that’s no fun. Why would you do that?”

Jimin grinned. “I had to get those views, man. I’m only so pretty on my own.”

“Oh, you’re unbearably pretty on your own.” Taehyung pecked Jimin’s mouth before leaning over his shoulder, answering a few of the questions that came in for him. As he did, Jimin’s hands began to wander, slipping first under his shirt, and then over his knee. He slid his hand slowly under the leg of Taehyung’s shorts, smirking a little as he watched him.

Taehyung’s voice quivered just a little. He glanced over at Jimin, smiling softly. “What’re you doing?”
“You’re not wearing any boxers.”

“Why would I? Makes it harder for you to get me naked.”

Jumin closed the gap between their mouths quickly, the sound of tips rolling in the only noise in the room aside from their breathing.

Taehyung allowed Jumin to push him flat onto his back, straddling his hips as they made out lazily. Taehyung buried his fingers in Jumin’s hair, stroking through it before giving a soft tug that had Jumin whining.

Jumin pressed their hips together, sighing into Taehyung’s mouth as they began to move together, a dance they’d done plenty of times before.

Next to Jin, Yoongi shifted in his seat, clenching his fingers together on his lap. Jin smirked a little, torn between watching the face of his best friend shift as he grew more aroused and watching the two beautiful men on the bed in front of them. Taehyung’s moan made the decision for him.

Jumin’s hand was down the front of Taehyung’s shorts, stroking the length of his cock teasingly slow. His tongue poked out from between his kiss swollen lips, eyes half closed as he looked down at Taehyung. “Been a while since you looked like this for me,” he whispered.

Taehyung smirked, tucking his bottom lip between his teeth. “Lemme suck your cock.”

Jumin tsk’ed softly. “We’re not even naked and you’re dirty talking me? Are you that desperate? Not getting enough attention off screen?” He teased, throwing a quick, playful glance at Jin.

Jin shifted, grinning at him.

Jumin focused his attention back on Taehyung immediately. He pulled his hand free and leaned up, letting Taehyung strip his shirt off. The rest of their clothes followed quickly, their hands sliding over each other’s skin with the familiarity only longtime friends or lovers could have. Jumin settled onto the bed, his hands on Taehyung’s shoulders as Taehyung pressed soft kisses down his ribs. He licked a stripe over the underside of Jumin’s hard cock, their eyes meeting.

“Suck it,” Jumin commanded.

Taehyung obeyed, wrapping his fingers around the shaft and lifting it before letting it slide past his wet lips. Jumin gasped when Taehyung’s teeth playfully grazed the smooth skin, his fingers tightening warningly. Taehyung huffed a soft laugh, bobbing his head. He took Jumin’s cock with relative ease, letting the wet, slick sounds of the tip bumping into the back of his throat fill the room. Jumin’s head fell back onto the pillow. His thighs tensed and twitched along with his hips. He tangled the fingers of one hand in Taehyung’s hair, careful to let the camera get a good shot of the action happening. He moaned dramatically.

Off to the side of the camera, Yoongi shifted again, palming himself through his jeans. Jin glanced at him, offering a tentative smile when their gazes met. Yoongi shrugged.

Jin reached over, sliding his fingers lightly over the bulge at Yoongi’s crotch. He raised his eyebrows, asking permission.

Yoongi nodded, letting his hands fall to the sides of the chair. Jin carefully unzipped Yoongi’s jeans, cautious to make too much noise only when Jumin was moaning. Yoongi rose, pushing his jeans down around his calves before sitting back down. Jin began to stroke him gently, watching the two
on the bed once more.

Yoongi nudged his arm, pointing to Jin’s cock. Jin shrugged, his cheeks pinking up. Yoongi pushed his hand off his cock and tugged at the fly of Jin’s jeans, urging him to push them down. Jin obeyed, sitting once more. He gasped softly when Yoongi’s hand wrapped around his cock. They moved together, stroking one another as they watched their boyfriends on the bed.

Taehyung moved up, his cock bumping against Jimin’s as they kissed messily.

“Gonna fuck you good, Tae,” Jimin promised in a breathy voice.

“You’d have about a thousand disappointed viewers if you didn’t,” Taehyung teased, winking at the camera.

Jimin pushed him back and scrambled up. The two wrestled playfully for a moment, the sounds of their hands connecting with their skin adding to the creak of the worn bed. Taehyung allowed Jimin to get the upper hand by shoving him face down onto the mattress. He pushed his ass up, shaking it.

Jimin slapped it hard, earning a shout from Taehyung. He spread him open, laughing a little. “You dirty slut. You’re already lubed up, aren’t you?”

“Course I am. I know how fast you like it,” Taehyung panted. Jimin ran his thumb over Taehyung’s hole, moaning softly.

He leaned back, fishing a bottle of lube off the bedside stand. He took a moment to finger and tease Taehyung and Taehyung, ever the good performer, moaned and whimpered happily, begging for more.

Jimin slicked his cock and began to push into Taehyung. Taehyung gasped, whining softly. He went forward, glancing over to Jin. He kept his eyes locked with Jin’s even as he moaned for Jimin, fistig the sheet near his head.

Jin bit his lip hard enough to hurt as he struggled to keep quiet, his hips twitching up against Yoongi’s strokes. Next to him, Yoongi was panting softly, his own cock dribbling precome.

Jimin began to thrust eagerly, twisting his body so the camera could catch his cock sliding into Taehyung. He groaned softly, praising Taehyung for being so tight and warm.

Taehyung moaned on each deep thrust, fucking himself back against Jimin. Jimin swatted his ass and pulled out, sitting on the bed so his legs hung over the side, facing the camera.

“Ride me.”

Taehyung straddled his lap, curving his back as he settled into Jimin’s cock. Their lips met in a messy kiss as he began to ride him, pulling almost all the way off before dropping back onto his lap.

Jimin twined his fingers in Taehyung’s messy brown hair, yanking back until Taehyung cried out.

“That’s it, Tae. Gonna come on my cock?” Jimin growled. Taehyung nodded, biting his bottom lip.

“Then turn around. Show everyone how nice you look.”

Taehyung lifted himself off Jimin quickly, letting Jimin scoot back a little before turning himself around to face the camera. He slid back onto Jimin’s cock, moaning low and drawn out. He began to ride him hard and fast, his own cock bouncing with each thrust.
Taehyung came with a cry, his eyes darting over to meet Jin’s gaze as his cock throbbed, dribbling down his shaft and onto Jimin’s thighs.

Jimin hissed, squeezing Taehyung’s hips. He drove up twice before stilling, his balls twitching as he filled Taehyung.

When his hands loosened, Taehyung turned around, spreading his ass to show the viewers the thick dribble of come running out of him. Jimin sat up, pushing his finger into Taehyung.

“Hope you guys liked that,” he panted, shaking his sweat soaked hair from his eyes. “See you next weekend.”

Taehyung turned around and waved as Jimin leaned forward and shut the camera off.

As soon as the site was closed, Yoongi and Jin rose, nearly tackling their significant others onto the bed. Their lips met roughly, Jimin and Taehyung gasping as they were pushed around until they were side by side on the bed.

Jin settled between Taehyung’s legs. Taehyung made a soft noise of surprise when Jin’s cock bumped his used hole, his cheeks pinking up. “I take it you liked the show.”

Jin nodded. He reached down, sliding his cock gently over Taehyung. “Can I—“

“Put it in,” Taehyung whispered.

Jimin held out the lube with a shaking hand, the fingers of his other hand buried in Yoongi’s hair as Yoongi rimmed his ass.

Jin took it gratefully, slicking himself up. He slid in, gasping softly.

“Like feeling the mess I left in your boyfriend?” Jimin taunted. “Fucked him good, didn’t I?”

“Not as good as I’m about to fuck you,” Yoongi growled, placing a bite on Jimin’s thigh. He moved up, taking the lube from Jin and slicking his own cock. “Think I can get him to scream as loud as he made Taehyung?”

Jin smirked. “Oh that was nothing. I know Tae can get louder.”

Taehyung laughed a little, gasping when Jin’s hips slammed against his. “Why don’t we show them just what you can do for me?”

“Hyung—” Taehyung panted.

Jin slammed in again, forcing a surprised squeal out of Taehyung. He reached around, grabbing Jin’s ass as he drove into him. “Please—“

“That’s it, take it, Taehyung,” Jin murmured, twisting his hips teasingly.

Jimin moaned softly when Yoongi slid home, grabbing the bedsheets.

“Take him,” Taehyung panted, nuzzling Jimin’s neck. “Does it feel good?”

Jimin whined again, nodding quickly. He turned his head, meeting Taehyung’s mouth in a messy kiss as their boyfriends fucked into them.

Yoongi and Jin exchanged glances, their cheeks mottled red.
“Kiss him,” Jimin whispered.

Jin looked down at him, his eyebrows shooting up. Taehyung nodded, wetting his own lips.

“Please?”

Jin looked back at Yoongi, who shrugged. They shifted closer together, still thrusting erratically. Their mouths met timidly at first, but the eroticism of it, and the combined moans of both of their boyfriends, had them deepening the kiss quickly, their tongues sliding together, their moans swallowed by one another.

They parted reluctantly, a shy smirk gracing Yoongi’s face before he leaned down and kissed Jimin hard. Jin nibbled over Taehyung’s shoulder, groaning softly when Taehyung’s short nails dug into his back.

“Harder— Please, Jin-hyung,” Taehyung panted, his now hard cock twitching between their bellies.

