Come What May - TaeKook

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Come What May - TaeKook

by JoonsTokyo

Summary

This story is about Truth, Beauty, Freedom...but above all..Love. Idealistic Jungkook, is drawn into the dark, fantastical underworld of the Parisian nightclub, the Moulin Rouge. In this seedy but glamorous haven of sex, drugs and electricity, the poet-innocent finds himself plunged into a passionate but ultimately tragic love affair with the club's highest paid star and the city's most famous courtesan, V (also known as Kim Taehyung). Jungkook, a young Korean in the Paris of 1899, becomes infatuated with V. However, V had been promised by the manager to a Duke in return for funding his next production. As the young lovers meet in secret, Taehyung's wedding day draws closer but he hides a fatal secret from both Jungkook and the Duke.

Notes

This is highly inspired by the movie Moulin Rouge! I would suggest not reading this AU if you have not seen the movie because this will involve spoilers. This will have heavy angst, fluff, some smut, some homophobic speech and swearing. This will also have major character death as well.

I would suggest that while reading this AU, you listen to the soundtrack: https://www.youtube.com/playlist?list=PLEvwJRtn2ggk0DkxfxrZhiEqhQzyYq3UB
Thank you! This should hopefully be a fairly long AU :3

This is also in Jungkook’s POV, he is the narrator.

Paris, 1900

"There was a boy. A very strange enchanted boy. They say he wandered very far. Very far. Over land and sea. A little shy, and sad of eye. But very wise, was he. And then one day, a magic day, he passed my way. And while we spoke of many things, fools and kings. This he said to me... The greatest thing, you'll ever learn is just to love and be loved, in return."

The Moulin Rouge, a nightclub. A dance hall and a bordello...ruled over by Kim SeokJin. A kingdom of nighttime pleasures, where the rich and powerful came to play with the young and beautiful creatures of the underworld. The most beautiful of all these...was the man I loved. Taehyung. A courtesan, he sold his love to men and women. They called him "the sparkling diamond," and he was the star of the Moulin Rouge.

But, the man I loved...is...dead.

I first came to Paris, one year ago. It was 1899, the summer of love. I knew nothing of the Moulin Rouge, Kim SeokJin or Taehyung. The world had been swept up in bohemian revolution, and I had traveled from Seoul to be a part of it. On the hill near Paris was the village of Montmartre. It was not as my father had said. "A village of sin!" But the center of the bohemian world! Musicians, painters, writers.

They were known as "the children of the revolution."

Yes, I had come to live a penniless existence. I had come to write about truth, beauty, freedom, and that which I believed in above all things-love.

"Always this ridiculous obsession with love!" Is what my father always told me.

And there was only one problem, I'd never been in love. Luckily, right at that moment, an unconscious Korean fell through my roof. Yelling as he did so. And he was quickly joined by a dwarf dressed as a nun.

Slamming my door open, in came the dwarf saying "How do you do? My name is Park Jimin."

"What?" I said in confusion as the man who introduced himself as Jimin went over towards the unconscious man. "I'm terribly sorry about all this." He said. "We were just upstairs rehearsing a play." "What?" I said again.
A play, something very modern called Spectacular Spectacular. "And it's set in Switzerland!" Jimin spoke almost way too excitedly.

Unfortunately, the unconscious Korean who I now know as Min Yoongi, suffered from a sickness called narcolepsy.

"Perfectly fine one moment then suddenly, unconscious the next." Jimin explained. Suddenly the sound of glass breaking alerted me to where a hole was now in between me and Jimin's home.

"How is he?" A man spoke as he peeked his head into the room. After realizing that Yoongi was unconscious they had the expression on their face of being very frustrated.

"Wonderful! Now the narcoleptic Korean is now unconscious. And therefore, the scenario will not be finished in time to present to the financier tomorrow!" The man spoke in a tone that was rather unpleasant.

And the other man next to him who I believe went by the name of Soobin had quite a worried expression on his face as well as he spoke. "He's right, Jimin hyung. I still have to finish the music." He spoke. "We'll just find someone else to read the part." Jimin said cheerfully.

"Now where in heaven's name are we going to find someone to read the role of a young, sensitive Swiss poet/goat herder?" The man from before questioned.

And before I knew it, I was upstairs, standing in for Min Yoongi.

"The hills animate, with the euphonious symphonies of descant!" Jimin sang as Soobin played the piano much too loudly.

"Oh stop, stop! Stop, stop, stop, stop! Stop that insufferable droning! It's drowning out my words." The writer man spoke angrily as he rushed over towards Soobin.

