Blood, Sweat and Tears
by jooheonbee

Summary

You are an up and coming author for M-Buzz; Manhattan, New York’s popular and new news source, set with the task of interviewing the globally famous band, BTS. You also have a bit of a glitch in your system. While everyone else has a set of initials and a birth date to
signify who their soulmate is, you have a set of 14 letters and 21 numbers, something unheard of and rather stigmatized; and something that confuses you, that is, until you meet the men you're interviewing.
More Than Asked For

Alright, you’d be the first to admit that there were wonderful advantages to the job you’d landed three years ago. You spoke 3 languages fluently, which made you the go-to-person for Korean and Japanese interviews with a language barrier. You could meet celebrities that other ordinary American interviewers couldn’t truly connect with on your level, while saving your company a few bucks they’d otherwise spend to book an actual translator.

Other interviews with the bands, actors, and high-profile socialites would be limited to watered down conversations held with those celebrities and their translators. So, yeah, you’d pretty much been given the highly prestigious press title the moment your employer had seen the “fluently speaks 3 languages,” bullet point on your resume.

“KPop and Japanese anime have blown up in America over the past few years!” She’d told you excitedly. “You’d be an amazing addition to our team.”

And so you had started working your ass off immediately. Currently you had interviews with Hideo Kojima, Hayao Miyazaki, Hajime Isayama, EXO, and BLACKPINK on your belt. You were looked up to in your work environment because of your dedication to the interviewing process. Plus, your income kept you comfortable. You were happy, for the most part. However, at times you felt complacent.

Sure, your job was amazing. Being able to speak 3 languages alone was a feat in and of itself, but at the end of the day, you felt lacking. Your social life had dwindled, something your family had been worried about since the second month of your working career, and although you thought it a nonissue at first, the loneliness built until it was something you could hardly stand to endure, but it was also inescapable.

You didn’t have the initials and birth date of your soulmate etched in black ink on your left wrist, as everyone did at birth, instead you had a 14 letters and series of 21 numbers. The long sequence of characters had earned you confused looks from doctors at your yearly check ups, and a lacking social life. You’d had them memorized by heart.

K.S.M.Y.J.H.K.N.P.J.K.T.JJ The stutter in the last two letters irked you to no end. And the numbers were a complete mind-fuck.

12.4.92.3.9.93.2.18.94.9.12.94.10.13.95.12.30.95.9.1.97. What any of it meant was a fucking mystery to you and everyone around you. You were an enigma.

It wasn’t an existence you were keen on, and you know that it was a huge chunk of your family’s worrying. But you’d accepted long ago that you weren’t going to have a soulmate, that you’d either have to find someone else who was as unfortunate as you, or just settle with being alone save for one-offs and porn. It wasn’t like you weren’t living damn close to those truths now.

You can still vaguely hear your mother chastising you for having such a full schedule. “You’ll never find your soulmate if the only thing you care about is your work,” she’d told you, thinking the overabundance of black on your wrist was a clerical error, and your lesser than history of romance was a result of you not looking for them hard enough. It took everything in you not to break down at her harsh words, but you mustered a weak, “I’ve found them already, mom, my work is my soulmate,” and left her townhouse. That was 6 months ago, and you’d not seen her since. You still stuck by your words, because even if you were lonely, you were beyond appreciative for the job you had, soulmate be damned.
But sometimes the loneliness was deafening, and it left a question ringing in your head like a church bell. Was the writing really worth it?

Friends from college couldn’t keep up with your hectic lifestyle of needing to be ready to board a plane at any given moment for an immediate press conference or high profile interview your boss had scored you. You couldn’t have a pet out of fear of never being home to care for it, and your family couldn’t pause holidays because you’d have a lay-over flight that day.

So, long story short, yes, your job was amazing and had definitely provided you with some of the best moments of your life (it’s not every day that you get to ask Hideo Kojima about Death Stranding,) but it’d also enhanced the overgrowing emptiness of your solitude, and piled on your shoulders round-the-clock work hours.

“Y/N! Thank god you’re here,” your co-worker, Elle, greets you. She’d been the one person you could rely on the most since your first day. She’s a pretty girl, a few years younger than you, colorful pencil skirts and chiffon button-ups always brightening your day as soon as you walked into the office.

“Good morning to you, too, Elle.” You tell her, shocked when she quite literally hugs the breath out of your body. “What’s gotten into you this morning?” You ask her, stepping back to look into her eyes.

“I had a few too many cups of coffee…” She smirks, “but, you’ll be proud of me! I got your interview with BLACKPINK edited and it’ll be fresh on the press and on Youtube within the next few hours or so.”

“That’s great! Thanks, Elle. You do need to be careful with your caffeine intake this early in the morning though, we don’t need a repeat of Christmas.”

She cringes at the reminder, vividly recalling the day she’d forgotten to eat, and passed out when she’d gotten a paper cut opening her Secret Santa gift. It’d cost her a week’s pay in medical bills once she’d been released from the hospital with a few stitches she’d scored from landing on her face in the office’s rec room.

“Point taken,” she grimaces.

You chuckle, nudging her shoulder as you work your way into your office, Elle on your toes the whole time. Your focus drifts as she tells you about her late night and early morning, because this is routine for the two of you now. You’re both free to chat among yourselves if you’ve finished your current assignments, something you’re grateful for, until your boss either emails you or makes her way into your office to assign you your next task.

“Y/N?” Elle asks you, dragging your jaded attention from the swirling of the hot chocolate she’s readied you on your desk, back to her face.

“Huh?” You ask drowsily.

“I said, did you hear that the Bangtan Boys are going to do a mini-tour around Seoul, Daegu and Busan before they go on a break?” She says, exasperated by your lack of interest in her earlier monologues.

“I actually hadn’t heard of that, yet.” You reply lightly, interest piqued, “is anyone from our office covering the tour yet? I know Andrew speaks some Korean, albeit not as fluently as I do.”

“I haven’t heard anything in the office yet,” she answers. “But, that leads to the question, er, well,
favor I have to ask of you.”

You eye her questioningly, already cautious.

“It’s just, I know that you’re sometimes allowed to bring a tag along when there’s big stories like this to cover, so I don’t know… I was wondering if maybe I could be your plus-one if you get the story?”

“Ugh, Elle, you know we don’t really get to choose the stand-in reporters for those trips,” you groan.

“Andrew told me that when he’s been given big stories that he always takes Cam with him,” she whines. “And I’ve never been out of the country, let alone continent. It’d be an amazing opportunity for me to be able to leave New York for once.”

She pleads at you with her eyes, full pink lips puckered and trembling.

“If- and I mean if,” you emphasize, seeing how her pout turns into a near-blinding smile, “if I get the story, because honestly, we don’t even know if there is one; then I might consider asking Mrs. Powell if you can assist me as a co-writer.”

“Yes!” Elle shrieks, jumping up and down, chiffon bouncing and blonde hair waving across the room wildly. “I knew I could count on you! God, you’re so awesome.”

“Yeah, yeah,” you huff, checking your email. “Powell wants me to write a follow up on the BLACKPINK interview, so I’m going to start on that. I’ll find you around lunch so we can discuss what I summarize,” you tell her, “oh, and Elle?” You say, stopping her in the doorway of your office before she leaves. “Remind me to kick Andrew’s ass later for being such a mushroom.”

Elle laughs, stepping out of your office with a skip in her step.

You didn’t exactly hate Andrew, but you trusted him about as far as you could throw him. He was ruthless in his interviewing, and even more so in his everyday life. Beyond that, you guys had the same working position, prospective head reporter for M-Buzz, an up-and-coming Manhattan news source; and both you and Andrew wanted the head reporting position that only one of you would get.

Four hours, three cups of coffee, and two bathroom trips later, and the follow-up is written; the 4,000 words glaring at you from the computer screen. You type in Powell’s email address and hit send, letting out a sigh as you watch the check mark change from grey to green.

Your mind, the persistent bastard, decides to wander back towards the dreaded soulmate topic, and although you weren’t too keen on staying in the mindset, you can’t shake it.

At 21 years old, you’d never met another individual with a pitfall in ‘the signature,’ as most Americans referred to it. You’d moved cross country a multitude of times, studying various current events that arose, and interviewing until your mind was numb, but you’d not once encountered anyone with the same illustrious canvas that your wrist housed.

You’d seen the way some people would glance at your wrist, nosy tendencies flaring, and then the way they’d raise their brows in shock, looking to you like you were some sort of circus animal. The pity in their eyes was acidic, and made you want to vomit.

You’d also bared witness to the irritation that would swell in your chest when you saw people treating their soulmates poorly, or ignoring their existence altogether.
Cam and Elle could deny it all they wanted, but they were in fact, soulmates. No amount of repression and cold insolence would change fate. They couldn’t deny their cosmic attraction forever, just like you couldn’t deny your cosmic solitude.

There’s a small knock on your door, and then Elle is peaking her wide-eyed face through a crack, looking sorry for interrupting your train of thought.

“Mrs. Powell just asked for you and Andrew to go to her office,” she tells you.

“Wonderful,” you quip, standing up and straightening your pencil skirt, not at all excited at the uncomfortable situation you’d be in once you entered your boss’ office.

“I really think it’s about BTS…” Elle says shyly, walking alongside you towards the elevator.

“It most likely is. She’s probably going to have us kill each other for the story.”

“You were always a scrapper,” your friend jokes.

“Don’t give me too much credit, Elle, I grew up in Washington. The closest thing to a fight I’ve been in was trying to squeeze into a bus with ten other people during a rainstorm.”

“I’ve seen how you get when you want a position,” she tells you as the elevator doors start to slide shut, “you’ll knock em’ dead.”

Her face disappears behind the metal panels, and the elevator rises.

You could go for the job, yank it out from under Andrew’s nose and enjoy Seoul, you hadn’t been before and you did very much enjoy traveling. Or you could simply stay home and watch Friends reruns, edit another reporter’s papers and drink champagne. You could buy some Ben and Jerry’s and take some sick days, go to a spa and just relax.

The latter wasn’t you, though. You were driven, adventurous and properly bored of New York. You needed a change of scenery, even if it were only for a few weeks, and if you could take Elle, that’d only make Seoul more enjoyable.

With your mind set, and the doors to the elevator opening upon the arrival to the thirtieth floor, you step out and walk with purpose towards the office marked “Powell.”

“Thanks for finally joining us, Y/N.” Andrew mutters as soon as you’ve stepped foot into the room.

“Nice to see you, too, Andrew.” You smile, masking irritation with friendly courtesy.

“Cool it, Klein,” Powell huffs, eyeing Andrew coldly. “Go ahead and have a seat, Y/N,” she motions towards the chair opposite of where she’s sitting at her desk, and you take it, avoiding the glare Andrew sends your way as you sit to his left.

“I’m sure you’ve both been bombarded with notifications throughout the day about the ‘Persona’ tour taking place in South Korea later this month?” She asks, smiling when you both nod. “Great, well, I had Margaret over on the tech floor set us up with better alerting algorithms last month, and they’ve worked magic for us today. We managed to book a two person reporting gig for the entirety of the tour-”

“You’re sending me with Y/N? Doesn’t that seem a little redundant given we’re both going for the same job?” Andrew groans, running his hand over his pointed face.
“Let me finish, Andrew,” Powell snaps, “I was going to say that you guys could pick who, among yourselves, would go with an apprentice, but given your outburst I am choosing to send Y/N. We’re sending a reporter to interview the band and review the tour, not fight among coworkers.”

You hold back a laugh, shocked that you’d gotten the job without having to lift a finger. “But- I didn’t mean to-”

“But you did,” Powell states dryly. “And now Y/N will be going to Korea for three weeks while you continue covering the President’s tweets.”

That, you do laugh at. “At least you’ll have a lot of content,” you joke.

Andrew huffs, grabs his coffee from the end table between your chairs, and leaves the room swiftly, jaw locked and scowl present.

“So,” Powell shifts her gaze from the slightly slammed office door to your still-shocked expression, “your trip is pretty much all set up, you leave in three days and the tour starts in five. The hotels will be paid for, of course, I just need to know who you’d like to bring along with you and whether you’ll be needing a spare room or just one with two beds when we book your stays.”

“Oh, just one room will be fine,” you tell her, “I’ll bring Elle along with me, she does a spectacular job of helping to revise my articles already.”

“Sounds great, I’ll just let HR know who’s being sent and fill out some paperwork, and you guys should be set. Your first interview with BTS will be the night you land, so you’ll have to get situated in the hotel quickly, from there on I’ll continue emailing and calling with updates and schedules. Pretty smooth sailing, all and all.”

“Just how I like it,” you smile, shaking her offered hand and leaving the room.

You don’t expect Andrew to be waiting for you at the elevator, but there he is, in all of his angry-man glory; face red and temper very obviously still flaring.

“Andrew, I really don’t thi-”

“No, you listen here,” he stops you, voice low and threatening. “I’ve worked my fucking ass off to be where I am today and I will not have my career ruined by some up-and-coming 20 year old floozy. You hear me?” He shouts, finger waving in your face as sweat beads on his forehead.

“I don’t understand why you even-”

“I don’t care if you don’t understand! My point is, watch your fucking back and stay the hell out of my way.” He spits, pushing past you and towards the stairs on the opposite side of the hallway.

What the fuck?

“He said what?” Elle asks, shoving another fork-full of ramen into her mouth.

“The man’s fucking insane,” you tell her, twisting your own noodles with your fork, “it’s not like I targeted him as soon as I walked into the office! I literally just sat there and listened. Didn’t have to utter a peep.”

“I can’t believe he called you a floozy. Is he stuck in the 60’s?” She mocks. “Listen, I know you’re upset, and after a situation like that, no one can blame you… But, Y/N, look on the bright side. We’re going to have so much fun in South Korea. I can’t thank you enough for letting me come with
“Buy me lunch once a week for the next two months and we’ll call it even,” you joke.

“Deal.” Elle replies instantly. “You’re the only person I know who will eat noodles every day with me and not get tired of them.”

“It’s good food,” you reply, “people are just ungrateful.”

It’s almost as if you’ve blinked and you’re getting off the plane in Seoul. The last few days passing by in a blur as you and Elle attend a few meetings, going over company policies and general rules of thumb. No sexually explicit questions, no touching the interviewee’s, be on time for the interviews, dress appropriately, etc.

“It’s colorful here,” Elle exhales, stepping to your side as you wait for a taxi. “Kind of exhilarating.”