Jin obeyed, the bed groaning dangerously under the combined weight of all four.

Jimin shouted in surprise when Yoongi followed suit, keeping up to speed with Jin’s thrusts. The elder two smirked at one another, now each trying to make their boyfriend come first.

Taehyung and Jimin shouted in chorus, writhing and arching against the mattress.

Yoongi won the battle when Jimin’s body arched, going stiff under him. He squeezed his thighs around Yoongi’s hips almost painfully as his cock throbbed, ropes of come streaking his stomach.

Taehyung came on the tail of Jimin’s orgasm, his head thrown back as he shouted Jin’s name.

Jin and Yoongi came nearly in unison, their bodies shuddering as they came deep inside.

The four collapsed together, panting and laughing tiredly. The room reeked of sex and sweat, and the bed was beyond messy. Still they cuddled, sharing kisses and tender touches, embracing the quiet afterglow.

The four fell asleep before they meant to, a tangle of arms and legs, and a feeling of peace.

***

Jin padded sleepily out of Jimin’s bedroom the next morning, scratching at his bare stomach. He’d thought to put boxers on but little else until a startled cry from the couch shocked him away.

“Oh! Jungkookie!” Jin cried, his cheeks pinking up at the awkwardness of the situation. Jungkook was sitting on the couch, a pile of school books spread out in front of him on the coffee table.

“Wh—Jin-hyung. Aren’t you dating… Isn’t…” Jungkook glanced at his brother’s half closed door. “Did Jimin-hyung break up with Yoongi-hyung?”

“No, god, no, they’re still going strong.”

“So why are you…” Jungkook stopped speaking when the bedroom door creaked open again. Jimin padded out, brushing his fingers through his hair.

“Morning, Jungkookie. Did you get in late?”

“No too late. Why…” He looked over at Jin, who was still too embarrassed to move.
“I was wondering why the bed seemed less cramped,” Jimin teased. He elbowed Jin playfully. “I’m gonna take a shower, do you want to join me?”

“I—Where’s…”

“Still sleeping. No funny business, I’m sore.”

Jin chuckled despite himself. “Yoongi tends to do that when he gets a mind to.”

“Did you guys have a fucking orgy?” Jungkook asked, his nose wrinkling.


“Nope, pretending I never heard that. My brother is a freak.” Jimin laughed as Jungkook turned his music on loud enough to be heard outside of the device. He looked up at Jin and shook his head, smiling a little. Jin shrugged sheepishly and tousled Jungkook’s hair as he walked past, following Jimin to the bathroom.
“Hey, Yoongi, what’s up?”

“Not much. I know you’re working, but I’ve got Jimin over tonight... Can you go to Taehyung’s?”

“He’s working the late shift at the mart. But I’ve been meaning to drop by Namjoon’s and Hoseok’s place lately. I’ll see if I can crash with them.”

“You sure?”

“Course. You’ve put up with me living with you for two months now. It’s about time you get a little you time. Have fun.”

“Thanks. See you tomorrow.”

Yoongi hung up the phone and turned around. He jumped a little when he realized Jimin was standing in the bedroom doorway. “I didn’t hear you come out of the bathroom, babe.”

“No worries. You didn’t tell me Jin-hyung was supposed to spend the night. We could’ve done this a different night.” Jimin came into the bedroom, stretching out on the bed.

“Oh... Ah...” Yoongi rubbed the back of his neck. “Jin-hyung is actually living with me now.”

Jimin furrowed his brows. “Taehyung never told me that. Is this new?”

Yoongi bit his lip. “Not... Ah... Really. He’s been living here for a couple of months. He asked me not to say anything to you two.”

“Why not?”

“It’s... I don’t wanna lie to you. I hate not telling you two, honestly, but Jin-hyung would be furious if I told. It’s for some personal reasons that involve Taehyung. I’m sure he’ll come clean when he’s ready.”

Jimin scowled. “He hasn’t told Taehyung either?”

“No. And I’m not happy about it,” Yoongi said with a sigh. He sat on the bed, putting his head in his hands. “I want him to be honest. I know Taehyung loves Jin-hyung and he’d be okay with it. I hate lying but Jin-hyung is my closest friend. I can’t betray him. I don’t know what to do.”

Jimin sat up, running his hand soothingly over Yoongi’s back. “Why would Taehyung be mad? I know you don’t want to give details and I respect that, but... Was there something bad? Did Jin-hyung cheat or something?”

“No, no. Not anything like that. There was just some personal stuff that got him in deep water and he had nowhere to go. I want him to tell Taehyung, I just... I don’t know how to push the matter.”

Jimin pressed a kiss to Yoongi’s neck. “I’m glad you told me now but... You know I can’t keep this from Taehyung. For the same reasons you kept the secret for Jin-hyung... Tae is my best friend.”

“Jimin--“

“Give Jin-hyung a chance. Tomorrow when he comes -- Home, I guess. When he gets back here.
Tell him to tell Taehyung or I will. He deserves to know, Yoongi-hyung. And I think you know that.”

Yoongi nodded, running his fingers through his hair. “I’ll talk to him tomorrow. I... I don’t want to see things get ruined between those two.”

“Is it bad? What’s going on that made him live here?”

Yoongi shrugged. “It’s.. His dad flipped out. That’s all I want to say, it’s... I mean it’s Jin-hyung’s business.”

“Let’s stop talking about it then. I don’t want tonight to be spoiled... Come to bed with me.” Jimin tugged Yoongi back, stretching out on the bed. Yoongi looked back, smiling softly.

“How’d I get so lucky?” He asked softly. He stretched out next to Jimin, cupping his jaw and pulling him into a gentle kiss.

“I don’t know. Fate’s on your side, I guess,” Jimin joked. Yoongi snorted.

“You’re so arrogant.”

“You love it.”

“You know I do.” Yoongi kissed him again, brushing his hair back from his eyes. “Take your clothes off for me.”

***

Jin smiled broadly at Yoongi the next morning when he came in. “Have a good night?”

“Yeah, it was great. Thanks for giving me some time. Where’d you end up staying?” Yoongi asked. He was finishing up washing a few bowls in the sink.

“Namjoonie’s. We all stayed up talking way too late, but it was fun. He’s working on some new music, I think you’d like the sound of it.”

“I’ll have to give him a call,” Yoongi said. He sighed, drying his hands. “Jimin?”

Jin turned, spotting Jimin coming out from the bedroom. “I didn’t know you were still here, I can go-“

“No, we need to talk to you,” Yoongi said softly.

“About what?”

Jimin circled around him, going to Yoongi’s side. “I accidentally overheard that you were living here last night. Yoongi-hyung tried to keep me from finding out but I heard and I pushed for more information. He didn’t tell me everything, but I do know you’re keeping it from Taehyung.”

“Jimin, please--“

“Tae is my best friend. He’s a brother to me. I can’t keep this from him, Jin-hyung.”

“He’d--“

“He deserves to know,” Jimin continued. “Yoongi-hyung kept your secret, but I can’t. You don’t get
to decide. Taehyung is going to be heartbroken if he hears it from me. Hearing it from you, at least there’s a chance to fix it, but not hearing it at all is rotten and dirty. You tell him or I will, Jin-hyung. You’re being selfish.”

Jin hung his head, his shoulders sagging as his entire body seemed to deflate. “He’ll--“ He began, then shook his head.

“What?” Jimin prodded.

“Nevermind. You said your piece.”

“Jin-hyung--“

“No, you’re right. I made this bed, now it’s time to lie in it. I’ll tell him today.” Jin grabbed his coat where he’d thrown it onto the couch.

“You don’t have to leave. I’m not kicking you out,” Yoongi said softly.

“I know. I just need some time to think. Thanks.” Jin shrugged his jacket on and fiddled with his car keys for a moment. He sighed softly and walked out without another word, leaving Yoongi and Jimin looking worriedly after him.

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“Hey, glad you came.” Taehyung wrapped his arms around Jin’s middle and pressed a kiss to his mouth. “Is everything okay? You sounded kinda tense on the phone.”

Jin nodded, stuffing his hands in his coat pockets. “Yeah, we just need to talk.”

“Talk to me.”

“About what?”

When Jin said nothing, Taehyung looked around nervously. “Wanna sit?”

“No yet. I just... Have to be honest first,” Jin said, his voice halting.

“Told to me.”

“I’ve been lying to you.”

“About what?”

Jin kept his head down, staring at his sneakers. “My... About two months ago... My dad kicked me out of the house. I’ve been homeless... I’ve been staying with Yoongi.”

“Why didn’t you tell me? I could have put you up here. Are you okay?”

“Yeah. I’m fine. He-- I knew you’d leave me if I told you.”

“Why would you think that?”

Jin shrugged, holding his arms tighter to his sides. “He kicked me out because of us. He-- He found the photos that we did and it made him lose it. He told me to choose you or family.”

“Jin-hyung--“

“I chose you and he cut me off. I’ve been working at the diner so I can help Yoongi with bills and
still make you happy. Jimin found out and told me to tell you.”

“Why would you need prompting to tell me? It’s not like you cheated.”

“I knew you’d leave me,” Jin whispered. “I was... I don’t have money anymore. The past few dates I’ve managed to pay for because I skipped buying food. I-- I’m poor and I’m homeless and nobody wants that. And I left everything because I fell for you so hard and I-- I knew you weren’t as serious about me and I was scared you’d leave when you found how head over heels I am for you.”