"Can we please just stick to a little decorative piano?" He spoke as he tried to calm down his tone of voice.

There seemed to be artistic differences over the writer's lyrics to Soobin's songs.

Just then the other man in the room spoke, "I don't think a nun would say that about a hill."

"What if he sings, the hills are vital intoning the descant?" Soobin suggested hopefully. "No, no. The hills quake and shake!" Jimin began.

The other man who I learned to be named Yeonjun, cut in at that point "No, no, no, no. The hills.."

And right then Min Yoongi had became conscious yet again, "The hills are incarnate with symphonic melodies!" he spoke, before crashing back down right where he had been unconscious.

"No." Yeonjun spoke, before turning back to the rest of the group to begin brainstorming, just as I had gotten an idea.

"The hills-" I started, from where I was standing up on top of a ladder next to the backdrop of mountains.

But everyone else had began shouting out their ideas that I didn't even get a chance to suggest my own.

It became so much I knew the only thing I could do was sing it.
"The hills are alive, with the sound of music." I sang out, causing all of them to direct their attention onto me at that very moment.

Suddenly, Min Yoongi, jumped right out of the bed that we had placed him onto, coming in closer towards where the rest of the group was gathered around.

"Whoa! The hills are alive with the sound of music! I love it!" He said slightly aggressively. And after that was spoken the rest of the group repeated after him, agreeing that it sounded good.

And Soobin began to try out playing his music along with it to see how it would fit. "It fits perfectly." Soobin says turning towards me. "With songs they have sung, for a thousand years!" I finished, as I leaned slightly off the ladder. Earning a couple very impressed gasps and a "Incandiferous!" From Jimin.

Jimin turned towards the play's writer in the room. "Sir, you two should write the show together." He suggested. "I bet your pardon?" The writer said in shock.

But Jimin's suggestion that the man and I write the show together, was not what he wanted to hear. "Good-bye!" Is what the man yelled before slamming the door shut and leaving us behind.

"Here's to your first job in Paris!" Jimin spoke happily as he took a drink of some liquor.

"But Jimin..Kim will never agree.." Soobin says toward the dwarf.

"No offense," He starts as he turns towards me. "But have you ever written anything like this before?" He asks.

"No." I said as if that were the most obvious thing ever. "Ahh! The boy has talent!" Yoongi starts as he walks over towards me, placing his hand over my crotch as he then says "I like him!" Before realizing what he did and removing his hand. "Nothing funny. I just like talent.." He chuckled awkwardly.

"The hills are alive with the sound of music. See, Soobin with Jungkook we can write the truly bohemian revolutionary show that we've always dreamt of!" Jimin spoke trying to reassure the younger male.

"But how will we convince Kim?" Soobin questions.

But Jimin had a plan. Taehyung. They would dress me in Yoongi's best suit, and pass me off as a famous English writer. Once Taehyung heard my modern poetry, he would be astounded, and insist to Kim that I write Spectacular Spectacular. The only problem was, I kept hearing my father's voice in my head.

"You'll end up wasting your life at the Moulin Rouge with a cancan dancer!" He would say.

"No! I can't write the show for the Moulin Rouge!" I yelled as I went over towards the hole in the room so I could return to my house.

"Why not?" Jimin asks in a stressed tone.

"I-I don't even know if I am a true bohemian revolutionary." I stuttered.

"What?" They all spoke in confusion.

"Do you believe in beauty?" Jimin questions.
"Yes."

"Freedom?" Yoongi asks.

"Yes, of course."

"Truth?" Soobin asks coming forward slightly.

"Yes."

"Love?" Yeonjun asks loudly.

"Love? Love. Above all things, I believe in love. Love is like oxygen. Love is a many-splendored thing. Love lifts us up where we belong. All you need is love!" I said passionately.

Jimin chuckles slightly. "See, you can't fool us. You're the voice of the children of the revolution!" He said excitedly.

"We can't be fooled!" The rest of them joined in. Before pulling me back up into Jimin's house as they began pouring drinks.

"Let's drink to the new writer of the world's first bohemian revolutionary show!" Jimin said aloud, just as Yoongi came over and gave me an excited peck on the cheek.

It was the perfect plan. I was to audition for Taehyung, and I would taste my first glass of...absinthe.

There was a boy...

A very strange enchanted boy...

"Yeah, freedom, beauty, truth and love!" We all drunkenly sang.

We were off to the Moulin Rouge, and I was to perform my poetry for Taehyung..

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