“It’s pretty breathtaking,” you agree, smiling at a taxi driver who finally acknowledges the two of you and pulls to the curb. You give him the hotel address once he’s situated your luggage in the trunk and rest your back against the leather interior as the car begins to weave through traffic.

“Where do you wanna go first?” Elle asks after nearly half an hour of silence. “We could go to a local restaurant? Cam told me about a few places he’s been to that have completely ruined American cuisine for him.”

“Well, first we have an interview.” You placate her, “food, after. Maybe we could walk the streets later and sight-see?”

“Mmm, fair enough.” Elle smiles. “Thank you, Y/N. No, I really mean it.” she says, shrugging off the interjection that’s ready to roll off of your tongue. “I know people usually say thank you just to serve their own egos, but I really mean it. You’re a good friend, and I appreciate that.”

You blush, not quite knowing how to respond.

“We’re going to have a great time,” Elle adds, filling the silence, “this will be the best work trip either of us has ever been on, I swear it.”

“Alright, you’re getting sappy,” you chuckle, nudging her shoulder. “Save it for when we reflect on the trip a few months down the line, huh?”

“You’re not very emotive, are you?” She jokes.

“Hey, I can be emotional. I just choose not to act on my emotions in front of other people. I promise you, inside- very deep inside my body, my psyche is curled in the fetal position and crying from just how you’ve moved me.”

“Shut up,” she scoffs, shoving you lightly. Her eyes light up as she glances out of the passenger window from her back seat. “Is that it?”

You follow her gaze to the gargantuan building ahead of the taxi, and your mouth gapes. “That’s it...” you breathe, completely taken aback with how luxurious the hotel looked.

“Wow...”

“You can say that again.”

You pay the taxi driver and bow, thanking him in Korean. Elle is already out of the small vehicle,
pulling her luggage out of the trunk with a few grunts. You couldn’t hold off your work forever, despite how nervous you were growing. You could do this. You knew you could. Turning to the nearest bellhop and signaling him over, you begin to pull your suitcase out of the trunk.

“We have roughly 2 hours before we’re supposed to be downtown to meet with BTS for the interview,” you tell her. “So that gives us an hour to get ready. Powell said Big Hit offered a driver to us during the tour.”

“A driver? But we’re interviewing them, not the other way around,” she replies, following you and the bellhop as he escorts you to the front desk inside the massive building to retrieve your key.

“I guess they really appreciate American media covering them,” you tell her, “maybe they’re considering another U.S tour sooner rather than later,” you shrug.

“Your keys, Miss L/N.” The bellhop tells you, handing you the golden objects on a ring. Room #901, that’d put you pretty high up.

“Thank you,” you tell him, smiling wide. “Would you be able to lead the way, and get our bags up there? We’re on a time crunch,” you tell him in his native tongue. He nods his agreement, and grabs a silver luggage cart from behind the front desk.

You’re shocked that M-Buzz has put you and Elle on the top floor, not quite expecting the obvious pampering.

“This is just so exciting!” Elle chirps, nearly scaring the poor bellhop. You eyed him an apology for her outburst and huff. “I mean, the top floor? Cam has never mentioned being treated to a top floor suite.”

“It’s not what I figured we’d be getting, that’s for sure.” You mumble, “maybe there’s some sort of catch? An extra 50,000 word write up? Deducted pay?”

“Oh, give M-Buzz some credit, Y/N.”

“Don’t get me wrong, I appreciate it, I really do; and I’m not complaining in the slightest. I just didn’t expect it. We’re only going to be in Seoul for a week or so anyways. We have two other major cities to go to after.”

“You have a point,” Elle agrees, “but I don’t think they’d dock our pay. The write up seems more realistic. But you have gifted fingers, it’ll be a breeze for you.”

“Magic fingers?” You question her, cheeks blazing. “Get your mind out of the gutter, Y/N. Everyone around the office calls you Magic Fingers because of how quickly you can pull a five-star article out of your ass.”

You send her a pointed glare, this time verbally apologizing to the bellhop for her crudeness. You only had ten floors to ascend and then you’d be free from the claustrophobic confines of the elevator and the awkward social setting looming inside of it.

“I just write whatever pops into my head, I don’t overthink it…” you explain, feeling completely self conscious, breathing out a sigh of relief when the elevator doors finally open, revealing a large hallway with only one door on either wall.

“Penthouse 901,” the bellhop announces, shoving the key into the lock and pushing the door open for you and Elle.
“Holy crap,” Elle squeaks.

“Thank you,” you tell the bellhop, handing him a 10,000 won tip, hoping it’ll cover the cost for Elle’s loose lips. He bows and exits the room, leaving you and Elle to gape at the extravagant room alone.

“This is kind of amazing,” you whisper, eyeing the white marble floors and granite counter-tops in the massive kitchen.

“Kind of amazing? It’s fucking incredible, Y/N,” Elle corrects you. “They even sent us a bottle of champagne.”

“For a reporting job?” You wonder aloud, still not quite grasping the intricacy of the penthouse you were situated in.

“What’s going to find a bathroom in this castle and get ready. You should do the same,” you chide, pulling your hair into a loose ponytail.

“Meet you back here in an hour?” Elle shouts, already miraculously at the opposite end of the mini-mansion.

“Sounds good!” You holler, pushing open a door and gasping at the bedroom in front of you. Satin sheets, dark maroon walls, wall-length mirrors, and massive television screen glaring at you with purpose. “Wow,” you whisper, openly admiring the intricacy of the carpet and bedding. “Later, Y/N,” you order yourself, refocusing your whirling mind on getting ready for the interview mere hours ahead of you.

You had drafted a multitude of questions for said interview while on the flight, thankful that Elle had drifted asleep for the entire duration you were in the air. God knows you would’ve gotten nothing done had your coworker been awake.

Aside from clothing and a tad bit of makeup, you were ready. Beyond ready, in fact. So why were nerves still pricking at the back of your psyche and rendering you a shaking mess right now?

You want to break down and have a good cry, but you know that’ll serve you no good. You have a job to do here, and you weren’t going to let M-Buzz and Elle down. Maybe if you did a great job you’d have more extravagant trips to look forward to, Elle included.

You splash your face with water from the connecting bathroom, and look at your face in the mirror. Nerves definitely had done their work on you, your pupils were still slightly dilated from your strange near-panic attack and you had cold sweats.

Thankfully, you had packed your favorite lavender body oil, which always seemed to soothe your anxiety when huge work or life obstacles such as this clouded your mind. A pat of the scented liquid against your throat and wrists, a natural makeup look completed with a mauve lip, and your new black pencil skirt paired with your pastel pink blouse and a high bun had you feeling rejuvenated and even excited for the interview. You didn’t even trip once in your nude Miu Miu heels on your way from your bedroom to the living room.

Elle waited, as she said she would, in the entryway of the luxurious penthouse. “I thought you said Powell was going to hook us up with a one bedroom?”
“She did,” you tell her, “can you please not use the phrase ‘hook us up with’ in a sentence, please?” You groan. “It sounds like you’re talking about us fucking the room.”

“You are especially frisky today, Y/N, what’s gotten into you?” She asks, wiggling her brows suggestively.

“Nothing has gotten into me, Elle,” you shout, “I’m just excited to do the interview, that’s all. I wanna bring up astrology signs and stuff,” you explain, “it’s going to be fun!”

“For you,” Elle quips, leading you out of the room and into the elevator. “Not everyone is as involved with astrology as you are, you know.”

“I’m not involved with astrology,” you huff, “readers like to learn this stuff about their celebrity crushes. It’s not far fetched,” you grumble.

“I’m just teasing you,” she laughs, nudging you. “I’m sure the interview will be fun. I know you were plotting out questions and topics the entire flight.”

“Wha-”

“You type loud,” she shrugs. “It’s good to be prepared, don’t be embarrassed.”

You want to argue with her for the sake of your ego, but you know she was right. She’d embarrassed you, not necessarily a hard feat for her given how well she’d come to know you.

“Powell wants me to try and interview them in mainly English, but she said that if I think it’s easier to just do it in Korean that would work, too.” You tell Elle, kicking at the elevator floor as it continues its slow descent. “I don’t like it when she leaves me to make the big decisions.”

“Oh, Y/N. You always do this.” Elle groans, rubbing her hand against her face.

“Do what?” You ask, slightly defensive.

“Psych yourself out before the interviews you do. You second guess everything, and then the second we walk into the interviewing room you completely shift. It’s like you were never worried in the first place, you just… go with the flow?” She explains, “it makes the worrying you do beforehand incredibly frustrating. Especially knowing how confident and driven you are outside of interviews and work.”

“I’m sorry…” you say, sad that you’d made her even an inkling upset.

“Don’t be, it’s very you. I’m not frustrated you experience it, just frustrated you don’t seem to credit yourself enough on how spectacular of a job you do all in all. And as far as the English or Korean topic goes, the guys have been learning more English from what I’ve learned, so they might surprise you and make the decision for you.”

“I appreciate that,” you tell her, because truthfully you do. “I’ll try my best not to be a mope the rest of the tour, I swear!” You hold out your pinky, grateful that she doesn’t leave you hanging as you lock in your promise.

The elevator finally dings, and the two of you step out, crossing the lobby quickly and hopping into the black SUV that waits outside of the hotel with your name in the passenger window. The driver greets you, quickly explaining his job at Big Hit, which literally consists of driving interviewers and members of Big Hit to and from locations during tours and press conferences.
“We appreciate you driving us,” you tell him in Korean, leaning towards the front seats so you can see him better, and noting his slight blush and the creases that form at the corners of his eyes as he takes your compliment.

“We will be arriving at the Big Hit building in ten minutes,” he tells you, “it’s a pretty short drive.”

“That’s great. We’ll make it on time, then.” You smile, repeating his statement in English for Elle as she watches the night scenery flitter by her outside of her window.

“Do you think they’ll be as beautiful as they are on screen in person?” Elle asks.

“More than likely,,” you answer her, “but we aren’t here to pine over them. You’ve got a soulmate back home to worry about,” you chastise her.

“Yeah, but you don’t.” She replies dryly after a few minutes pass, “and I am still single you know.”

“Yes, yeah,,” you wave her off, “you and Cam have both made that abundantly clear.”

“Shut up,” she mumbles, pulling her cardigan tighter around her body while she sulks. “It’d be weird if we got together.”

“Why?” You ask her, interest piqued, “because you work together? Don’t give me that.”

“No, because I dated his brother in high-school.”

You were not expecting that. Whatsoever.

“You dated his brother?” You ask incredulously.

“Yes, his brother. Adam.” She snaps. “Didn’t end all too well.”

“I’m sorry, Elle,” you tell her honestly, “I didn’t know. If I did I wouldn’t joke about it.”

“It’s okay, there are reasons Cam and I don’t bring it up.” She shrugs. “Oh, look!” She points, and you follow her finger, seeing the mostly-glass-constructed building that’s lit up down the expansive driveway you’ve turned onto.

“That’s a lot of windows.”

“Nice assessment.” Elle laughs.

“Thanks. It was exhausting to make.” You joke back, pulling your notebook you kept with you during interviews out of your purse.

“I can’t believe we’re going to meet them,” Elle smiles, “I’ve been listening to them since 2 Cool 4 Skool was released.”

“I listened to Wings when it was released, but aside from that, research is my extent of BTS knowledge.” You tell her.

“Wait, what?” She asks, taken aback.

“I just kinda stopped listening to music and paying it any attention after my dad passed away in high-school.” You shrug. “They released that my senior year, so I gave it a listen. It was good, but I don’t know. I didn’t want to listen to music like I did when my dad was around I guess.”
The car comes to a stop before Elle can reply, and your driver steps out to open your door. You bow, thanking him and heading towards the Big Hit worker who waits for you and Elle at the front door to the Big Hit establishment.

“Y/N?” The young woman asks.

“That is me.” You answer kindly, shaking her offered hand.

“The boys are waiting for you and your co-writer in the main room, I am Mai and I will be guiding you there and stay on hand for any questions you may have during the interview.” She tells you.

“That’s wonderful! Thank you.” You answer her, following her and signaling for Elle to do the same as she leads you over the threshold and into the marvelous entryway of the building.

“This way,” she directs you, stepping down a small flight of stairs and into a ridiculously well-lit room, every piece of furniture and decor white, save for the three chairs and two sofas that are a burgundy.

You can feel sets of eyes on you as you enter the room, but you wait until you’re sat in the lounge chair that Mai directs you to stand in front of to raise your chin and look the boys in the eyes.

To say they’re gorgeous is quite possibly a disservice to them. They’re ethereal, otherworldly and ridiculously diaphanous.

“Hello,” you address them, your voice surprisingly steady given your inward disarray from simply looking at them. “My name is Y/N L/N, I’m a reporter from M-Buzz, an up and coming news source in Manhattan, New York.”

Some of the boys are glancing at you with confused expressions on their faces, and you can swear that two of them look at you with complete shock and bewilderment. You save yourself a lengthy self analysis and repeat your introduction to them in Korean.

“Woah! You are fluent in Korean?” One with a giant smile, black hair, a yellow Gucci crew-neck, and an exuberant voice asks you.

“Hoseok, we haven’t even introduced ourselves,” another rebukes the man who must be Hoseok, his voice a velvety rich sound that nearly has you blushing.

“I’m so sorry!” Hoseok rushes, bowing to you, “my name is Jung Hoseok, or JHope! It’s nice to meet you.”

You smile gently at him, “it’s nice to meet you, too, Hoseok.”

“I’m Kim Namjoon, or RM,” the one with the rich voice tells you, bowing as Hoseok did. He’s very well defined, and clearly the tallest of the bunch. His lips are drawn up in a smile, but you can tell that they’re shapely. You absentmindedly notice his hands, the size of them and the muscles that shift in his arms as he plays with his hands in his lap.

“Don’t keep her all to yourselves,” another voice rings out, you glance at the owner of the new voice, pleased with what you see; though you’d never say that aloud. His lips are full, eyes bright and hair a butterscotch blond. “I’m Kim Seokjin, but ARMY calls me Jin, or Worldwide Handsome.”

You giggle, returning his bow.
“I’m Kim Taehyung!” A man with a bandanna tied across his forehead to keep back his chocolate brown hair smiles, eyes bright and boxy smile infectious. “ARMY calls me V.”

“I’m Jeon Jungkook!” The muscular figure next to Taehyung introduces himself, his smile wide and cheeks flushed as you shift your gaze to him. “It’s nice to meet you, Y/N.” He smiles even wider, a feat you thought impossible.