When Taehyung remained silent, Jin cautiously looked up at him. His eyes were wet with unshed tears, his hands in tight fists at his sides. “Taehyung--“

“You think that little of me?” He whispered, his voice strained.

“What?”

“You seriously think I was dating you for the money? For your fancy car and your credit accounts? You thought I’d leave you for-- for that?”

“I didn’t know. I--“

“No!” Taehyung shook his head, a stray tear streaking down his cheek. “How can you say you’re so head over heels for me when you don’t know me at all? When you think I’m that shallow that I’d leave you! That I wouldn’t be proud of you for standing up to that asshole?”

“I didn’t know how you’d react, Taehyung. I was scared you’d dump me, I couldn’t lose you too, not when I’d already lost everything.”

“What did I do that made you think I would do that?”

Jin shrugged. “Nothing, I—“ He shook his head. “I wasn’t thinking, I just knew I needed you and I was happy... And you were happy when I bought you things and when we went out. I needed to see your smile.”

“You fucking asshole,” Taehyung growled.

“Hey!”

“No, fuck you. You’re so fucking selfish, all you thought about was how your fucking money would please me. You say you lost everything, I’ve never had anything! You think I’d leave you for being in the same place as me? If you think that you must fucking hate how dirty and poor I am!”

“You know that’s not true,” Jin whispered, shame coloring his cheeks a fiery red.

“Isn’t it? If you think all that matters is using your precious fucking money, you don’t understand anything! If you cared you’d see how important you are! Haven’t I proven how much I love you again and again, for months, Kim Seokjin?”

Jin’s eyes widened a little, his heart pumping faster. “You love me?” He whispered.

“Clearly my affection was misplaced if you think so low of me.”

“Taehyung--“

“Get out, Seokjin.”
Jin reeled back as if he’d been slapped. “Tae, please—“

“Get out!” Taehyung snarled, tears falling freely now. “I don’t even want to look at you! Go back to your asshole father and your precious fucking money. Maybe you can buy yourself a boyfriend that won’t care that you’re a selfish asshole!”

Jin stepped back hard enough that the doorknob bit painfully into his side. He grabbed it and jerked the door open, his own vision blurring with tears as he rushed out and down to his car.
“You sure, buddy?”

Jin nodded, sliding the empty glass back over to the bartender. He pushed over a handful of money.
“Let me know when this runs out.”

“Deal... You look like you went through hell.”

“Got dumped,” Jin admitted, rubbing the back of his neck.

“Handsome guy like you? Girl musta been an idiot.”

“Guy. I’m queer. Not interested - I know you’re just doing your job, but it’s a waste of flirting,” Jin mumbled, not caring at this moment. The bartender smiled patiently.

“Good to know. Well, then the guy must be an idiot. Gay or not, you’re handsome.” She passed the glass back to Jin, filled with a deep amber liquid. “Shout if you need anything.” The money he placed on the bar disappeared into her apron as she made her way down to deal with other customers.

Jin stared into the glass, replaying the last conversation he’d had with Taehyung over and over in his mind. He’d said he loved him. They’d never used those words. For months they’d danced around it. Jin had been too afraid to say it, scared Taehyung wouldn’t be so devoted. And now that he finally got to hear it... It was in a break up.

His vision blurred again and he swallowed half of the glass. He’d been at the bar for two hours, chugging and then nursing, and now chugging again. He wanted to forget. But his brain just wouldn’t let him.

After leaving Taehyung’s, he’d driven around, feeling almost like his body and mind were two separate things. He’d really done it. He’d lost the one man he could see himself with forever. He found himself driving through his neighborhood and stopping in front of his old home. It was dark, his father’s car gone, as usual. It wasn’t home now. Even though he could go back; he’d lost Taehyung so his father would probably take him back, he didn’t want to.

His continued driving had found him at a bar in a ratty part of Seoul, and that was where he’d set up camp, determined not to leave until he was happy again.

He emptied the glass and put his head in his arms, breathing the lemony scent of wood polish and the bitter undertones of stale liquor. The music was some poppy stuff, pounding against his temples. The bartender touched his arm, signaling that she’d refilled his glass.

Jin took a smaller sip, looking around the bar. It was beginning to fill up, and for good reason, a quick glance at his watch told him it was nearing seven in the evening. His phone buzzed with a text.

‘Where are you?’ It was Yoongi. Jin tucked his phone away without answering, taking another swallow of his drink.

As the night wore on the bar filled more, Jin found it harder to focus as the drinks flowed into his stomach, and his phone began to buzz consistently. Yoongi, Jimin, Namjoon, Hoseok, even Jungkook were texting and calling frantically. A small part of Jin knew he should answer at least one of them, let them know he was alive. But he just wanted to mope. He’d lost the one good thing in his
life and he wanted to let that feeling wash over him, let the depression set it and be flooded with the alcohol in his system.

When it hit eleven, Jin finished his last drink and swayed to his feet. The bartender grabbed his wrist. “You have a ride home?”

“Myself,” Jin admitted sheepishly.

“Nuh-uh. I’m not gonna have your death on my head. Gimme your keys.”

“I’m not calling anyone.”

“Don’t have to. I’m getting off in half an hour. We’ll pull your car around to the back so it’ll be safe and I’ll call you a taxi home.”

“I don’t want to go home,” Jin admitted. “I was gonna just sleep in my car.”

“What about a cheap hotel?”

Jin nodded. “I could do that. My name’s Kim Seokjin.”


Jin handed her his keys and sat back down slowly. “I’ll just walk though, I know there’s one down the street. The cold air will sober me up a little bit.”

“Deal. We open up at ten, you can come get your car then, okay? I’ll put your name on the keys so the guy here will know. Just show your ID.”

“Sure. Thanks.” He headed out, trying to stop his world from spinning. His phone buzzed with another call. Jin knew he’d have to face his friends at some point, but not tonight. He ignored it, sure it was Jimin or Yoongi.

Instead of heading to a hotel, Jin wandered down some of the side streets, his hands stuffed in his pockets. He knew, subconsciously, that this was a bad idea. It wasn’t a good part of the city and he wasn’t in any state to be doing anything but sleeping off his drunken state. He bumped into a group of guys in the alley, grunting an apology before continuing on his way.

“Hey faggot!” One of the men snarled. Jin hesitated. He shook his head slightly, continuing down the alley. A hand reached from behind him, grabbing his shoulder and yanking him back forcefully.

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“Any luck?” Yoongi asked when Jimin entered the apartment, shrugging out of his jacket. “Nope. Not a clue. Have you gotten ahold of his dad yet?”

Yoongi shook his head. “No, I left a voicemail on his cell but there was no answer and I haven’t gotten a response. I doubt Jin would go back there though, even though he technically could.”

“Would his dad accept him back even, let’s be real,” Jimin said softly.
“Don’t know. Either way - It’s not like Jin-hyung to ignore my calls like this. And Namjoon and Hoseok haven’t seen hide nor hair of him since he left yesterday morning.”

“This is all my fault,” rasped Taehyung from the chair he’d folded himself into.

“Tae-- You were mad. You had a right to be,” Jimin tried to comfort.

“He’s missing now. What if he hurt himself?”

“That’s not like Jin-hyung,” Yoongi said firmly.

“I should’ve talked it through with him. I was just hurt but I-- I didn’t really want him to go.” Taehyung put his face in his hands, his shoulders shaking softly.

“Hey.” Jimin hurried up to him. “Come on now, don’t cry again,” he said, rubbing his back. “You’ve been crying for hours.”

“I’m scared,” Taehyung admitted.

“So am I,” Yoongi admitted. It had been nearly twenty four hours since Jin had left Yoongi’s apartment to talk to Taehyung. It wasn’t until nearly six that night that Yoongi had begun to worry, having already heard the outcome of the conversation. When Jin didn’t answer his texts, he’d decided to call Taehyung.

The three had been up nearly all night trying to find Jin or get him to answer his phone.

“Why don’t you get some sleep, Taehyung?” Jimin suggested.

“I wanna keep helping.”

“You won’t be any help as a zombie. Come on, you’re exhausted. I’ll lay with you until you go to sleep.”

“Where are you looking next?” Taehyung asked Yoongi even as Jimin pulled him up.

“Probably going to call the hospitals, see if he was admitted. There could have been a wreck or something, something completely out of his control, and he just couldn’t call us.”

Taehyung winced at the thought, but allowed Jimin to drag him into the bedroom. Yoongi picked up his phone and sent another text to Jin, spending most of it swearing at him for panicking them so badly. After sending it, he started dialing local hospitals.

He’d gotten through half his list and Jimin had stepped into the kitchen to make them another pot of coffee when a soft knock sounded at the door.

Yoongi scrambled up to get it, gasping audibly when he opened it. Jin was standing in the doorway. His bottom lip was swollen, a cut gracing the center. A dark black circle adorned his right eye and piece of gauze was taped on just below it on his cheekbone. His hair was mussed and his shirt was torn, knuckles of his right hand bandaged, visible as he braced it on the doorframe.

“Hey.”

“You fucker!” Yoongi hissed, shoving Jin hard. He winced visibly, wrapping an arm around his ribcage. “You had us panicked! I called your dad for fuck’s sake! Why can’t you answer your fucking phone!”
Jin coughed weakly. “Well, at first, I was ignoring you. I went drinking -- Taehyung broke up with me, I-- I just needed some time alone. I got pretty drunk and ended up in a fight.” He motioned to his face. “My phone got busted. I was gonna call but I figured I’d just come back here after I picked up my car.”