“I’m Park Jimin!” The next introduces himself, his smile sweet, but something lying beneath his eyes tells you that sweet is something he can be far from. His hair is a light pastel pink, his eyes crinkle as he smiles at you, bowing. You recognize that he’d been one of the men to look at you in shock.

You look to the last figure, sensing his eyes still on you. They are. He looks to you with the same expression Jimin had prior to the introductions, eyes serious as they take you in. “Min Yoongi,” he says simply, nodding his head towards you.

You smile at him, slightly uncomfortable with the way he and Jimin seem to be fixed on you.

“It’s nice to meet all of you. This is my co-writer, Elle.” You motion towards your protege. “She doesn’t speak Korean.” You explain.

“Ah,” Namjoon speaks up, “they aren’t all fluent in speaking English yet, but they’ve been practicing and understand most of it. We can do the interview in English and then translate what needs to be translated to Korean? If that works?”

“That’s great!” You answer him, breaking into English to explain the conversation to Elle. You smile when the guys all introduce themselves to her in English. The beginning of the interview goes about how all interviews ever go.

The cameras are set up, you redo your introductions, and you ask the basic questions. Favorite colors, favorite songs on their current album, favorite songs of theirs in general, celeb crushes, etc.

You’re excited when the first thirty minutes pass and the interview opens up to the part you’re most hyped for. Astrology. This had been fun to come up with.

“So, for this next part of the interview, I’d like for us to talk about our astrology signs in order from oldest to youngest. The fans are really excited about this.”

“Dinosaur Jin!” Taehyung shouts, earning guffaws of laughter from everyone but Jin.

“You won’t be laughing when you’re 26 and exhausted,” he pouts.

“So, Jin-hyung is the oldest. When’s your birthday?” You ask, readying your notepad.

“December 4, 1992.” He tells you, and your brain momentarily comes to a stop. 12.4.92 plays on a loop in your mind. “That makes you a Sagittarius,” you tell him, “your sign is an archer! Your element is fire, your birthstone is topaz, and your ruling planet is Jupiter, the biggest one.”

“As it should be.” He quips, wiggling his eyebrows at his bandmates.

“Who’s next?” You ask, nerves building.

“Suga!” and “Yoongi,” are immediately shouted out and the man in question tears his eyes from you to look to his bandmates.

“Huh?” He asks.
“You weren’t paying attention again, hyung! You have to tell Y/N when your birthday is,” Mai interjects from her director’s chair.

“Oh, sorry.” Yoongi mumbles, turning back to face you, gaze heated. “My birthday is March 9, 1993.”

You freeze, more of the code on your mind ringing in your ears. 3.9.93.

“That makes you, uh…” you trail off, thinking. “Pisces! That’s it. Yeah, your sign is two koi, your element is water, your birthstone is amethyst and your ruling planet is Neptune!”

“Cool,” he answers emotionless, still gazing at you, looking nothing short of perplexed.

“Next?” You call.

“Hoseok!” Namjoon tells you, looking at his friend proudly.

“My birthday is February 18, 1994! I think I already was told that I’m an Aquarius!” He explains happily.

You’d love to reply with enthusiasm, but the numbers are rolling in your mind and now you’re tying the letters into them as well. Jin’s birthday was the first set of numbers on your wrist, but his initials were S.K? Wait, no. If you used Korean, as you should, his initials were K.S.

Your feet lift you out of your seat and out of the building without a second thought and you race for the car, already asking the driver to take you back to your hotel immediately. He looks concerned, but acquiesces, pulling out of the driveway swiftly. In your haste, you’d left your notebook and Elle, but you’d shoot her a text or call her once you got back to the penthouse. You’d needed to do some research and figure out if you were right on this.

Because there was no way in hell that BTS, in its entirety, was your soulmate(s.)
Realization

Chapter Summary

Elle helps you come to your senses after you make a confusing admission.

Chapter Notes

This is a filler chapter!

Kim Seokjin. December 4, 1992. The name and birthdate corresponding perfectly with the first set of initials and date. You could chalk it up to coincidence, but looking more into it had your heart threatening to leap from your throat.
And Jeon Jungkook. J.J. The stutter at the end of your frustratingly long list of numbers. September 1, 1997.
You’d need a massive bottle of vodka to wash down the events of this evening. The Big Hit driver, Shei, you’d learned his name on the drive back to the hotel, had asked you numerous times what was happening. You couldn’t blame him, you’d essentially shoved him back into the SUV and ordered him to take you back to the hotel as if your life depended on it.
He didn’t hesitate, you’d figured that wasn’t in his code of conduct. He obliged immediately, peeling out of the Big Hit Entertainment driveway without a care to give.
He did want answers, as any person under the amount of stress and complete confusion you’d forced onto his shoulders would be. But how were you supposed to explain that during the most pivotal and important interview in your career to-date, you’d discovered and found that not only did you have a soulmate, you had seven! And to make a confusing situation even more confusing, all of your soulmates made up one of the most sensational boy-bands ever? Shei would probably make a u-turn on the freeway and take you to a psychiatrist; which, now that you think about it, might be helpful.
“You left me!” Elle shouts through the phone, “I had to wing the rest of the interview, and the boys all got really quiet after we finished the astrology skit!”
“You left your notebook in your chair! I told them about your horoscope and then mine.” She huffs.
“That’s not what matters though! Don’t try and get me sidetracked. You left me alone, and I didn’t know what to do! I just listed out your questions like a robot!”
“You told them my horoscope?” You choke out, breathing becoming more difficult with each passing second she doesn’t answer.
“What the fuck, Y/N? Weren’t you going to? The notes said to compare and contrast our horoscopes with theirs!”
You mentally slap yourself, angry with yourself that you’d forgotten your notebook and that you hadn’t prepped Elle better, for her own sake, before the interview.
“I’ll make it up to you, I swear…” you sigh. “I just… I had to come back to the hotel.”

“Why?” Elle argues, and you feel the bitter pang of guilt well in your chest. She’d never spoken to
you so harshly, and what hurts more is that you know she’s not in the wrong. You were
unprofessional. “What was so important that you left me and BTS hanging? You know we’re going
to have to speak to HR about this?”

Fuck. You really didn’t think your actions through at all.

“I can speak to HR,” you reassure her. “There’s no excuse for leaving the interview like that. I know
that much. I just- I don’t know! Have you ever had a fight or flight instinct kick in?”

“What? No?” Elle answers. “I don’t understand what that has to do wi-”

“I had to leave, Elle.” You explain, exhaustion and jet lag starting to catch up with you. “I just- I
went into a weird shock and I needed to leave.”

Elle remains silent for a few minutes, and you almost check the call to make sure she hasn’t hung up
on you. “Okay…” she sighs.

“Thank you-”

“No, no, no. Don’t shove the thank you’s onto me right now. You’ve got a lot of explaining to do,
still. I’m not completely stupid or oblivious, Y/N.” You can hear her grimace through the phone line.
“I saw the way that the guys froze up when I told them your birthday.”

Shit. Shit. Shit.

“And I know for a fact that Yoongi and Jimin looked at you like you’d shocked them with tasers
when you gave them your name!”

“No! Don’t ‘Elle,’ me. Explain to me what’s going on!”

You grip the phone tighter against your ear, afraid to say what you know is most likely truth. The
words are about to slip out of your mouth, but a sob emerges instead; shocking you and most likely
scaring Elle.

“I just- there’s so much going on and I don’t know what to do.” You stammer out, shaking on the
loveseat you’re curled in to. “I can’t even begin to tell you what’s going through my mind right
now.”

“Holy shit, it’s that bad? Did one of them hurt you?” She asks, and you can vaguely hear her asking,
no, more like ordering, someone to drive her to the hotel.

“No!” You shout, “no! They didn’t hurt me. I’ve never met any of them before.”

“You swear?” She asks, voice slightly wobbly with worry.

“I swear on my life,” you reply instantly. “It’s just way too much to explain over the phone, can’t I
just tell you when you get back?”

She hesitantly obliges, but forces you into staying on the line with her until she gets off the hotel
elevator onto your floor. You can tell she’s been worrying her ass off when she walks into the living
room of the penthouse, eyes wide, pupils dilated and breathing labored.

“Now,” she breathes loudly, “care to explain what the actual hell is going on?”

You scooch over, patting the cushion next to you and Elle sits down, gaze worrying at your teary
eyes and confused face.

You bite at your bottom lip, wondering if showing her would be easier than explaining. You know
she’d seen the lengthy piece of ink on your wrist before at work, but you’d explained to her that you
were just an error in the universe’s system. Certainly no one, even someone with the largest
imagination, would deduce that you had seven famous soulmates.

“Just- look.” You breathe out, deciding on ‘fuck it,’ and shoving your armsleeve up to your elbow.
You twist your wrist, giving Elle a very clear view of the long list of numbers and letters. She takes
her time, eyeing all of the black print before looking at you, still confused.

“Kim Seokjin,” you point towards the first set of initials, “born on December 4, 1992.” You point to
the corresponding date. She knits her brows together, refocusing on the puzzle on your arm.

“Min Yoongi,” you point again, “March 9, 1993.”

Jungkook… Holy shit.”
“And now you see my dilemma.” You conclude, cocooning further into the giant hoodie you’d shrugged into once you got back to the suite. “I always thought that this,” you wave your left arm around dramatically, “was just a sign that I was pretty much condemned to isolation. But, nope! I’ve got seven fucking soulmates and they’re all ridiculously famous. How the hell is any of that supposed to work?”

“Wait,” Elle stops your monologue, “does this mean that they’re all each other’s soulmates? Or is it just your initials and birthdate on their wrists? Or…” she starts, “maybe nothing of yours is on their wrists.”

“Well-”

“No! Because Jimin and Yoongi looked like two fish out of water when you told them your name, and the rest of them looked the same after I’d told them your birthday.” She explains.

“So we can assume that my initials are on their arms?” You question aloud. “I don’t know if I want to jump to that conclusion yet.” You huff, “this all just seems so… ridiculous? I don’t understand how I’d end up with the entirety of BTS as my soulmate, or is it soulmates? I didn’t think you could even have more than one!”

“It’s not unheard of,” Elle tells you. “My great grandmother had both her first husband’s and second husband’s initials and birthdates.”

“Yeah, but those are two people,” you say, remembering when she’d told you of her great grandma. It’d been on a work trip 8 months back, if you remember correctly. “I have seven people pretty much tattooed across my wrist. And I really didn’t plan on marrying seven times.”

“Maybe you don’t have to.” Elle reasons, “we don’t know how their relationship works. We don’t know if they’re just bandmates, or if they’re something more. We don’t know how many initials they have on their arms. They cover them with makeup before each and every public appearance they make.”

“I guess you’re right…” you grumble. “I just don’t understand. Why me?” You ask no one in particular.

“Maybe you’ve got enough moxie for seven guys,” Elle jokes, nudging you playfully. “C’mon, Y/N. You’re hot! A complete catch. Why shouldn’t you have seven devastatingly attractive men pining for your affections?”

You roll your eyes, groaning at the thought of seven fully grown men trying to get your attention. “It’s a headache waiting to happen,” you tell her, rubbing your temples.

The both of you jump when Elle’s phone rings. You look at her, confusion running amok through your mind. She shrugs, answering the call with a smooth ‘hello.’

“Oh! Hi!” Elle chirps, mouthing ‘Big Hit’ to you. “Ah, that’s so generous of them!” She smiles, “yes, of course. Nerves can get to anyone,” she points a glance at you. “Tomorrow? That works!”

Pause. “Thank you so much, I can’t express how much we appreciate this opportunity.”

She clicks off of the call, turning to you immediately with a blinding smile.

“The boys worked their magic and have told Big Hit not to file a complaint over your work manners,” she laughs, “and they’d like to meet up again tomorrow for a rerun. At a restaurant they’re having rented out!” She squeals.

“They’re renting out a restaurant?” You cough out, completely taken aback. “And they stopped a formal complaint from being filed?”

“They’re your knights in shining Gucci tuxedos.” Elle laughs.

“Not funny…” you snap. “That’s too much to expect from them…” you sigh.

“You didn’t expect anything,” Elle reasons, “they’re being nice, and honestly? They might be trying to break the ice.”

“What ice?” You groan, offended at her cliche wording.

“You know, the awkwardness that today probably blew up like a helium balloon. You did literally sprint out of the interview after Hoseok mentioned being an Aquarius.”

You blush crimson at the reminder, “thanks for that.”

“Hey, you’re the one who turned into Usain Bolt during an astrology reading. Not me.”

“Fuck off!” You shout, throwing a couch pillow at her and hitting her directly in the face.
“Uncalled for,” she whines, hitting you back with it. “You have to go see them.”
“No, I don’t!” You argue, “I have options. I could flee the country, or continent! Go home, pack my shitty townhouse and move to Alaska.”
“Alaska?” Elle asks, exasperated. “Really?”
“It’s far enough away.” You shrug.
“Don’t pull this! You should at least meet with them and see what they think of everything. I’m sure they’re as confused as you are.” Elle chides.
“Fine!” You shout, standing from the couch and heading for your bedroom, “but don’t be shocked if I’m in a shitty mood in the morning!”
You hear her laughing as you seclude yourself into your room, the events from the day rendering you beyond exhausted. You let out a big sigh, climbing into your bed and under the covers. You’d be meeting up with the boys for the second time within 24 hours tomorrow.
You honestly couldn’t tell whether you were excited at the nearing reunion, or completely fucking terrified.
An Intimidating Brunch

Chapter Summary

You meet with BTS to discuss the wreck of an interview you'd had a night earlier; and the reasoning for it.

You bolt straight up, cold sweat dripping off of your body. You’re confused initially, remembering very vividly how you were drowning a second ago. It takes a few minutes for your body and mind to adjust, the realization that you were dreaming slowly resounding in your mind, slowing your breathing and calming your racing heartbeat. Your fingers loosen their vice-like hold on the silken sheets beneath your trembling body.

You were in Seoul, and you’d landed, you glimpse at the clock on the bedside table, roughly 7 hours ago. The number ‘7’ lights up in bold script behind your eyelids. 7 soulmates. BTS.

Your mind whirls through the damn near delusional happenings of the day before, trying to piece together some sort of explanation or resolution to your dilemma, but you come up empty handed.

You scoop your phone off the bedside table, immediately opening ‘Google’ and typing in what you assume you should type given your… predicament.

‘What does it mean to have more than one soulmate,’ glares at you, the brightness of the phone screen only adding to the discomfort you feel when researching such a topic at 5 AM. You turn the blinding graphics down, making a sound you can only compare to a car engine failing to start as the only search results that pop up are for people who have anywhere from 2-4 sets of initials and birthdates.

Okay, having 4 was probably frightening, too. You couldn’t be too harsh on Google or the human race for not having dealt with your specific situation. 7 soulmates? You’d never even considered the possibility of such a pairing.

The same questions Elle had the night before race through your mind as you sit in the hotel bed, at 5 AM, in Seoul, alone.

What if they didn’t have your initials on their arms? What if not all of them had your initials on their arms? What if they were going to make you choose between them?

You felt sick. Sick to your stomach. Not wanting to soil the expensive bed sheets in your room, you rush to the connected bathroom, kneeling pitifully in front of the toilet and emptying your stomach into the porcelain bowl and water below.

You rest against the cool tile of the floor once the heaving has stopped, hair sticking to your forehead and head aching. You reach lamely for a courtesy bathrobe that’s tied to the bathroom door, wrapping it around you like a blanket; and use a pile of hand towels as a makeshift pillow, before falling asleep on the bathroom floor.

“Are you okay?” Elle shakes you awake, her blond hair pulled into a ponytail and eyes wide and worried as she looks at you.

“M’fine.” You grumble, rubbing the sleep from your eyes. “Just had a bad dream.”

“So you fell asleep in the bathroom?” She asks you, confused.

“No, I felt sick when I remembered what happened last night…” you breathe out.

“Ah,” Elle sighs, “yeah, I can’t imagine what’s going through your head right now.”

“Too much,” you answer her, slowly sitting up.

“I’ll make you some breakfast!” She chirps. “That gives you time to get ready for meeting with the boys later!”

“Shit, I almost forgot about that. Why’d you have to remind me?” You groan, standing up and
grabbing your toothbrush.

“You need to at least talk to them, Y/N. They saved our asses from possible suspension at work and they clearly want to speak to you about the whole… situation.” She mumbles. “Plus, maybe they’ll tell you some stuff we can use in our articles.”

“Tell me?” You question her, toothpaste spilling out of your mouth and onto your pajamas. “You’re going with me!”

“Oh, no. I’m not.” Elle shrugs at your shocked expression, “I don’t need to be there, and frankly, I shouldn’t be there. They asked to meet with you, they didn’t ask for me by name as well; and there’s some pretty, er, intimate things they might want to ask you.”

“What?!” You choke, toothbrush falling from between your lips and into the sink.

“I don’t mean it like that,” she laughs. “Although, that’d make for an interesting read.” She jokes, “I mean, they might want to get to know you personally. Me being there would make things incredibly awkward.”

“Can’t you at least wait for me close by? You could be my savior if I need to get out of there quickly…” You explain, spitting your toothpaste into the sink and rinsing your mouth.

She looks ready to protest, but you silence her by placing your hand over her mouth. “I brought you on this trip with me, Elle. Not as a coworker, but as a friend. It’d mean more to me than I could possibly begin to explain if you’d be on standby for me while I’m talking to them.”

She rolls her eyes at you, but nods her head in agreement. “You owe me, big time.” She scoffs, “now take a shower, and I’ll make you some breakfast.”

The woman’s true to her word. Once you’re out of the shower, smelling fresh, and dressed decently enough (a cream colored sweater and a new pair of tight jeans you bought before the trip,) she places a massive plate of waffles in front of you.

“Eat.” She orders, sitting next to you at the kitchen bar and digging into her own plate.

“I’m nervous,” you explain, poking at your food, but taking a large bite when she eyes you.

“I don’t blame you at all. Just try not to hyperfocus. Them wanting to meet with you and helping us to not get in trouble yesterday speaks volumes. They more than likely just want to talk. Nothing extreme.”

You nod at her reasoning, thankful that she’s there to at least try and keep you level headed.

“I’ll be just a few blocks down,” Elle tells you, the Big Hit driver, Shei, had put up the partition in the SUV; allowing the two of you what little privacy you could have.

“Thank you,” you tell her earnestly, meeting her friendly gaze.

“You’ll be fine,” she reassures you, “they’re really nice guys from what I saw last night.”

“Ugh, don’t remind me. I feel so stupid.” You groan, curling in on yourself in embarrassment.

“So you don’t want to hear about how worried they were when you split?” She asks you. You peak through the sleeve of your hoodie, interest rising. “Ah, looks like I’ll have to explain later.” She smiles, “we’re here.”

You drift your gaze out the window, noting the bodyguards and Big Hit employees trying to blend in with the outside world. The restaurant, as previously discussed, has clearly been rented out. Upon seeing the SUV, one of the Big Hit employees, a woman you haven’t met, sends a signal to Shei. He seems to understand immediately and turns into a nearby alleyway. It takes you a moment to realize that you’d be entering through the back of the eatery.

“I feel like a sack of drug paraphernalia.” You mope, getting unbuckled and ready to squirm your way out of your seat. You turn to Elle, nerves bubbling. “I’ll call you as soon as I’m done here.”

You tell her, meaning every word.

“Sure, sure. Just get in there before a fan sees you and bombards you.” She laughs, nudging you out of the door that Shei has opened for you.

“Thanks,” you mumble to him, allowing another employee to lead you through the back door. The restaurant itself smells absolutely amazing, you couldn’t even begin to fathom how amazing the food would taste once it touched your taste buds. A few kitchen workers bow to you, and you return the kind gesture, feeling extremely out of place in the pristine kitchen.

Soon enough, tile floors turn to wooden panels, and you look up to meet some of the eyes you’d ran
from the night before. Namjoon’s gaze is gentle on you, Jin’s is approving, taking in your figure as
you stand before him. Taehyung and Jungkook are too busy playing some sort of napkin game
they’ve created to acknowledge your entrance. Hoseok waves enthusiastically, massive grin split
across his bright face.
Jimin, beautiful as ever, smiles his eye-crinkling smile that has your stomach doing cartwheels within
the confines of your body. Yoongi’s eyes are serious on yours, hands fidgeting atop the table they sit
at; his hair hidden beneath a beanie that makes him look more boyish than he did yesterday.
“Er- hi.” You say awkwardly, waving slightly at the men once you stand in front of their table.
“Ah!” Jungkook jumps, dropping the napkin-ball once your voice hits his ears.
“Ha!” Taehyung whoops, jumping in his seat excitedly, “you lost, Kookie!”
“Can’t you two be normal for once?” Jin asks, shaking his head disapprovingly, but affectionately, at
the two youngest members.
“That’s a ridiculous request, hyung.” Jimin smiles, nudging Jungkook lightly. “Besides, weren’t you
playing table football with Kookie and V last week?”
Jin blushes a rosy red, clearly embarrassed he’d been outed.
“It’s okay,” you rush to reassure him, not quite understanding your sudden need to alleviate his
discomfort, “I still play Nintendogs on my DS.”
Jin raises his eyebrows at you, along with most of the members save for Yoongi, who still looks at
you with a nervous expression.
“Isn’t that the game where you can have a Shiba?” Taehyung smiles, “I’ve always wanted one.”
“That’s the one,” you reply, feeling your own embarrassment flare up as the ridiculously attractive
men all keep their gazes on you.
“My friends in school would play those games all of the time,” Jimin smiles, pulling a chair at the
head of the table out for you before returning to his seat. “Do you like to play games, Y/N?” He
smiles a toothy smile, and if you weren’t a reporter whose life consisted of reading subliminal
messages, you wouldn’t have caught the sensual innuendo beyond the question.
“Jimin-ah, let’s not talk about games right now,” Yoongi speaks up, flickering his impassive glance
from you, to Jimin, to you again.
“Youngi is right,” Namjoon nods. “We were worried last night that you wouldn’t show up.” He
explains as you take your seat, keeping your hands in your lap so you don’t fidget too much or too
obviously. “Some of us were worried we’d scared you off before we’d even had the chance to
properly introduce ourselves. It’s safe to say we’re relieved you’re here.”
You smile, somewhat consoled knowing that they’d been nervous, too.
“Is there anything you’d like to eat?” Jin asks, “we’ve ordered 8 servings of rice and vegetable stir-
fry already. The chef said it’d be a half hour or so.”
“Rice and stir-fry sounds great,” you answer him, “could I get a cup of water?” You ask, your throat
feeling dry from your ebbing nerves.
Jin nods his head, and goes to retrieve a pitcher of water and some glasses from the kitchen. He
pours yours gingerly, long fingers holding the pitcher with exceptional care.
“From your exit during the interview, we’re assuming you know why we invited you?” Namjoon
asks, eyes kindly analyzing your posture.
“L, uh- yeah. I assume it’s about this…” you lift your left hand atop the table and push back the
cream-colored fabric, revealing the numbers and letters that haunted you your entire life.
Two of the three maknaes smile once they eye the black ink on your wrist. Taehyung and Jimin
looked to be far more comfortable in the situation than Jungkook, who still resembled a deer caught
in the headlights.
Hoseok makes a noise similar to a pelican, rounding the table and showing you his own wrist. The
letters and numbers are all the same as yours, save for one. Where you had his initials and birthdate,
he had yours.
“Show her,” Hoseok chastises his team, waiting for them all to mimic his actions.
They do. You’re shocked as you realize with finality that you had 7 soulmates, and so did they.
Whereas most people had another half, or third, and rarely a fourth, of their soul waiting for them
inside someone else; you and the seven men in front of you had each other.
“I can’t believe we’re finally meeting you,” Taehyung smiles, hugging you to him.
“Taehyung-ah, give her a minute.” Jin orders.
You’re thankful he does. You weren’t disappointed in the men huddled around your dining chair, far from it, in fact. You did, however, feel the room closing in on you.
“I just need a second-” you explain, rising to your feet, “excuse me.” You bow to them, excusing yourself to the bathroom.
Hardly recognizing the pale woman who stares back at you in the mirror, you douse your face with cold water from the sink; appreciating the relief it provides your heated and muted skin. You give yourself a while, not wanting to overexert your emotions and head back into the room quite yet.
The air is cooler in the bathroom, anyways, and easier for you to breathe. You pull your phone from your back pocket, ready to text Elle and ask her to pick you up; but you glimpse at yourself in the mirror again, seeing the way that color is returning to your face and your breathing as regulated itself.
You could do this.
Shoving your phone back in the confines of your jeans, you push the bathroom door open. The boys wait for you at the table, all of them quiet and anticipating your return. Taehyung catches your eyes, his expression regretful and dejected.
“I’m sorry I hugged you like that,” he tells you, voice radiating his honesty like a heater, “I just got so excited to finally know that you were real.” He explains, “the thought of you being uncomfortable didn’t occur to me. I’m so used to having the hyungs around, and being able to express everything that I forgot you didn’t have any of us to express yourself to growing up.”
“It’s okay, Taehyung,” you tell him, meaning the words from the bottom of your heart. “I just get very anxious when new things blindside me.”
He smiles at your acceptance of his apology, boxy features warming your heart.
“So, how long have you all known about this?” You ask, pointing to your wrist.
“Since we banded together,” Namjoon answers. “It’s actually one of the main reasons we decided to debut.” He shrugs, “when I met Suga at a BigHit meeting and he saw my wrist, it was like I wasn’t alone anymore.”
Yoongi smiles a gummy smile, looking to Namjoon. “I felt the same way,” he agrees, “growing up was difficult. I was ashamed of my marks and hid them. I thought they meant I’d never have a successful relationship. But when I saw Joon at the meeting, and he had his sleeves rolled up without a care to give… I just saw my initials and the rest we share, and I didn’t feel empty anymore. There was someone I could connect to.”
“And then Hoseok showed up, loud and energetic,” Namjoon laughs. The man in question smiles, blush creeping its way onto his face. “We were both shocked,” he signals between himself and Yoongi. “The chances of us meeting each other were slim enough, but a third showing up? It was crazy.”
“You guys would have been lost without me,” Hoseok groans, “you’re both so messy.”
Yoongi rolls his eyes, and Namjoon laughs. “Once Jin signed on, we kind of just let the rest play out. Figured that if luck stayed on our side we wouldn’t need to look ourselves.” Namjoon explains. “It was pretty smooth sailing for a while. Jungkook signed on, and then V. Jimin was last,” Jimin smiles at the mention of his name, “we only had one more person to wait for.”
“After ‘Wings’ was released, we kind of lost hope,” Jin adds. “We thought maybe you weren’t real. We’d met people with your initials, but when we asked when their birthdays were, we got nothing.”
You nod your head, “I grew up in Washington, went to college in California, and then moved to New York for work.” You tell them, grateful that they provide you with their undivided attention.
“You know where I work, so there’s no need to explain that. There’s actually not much to explain, really. I move around a lot for reporting gigs, so I don’t have time for friends and stuff.”
They look saddened by that, and your heart pangs in response. “It’s okay,” you reassure, “my life has been full of amazing experiences and opportunities because of my work.”
“It sounds like it’s held you back, too…” Jungkook says, voice heavy with concern.
“Only socially.” You reply, “I have a decent home, and enough money to keep me going.”
“Have you dated?” Jimin asks.

“Jimin-ah!” Jin scolds him, flicking his forehead.

“It’s okay!” You tell him, “it’s a fair question. I haven’t seriously dated anyone. I’ve casually dated, though.” You explain. “Once it turns towards serious conversations and ‘what are we’s,’ I book it.” Jimin thinks over your answer, enamored by the casualty you gave it with.

“If we had known, we would have reached out,” Namjoon confesses, turning the conversation back towards the elephant in the room.

“If anything, I’m to blame,” you laugh. “You guys are globally famous, your names are everywhere, so are your birth dates. If I had paid more attention, we might have met sooner…” you trail off.

“You’re not alone!” Hoseok consoles you, eyes unwavering as they convey his sincerity to you. “We’re meeting each other now, and that’s good enough for us.”

“Thank you, Hoseok.” You tell him gently.

He nearly transforms into the heart-eye emoji at you saying his name, his features softening immensely and leaving a dopey-grin on his face. Jimin pats Hoseok’s shoulder, shining his crinkly eyed smile at the older man.

“How are you feeling about all of this?” Yoongi asks, big brown eyes looking at yours with concern, the first discernible emotion you’ve seen on him since entering the room. It nearly knocks the wind out of you. The softness of his face mixed with the molten-emotion beyond his eyes rendering you wordless.

“Erm-” you gape. “I, uh- I’m definitely still shocked, but I feel more at ease now,” you manage to push the words out of your mouth. “It’s way more comforting knowing that I’m not just a glitch in the system.”

“What do you mean?” He asks.

“I always thought that I was meant to be alone,” you shrug. “But you have the mark,” he cocks his head, eyebrows knitting together in confusion.