“We thought you were dead.”

“I’m sorry. I just-- I needed some time to think.”

Yoongi shook his head, trying to look angry, but the wetness in his eyes gave him away. “We were up all night. I was calling hospitals.”

“Yoongi, please.” Jin shook his head. “I feel bad about it, okay? I didn’t mean to worry you... Honestly I thought you were just calling to offer me condolences or something, I-- I didn’t plan to get into a fight or break my phone.”

“Goddamnit.” Yoongi grabbed Jin’s shirt and yanked him forward, ripping it further as he pulled him into a tight hug. Jin hissed, but hugged back, fisting Yoongi’s shirt.

“I thought you were fucking dead or something.”

“Not physically,” Jin mumbled.

“How bad was the fight?”

“Jin-hyung?” Jimin’s shocked voice sounded from the kitchen. He rushed up, lightly touching Jin’s bruised cheek. “What the hell?”

“I got into a fight.”

“His phone was broken, that was why he didn’t answer us,” Yoongi explained.

“It wasn’t too bad. Three guys in an alley, it could’ve been a lot worse. I wouldn’t have even needed a hospital but one of them bounced my face off one of the dumpsters and gashed it pretty good, it needed stitches.”

“Jesus, you’re lucky they didn’t kill you,” Yoongi said, still holding Jin’s shirt. “Come on, come lay down or something.”

“No. No, I-- I’m not staying,” Jin said softly.

Yoongi’s hands slid off his shirt. “What? Jin-hyung, I told you I wasn’t gonna kick you out. Please.”

“No, I know you aren’t. But I’ve taken up your space for two months. And I know you’re cool with it, but you’ve got a boyfriend. You deserve that space. I’m gonna look for a cheap place of my own now.”

“Is this because of the breakup?” Jimin asked softly.

“Partly.”

“Then you should be with friends. Let us help you get through it,” Yoongi argued. Jin smiled weakly.

“You’re dating his best friend.” He looked over at Jimin. “I’m sorry, but I just... I can’t.”
“I get it,” Jimin said softly.

“I’ll just get my stuff packed and head out.” Jin headed toward the bedroom. Jimin grabbed his wrist.

“Wait!” He cried.

“How?”

Jimin glanced at Yoongi. “You... You should shower at least. If you’re gonna go looking for places like that, no one is going to let you in. At least if you’re clean you can blame the shiner on walking into a door or something.”

“He’s right,” Yoongi agreed. “At least shower before you go.”

“Alright. You’re right. Lemme grab clean clothes.” He headed toward the bedroom again, but Jimin pushed him back.

“We’ll get them.”

“What is wrong with you?” Jin asked.

“Ah... Taehyung is sleeping here. He’s in there,” Jimin mumbled.

“Oh...” Jin looked at the closed bedroom door, his heart pounding faster at the knowledge. “I should just go then. I don’t want to have him wake up and see me.”

“No, please. The shower is a good idea. He’s been up all night,” Yoongi said. “He won’t wake up. And if he does we’ll just keep him in the bedroom until you go.”

“Are you sure?” Jin asked. Yoongi nodded.

“Go shower. I’ll get your clothes.” He pushed Jin toward the bathroom.

Jin let himself be pushed, closing the door behind him and prepping for a shower. He couldn’t get the thought out of his mind, Taehyung being so close... He knew he’d miss him for a very long time.

Jin stepped into the shower, hoping to hurry through it and leave before any accidents happened.

Yoongi placed his clothes in the bathroom. “Got some coffee for you too,” he said.

“Thanks, Yoongi,” Jin called from the tub, wincing as he washed over his bruised ribs. He heard the door shut and music turn on from the living room, hiding any other sounds.

Jin dressed quickly as he could manage when he’d finished his shower. He ran his comb through his hair, trying to make himself look presentable. He opened the bathroom door slowly, peeking out into the living room. It was entirely empty, despite the music playing. He scowled, but entered fully, searching around for his car keys. He knew he’d dropped them on the coffee table when he’d gone to shower, but they were nowhere to be found.

“Jin-hyung.”

Jin whipped around, his heart leaping into his throat. Taehyung was standing in the entry way of the kitchen. His hair was mussed from sleep, his eyes bloodshot and swollen from crying. He was wearing one of Jin’s button up shirts and a pair of his own boxers, his feet bare. He had a cup of coffee steaming in his hands.

“Taehyung...” Jin whispered, a rush of emotions rushing over him like a tidal wave.
“I— I’m sorry,” Jin continued, his tongue feeling heavy and mouth dry. “They said you’d be sleeping still, I tried to hurry, I—”

“Jimin woke me. They’ve left.”

“Why?”

Taehyung looked down at the coffee in his hands. “I made it how you like.” He held it out. Jin stepped up, taking the mug and sipping it. He tried to pretend not to notice the shaking in Taehyung’s grip as he did.

“You really hurt me by lying.”

“I know,” Jin whispered, diverting his gaze.

“But I was wrong to tell you to leave.”

“No, you weren’t.”

“Shut up, Seokjin.”

Jin’s eyebrows shot up in mild surprise. Taehyung wrapped his arms around himself. “Please. Just let me say my part.”

Jin nodded.

“When you left, I was so mad. But I also felt really... Cold, and alone. I wanted to hate you for lying to me. But I realize that I gave you no real indication that you were safe telling me. For as much as I care about you, I never really... Showed it. Not as much as I should have. You didn’t either, which was my excuse for hiding it, but I think that my lack of showing was your excuse too. It was like this big dumb circle of hiding emotions. I wanted to hate you when you told me you were lying but I— I knew that it was small. So what if you’ve been living with Yoongi-hyung? He’s your best friend. I wished I had been your confidant, but I should’ve just cooled off and then let us talk about it... When Yoongi-hyung called and said you were missing, I—“ Taehyung stopped for a moment. He sniffled. “I got so scared that I’d never feel your hug again. That you were hurt or worse and I— I freaked out. Jimin said your phone is broken. You probably didn’t get my message.”

Jin shook his head. Taehyung laughed sadly.

“It’s for the best. I was a sobbing mess... I’m sorry, Jin-hyung. Please... Please take me back?”

Jin set his coffee down on the nearby table. “Can I talk now?”

Taehyung laughed again, wiping his tears. He nodded.

“You don’t need to apologize. You were right to be mad and right to tell me to go. I didn’t give you the benefit and I should have. When you said you loved me, even in anger, it was the best thing I’d heard. That’s why I went drinking. I hated myself for not being there for you so you could say it in happiness. I’d do anything for you, Taehyung. I did. I’ve been working so hard to keep you happy and I want to see you smile and not cry. It’s me that should be asking for your forgiveness, not the
other way around. I was so fucking selfish. I can’t see how someone could ever love me. I’m trash in a fancy can, and when my dad kicked me out I... I lost the only appealing thing about myself. I was scared if... If you saw that... If I didn’t give you incentive to stay... That you’d see how worthless I am. I don’t deserve you, Taehyung. I never will.”

Taehyung looked at Jin for a long moment. “I never needed your money, you fucking idiot. I literally didn’t give a shit if we spent the night in a fancy restaurant or at home on my couch eating stale chocopies. I’ve never seen the shiny can you talk about. You’ve always just been Jin-hyung. You’re not trash, dummy. Your mirror is just dirty. I’ve always loved you for you. You’re perfect for me.”

Jin swallowed hard, staring at the floor. “I’m sorry,” he whispered.

“I forgive you.”

“I don’t want to let go of you,” Jin admitted.

“Hyung—“ Taehyung’s voice cracked. He rushed forward, pulling Jin into a tight hug. It only took Jin a second to begin hugging back, the pain in his ribs an afterthought as he held Taehyung.

“You don’t have to let me go. Please...”

“I won’t,” Jin whispered, his eyes blurry and wet.

“Take me to bed?” Taehyung whispered against his neck. “I’m tired and I want you to hold me... Please?”

Jin nodded. He broke the hug and took Taehyung’s hand, leading him into Yoongi’s bedroom. They stretched out on the bed together, the room silent and tense.

Taehyung wet his lips. “Will it hurt to kiss?” He worried, brushing his thumb over Jin’s cut lip.

“Nothing can hurt with you.” Jin leaned forward, letting their mouths meet gently at first, though the need and desperation grew as the seconds passed.

Taehyung slid his hand down, cupping Jin’s crotch through his jeans. Jin groaned, breaking the kiss and grabbing his wrist lightly. “I thought you were tired?”

“Not too tired for this,” Taehyung whispered. He kissed him again, stroking him gently through the denim. Jin gave in without much convincing, slipping one hand under Taehyung’s boxers to squeeze his ass. Taehyung giggled softly. He broke the kiss to sit up before undoing Jin’s jeans and wiggling them down over his hips. He tugged Jin’s shirt, urging him to sit up a bit so he could pull it off. He gasped softly at the smattering of bruises across Jin’s ribs.

“I can keep the shirt on,” Jin worried, placing his hand over the largest. “I know it’s ugly.”

“You’re beautiful,” Taehyung assured him. “I saw the black eye, of course. I just didn’t expect... You must be in so much pain.”

“It’s not too bad. I just don’t want to make you uncomfortable.”

Taehyung leaned down, pressing a kiss to one of the bruises. He pushed Jin’s hand off, kissing the largest, and then a smaller one a few inches lower. “I’m gonna ride you. So you don’t hurt. I’ll be gentle.”