“Yeah, but I’ve never seen someone with my extent of it.” You explain, “typically people have one or two initials and birth dates on their wrist. I have seven. I figured that maybe I was just a reject.”

He looks saddened by your explanation, “well, you’re not.”

“You have us,” Taehyung adds, putting an arm around Jimin and Jungkook each.

“I also live in America,” you remind them, sipping at the water Jin had poured you earlier. “I can’t just leave my job and my home to come to Korea.”

“You could rebuild, make new family because you weren’t around your biological family much anyways, you could still visit Elle and facetime her every day…”

“But you were getting ahead of yourself.”

“You might consider it some day,” you answer Namjoon, noting the relief that fills every single member’s eyes. “But that’d be down the road a ways,” you add, “it’s not something I could just do at the drop of a hat.”

The men nod, understanding and appreciating your answer. You don’t bother asking them the same, you know their love for their country and the people in it. It was visceral, unwavering and stronger than any fan-artist connection you’d seen, ever. It’d be selfish to ask them to leave their livelihoods. They could still make music in America, but the emotions behind the music? The reason for making it? The heart of BTS would always remain in Korea.

“We have another question to ask,” Jimin speaks up. You look at him and nod, giving him the go-ahead. “Well, you see, we were wondering if any of the initials on your wrist look different to you? Like maybe one seems thicker or darker?” He asks.

You frown, confused, but raise your left sleeve again and really look at the bold
lettering. The food arrives as you examine your wrist, the waiter delicately placing your meal on the table in front of you.

Sure enough, a lettered pairing does stick out from the rest. You’re at a complete loss as to why you hadn’t noticed it before. You’d spent hours upon hours of your life glaring at the ink. How were you only just realizing the imperfection permanently etched atop your skin now that Jimin mentioned it?

“Yeah…” You breathe out, looking to Jimin’s waiting gaze. “I’ve never noticed it before.”

“It’s pretty microscopic,” Namjoon explains. “It’s only really noticeable once someone addresses it.”

“That’s strange…” You murmur, looking back at your wrist. The letters only seem to have grown more bold, nearly looking italicised now that more time has passed. “It looks more bold now…” You explain, meeting the eyes of the man the bulkier text belongs to.

He looks back at you, eyes softening as they look into yours.

“Are mine thicker for you?” You ask him.

“They are.” He replies.

“What does it mean?” You ask Namjoon.

“Well, we hunted down a woman in Daegu, she calls herself a ‘reader.’ She was pretty difficult to find, but Big Hit helped us. She specializes in the marks. Has books upon books on them. She told us that there have only been a handful of cases like ours,” he tells you, “and that the bold initials are present every time. She said that the bold initials signify the strongest bond within the soulmates. For me, my strongest bond is with Hoseok.” He looks to the cheery man beside him. “And his is with me.”

“What does that mean for you and the others?” You ask him, taking a bite of your stir-fry.

“We’re all still soulmates,” he answers. “Nothing will ever change that. Hoseok and I just connect on a deeper level. It doesn’t mean we’re more intimate with each other, it doesn’t even mean we love each other more than we love any of you,” he motions towards everyone at the table. “It just means we’re closest with each other on a spiritual level. He’s like my twin flame. I think that’s what Americans call it sometimes.”

You’re not unfamiliar with the terminology, but you never considered it truth. You thought it was just an excuse for people to seek other relationships when they had a soulmate, or an excuse for some soulmates to be excessively smitten with each other.

“Do you all have twin flames?” You ask the remaining members. They all nod.

“Mine is Kookie,” Tae smiles.

“And mine is V,” Jungkook replies.

“Mine is Jimin,” Jin tells you. Jimin nods, “and mine is Jin,” he adds.

“And you’re mine.” Yoongi tells you, eyes still soft and warm on yours. You flush under his direct gaze, turning into a melting pot of emotions.

“How long have my initials been bold?” You ask him, voice wavering from the force of emotion that’s threatening to crack you open.

“Since our debut,” he replies, taking a drink of his water. Full lips pressing against the fogged glass of the cup sinfully. He takes your ogling as a mere loss for words, “you’re here now, though. That’s all that matters.”

You snap out of your reverie, and realize that had you not been smitten by the way he drank his water, you most definitely would have been apologizing for taking so long to show up.

“Even so, I’m still sorry for taking years to find you guys.” You tell them all, tearing your gaze from Yoongi’s soul-stirring one to address the rest of the members, your soulmates. “I do have a question, and I don’t want it to come off as rude.”

“I’m sure it won’t.” Namjoon reassures you.

“Well, I was just wondering why you guys hide your marks? Elle said you guys cover them for interviews and public outings.”

“We do,” he answers, “we didn’t want to go public with anything unless we had to, at least, not until you were here. We didn’t want to make any decisions unless we all had a say in them, especially given our careers.”

You nod thoughtfully, appreciating his answer and the meaning behind it.
“That’s thoughtful of you all,” you say, smiling as you look to each of them. “Thank you.” They smile back.

“If you guys want to go public with it, I’m fine with that. It’s nothing I can’t handle.” You explain.

“Are you sure?” Jungkook asks, eyes and voice full of concern.

“We could cover your initials for now,” Jin suggests, “you are the youngest of us, so it wouldn’t be a hassle. And we could uncover it once everything’s more secure? For instance, if you move here?” You run over the option in your head, seeing no direct harm could come from doing so.

“That might be a better option,” you agree, “would that make you uncomfortable, Yoongi?” You ask him, concerned that it might cause your twin flame even an ounce of discomfort.

“No,” he answers, and you can tell from the look in his eyes that he means it. “As long as you’re safe and happy, we’re fine with doing whatever we need to.”

You melt at his words, finding an immense comfort in them. It’d only been an hour of you being with them, and you’re already feeling an immense relief. Was this what it felt like to be around your soulmates? Was this what you’d been missing out on?

You couldn’t even begin to fathom the difficulty Elle and Cam had when they were around each other. BTS had been in your company not even a day, and you could already feel a gravitational pull towards them, anchoring you to them in a way that left you feeling complete.

“You,” you tell Yoongi, grinning at the flush that spreads across his full cheeks at your praise. “Thank you, all.” You tell the rest of them, your appreciation seeping through your very pores. “I can’t begin to express to you how much it means to me knowing you all support me so much already.”

They smile at you, taken by your words. You can feel the mood in the room lift substantially, and you thank the heavens above for allowing this brunch to go so much better than originally planned.

The rest of the food is devoured quickly by the eight of you, and it feels like all of 10 minutes have passed before the food is gone and Elle is calling you nonstop. You reluctantly tell them you have to go, heart aching at the drop in their expressions at your announcement. “I’ll see you guys tomorrow! At the show!” You tell them, texting Elle to have Shei come get you. Their expressions brighten slightly, but you can still see that they don’t want you to go.

“How about this? I’ll give you guys my personal number and we can start a group chat? Plan some hangouts and see where that takes us?”

They nod enthusiastically, pulling their phones out and quickly inputting your information into their contact lists. You can feel your phone vibrating in your back pocket at least 10 times as you say your goodbyes and thanks.

You bow to them, following the waiter out of the restaurant through the kitchen and into the back alleyway. Elle and Shei are waiting in the SUV, and Elle pounces on you as soon as you step foot into the large vehicle.

“You are telling me everything when we get back to the hotel.” She orders, you’re about to object, but the covers your mouth with her hand, “nope. That’s my payment for not getting a single update from you in two and a half hours.”

You roll your eyes, and mumble a ‘whatever,’ but her hand blocks out any sense you might have made. She laughs at you, finally pulling her hand away.

“How about this? I’ll give you guys my personal number and we can start a group chat? Plan some hangouts and see where that takes us?”

They nod enthusiastically, pulling their phones out and quickly inputting your information into their contact lists. You can feel your phone vibrating in your back pocket at least 10 times as you say your goodbyes and thanks.

You bow to them, following the waiter out of the restaurant through the kitchen and into the back alleyway. Elle and Shei are waiting in the SUV, and Elle pounces on you as soon as you step foot into the large vehicle.

“You are telling me everything when we get back to the hotel.” She orders, you’re about to object, but the covers your mouth with her hand, “nope. That’s my payment for not getting a single update from you in two and a half hours.”

You roll your eyes, and mumble a ‘whatever,’ but her hand blocks out any sense you might have made. She laughs at you, finally pulling her hand away.

“You did have a good time at least?” She asks.

“It actually went really well.” You answer, blush rising. You turn towards your window, watching the scenery pass by, when you receive another text.

You pull out your phone, unlocking the screen and entering your texting app.

8 unread conversations greet your eyes. 7 singular text chains, and one group text.

The first text you’d received in the restaurant is a simple ‘hi’ that’s signed ‘Jungkook.’

The next is longer.

‘Hello, jagiya! It’s Taehyung!’ A purple heart sits at the end of the sentence.

‘Worldwide Handsome here, checking in on his beautiful soulmate. Xxx Jin’ The next reads.

‘Y/Nie! It’s Hoseok! Text us when you get to your hotel safely! We had fun today :)’

‘Hello, Jagi!!! Jinim here ;) We miss u already xxx’
‘Hi, Y/N. It’s Namjoon. Make sure to save our numbers so you don’t think we’re strangers texting you all of the time. I’ll set up a group chat after I send this. :-)

‘Hey, it’s Yoongi. Your twin flame.’ You giggle at that, noting that he’s sent another since then.

‘You obviously know that, please disregard that message… oh, and check the group chat.’

You do as you’re told, and smile at your phone. There’s introductions, but what sticks out most to you, is the picture of you and Yoongi gazing at each other at the table. Judging by the angle, Jungkook or Taehyung must have taken it. It’s flattering, and captures the ambience of the early-afternoon.

You hug your phone to your chest, emotion flowing through you hotly. You reply to the texts, and follow Namjoon’s advice and save their numbers. The group chat goes crazy after you reply, Taehyung and Jin spamming it with animated gifs and Jimin sending a few selfies.

You don’t miss the pointed glance Elle sends your way as she watches your face dance with happy emotions during the car ride home.

Typically you’d snap at her in embarrassment, but the happiness and complete full-feeling you’re experiencing now prevent you from feeling anything short of euphoria.
You listen to Love Yourself: Answer with Elle, and find yourself making deeper connections to the music than you'd thought possible. A late night phone call leaves you feeling like a middle-schooler in love.

“Twin flame?” Elle asks, clearly expecting an elaboration. You shrug at her, biting into your bottom lip. She waits a minute before she speaks again, “well, we’ve got to at least look into it.”

“What? No. Why would we?” You argue, stopping her hand from reaching her phone on the bedside table.

The two of you sat in your room in the penthouse, shoes off, face masks on, shitty soap opera playing at a small volume on the television that looked more like a theater screen. She hadn’t left your side since getting ‘home,’ wanting a complete rundown on the lunch you’d had with BTS. Your soulmates, you have to keep reminding yourself.

“We have to at least see if anyone’s done any research on it,” Elle explains. “Two days ago you didn’t know you had a soulmate, let alone 7! Now you’re telling me that your situation is even more complex than originally thought, because not only do you have soulmates, but you have a twin flame? Shit doesn’t get more confusing than that, Y/N.” She tells you, shoving your hand out of her way as if it was merely a damn spaghetti noodle.

“I get it,” you reply lamely. “I just don’t want to get more confused than I already am. This whole thing is sort of a shitshow.”

Elle makes a sound akin to a hyena’s chortle, tapping her phone to life and keying ‘twin flame’ into the search engine. You try to remain patient while she wordlessly flits through whatever articles the internet has drudged up, but your efforts are fruitless. You’re still an anxious mess, nerves bubbling and threatening to spill over despite the focus you’re trying to aim on your breathing. The calming-exercises you’d learned and acquired whilst reporting on a newly opened yoga/meditation spa in downtown Manhattan, of course, when you desperately needed them to do so.

“Ah, okay…” Elle breathes out, readjusting her legs on the mattress to where they’re dangling atop your lap, feet hanging over the edge of the bed. “All I’m seeing is that you’re pretty much more spiritually tethered to your twin flame. It’s almost like a soulmate double-whammy.”

You furrow your brows, “I don’t get it.”

“There’s nothing saying you’ll have a more spectacular sex-life or anything with your twin flame,” you wince at her crass words, “it’s all pretty much saying that you have a deeper emotional tie or tether to them because your soul split into two during your creation. So, Suga’s soul was split into two when he was created, and the other half manifested itself in you; and likewise.”

“And the others? Why would they be my soulmates if Yoongi and I have each other?” You question her.

“Two halves don’t always make a whole, Y/N.” She explains. “The rest of the band are made up of the same frequency as you and Suga, but you two existed within each other. You are him, and he is you! It’s like ‘Serendipity!’”

“Uh, what?” You ask her, eyes blank as you try and understand what she’d just quoted.

“Oh, I forgot. You’re not quite ARMY...yet.” She smiles, eyes twinkling in the dim light of the bedroom mischievously. “We’ll fix that before the concert tomorrow,” she tells you, grabbing the remote from the foot of the mattress and switching the smart t.v to Youtube.

You weren’t about to object. She’d had the right idea. You’d definitely need to up your game and
awareness of your soulmates lives.

“So,” she begins, typing ‘Serendipity’ into the search bar, “this is Jimin’s solo on their recent album, ‘Love Yourself: Answer.’”

She clicks the first video, you read something about it being a full-length edition of the song, and snuggle further into the fluffy comforter on your bed.

There’s a sound that’s similar to someone inhaling deeply, and then Jimin’s voice floods the room. You silently thank the hotel for installing the surround sound speakers.

Your heart constricts inside your chest, aching at the sensual tone in his singing and flipping at his more breathy notes. Elle stays silent next to you, thankfully, allowing you to take in the song in its entirety. Your reaction isn’t something you were quite expecting, given you’d heard their music before.

This time, though, felt completely different. Whereas a few years ago, you’d just appreciated their album, this time you felt a remarkably visceral connection to everything Jimin was expressing and singing.

His pain, his raw emotion; the light timbre of his voice. Him. It was as if we were baring his entire raw self to you on a platter. The angelic lilts of the melody and his soulful croons give you endless chills. Once the bridge hits, and he pleads for you to not leave, to stay with him and become one; you’re gone, tears cascading down your face.

The piano plays as Jimin’s voice becomes more scarce. He calls out to you, his voice echoing his plea for you to let him love you, as the piano ends the ballad.

You watch the screen, tears still falling, and take a strained breath. “That was…” you begin, but stop yourself. Could you possibly even begin to convey the emotion that song brought to you? You want to try, but you catch yourself falling short; as if your ability to speak had been ripped from your existence.

“I know.” She replies kindly, gripping the remote and clicking the next video she sees.

A picture of Jin hyung pops up, and you quickly catch the word ‘Epiphany.’ Ah, you’d heard of this one. A group of teens who lived in the townhouse across the street from you had listened to it before. You hadn’t paid it undeviating attention at the time, although it had sounded beautiful. You’d just chalked it up to a nice song and continued on your way to work.

Like Jimin’s solo though, this time listening feels personal. It feels real, and almost as though the music was actually speaking, or rather singing, to your very being.

Jin serenades you, telling you his story of discovering self-love. Of discovering himself. His background vocals are just as beautiful as the main ones, intricately supporting the focal notes and accommodating the emotive meaning beyond them. Your tears still run, your eyes nearly bulging out of your head when he hits the high notes at the end of the ballad.

How you were supposedly deserving of these beautiful, gifted, kind and genuine men was completely fucking beyond you at this point.

“You doing okay?” Elle asks, hovering highlighted box on the screen over ‘Singularity.’ Tae’s name next to you giving you butterflies as your mind flickers through a few mental images you’d snapped during brunch, his bright brown eyes and boxy smile beyond charming.

“Yeah,” you answer her, wiping your eyes, careful not to tear the face mask from your face. “Let’s take these off before they cement themselves to our skulls.” You tell her, peeling the charcoal mask off of your soft skin. It hurts like a bitch, but thankfully the pain distracts you from the onslaught of raw emotion you’d endured mere minutes prior.

“Alright,” Elle says, patting her face and feeling the smoothness of it. “Singularity. It’s a V classic, save for Stigma.”

You giggle at her obvious fangirling, eyeing the screen as she hits ‘play.’

His voice seems to immediately seduce you, the sensual tones of the bass and his darkened tenor resonating in your chest and running hot and heavy through your stomach. You can hear each breath he takes, practically feel his lips parting so that the words can spill through them effortlessly. You can see him in your mind now, his eyes lidded, top teeth dragging against his bottom lip...

You were aware Tae had a deeper voice, and a more recognizable voice than most people. But holy
shit. You weren’t quite aware of the magnitude of talent he harbored. It’s damn near sinister. The last note strums across the bass, and you release a breath you hadn’t realized you’d been holding.

“That man has a voice like chocolate,” Elle tells you, shaking her head approvingly. “Next, JHope himself.”

The upbeat tempo suits him well, you note. You wouldn’t expect anything else from Hoseok. The man was a living, breathing and dancing human version of the sun. He could make even the most upset person smile. That much you already knew, and you’d only known him for two days.

The bass settles a bit for the bridge, and then picks back up for a rerun of the chorus and the outro. It’s quite literally Hoseok as a song, and it makes your cheeks sore from the amount of smiling you’re doing.

“RM!” Elle cheers, clicking the next video. “This is one of my favorites,” she tells you, bouncing on the bed.

“Okay, okay,” you tell her, giggling and motioning for her to settle down.

Namjoon takes a second to start, but once he does; you’re blown away. The mix of rap and the jazzy instrumental is genius, and has you swaying to the beat, completely smitten with the tune. Namjoon definitely was an underrated rapper, just like Hoseok. You wished there was a way to have everyone on earth appreciate their talent, or rather BTS’ talent as a whole. Yes, they were incredibly famous, and that fame was evergrowing; but you wanted everyone to see their talent, to understand how brilliant the seven men were.

Namjoon continues to rap about being human, and lets an expletive leave his lips. You’re taken by not only the tune, the rap itself, or even the tempo, but the meaning beyond the song. It’s over far too soon, and has you pouting; but your gloomy disposition quickly shifts as you see that Jungkook’s single is loading.

“This one, you’ve got to be a little familiar with.” Elle says, nudging you.

You shrug to her, looking at Jungkook’s cute picture on the screen, as the music starts.

His voice is feathery light at the beginning, beautiful and effortless. The first english words he sings hit you like a drug, and you suck in a sharp breath. The lyrics are clearly romantic, as all of the songs you’ve heard so far are. You sway, appreciating the flow of the instruments and Jungkook’s vibrant singing. His voice is crystal clear, and very similar to Jimin’s, but at the same time, so different. Like Hoseok’s song, you smile during a mass duration of the song, sad and shocked at the abrupt end of it all. You’d been completely entranced in the song.

“And the final solo,” Elle smiles, clicking on the next video. You look at the screen, feeling your smile nearly split your face in two as you take the picture in.

Yoongi’s chocolate hair rests immaculately atop his forehead, his eyes locking onto yours from his position in the photograph.

His voice sounds near-sleepy, causing a soothing sleepiness to rest on your consciousness. He raps about a relationship that clearly had as many downs as ups, and then sings the chorus, and you can feel your heart ache at the lyrics. You didn’t know if Yoongi had truly gone through the heartache he sings about, but you’ve got your mind set on asking him about it. Especially knowing that he’d co-written it, Elle had informed you.

You can hear the pain beyond the ending lyrics. Can feel the loneliness beyond them. You will yourself not to break down, confused by the surge of emotion that’s demanding to be heard and acknowledged.

You thank Elle for showing you their solos, telling her that you’d see her in the morning. She listens, thankfully, leaving you alone in your master bedroom. As soon as she’s gone, you’re replaying the songs, finding an order to them that has you caught in a tidal wave of emotions.

Just Dance, Love, Singularity, Euphoria, Epiphany, Serendipity, and Seesaw are put into a playlist on your spotify, and set to repeat. You listen, engaged in each and every word that passes their lips, soon echoing the choruses and rapping along with some of the hyungs.

Soon enough, you’re listening to Love Yourself: Answer, in its entirety. A few songs completely blowing you away. Alone, the seven of them had remarkable voices, which was difficult in and of itself. But, together? There weren’t words.
Their voices tied together so effortlessly, melting into each other without issue. You could hardly believe that they were real. They seemed other-worldly. Godly. Ethereal, as you’d often hear people explain them.

And they were yours? Fucking insane. You were a simple woman, not excessive, and not at all materialistic. You couldn’t, and probably would never be able to explain the absolute insane nature that now was your life. Knowing that you weren’t alone, but had seven soulmates, one of which was also a twin flame of yours? That was fucking bonkers, and something you hadn’t even dreamed of hoping for yourself… ever.

You check your phone, smiling at the goodnight texts the boys have already sent you in the groupchat. You send back a quick reply, turning your ringer off and settling further into the covers of your bed. Flicking through Hulu, you settle on a movie and let your eyes close, the darkness of the room, save for the television, settling over you and nudging you over the imaginary line between being awake and sleeping.

You almost panic when your phone ringing wakes you up, thinking maybe you’d overslept and missed out on the concert; but you calm down when you realize it’s still dark outside, and that Yoongi is the person calling. The screen of your phone tells you it’s just past 3 AM.

“Yoongi?” You ask in Korean once the phone against your ear, voice heavy from the sleep you’d just been roused from. “Is everything okay?”

“Ah… yeah. Did I wake you?” He sounds about as exhausted as you feel, maybe even more so. “No,” you reassure him, “are you sure you’re okay, Yoongi? You sound tired.”

“I am tired,” he tells you, voice kind, “I’ve been up all night writing a new single… I don’t even know why I called, I’m sorry.”

“Don’t be! It’s a nice surprise.” You rush out, not wanting him to feel any guilt or remorse for calling you, out of all of the people he knew, in the middle of the night.

“Really? I just- I guess I wanted to hear your voice.” He admits, “that sounds ridiculously cheesy, doesn’t it?”

You giggle, “yeah, but it’s cute. Are you excited for the concert?”

“Not as excited as Jungkook and Taehyung, but yeah. I’m excited.” He answers. “You’re going to be there, right?”

You nod your head, and then realize he can’t see you. “Yeah,” you tell him, smiling at your hair-brained mistake. This is precisely why you weren’t a perfect morning-person.

“We got you and your co-writer backstage passes for before and after the show. We also managed to upgrade your seats. You’ll be front and center.”

You’re shocked and at a loss for words, completely blown away by the kindness and compassion they were already regarding you with.

“Wow…” you smile, “that’s great. Thank you so much!”

“No need to thank any of us,” Yoongi chuckles, “you are our soulmate after all. We all look after each other. It’s an unspoken rule.”

The sentiment is greatly appreciated, but you can’t help the lump that rises in your throat at his words. What could you offer them? You were just an up-and-coming writer from Manhattan. You had no reach, no unparalleled abilities that would truly help them.

“Y/N? You still there?” Yoongi asks, and you realize you’d not spoken for a while. “Yeah! I spaced out, I’m sorry,” you reply. “I appreciate you guys so much, Yoongi. I just feel bad because there’s not much I could offer or give you in return.”

“Don’t be so ridiculous!” Yoongi huffs, “you existing is enough. We are all so thankful that you’ve been so understanding and respectful of our careers and everything so far. Plus, you’re writing an article about everything, right? Just tell everyone about how amazing we are and you’ll be fine.” He jokes.

“I will!” You laugh, “you guys are all incredible! I listened to LY:Answer tonight and it blew me away! The solos are so emotional and moving… And when you all sing and rap together? You are all brilliant.” You breathe out, smiling at the memory of the emotional album.

“Ah, shush…” Yoongi squeaks, and you can practically hear his blush through the phone.
“If you say so,” you smile. “What time should we show up at the concert hall tomorrow?” You ask him.
He deliberates for a moment, his light breathing the only indication that he hasn’t hung up or disconnected. “Our show starts at 8,” he answers, “and we practice at 6… So, maybe around 4? We can have some food ready for you guys and that way we can hang out a bit before we start running through the setlist.”
“Sounds good to me,” you agree, “I’m excited to see you. To see all of you,” you smile, warm and fuzzy feelings bouncing around in your chest and stomach.
“We’re excited to see you, too, Jagiya.” He whispers, “get some sleep.”
“Your wish is my command,” you answer him, heart fluttering at the small chuckle he emits.
“Goodnight, Yoongi.” You murmur, exhaustion rearing its ugly head.
“Goodnight, Y/N.” He chirps.
Reluctantly, you click the disconnect symbol and set your phone back on the nightstand. You don’t even remember falling asleep; but you’re happy that your dreams are filled with images and music from your soulmates. Seven people you didn’t know you needed in your life, who now played a pivotal part in it.
Chapter Summary

You and Elle attend your first ‘Persona’ concert, where BTS completely takes your breath and heart away.

“You do realize how expensive backstage passes are, right?” Elle gapes, watching as you tie your hair up into a messy bun.
You were both getting ready to leave for the first concert of the Seoul tour, dressed to impress, and feeling as exuberant as you looked. Elle wore her skin-tight, wash-faded jeans and a purple long sleeved v-neck halter top. Her hair was coiffed, eyelashes curled, and makeup smokey. You were in a lace, skin-tight jumpsuit, hair in a bun, brown smokey eye shadow accentuated by your matte red lip stain.
The boys hadn’t texted you today, save for a, “we can’t wait to see you later,” from Jimin in the group-chat. You couldn’t blame them, couldn’t even begin to imagine the stress the day would have on them. They’d be performing in only 5 hours.
“I wasn’t going to ask Yoongi for a price,” you reply, guilt bubbling in your gut. “Besides, he told me not to worry about it, that I’m their soulmate, and it should be expected of them.”
“I guess that makes sense.” She huffs, “you’re lucky.”
“Oh, hush.” You quip, adjusting your chest to where your cleavage doesn’t seem so egregious.
“Whatever,” Elle replies, sticking her tongue out at you when you side-eye her in the mirror of your bathroom. “You look damn good, mamá.” She tells you, winking.
“Shut up,” you groan. “Is it too much? I could change-”
“You look amazing, Y/N. Take the damn compliment and stop worrying.” She grabs your shoulders for good measure, and looks into your eyes. “You are gorgeous, you have seven gorgeous soulmates, and they’re going to lose their shit when they see how good you look tonight.”
You blush, avoiding her gaze and chewing at your bottom lip. “Fine…” You mumble, “can we go now?”
“Sure thing, Chief,” she smiles, pushing you out of your bathroom and out of the suite.
You feel damn near bare in the outfit you’re wearing, especially being so accustomed to your usual pencil skirts and button ups. The nude toned heels you wore now along with the lace upper half of your jumpsuit left you feeling pretty bare. Of course, the slip you wore underneath the clothing kept your chest from being seen. Thankfully, the bottom half of the jumpsuit flowed out like parachute pants, reassuring you that your dignity would, in fact, remain intact during your event filled evening. Walking to the waiting Big Hit SUV is a feat in itself. You nearly eat shit multiple times, catching yourself on Elle’s shoulder without fail whenever you do so. Shei greets you, his smile wide. “You both look very beautiful!” He tells you, waiting for you to translate for Elle.
“Thank you!” Elle smiles, bowing to Shei. He blushes at her kindness, closing the back door once the two of you are inside the vehicle. “I’m so excited! We actually get to hang out with BTS backstage! That’s something I never thought I’d get to say.”
“Don’t get too excited,” you warn her, “we still have to make sure and get material for the articles we’ll be swamped in later on… and we don’t really know how much time the band will have for us. They’ve got practice and stuff to run through.”
“Ah, stop being such a party pooper, Y/N. Take it in stride! I haven’t heard you once say how incredible it is that they’re your soulmates.”
“It is incredible!” You argue, flushing, “I just don’t want to broadcast it to the whole world yet.”
“Well, we’re alone now!” Elle points out, “let it out!” She notes your hesitancy, “c’mon! Just one shout.”

You roll your eyes affectionately at her, but her excitement is intoxicating and definitely contagious. You take a deep breath, steel your resolve for what you’re about to do, and yell. You sound similar to a baby lion trying to roar, and somewhere in between those pitiful shouts are chants of, “BTS is my soulmate!”

Elle chimes in at some point, obnoxious cries mixing in with your own insufferable ones. You don’t remember Shei putting up the divider in the large vehicle, but he does. You’ll have to apologize for that later; but right now? You were just too damn excited to give a fuck. Because you were going to a BTS concert, the entirety of BTS are your soulmates, and you’d gotten backstage passes and front row seats because of it.

Only when Shei turns the massive Range Rover into a parking garage do you quiet down, motioning for Elle to do the same. He gets out, and you can see him making a phone call. You’re antsy, nerves getting the best of you, as they typically did, until he opens the door and tells you and Elle to follow him; and that the boys were waiting for you.