Jin shut his eyes at Taehyung’s words, nodding.
Taehyung moved off him, stripping out of his boxers and Jin’s shirt, letting it fall from his arms teasingly. Jin smiled softly, sitting up a little on the bed. “Come back here, beautiful.”

Taehyung fished around in the top drawer of the nightstand, pulling out a bottle of lube. He set it on the bed before crawling onto Jin’s lap, grinding their crotches together as he leaned forward to kiss him once more.

Jin whined softly. He reached over, grabbing the lube and pouring some onto his fingers before spreading Taehyung open, teasing his hole.

“Please—“ Taehyung gasped against his mouth.

Jin gave him what he wanted, pressing a finger into him. They continued to kiss and grind as Jin opened him up, their soft moans and whines about filling the air.

Taehyung tugged Jin’s hair. “Please, I’m loose enough.”

Jin kissed over his chin and neck. He worked his own boxers off and kicked them onto the floor. He slicked himself up and lined up.

“I got it,” Taehyung said. He wrapped his arms around Jin’s shoulders, settling slowly onto his cock. They both gasped, their mouths meeting desperately.

Their tongues slid together, familiar and comforting as they kissed. Taehyung rose and settled back onto Jin, easing him deeper with each motion. Jin’s hands rested easily on the divots of Taehyung’s hips, squeezing gently when Taehyung clenched around him or moved just right. Taehyung pulled back, gazing into Jin’s eyes as he rode him. He played with his damp hair, running his fingers through it and tugging gently.

“Taehyung--“ Jin whispered.

“Close already?”

“No... I--“ Jin swallowed hard, his Adam’s apple bobbling. “I love you, Kim Taehyung. I love you so much.”

Taehyung’s eyes widened. “Jin-hyung--“

“You don’t have to say it. You never have to say it,” Jin whispered. “But you deserve the truth.”

“Hyung...” Taehyung’s mouth crashed against Jin’s hard enough to split his lip once more. The kiss was desperate and needy, his thrusts picking up speed. Jin wrapped his arms around Taehyung’s middle, his short nails digging into his soft skin.

“I love you, Jin-hyung,” Taehyung whispered against Jin’s mouth finally. Jin felt a wetness between their cheeks. He pulled back, his heart picking up speed when he saw Taehyung crying. He kissed him again, freeing one hand to wipe his tears.

“Say it again?” Jin whispered.

“I love you,” Taehyung repeated. Jin’s vision began to blur, a soft smile crossing his face.

“Don’t stop. Please never stop saying it.”

“Only if you don’t either.”
“Never. I love you.”

Their mouths met again, more just to touch than to kiss. Jin grabbed Taehyung’s hips once more, squeezing and guiding him down.

The two came together, moaning into each other’s mouths as Taehyung spilled on their stomachs and Jin spilled deep inside him.

Taehyung shivered in Jin’s grip, breaking the kiss to rest his head lightly on Jin’s shoulder.

Jin pressed kissed to his other shoulder, lightly stroking his sweat dampened back.

“You should rest,” Jin worried.

“Don’t leave,” Taehyung whispered.

“I won’t.” Taehyung moved off his lap gently, smiling when Jin helped pull his boxers on. They laid together, their fingers twined on Taehyung’s stomach.

“How bad is it?” Taehyung asked, touching the bandage on Jin’s cheek lightly.

“Eleven stitches. They said it should be almost no scar though, the cut closed really nicely.”

“Good, good. Do you hurt a lot?”

“A little. Aches mostly. Taehyung, I don’t hate that you’re poor... I love you, no matter what money you have or don’t have.”

“I was mean to accuse you of that.”

“You weren’t. I wasn’t acting like a good boyfriend. I should have told you right away. I love the dates where we cuddle under your blanket and watch bad television with chocopies and cheap ramen. I love sitting in parks with you watching kids play and talking about your day. I love nights where you’d dance and sing, nights we spent just cuddling and making out on the couch. I don’t need money. I don’t need a nice car or a fancy house, I need you, Taehyung. And it was wrong of me to not make sure you knew that every single day.”

“I’ll let you make it up to me.”

Jin smiled softly. “Good.”

“So you’ve been working at the diner?”

“Mm.”

“And has grandma taught you her special meal yet?”

“She has.”

“Will you make it for me?”

Jin chuckled. “Of course I will.”

Taehyung stifled a yawn and Jin kissed his forehead. “You should sleep more.”

“I’m scared,” Taehyung said.
“Why?”

“I’m scared you’ll leave while I’m asleep,” he admitted.

“I won’t go, Taehyung. I promise, I won’t leave again.”

Taehyung looked up at him, his eyes tired but determined. Jin shook his head. “I’m not going anywhere. I need you to rest for me. Please? We both need rest... This has been horrible.”

Taehyung nodded, squeezing Jin’s hand. “Do you need a painkiller or anything?”

“No, I’m okay. Kinda feel loose and relaxed from the sex still, it’s probably the best time for me to get some rest before the pain comes back.”

Taehyung said nothing. He sighed a little, pressing himself closer to Jin and shutting his eyes. Jin let his own slip shut, keeping his hand twined with Taehyung’s.
Changes

When Jin woke, Taehyung was sitting up in the bed, his fingers moving quickly over his phone.

“Texting your boyfriend?” Jin teased, his voice thick with sleep. Taehyung looked back at him, offering a broad smile that still made Jin’s heart skip a beat.

“Yoongi-hyung.”

“Ah, we should give him his bed back.”

“He’s with Jimin right now. They came back while we were making love and decided to give us some more privacy.”

Jin chuckled, sitting up. He winced visibly, holding his sore ribs.

“Does it hurt a lot?”

“Mm, it doesn’t feel good,” Jin admitted. He rose and pulled his clothes on, heading to the closet and dragging out his duffel bag.

“What are you doing?” Taehyung asked, still in his spot on the bed.

“Packing.”

“Why? Yoongi-hyung isn’t making you move out, is he?”

“No. I’m doing it voluntarily. I’ve been mooching off him for two months now. He’s got Jimin and they’re getting pretty serious... It’s time. Namjoon will let me crash with them for a few weeks until I find a place, and I’m sure Yoongi would be willing to let me stay on and off. I just don’t want to be too comfortable staying here, you know?”

Taehyung didn’t answer right away, staring at his lap instead of looking at Jin. Jin’s shoulders sagged a little.

“Did I say something wrong?”

“No. I mean, I get what you’re saying but... You mention staying with your friends but... What about me?”

“Of course, I mean I’d love to stay with you some nights,” Jin assured him.

“Why just some nights?”

“What are you implying, Taehyung?”

Taehyung shrugged, running his fingers through his shaggy hair. “I mean... You’re... My boyfriend. We made up and...” He shrugged a second time. “Your dad kicked you out because of me and you made the sacrifice to stay with me. So why not stay with me? It’s not like we need a separate room.”

“Tae-- Thank you, but I couldn’t.”

“Why not?”
“I know money is tight. I couldn’t put you out like that.”

“You have a job. And I do too. Plus I’ve been hearing some good news from the places I sent my photography too, so that could bring in some money soon too. But until then, I could start camming again if we need the extra money.

“No. I don’t want you to start camming again because of me. You know I have nothing against it, it’s just... You mostly got out of it.”

Taehyung sighed softly. “Well, how about this. We try it for a month. You come live with me, we’ll see how well we manage bills and stuff on our incomes. And if we need more money, we’ll figure out what to do then.”

“Are you sure? I mean... We just broke up.”

“And we made up. I’m sure if you want to. I won’t be offended if you say no.”

Jin chuckled, rubbing the back of his neck. “Yes, you would.”

“Okay, I would. But I’d also get it.”

Jin looked down at his duffel bag, then back at Taehyung. He nodded. “Okay. We’ll try it for a month or so.”

“Really?” Taehyung asked, looking up quickly. Jin nodded. Taehyung rose and wrapped his arms around him in a tight hug, earning a slightly pained cry.

“Oh!” Taehyung backed up. “Sorry.”

“It’s okay. I’m gonna pack up, okay?”

Taehyung took the duffel bag and opened it on the bed. “Let me help. Pass me clothes, I’ll fold them and put them in.”

Jin smiled patiently. “You don’t need to.”

“Shh. I want to.”

Jin sighed softly, knowing he wasn’t going to win this. He tugged a shirt from the hanger and passed it over to Taehyung.

The two worked in a comfortable silence, packing up Jin’s belongings into his duffel bag. When it was finished, he leaned on the bed, letting Taehyung snuggle against his side. “Are you really sure you want me to live with you?”

“Never been more sure. You know if you’d come to me the night your dad kicked you out, you would have been in my house in a heartbeat.”

“I know. I just... You understand why I was scared, right? I mean it wasn’t right but...”

“I get it. It stung - still... Kind of stings, but I get it and we’ll get past it, okay? Together.”

Jin smiled, pressing a kiss to Taehyung’s cheek. “I fucking love you.”

“I know you do. Come on, let’s do a quick check and make sure we’re not forgetting any of your stuff anywhere. Yoongi-hyung said he was coming back shortly.”
“Are you really sure? You don’t have to,” Yoongi asked again.

“I’m sure. Taehyung offered and he’s right - staying there is a good idea for now. We’ll see how it works. If it doesn’t work, we’ll have me move back here.”

“I really don’t mind having you,” Yoongi assured him.

“Dude, you act like I’m moving to Australia or something. It’s just a few miles away.”

Yoongi rubbed the back of his neck. “I got used to having you, okay? I’m gonna miss you.”