The Olympic Gymnastics Arena is unlike any work of architecture you’d seen before. The intricate hallways and limitless side-rooms could prove to be a maze to anyone who ever existed, but Shei somehow manages just fine. He weaves through long stretches of halls and great-halls, you and Elle trailing behind him, with unmistakable purpose. You can tell you’re close to where you need to be once you take a hallway that resembles an underground tunnel, the acoustics themselves nearly morphing your footsteps into something musical and magical.

“From the top!” You hear someone call, you assume it’s JHope given how dedicated he is to his art, dancing.

The nerves from earlier disappear, and are replaced with an indescribable sense of purpose and comfort once you hear him. Shei pushes a double-wide set of doors open, and Elle struts in. You follow behind her, careful of your steps as the brightly lit hallway fades away and warm light greets you.

You realize quickly that you’re quite literally backstage. Or, below stage. There was some sort of mechanism that looked as if it were meant to lift your soulmates up and onto the awaiting stage. “Woah,” Taehyung gapes, eyeing you up like his life depended on it. “You look amazing.” He smiles, the boxy features you’re coming to adore dearly gracing his already beautiful face.

“Thanks,” you smile, blushing, and slipping easily into Korean speech.

The rest of them are silently taking you in, appreciating what they see. You can practically feel their attraction to you radiating through the room. Hoseok is glued in place, maybe mid-pirouette? You feel slightly guilty for stopping him during his dance.

“I’m sorry if I interrupted,” you tell him, “I didn’t know if you were practicing or not.” You addressing him snaps him out of his stupor, and he repositions his body into a more… normal one. “You’re fine!” He smiles, charisma coming back full-force. “Taehyung is right, you do look stunning.”

You blush further, nearly curling in on yourself. You mentally slap yourself for not bringing a cardigan or a hoodie that you could burrow yourself into. Spaghetti straps would be the death of you tonight.

“You look amazing.” You smile. He returns the favor ten-fold.

Elle looks beyond confused. You explain to her what had been said and smiles devilishly at you. “Namjoon, you speak English, right?” She asks.

“You speak English?” you start.

“I do,” the man in question answers, eyes bright and curious.

“You speak English,” Elle adds, “You speak English with Y/N here has been bursting at the seams with excitement for tonight.” She tells him, and you desperately wish the ground would do you the courtesy of opening up and swallowing you whole.

“Thank you, Hoseok.” You smile. He returns the favor ten-fold.

Elle looks beyond confused. You explain to her what had been said and smiles devilishly at you. “Namjoon, you speak English, right?” She asks.

“You speak English,” Elle adds, “You speak English with Y/N here has been bursting at the seams with excitement for tonight.” She tells him, and you desperately wish the ground would do you the courtesy of opening up and swallowing you whole.

“Thank you,” he tells the both of you, “we do have an additional song we’ll be performing tonight, though!”
“Yah! Hyung, don’t ruin our surprise performance!” Jungkook shouts, his Korean rushed and frantic. “I won’t, I won’t!” Namjoon reassures him in English, before turning to you. “So what are you most excited for?”

You deliberate, coming up empty handed. What wasn’t there to be excited for? Just the way Namjoon looks at you, tall legs accentuated by black skinny jeans and a crew neck black tee that the entire team dons. They were all matching, and the realization is delicious and fruitful. Namjoon’s eyes are waiting on you, exhilarated by what your answer could be, when you remember you hadn’t answered him. The man has you swooning and excited beyond belief, yet he’s expecting you to tell him your favorite song? You would surely combust.

“Everything,” you tell him, chewing at the inside of your cheek. “I really don’t have any set favorites. All of your guys’ music gets to me.”

You finally take in the rest of the boys, and you’re shocked you weren’t drooling. Namjoon’s faded pastel pink hair is enough to do you in itself. Combine it with the rest of them? You were fucking doomed.

Jimin’s near-white hair highlights his bone structure and differs from the pink hair he’d had the day prior. His chiseled face sends goosebumps up your naked arms, especially when he notes your glance and has the audacity to wink at you, toothy grin making his eyes smile and making your heart nearly come to a halt. The boy was undeniably breathtaking, and he knew it.

Taehyung has his signature bandanna on, keeping the chocolate curls you so desperately wanted to play with from falling onto his face and obstructing his view. His eyes are warm and large as ever, boxy smile still plastered across his face.

Hoseok’s hair is a similar chocolaty shade to Tae’s, but it’s length differs. The middle part gives people easy access to seeing his ethereal features; from his perfect skin, to the elfish slope of his nose, to the innocent eyes that beamed at you with happiness. The man was a literal angel.

Jin’s hair is different from yesterday. Whereas yesterday it’d been the butterscotch blond that you loved, today it was a lavender that you loved just as much. His full lips break into a smile when he catches your gaze, and you send one back, giving his deep-brown doe-eyes another once-over before reluctantly moving on.

Yoongi smiles a gummy smile that you’d started memorizing, giving you a tiny wave that you return immediately. His hair is a pitch black, cut just at his eyebrows. His pouty lips are distinguishable even as he smiles, something that has your heart doing a back flip.

Jungkook, the Golden Maknae himself, looks absolutely ravishing. His hair is nearly as black as Yoongi’s, fluffy tendrils falling into his eyes seductively as he sends a boyish grin your way. You have to remind yourself that he is, in fact, a year older than you; despite his youthful appearance. “I missed you guys!” You tell them, heart warming from the smiles your admission elicits from them. “We missed you, too, Jagiya!” Taehyung replies, shooting up from his seat and towards you with his arms extended. He comes to a pause, most likely remembering your reaction to his last hug. You laugh at his internal battle, and close the distance yourself, pulling him into your arms and relishing in his warmth. He was like a fucking space-heater.

He locks you into his surprisingly strong embrace, chest hard against your soft one. “You are small.” He chuckles, swaying slightly with you in his arms.

“Hey!” You shout playfully, pulling away from him and booping his nose. “Don’t mock my height! I’m strong for my size.”

“I believe you,” he smiles, deep voice leaving you lightheaded.

“Where’s our hugs?” Jin pouts, looking at you and Tae.

“Come and get them,” you quip, holding your arms open for whoever takes up your offer. Within seconds you’re being nearly suffocated by seven fully grown men (it seems Tae slipped back in,) who have you trapped in a bear hug. “You guys are stealing all of my air!” You grumble, trying to escape the mountain that is BTS.

“You can’t get away from us, Jagiya~” Jungkook sings, voice intoxicating.

“Food’s here!” A voice calls out, and you’re left breathing lost oxygen the arms around you
disappear, save for one pair.

Yoongi still holds tightly onto you, head resting in the crook of your neck, as the rest of the band swarms the takeout that’d been ordered. You watch, small smile on your face, while Namjoon explains to Elle what food is what, and helps her prepare her own plate.

“You tired?” You ask Yoongi, taking the opportunity to lead him to a vacant wall and sit with him. He rests his head back against your shoulder, nodding it lamely. “You could take a nap on me, if you want,” you tell him.

“Thanks.” He murmurs, gripping your hand and holding it in his lap. Seconds pass before you can hear his breathing hollow out and watch as his chest rises and falls deeply.

“Don’t move!” Tae chirps softly, pulling out his phone as he walks over to the two of you. “This is going to be such a cute picture!”

The flash momentarily blinds you, but you don’t care once you see the outcome of the photograph. You look alive in it. The way you’d seen a lot of people look alive when they were complete. You are clearly looking into Tae’s eyes in the picture, gaze amorous and admiring. Yoongi’s lips are parted, hands wrapped around yours that’s in his lap, as he leans against you in the picture. It’s incredibly intimate, and incredibly heartwarming.

“Thank you, Taehyung.” You smile, motioning for him to sit on the other side of you. He does, and he mimics Yoongi, your other hand is pulled into his lap and he rests his chocolate curls against your vacant shoulder. “Make sure you send that picture to the group chat later.” You tell him.

“Did that as soon as I took it.” He smiles against you, lips stretching against your shoulder. You have to try insanely hard not to shudder. “So, are you excited for the show?”

“You can’t wait for you to see us perform! Hoseok’s nervous we will forget some dance steps if we see you in the crowd, but I think you’ll help us do even better.”

You want to melt at that. This man was sweeter than any sweet you’d ever had.

“I hope that’s the case, Taehyung.” You tell him, gripping his hand in yours tightly. He returns the grip, strong hands engulfing your own.

“We mess up our routines a lot anyways,” he shrugs against you, “so it wouldn’t be anything new if we did mess up.”

“Easy for someone to say when they’re not in charge of the choreography,” Hoseok grumbles from the nearby table full of takeout boxes. “Y/N, are you hungry?” He asks, “I’m readying a plate for Yoongi, and I can put some extra food on it.”

“Yes, please!” You chirp, knowing your stomach will appreciate it when you’re dancing and cheering them on later. “Thank you, Hoseok!”

He smiles brightly at you, adding a massive spoonful of Kimchi fried rice to the plate. Within a few relatively silent minutes, save for Jungkook and Jimin arguing over a rice cake, Hoseok brings the ridiculously full plate to your mini-huddle against the wall. Tae steals a bit of orange chicken from it, thankful that you don’t rebuke him like his hyungs would, and eats next to you in silence. The food seems to have some sort of magical power, because the smell wakes Yoongi up, and he immediately pops some chicken into his mouth.

“Thanks for being my pillow,” he says between bites. “You’re a very good one.”

“Well, thanks.” You smile, eating some of the fried rice. “You can return the favor when I’m tired later.”

“Sounds like a plan,” he smiles back, continuing to eat the ridiculously delicious takeout that management had brought.

“Practice starts in 40 minutes,” JHope announces, looking at his iPhone. “Concert in three hours.”

“Yah,” Yoongi groans, melting against your side. “Can’t we skip the practice, Hobi?” He asks, voice wavering from his tiredness. You wish you could alleviate it.

“You know we can’t, Yoongi.” JHope replies. You watch as Namjoon continues translating for Elle; immersing in conversation like it was a gift. The man was kind beyond words.

“I know, I know.” Yoongi grumbles. “Just gimme a minute before we shoot off onto the stage.”
“You can rest on me after the show, if you want,” you offer the sleepy man on your shoulder.
“I’ll hold you to that,” he tells you, hugging you against him and nearly spilling the plate full of food that’s on your lap.
“What about us?” Jimin asks, pouting at you from the table he and the rest of the guys sit at.
“You’re all welcome to nap on me,” you laugh, “you might run out of comfortable spots to rest your heads on, though.”
Jimin blushes a light pink, stuffing his mouth with another forklful of his rice.
“So,” Namjoon starts, speaking in his accented English, “while we practice, you two can find your seats. That way, when the concert starts, you won’t be stuck trying to find them.”
“Sounds good to me,” Elle smiles behind a mouthful of food. “We’re excited to see you guys on stage.”
“Thank you. That means a lot to us,” Namjoon replies, his gaze gently passing onto you.
The rest of the time you’re with them below-stage is spent asking the usual pre-concert questions. ‘What song are you most excited to perform,’ and, ‘how long have you guys been practicing this specific set list for?’
You’re pleased to find out that since ‘Persona’ was a smaller album, they’d be performing a lot of their songs from ‘Answer’ and ‘Tear.’ Two albums you’d studied heavily the night prior with the help of Elle and your complete fascination with your newfound soulmates.
They answer your questions with enthusiasm and great care, making sure you and Elle get the content you’d need for your articles. Hoseok is especially wordy with his answers, giving you illustrious details that he knew would help you later on.
Jin, ever the comedian, cracks his signature dad-jokes throughout the mini-questionnaire. The jokes, however simple, leave you clutching your sides as you lose yourself in your laughter, which Jin seems extremely thankful for.
“Five minutes!” Someone you assume to be a stage-hand tells the boys, popping their head into the room you’re in to address them.
All seven sets of eyes light up, thrill coursing through them as they start to chat among themselves, preparing each other for the lengthy practice they’d be running through. Elle finds you amidst their chatter, putting her arm around your bare shoulders.
“You look happy,” she smiles, wagging her brows at you.
“Aw, shut up,” you quip, sending her a light glare. “They’re nice.”
“That they are. Namjoon let me in on a few secrets while you were playing bed for Yoongi and V.” She tells you, a mischievous glint in her eyes. “This concert is going to kick ass.”
“Is that right?” You reply dryly. “And are you going to let me in on these secrets?”
“No way in hell, L/N.” She laughs. “That’d ruin the authenticity of it all.”
You roll your eyes, but don’t bug her to tell you the entirety of the practice. The boys are ruthless on stage, and you relish in their echoing voices resounding in the amphitheater, thankful that you’d been granted the exclusive mini-performance. There are some run-throughs that they leave out, you can tell because the practice lasts at least an hour less than the actual concert would.
Elle cheers them on enthusiastically the entire practice, you echoing her cheers. You’re beyond grateful for her cheering next to you, because if she weren’t there to show you what you should be cheering, you’d be a sputtering mess in your seat. The solo performances in particular fuck you up. You’d figured they would, but holy shit. You don’t think anything could have prepared you for the rush of emotions you’re met with once the stage lights dim and the practice is concluded.
Elle is pretty much screaming her approval at the top of her lungs next to you, while you take a deep breath and desperately hold in your tears. Jungkook stands alone on the stage, his performance of ‘Euphoria’ being the closing act, you assume.
“We’re going to go get dressed while security starts letting people in!” He tells you, speaking into his microphone. “We’ll see you after the show.” He smiles, only retreating from the stage when you shout ‘OK’ and hold a thumbs up in the air.
The seats fill quickly, people filing in without pause. The air turns into an excited static, fans chanting their signature BTS chants while they wait for the men in question to appear on the stage.
The music seems to emanate from the entirety of the building, floor rumbling, lights dimming and changing colors. You hear Namjoon speaking into his microphone before you see him, thanking everyone for attending and promising that they’ll give the performance their all.

And then they’re there. Lifted from the pedestal below the center stage up onto the main stage. They all wear similar button up shirts and tight black pants. The only distinguishing factor beyond their hair are the colors of their shirts.

Jimin’s shirt is silver, bellowing around him like a silver waterfall. Jin’s is a pastel blue, reminding you of the sky just before the sun disappears and stars can be seen. Taehyung has a pastel orange shirt, similar to the tins in the sky that can be seen during a sunset. Namjoon sports a pastel purple color, reminding you of the purple cotton candy you could get at the state fair in Washington. JHope’s top is a pastel yellow, matching the sunny personality that wears it. Jungkook’s shirt is a pastel pink, matching Namjoon’s hair and only darkening his already onyx hair. Yoongi has a pastel green shirt on, resembling sea foam that washes up on the beach shore in Hawaii, which you’d been to precisely three times.