Jin grinned and hugged Yoongi lightly. “I’ll still come over a lot.”

“And you visit too, you know where I live,” Taehyung said.

Yoongi nodded. “I’m glad you two worked it out, I really am,” He said.

“So am I,” Taehyung admitted, taking Jin’s hand.

“We’ll have to have dinner once you two are all settled in together,” Yoongi suggested. Jin nodded, pulling his duffel strap over his shoulder.

“I’ll text you. Thanks for everything,” he said before heading out the door with Taehyung. The two sat in silence in the car as they drove to Taehyung’s apartment, the reality of what they were doing finally sinking in.

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The next few weeks were a sharp learning curve for the two. Though they didn’t regret the decision, both Taehyung and Jin learned quickly that things were going to be tough. Rent increased, bills increased and - unfortunately - so did their stress levels. They continued to talk through most of their problems with minimal issues, but things weren’t going to be resolved just with talking.

One evening, a month and a half after Jin moved in with Taehyung, the two were cuddled on the couch.

They were watching some random movie that Taehyung wasn’t really paying attention to. They were sharing a few chocpies that Taehyung had brought home from the convenience store, a dessert after a dinner of cheap ramen and water.

“This isn’t working,” Taehyung whispered.

“What isn’t?”

“Us. I mean we are but... We can’t keep living like this,” Taehyung admitted.

Jin sighed heavily, stopping the movie. “I know. Do you want me to move out? Yoongi and I were managing okay.”

“No. I love having you here.” Taehyung grabbed Jin’s wrist. “I just... We need to figure something
“Do you have any ideas?”

“Camming.”

“Tae--”

“Not just me. You said you wouldn’t be the reason I went back to camming... But what if we did it together?”

“What, a couple’s camshow? Are people really into that?”

Taehyung nodded. “I’ve seen a lot of really popular couples on the site I use. And you’re really handsome. I mean, I could do it with Jimin, but he’s with Yoongi-hyung and even though we all fuck around, it’s--”

“Yeah, it’s different when it’s just two of you. Same reason I don’t screw around with Yoongi when just he and I are hanging out. I mean... I wouldn’t say no,” Jin said.

“I feel like there’s a but.”

“But,” Jin confirmed, “I don’t know how to do what you do.”

“That’s okay. Learning curve. If you want to do this... We can try one show. A special thing. See how people respond to us, and we can go from there. We need the money, and I want to make you a part of this too, if you’re willing.”

Jin nodded. “Okay. I’m willing. Just... Don’t make fun of me if I make a fool of myself.” Taehyung grinned broadly.

“You are a fool and I still love it.” He leaned up and kissed Jin’s jaw. “I’m gonna go make the announcement... We’ll plan for next weekend maybe?”

“Sounds good. Gives me time to run to Jimin for advice.”

Taehyung snorted. “Yeah, sure it does. Come to bed after I post it, okay?”

Jin nodded. He pressed a kiss to Taehyung’s mouth, watching him walk into the bedroom with a nervous smile.
“Are you ready for this, Jin-hyung? Really ready?” Taehyung asked softly as he helped Jin apply a light lip stain.

“Yes. I’m with you. I’m ready.”

Taehyung frowned, running his thumb over Jin’s jaw. “You’re nervous.”

“What if they don’t like me?” Jin whispered.

“They’ll love you. You’re beautiful and charming. Plus, it’s porn.” Taehyung shrugged sheepishly. “You’re great in bed, honestly. That sounds so shallow, but… It’ll help.”

Jin reached up, twining his fingers with Taehyung’s. “What if they get mad though? You’ve been solo for so long…”

“The ones that get mad are idiots. Most like the shows with Jimin too. And they’ll see how deeply I care for you. That’s a big appeal of couple’s camshows. That affection that’s missing out of so much stock pornography. I know you love me and you make that clear when we’re having sex, even if it’s dirty and kinky.”

Jin laughed a little helplessly and nodded. “I do love you.”

“We’ve got this. Just one show, see how it goes. Okay? Just remember the pointers Jimin and I gave you, and you’ll do fine.”

Jin nodded again. Taehyung grabbed his cheeks and kissed him gently. “I’m gonna go start the show. Get them warmed up… Then you’ll come in and steal their hearts before you fuck me into the mattress, right?”

Jin huffed a laugh. “You’re such a romantic, Taehyung.”

“Aren’t I?” He winked and reached down, running his palm teasingly over Jin’s crotch before heading into the bedroom. Jin leaned against the doorframe, just out of sight of the camera as Taehyung started the show.

Taehyung’s grin was brilliant as he spoke to the camera, answering questions and offering flirty winks every few moments. He was wearing one of Jin’s button up shirts, only half done to peek his smooth chest, and a pair of his own boxers. His hair was deliberately mussed, making him look exactly fifty percent adorable and fifty percent fuckable.

“But, I wanted to make sure I gave you guys a little attention before introducing someone very special to my heart, and a big reason why I’ve been so quiet these past few months… My boyfriend, Jin-hyung.”

Jin moved into frame at the introduction, waving shyly at the camera. He sat next to Taehyung, his heart pounding a mile a minute. He swore he could hear the sound of the tip jar drop a few octaves, panic rising in his throat. “Hi, everyone,” he said softly.

“This is his first time,” Taehyung explained smoothly, wrapping an arm around Jin’s shoulders and brushing his mouth over his jaw. “Isn’t he beautiful?”

Debut Performance
Jin could barely keep up with the comments as they scrolled up, but Taehyung caught them easily. “Yes, he knows all about what I do. It’s how we met,” he explained. He slid his hand lazily over Jin’s bare knee. The tips of his fingers grazed the hem of his boxers.

Jin swallowed hard, taking a steadying breath. He leaned forward a little, trying to read a question before it escaped his view.

“Ah, I’m only a few years older than Tae,” he said. He gasped when Taehyung’s hand slid over his crotch, and looked over at him. Taehyung gave a barely visible nod. He leaned forward, his mouth meeting Jin’s gently. The two deepened their kiss, Jin’s shoulders relaxing a little as Taehyung rubbed him through his shorts. He ran his fingers through Taehyung’s hair, pulling him closer. Taehyung broke the kiss first, smirking at the camera.

“I said he had a big cock. You guys wanna see?”

Jin felt his ears redden at the teasing tone in Taehyung’s voice, but he went back on his elbows, letting Taehyung tug his shorts off and toss them aside. His cock twitched in the cool air, not nearly as shy as Jin was feeling. Taehyung leaned down, giving it a firm stroke before pressing a playful kiss to his tip, rolling his eyes up to meet Jin’s.

“Should I suck it?”

The air in the room seemed to thicken at Taehyung’s words. Jin opened his mouth, wetting his lips. He nodded, fearing his voice wouldn’t work if he tried to speak. Taehyung licked his lips. “Yeah?” He began to kiss down the length of Jin, brushing his tongue over his balls lightly. Jin reached down, stroking his fingers through Taehyung’s hair in an effort to guide him where he wanted him. Taehyung ignored the touch, still pressing teasing kisses to Jin’s cock and balls.

Jin’s focus narrowed to Taehyung, the nerves of the camera fading more and more each time Taehyung’s soft mouth touched his sensitive skin. Taehyung was teasing, drawing it out, and it was working. Jin’s heart pounded in his ears, his cock throbbing in Taehyung’s steady grip.

“Please—“

Taehyung looked up, Jin’s cock resting on his bottom lip. His eyes were wide and innocent, bangs falling over his face. “Please?” He repeated, puffing a breath of warm air over Jin’s cock. Jin hissed.

“Suck it,” Jin clarified.

Taehyung smirked. He wrapped his lips just around the head of Jin’s cock, giving a firm suck. His tongue flipped over the silken smooth skin and Jin’s head fell back onto the bed, a desperate groan slipping from his mouth. Taehyung released him.

“Like that?”

“Tae!” Jin cried, a desperate edge to his voice. “Please, baby…”

“I like it when you beg for me.”

“I’m gonna fuck you so hard you can’t sit tomorrow,” Jin threatened.

“Oh? Is that a threat?”

“It’s a promise if you don’t get that mouth back on me.”

“Then I’d better not suck you at all,” Taehyung said simply. He pressed another kiss to Jin’s cock
before standing and beginning to strip slowly.

Jin sat up, fisting Taehyung’s shirt and dragging him back to him. Taehyung gasped when Jin forced him onto the bed, straddling his hips. “You little shit.”

“You gonna punish me?”

Jin fisted Taehyung’s hair, yanking it back and baring his neck. “I’m gonna make you scream.”

“Try it.”

“Suck my cock.”

“No.”

Jin’s heart rate picked up a little at the defiance in Taehyung’s voice. He moved off his hips and up more on the bed, grabbing his own cock. He brushed it against Taehyung’s mouth, his other hand still buried in his hair. “Now.”

“No.” Taehyung snarled through gritted teeth.

“Why?”

“Cause I want you to punish me. I want you to fuck me good and hard in front of all these people watching.” Taehyung snapped his teeth dangerously close to Jin’s cock. “I want you to make it clear who I belong to.”

Jin’s cock throbbed in his grip. He swore softly, a little surprised - but not at all turned off - by Taehyung’s words. They hadn’t discussed exactly what the plan was for this show, deciding they wanted it to be as organic as possible, and Jin couldn’t complain about the route it was taking.

He dragged Taehyung up by his hair and kissed him hard enough to make Taehyung whimper. He flipped him over, yanking his boxers off and slapping his ass. Taehyung cried out, arching his hips up. His cock was hard and twitching already, a bead of precome threatening to drip onto the bed. Jin spanked him again, watching his ass jiggle and pink up. Once more, and Taehyung shivered, moaning into the pillow.

“Please—“

“You wanted me to punish you. So take it,” Jin growled,spanking him again.

Taehyung shouted at each swat, his cock dribbling precome freely. Only when he sobbed Jin’s name did Jin stop, massaging his reddened ass. “Are you sorry?” He cooed.

Taehyung looked back at him, smirking. “Fuck my ass.”

“Hm?”

“Fuck me. Stick it in me and make me scream for real. I know you want to.”

“So fucking bossy, Tae.” Jin swatted him again. Taehyung whimpered, biting his bottom lip.

Jin spread him open, his hole glistening with the lube he’d applied earlier. He drew a mouthful of saliva and spat against his entrance regardless, watching it twitch and flutter. Taehyung whined, pushing his ass out as Jin pressed his thumb against him.
“Stick it in, please,” Taehyung whispered.

“Lube.”

Taehyung reached up, his hand shaking visibly. He snagged the lube from the bedside stand and passed it back, meeting Jin’s gaze. Jin smiled softly despite the dirty talk, squeezing Taehyung’s wrist before taking the lube and slicking his cock. He pushed two fingers into Taehyung, making sure he’d done a proper job of opening himself up earlier. Satisfied, he tossed the lube aside and lined his cock up. He pushed home with one firm thrust and Taehyung screamed, his back arching. He fisted the sheets, his legs nearly giving out. Jin shivered, holding tight to Taehyung’s waist to keep his hips up. Taehyung’s cock twitched, hanging hard and heavy between his thighs. They could both hear the sounds of the tip jar on the site, but neither cared. They were in their own world, focused on the feeling of one another’s bodies.

Jin pulled out and slammed back in, his teeth bared when Taehyung clenched around him.

“Harder,” he whined, looking back at Jin with wide, wet eyes.

“Say it again.”

“Fuck me harder, please!”

Jin obeyed the second time, slamming into Taehyung hard and fast. The bed squeaked under their weight, and Taehyung screamed happily. Jin laid over his back, his hand finding Taehyung’s. Their fingers twined even as Jin pounded into him.

Taehyung reached back, holding the back of Jin’s neck. His toes curled against the mattress, his ass jiggling with the force of Jin’s thrusts.

“Oh God—“ Taehyung shuddered, his arms shaking. Jin wrapped an arm around his chest and pulled him up so they were both kneeling. He continued to thrust as hard as he could, biting and kissing over Taehyung’s sweat slicked neck.


Jin shifted their positions just enough so he could drag Taehyung back onto his cock as he slammed up into him, aiming for deep, forceful thrusts. Taehyung’s body shuddered in his grip, his quiet pleas of more broken by gasps and sobs as he neared his orgasm. Jin nipped his earlobe, shifting them once more so Taehyung was facing the camera fully.

“That’s it, baby. Come on my cock. Show everyone how good I fuck you. How slutty you are for me.”

Taehyung gasped Jin’s name. He began to bounce himself on Jin’s cock, meeting his thrusts. His own cock jerked, come dribbling lazily from the tip at first. Jin increased his speed once more and Taehyung screamed. His entire body shuddered, ropes of come shooting from his reddened cock each inward thrust.

“That’s it,” Jin praised. “Use my cock. Get yourself off, baby... Show everyone at home how good you squirt for me.”

Taehyung’s entire body shook in Jin’s grip, quiet broken whimpers slipping from his lips as his orgasm slowly peaked and faded.

“Please come—“ He whispered. “Please fill me up— I need it.”
“I got you, baby. Just relax for me,” Jin whispered. He gripped Taehyung’s hips and picked up his pace, grunting softly against his shoulder as he chased his orgasm. He came moaning Taehyung’s name, the shaft of his cock throbbing visibly. He relaxed as his orgasm faded, his cock slipping free, along with some of the come he’d left in Taehyung’s sore, used ass. Taehyung sighed contentedly, slumping onto the bed next to him. He smiled tiredly at the camera.

“Hope you guys liked that... Let us know what you thought, okay? I’m gonna get this guy cleaned up... Thanks for watching.” He winked and sat up, turning off the show before falling back into Jin’s arms.

Their mouths met in a tired kiss, exhaustion setting in now that the adrenaline had worn off.

Jin broke the kiss first, stroking Taehyung’s hair back. “How was it?”

“I think a success... That felt amazing.”

Jin chuckled, letting Taehyung wiggle a little closer to him. “I didn’t realize we would get so... Dirty.”

“Was it too much?”

“Not for me,” Jin said. “I loved it. I just am curious what the viewers thought.”

“Wanna check?” Taehyung pointed at the computer.

“Mm.. Tomorrow. I wanna clean up and go to bed with you,” he admitted, “I’m beat.”

Taehyung smiled and nodded, grabbing wipes from his bedside stand. He and Jin cleaned as well as they could and stripped their sweat dampened shirts off before cuddling under the blankets.

“I love you,” Jin whispered.

“I love you too.”
When Jin woke the next morning, Taehyung was curled into a ball against his side, his hair hanging over his relaxed face. Jin snagged his phone as quietly as he could and snapped a photo of Taehyung before checking his messages. He had a few from Yoongi, praise for the show and a photo of Jimin and Yoongi in bed, mess hair and bare chests. Jimin’s collar bones were dotted with deep bruises. ‘Look what you made me do to him. ;(’ was the caption. Jin chuckled a little as he responded.

‘Looks like the vacuum got him. Not my fault.’

‘Seriously though. You two killed it. You should see all the comments on Jimin’s page about you. Are you two busy today?’

‘No plans, Tae’s still sleeping and I’m about to shower, but nah.’

‘Think we can drop by?’

‘Don’t think it’ll be an issue. Give us like an hour or so.’

Yoongi sent the thumbs up emoji. Jin tossed his phone back onto the stand and nuzzled against Taehyung, kissing over his smooth bare shoulder.

Taehyung giggled a little, pushing lightly at Jin.

“Wake up, baby,” Jin hummed in his ear, nipping the lobe.

“Lemme sleep,” Taehyung whined.

“Yoongi and Jimin are coming over soon. Come shower with me.”

Taehyung groaned, wiggling deeper into the blankets. “Cuddle me for a few more minutes.”

“Last night was amazing,” Jin mumbled, wrapping his arms around Taehyung’s shoulders.

“It was. I wonder how people liked it.”

“Yoongi said Jimin’s page was filled with questions about us. I wonder what they say.”

“Hm. I mean, a lot of folks assumed he and I were lovers. I suppose it would be a surprise if they’d thought that and didn’t realize we’re just fuck buddies.”

“I hope people aren’t angry… You and he make a beautiful couple on camera.”

“So do you and I,” Taehyung assured him. He raised his head just enough to press a chaste kiss to Jin’s chin. “When are they coming over?”

“Ah, about an hour.”

Taehyung sighed a little and nuzzled against Jin’s chest. “Alright, I suppose a shower is in the cards.”

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The two were on the couch, scrolling through some of the comments on Taehyung’s feed when
Yoongi and Jimin arrived.

Immediately Jimin bounded over to Taehyung, knocking the phone out of his hand and pressing a kiss to his cheek. “You two were amazing.” He praised.

Jin smiled sheepishly, diverting his gaze.

“Really. You’re a natural on screen, Jin-hyung.” Yoongi sat next to Jin. “I didn’t know you had it in you.”

“Ah... It was easy with Taehyung. Helped me
Forget about the camera.”

“Are you guys gonna do it again?” Jimin asked.

“I don’t know, I mean... People seemed to like it.”

“There’s a ton of people asking me if I’m gonna join you two one time,” Jimin admitted.

“Well that would be a hell of a show,” Taehyung said.

“I’d love to see it,” Yoongi said.

“I feel like playing without you being involved would be weird though, don’t you think?” Jin worried.

“No. I mean, I’d be in the room, just off to the side of the camera, like normal.”

“You know… You could appear on camera if you really wanted to…” Taehyung began.

“My music…”

“I know. What about a mask? It could be a fun kind of role-play with you as a sort of masked lover… I mean you don’t do photos or anything with your shirt off, so the majority of your fans, even if they did watch our videos, wouldn’t be able to recognize you if you were wearing a mask.”

“That’s a good point,” Jin agreed.

“Ah, I don’t know. You know I’m not so good on camera.”

“You could be,” Jimin coaxed. Yoongi rubbed the back of his neck. “Can I think about it?”

“Of course - no pressure. Just saying if you wanted to… We could definitely manage something.”

“In the meantime, why don’t we treat you two to breakfast. Celebrate the success of your first duo show,” Jimin asked.

“Aw, you don’t need to do that,” Taehyung tried to argue, but Yoongi raised a hand.

“Please, I insist. We insist. Plus I’ve been wanting to pay Grandma a visit.”

Jin laughed. “Making me go to work on my day off?”

“Aw, you love it.”

“I do, but still. Let us finish dressing at least.” He rose, tugging Taehyung up.
“Really,” Taehyung protested, “it’s not necessary.”

“It’s free food, shh,” Jin teased, shoving him into the bedroom.

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Taehyung laughed, sipping his orange juice. “Did you really think he’d go for that?”

“I was desperate!” Jimin tried to defend.

“Okay, but Jungkook isn’t a kid, you could’ve told him you were getting railed and he probably wouldn’t have walked in on you.”

Jimin groaned, burying his face in his hands.

“Well, good news is next time Jimin tells him to wait a minute, he’ll listen,” Yoongi said.

“Which is vital, considering...” Jimin said.

“Considering what?” Jin asked.

Jimin and Yoongi exchanged glance. “We’ve decided to move in together,” Toongi confessed.

Taehyung gasped. “No way! Why didn’t you tell us!”

“We just decided a few days ago, and made sure Jungkook was on board. We knew you were busy preparing the show, we didn’t wanna be a bother.”

“My God, that’s no bother! It’s exciting! What made you decide to make the move?”

“Well, Yoongi-hyung is always over at my place anyway, or I’m at his. It’s a waste to pay two rents when we’re pretty much living together already. Plus Jungkook and I have the space, so it’s not like it’ll be cramped.”

“Are you gonna keep camming?” Jin asked.

“For a bit. But... That’s the other thing.”

“What?” Taehyung pressed.

Yoongi rubbed the back of his neck. “Jimin’s got such a pretty voice.”

“He does,” Taehyung agreed.

“Me and Namjoon... We’ve been kind of tossing around the idea of a collaboration. But we needed more sound. Something to balance our raps.”

“You’re gonna sing for it?” Jin asked. Jimin smiled sheepishly, his cheeks splotching pink.

“I know I’m not amazing but..”

“Jimin, we talked about this,” Yoongi scolded, gently kneading the back of Jimin’s neck.

“Your voice is beautiful, Jimin. You’re gonna sound amazing,” Taehyung assured him.

Jimin smiled broadly at his friends before looking tenderly at Yoongi.
“I hope.”

“I know,” Yoongi said, pressing a chaste kiss to his temple.

“So many changes for you two,” Jin said, shaking his head. “It’s amazing. I’m happy for you guys, really.”

“Thanks, hyung. You two... You’re gonna be okay?” Yoongi asked softly.

Jin smiled over at Taehyung, adoration clear in his gaze. “We’re gonna be just fine.”
As the months passed things balanced out for Taehyung and Jin. They cammed every two weeks, making more than enough to handle their bills and savings. A month into their new work, and Taehyung’s photos were accepted to an erotic art magazine in Germany. They wanted more of his work and were happy to pay for it, so Jin and Jimin became Taehyung’s models once more. Not that they minded, it was fun, and seeing Taehyung in his element was inspiring to say the least.

One Sunday morning, Jin and Taehyung were cuddled on the couch, going through some prints from Taehyung’s recent shoot. It leaned much more erotic, using handcuffs and ropes to add a taboo element to the shoot. Yoongi has agreed to take part in this one, giving Taehyung more room to play.

Jin was wearing just his sweats, a smattering of hickeys across his shoulders and chest from their recent camshow. Taehyung was freshly showered, wearing one of Jin’s t-shirts and a pair of his own boxers.

A knock sounded at the door, surprising them both. “Yoongi?” Taehyung mused.

“Maybe.”

“Ach, I’ll grab it. I’m more clothed.” Taehyung rose, pulling open the door a bit. He was shoved backwards by the person on the other side, tripping over his own feet and landing on the hard floor. Jin’s father stormed into the apartment, his cheeks mottled red with anger.

“Dad!” Jin scrambled from the couch. The photos spilled over the floor as he did. “What the hell are you doing?”

Jin rushed to Taehyung, but his father stopped him with a firm grip on his upper arm. “What the fuck is this, Seokjin?” He held up a sheet of paper. It was a printed screenshot from one of Taehyung and Jin’s more recent shows. Jin was on the bed, hands tied to the headboard. His eyes were screwed shut and mouth upturned in a laugh. Taehyung was pressing kisses along his bare hip, a large feather in one hand that he’d been tickling Jin with.

“It’s me and my boyfriend. Why were you watching queer camshows?” Jin asked softly, his voice stable and calm despite his heart threatening to pound out of his chest.

“I wasn’t!” He spluttered. “One of my clients brought this to me after he recognized you! Do you know what this could do to me?”

Jin yanked his arm from his father’s grip. He went to Taehyung, helping him to his feet. “What? Had to explain that you kicked your only son out for being gay?”

“Stop it, Seokjin. I’ve given you your fun. Now it’s time to stop and come home.”

“I am home.”

“Kim Seokjin!” He spat, his eyes narrowing. He turned his gaze to Taehyung.
“You! What are you holding over his head!”

“I—“

“Nothing,” Jin spat. “Stop it.”

“Don’t you dare disrespect me, Seokjin.”

“Why not? You kicked me out. You gave me ten minutes to pack my stuff, you cut off almost all funding, and you said I wasn’t your son. All because I helped the boy I loved with his photography. If you’d fucking listened, I would have explained that Taehyung was blacking out my face, but you lost your shit. Do you even know what I’ve been through, Dad? Do you care?” Jin’s voice broke as the emotions he’d worked so hard to stomp down deep inside himself bubbled to the surface.

“You made me homeless. I lived with Yoongi. I begged for a job and even that—I went days without eating more than one meal, sometimes less. I almost lost my boyfriend, you took my whole life away, Dad. But I’m stronger than you thought I was.” Jin blinked tears away.

“I rebuilt it. I’m happy with Taehyung. Sure, we fuck on camera but it’s fun, and it pays the rent. I cook at a diner and the owner is training me to manage it. Says I might even inherit it when she retires. I come home - to this home - where my boyfriend welcomes me, instead of spitting on me like you used to. We don’t have much, but we have laughter and friends. I go to sleep and wake up next to a beautiful man who treats me better than you and your high class asshole friends ever did. You tried to wreck me. You don’t get to come back and say what I’m allowed to do. It’s my life. And as you said so clearly those months ago... I chose my boyfriend, so I’m not your son.”

Jin’s father huffed, throwing the picture down. He glanced at the scattered photos, grimacing. “Stop being so dramatic, Seokjin. It’s time to come home. Come on, we’ll figure it out. I’ll get your cards reactivated. You can redo your room how you wanted.”

“You disowned me for loving someone!” Jin shouted, startling his father. “You have no say anymore! I don’t need your money and I don’t need you.”

“Seokjin...”

“Get out of our apartment.”

“Excuse me?”

“I said get out of our home! You aren’t welcome here.”

“Please, Jin. It was a fight. Son—“

“Go to hell,” Jin whispered. He looked his father in the eye, his vision blurred by tears. “This is my life, my body, my home, and my choices. If I want to do erotic photography, I will. If I want to fuck my boyfriend until he screams with a thousand people watching, I will. You kicked me out under the stipulation that I could return once I left Taehyung. I haven’t left. I don’t intend to. I don’t want to come back. So get out of my life.”

Jin had never seen his father look more defeated than at that second. His shoulders slumped downward, the fight slipping from his eyes as Jin’s words clearly sank in.

“You can’t mean that, son,” he tried again.

Jin swallowed hard.
“With every fiber of my being,” Jin said, doing his best to sound confident. “You made your stance clear, as did I. I love him. I want to spend the rest of my life with him. And I will not let you interfere with that. Now please, I will ask you kindly once more before calling the police for trespassing. Get out of our home.”

“You’re going to regret this, Seokjin.”

“Maybe.”

Jin’s father sighed softly. He turned and walked out; slamming the door shut behind him loud enough that they both jumped.

“I can’t believe you did that,” Taehyung whispered.

“Did what?”

“That. Stood up to him like that. Kicked him out.”

Jin shrugged, rubbing the back of his neck. “It hurt,” he admitted.

Taehyung wrapped his arms around Jin, holding him close. They didn’t need to speak, not to understand each other in this moment. Jin’s shoulders began to shake as he cried against Taehyung’s shoulder, his warm tears dampening Taehyung’s neck. Still he held him, stroking his back and letting him work his way through the feelings.

When Jin’s tears dissolved to sniffles, Taehyung led him to the couch. He sat him down and pressed featherlight kisses over his face and neck, stroking through his hair as he did so.

“I love you, Kim Seokjin,” Taehyung whispered finally.

“I love you too.”

“What you just did for me... For us. For yourself. I’m proud of you, Jin-hyung.”

Jin closed his eyes, saying nothing. Taehyung brushed a stray tear off his cheek.

“I won’t let anyone hurt you if I can help it. I wanna spend the rest of my life with you, do you understand?”

Jin nodded. Taehyung offered a small smile. “Do you wanna go for a walk? Take your mind off this?”

Jin smiled. Taehyung was always so eager to help, to make it better. He pressed a kiss to Taehyung’s mouth. “Come cuddle in bed with me instead.”

Taehyung grinned his widest grin and nodded. “Deal.”

The two curled up in their creaky bed, surrounded by Taehyung’s photography equipment and the set up for their camshows. Jin closed his eyes, focusing on the warm comfort of Taehyung next to him, the strawberry sweet smell of his hair and the soothing stroke of his slender fingers over Jin’s arm. A soft smile crossed Jin’s face. Despite everything that had happened in the past, and the uncertainty of the future, he knew one thing for sure. He was finally home.

Chapter End Notes
This is it! The final chapter! I want to thank everyone for sticking with me through this, despite the ups and downs, and I hope you all have enjoyed it as much as I have! Keep an eye on my page for information on upcoming fics and feel free to shoot me an ask on or off anon, or a DM on my Tumblr (kimlinebiased) with any questions or comments, or hmu on my Twitter (kimlinebiased). I love you all!

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