All of them together remind you of the candy heart boxes you could buy around Valentine’s Day, leaving a sweet taste in your mouth and your heart fluttering. They truly were beautiful beyond words. You can see the bronzer they’ve used to sculpt their already prominent cheekbones, the charcoal eyeliner that accentuates their dark eyes. They looked sinful, deliciously so.

Their first song is the highly popular ‘Boy With Luv,’ Halsey’s voice playing through the stadium speakers because she isn’t there. The rest of ‘Persona’ follows, fans singing along with them. You’re too busy following their trained muscles that strain against their clothing while they dance. Beyond the initial beauty of them, that always rendered people speechless, they were devastatingly hot. You count yourself criminally lucky for them scoring you the seats you had now. You were only a handful of yards away from them, able to see their faces clearly get lost in the music they croon.

You especially appreciate the sleeve cuffs that are keeping their wrists tightly secured by fabric, but allowing the rest of the arm sleeves to puff out and billow in the air following their movements.

Jimin’s ‘Serendipity’ dance has him literally resembling a silver river, rivulets of clothing and hair flowing effortlessly alongside the pirouettes and jumps that performs without challenge. You silently thank the contemporary dancing he’d done prior to joining the band for the beautiful moves you’re playing witness to.

‘Serendipity’ ends and you can hardly tell where ‘Singularity’ begins, they melt so beautifully into one another that it’s hard to distinguish when the song change even happens.

Tae performs the song brilliantly, dance as sensual and emotional as it possibly can be. You literally have to remind yourself to breathe so you don’t pass out, his soulful crooning putting you under a spell that has your eyes slightly dazed and dilated.

You shake yourself out of it slightly as ‘Epiphany’ starts, Jin’s vocals clear and loud. It’s heart shattering how much emotion he pours into the performance, pedestal in the center-most of the stage lifting him up towards the heavens and back down to the stage as his voice raises and lowers throughout the song’s entirety.

You take in a hollow breath when Yoongi whispers “Suga,” into the mic, stepping forward and relieving Jin of his stage presence. His dance is calculated throughout the song, background dancers helping him to portray the emotion and complication of the song. Your heart nearly stops when he sits atop a bench brought out mid-dance and his background dancers tip it, leaving Yoongi to slide off and back onto the stage floor. You’re worried he won’t land, but are left open-mouthed when he does land it. Perfectly.

Namjoon’s solo is next, the piano of ‘Love’ echoing throughout the somehow silent stadium. His voice rings through as he takes the center of the stage, his face plastered onto the big screen behind him. The camera that follows him along the stage is practically his only prop, he refers to it the entirety of the solo, speaking to it as if it were you and the rest of the people filed into the circular arena. The heart fingers he puts forefront of the camera lens at the end has the population inside the dome practically shaking the monumental arena with their cheers.

The purple lights momentarily stun you, but you can see JHope standing amidst them all and you
force yourself to focus on him and not the surrounding pulsing lights. He smiles, sending the boyish grin towards the general area your seated in and you bite at your bottom lip, heart feeling dangerously full and ready to burst. You were ready for the charismatic and chipper Hobi that you were growing accustomed to, but were pleasantly surprised when his solo dripped swagger and sex appeal. The man oozed virtuosity and he was not afraid to be cocky about it.

Jungkook’s performance is quite literally reminiscent of any rock song performance you’d seen. You can see the similarities to Elvis, Michael Jackson, Queen, and so many more famous rock stars that it leaves you feeling nothing short of nostalgic and blown away. The wistful air that surrounds the golden maknae has your heart panging and eyes watering.

You’re left confused when all of the members return to the stage and the music dies down, leaving you and the rest of the fans utterly silent and waiting on the edge of your seats for whatever was to come next.

“These next songs we’ve performed many times,” Jin begins.

“Tonight they will have more meaning.” JHope adds.

“Tonight they will be complete. As we’ve found ourselves to feel the past few days. These songs are dedicated to us, and to you.” Namjoon finishes, looking your way before signaling towards the back of the stage.

The lights all shut off, and you suck in a harsh breath, completely blown away by the implication beyond their words.

The deep melodic beat starts, pulsing through the crowd. You can hear the recognition of the song hit the rest of the fans, hear the way they lose their collective cool and scream soulfully towards the stage.

The interlude takes a few minutes, and you are vaguely aware of Elle gripping your hand in her own. You can just barely make out the knowing smile that’s housed on her face. When the light comes back on, your breathing stops. They’re still wearing the pants and shoes they’d been wearing before, but rather than the individually colored button up shirts, they’re all dressed in the exact same white button ups, cuffs tight against their wrists.

They face away from the massive crowd, hands at their sides. Jimin’s voice calls out through a pause in the music, velvety smooth and breathy.

“When you say that you love me, , just one more time,” he calls out, turning to face the crowd as he does so.

Jungkook mimics his actions, repeating the melodic tempo that’d been sung just before him, with only slightly differing lyrics. And you’re left in your seat, a sputtering and crying mess, your heart literally overflowing and rendering you a blob of emotion.

The rest of the members turn, Jin taking his mic and singing soulfully into it; his voice echoing throughout the stadium.

Your breathing completely hitches as they sing the chorus, echoes of ‘you got the best of me,’ resonating in your heart. Yoongi’s vocals cause your heart to nearly stop, the lightness of his raspy voice intoxicating and differing so much from his usual rap vocals.

The bridge hits, JHope, Jimin and Jungkook giving it their all. Their voices are heavy with unspoken intent and dripping adoration they hold for each other, and the unspoken adoration for you. Your heart could burst at any moment.

And it pretty much does when at the final beat of the song hits and they lift their left arms in the air, right hands reaching for the clasp on their sleeves. Elle grips your hand in response to you lifting your other to cover your gaping mouth, shock coursing through you in thick waves.

The fans seem to sense what they’re doing, screams deafening as the boys unlock their clasps and the left sleeves fall, expansive ink plain as day on each wrist.

“Yours are covered!” Elle shouts, her voice somehow successfully reaching your burning ears. Because, yes, they just did that.

The break in music is short-lived, the beginning instrumental of ‘Magic Shop’ blocking out the deafening roar of the crowd. Your sight is blurry as your tears continue to fall, emotion suffocating you as you try desperately to listen to the rest of the song. You’re not as successful as you want to
be, which is only slightly disappointing given the shock you’d just had to trudge through in order to remain conscious. You knew they were planning on revealing their markings, but to do it right after practically dedicating an overtly-emotional ballad to you?
The iconic manor of it all had you swooning, feeling light headed, and overcome with the most heavy emotion you’d ever encountered.
You hardly hear them thanking everyone for coming out to their show, explaining that there were two more remaining shows they’d be doing in Seoul before moving on to Busan, and thanking the fans for selling out the entirety of their tour.
The fans remain clapping after the show, and you’re led away by the bodyguard who’d brought you to your seats originally. You follow him, your tears having finally stopped and your face most likely looking void of any emotion aside from shock.
The bodyguard bows, opening the door to a sort of rec room that definitely was not the room you were in prior to the concert.
The boys are all strewn across random furniture, miraculously having changed into loungewear and nursing large water bottles to their exhausted faces. Taehyoung spots you first, gripping you into a hug after he practically leaps to where you are in the room.
It’s as if their presence has revived your ability to feel emotions. His arms encircling you have you feeling everything you’d felt in the arena. The resurgence of the strong emotions have tears spilling onto Tae’s grey sweater, which surprises you, as you’d thought you’d cried them all out.
You burrow further into his toned frame, his strong chest supporting you, and keeping you tethered to him. You sniffle and shiver, appreciating his warmth more than you could describe. The coldness of the rec room was getting to you.
“Are you okay, Jagiya?” His deep voice asks you, rumble in his chest as he speaks making you shiver for a different reason completely. He senses this shiver, “are you cold?” He asks, and you nod your head against the muscle of his chest.
“I’ll grab her one of my spare sweaters,” you hear Jin say. There’s shuffling and muffled noise coming from the opposite side of the room, but you’re too tired and relying far too heavily on Tae to keep you standing straight up to part from him and look at the source of the ruckus. “Here you go, Jagiya.” Jin tells you, and this time you do have to part from Tae.
Jin takes in your appearance, probably seeing how absolutely emotionally raw you look, and helps you into the sweater. It smells heavenly, and so much like Jin that you hug it tightly around you once it’s on.
“Thank you, Jin,” you squeak, blushing at the timid smile he graces you with.
“Of course,” he tells you, pulling you into a hug. “Did you enjoy the show?” He asks, leading you to sit between him and Yoongi on a small couch.
“It was amazing,” you breathe out, “you guys just- wow.” You gape.
Yoongi chuckles, readjusting himself so he can rest his hooded head atop your lap. “Does this mean I can nap now?” He asks you.
You peer into his droopy eyes, his exhaustion practically tangible. “Yes,” you giggle, running a hand through his fluffy, sable hair.
He grips your hand in his, like he had earlier, and you wonder how much he loved holding people’s hands in his own. He seemed to be extremely content with it. You’re slightly shocked when he raises it to his lips and presses a feather-light kiss to the back of it.
You blush without pause, biting your bottom lip. “Get some sleep,” you tell him, squeezing his hand in your own when he rests them back on his chest.
You’re thankful none of the guys ask you about your puffy eyes, or about your hoarse voice. You wouldn’t know how to explain your emotions regarding the concert, at least, not just yet.
The only thing you were sure of was how completely blown away you were by the night’s events. You’re even more shocked when Elle tells you that Shei will be taking her back to the hotel so she can catch some sleep; leaving you with the seven men who completed your existence. She smiles knowingly at you, kissing your hair before Shei comes to collect her from the room.
“I’ll see you later,” she tells you, waving your way. “Keep her safe!” She warns the men around
“Of course,” Namjoon responds, smiling at her and waving her a goodbye. The rest of them, save for Yoongi who is now fully asleep on your lap, send her their own waves, a chorus of lighthearted ‘goodbyes’ echoing through the decorated rec room.

“We were going to ask you,” Jimin starts, turning towards you a few moments after Elle has departed. “Would you want to go to our hotel with us and hang out? Tae and Jungkook were going to play a few games of Overwatch and we usually cheer them on,” he smiles, eyes half-moons.

“Sure,” you smile, slightly nervous but mostly excited that you’d get to see them and how they interact in their natural setting. “That sounds really fun.”

Jungkook and Tae pump their fists into the air at your answer, “Overwatch, Overwatch, Overwatch!” They chant, running around the room like lunatics.

“Can you two shut up?” Yoongi grumbles, hugging your hand against his pouty face. He doesn’t look pleased in the slightest to have been woken up.

“We can’t, hyung!” Jungkook chirps, “Y/N is going to come over and watch us play tonight!” Yoongi’s brows furrow, and his gummy grin takes center stage on his sleepy face, “you’re coming over?” He asks, voice heavy with sleep.

“Yep!” You smile.

“That'll be fun,” he breathes out, rubbing his cheek against the back of your hand that he’d kissed only twenty minutes before.

“Oh, will it?” You ask, wiggling your brows at him. He laughs at that, kissing your hand again. “I don’t think you quite understand just how fun it will be.” He quips, and you can taste the subliminal meaning beyond his words.

With a shaky breath, you realize just how right he most likely was.
Bare

Chapter Summary

Your soulmates lead you back to their hotel, excited to spend the night with you. Yoongi indulges you.

Chapter Notes

SMUT AHEAD.
Please, please be warned. If you have any questions, feel free to leave them in the comments.

You didn’t have to check your phone or social media to know that the internet would be in shambles from the reveal the boys had just pulled off. The performers in question had seemingly figured as much, too, leaving their ringers on silent, and their phones in a messy pile inside one of Hoseok’s many specially designed Gucci backpacks.

Yoongi has long since vacated the comfortable warmth and makeshift bed of your thighs, now focused on packing all of his performance gear along with the rest of your soulmates. Jungkook was seeming to have an especially difficult time trying to shove his massive water bottle in with his other belongings.

“I can carry it for you, Jungkook.” You offer, walking over to the Golden Maknae and securing the object he’d been growing frustrated with in your grasp.

“Are you sure, Y/N? I can just have an assistant grab it.” He rubs the back of his neck, clearly not wanting to inconvenience you.

“Nonsense,” you tell him, squeezing his shoulder. “I’m headed to your guys’ place anyways. It won’t be a bother at all.”

His cheeks flush, eyes bright and wide. You realize exactly why people compared him to a rabbit. He was precious, ebony curls slightly blocking you from seeing his chubby cheeks and endearing eyes. “Thank you,” he smiles.

“Don’t worry about it,” you tell him, squeezing him flush against you. “You’re my soulmate, after all.” You reassure him, shocked by your outburst of transparency with the newfound connection between all of you. “Plus you guys gave me the opportunity of a lifetime tonight... It’s the least I can do to repay the favor.”

Jungkook chuckles at your kindness, releasing you from his hold so he can glimpse at your face that he’s absolutely in awe of. You are ridiculously beautiful, and he and his hyungs had already worried about not being able to convey their emotions for you to their fullest. Jungkook knows, just as his brothers do, that you have them all wrapped around your pinky finger. You wanted something? Consider it yours. You had to go somewhere? They’d make sure you got there safely without pause. You needed something done? It’s done.

You completed their souls. Their very beings, as they had yours.

“You two almost ready?” Jin calls from the door of the rec room, smiling at the close proximity he’d caught you and Jungkook in. He’d snapped a picture of the two of you after he’d nabbed his cell from Hoseok’s bag, already having sent the adorable photo to the group chat.

“Yeah!” Jungkook calls, gripping your hand into his warm one, “Dibs on sitting next to Y/N in the
There are several groans of displeasure, but Jungkook remains smiling to himself, happy that he’d scored the seating arrangement before his hyungs did. He can vaguely hear the commotion that’s erupting from the rec room, assumedly for the seat on the other side of you. If you were okay sitting in the middle, that is.

His warm grip on yours has you blushing the entire walk to the parking garage, his hold not so much as loosening when he presses the garage level button in the elevator. You lean your head against his taller frame, just barely brushing past his muscular shoulder; the exhaustion from the eventful evening finally catching up to you. He’s sturdy, sturdy enough that you pretty much allow him to keep you standing while the elevator makes its lengthy descent.

“You tired?” He asks, resting one of his full cheeks atop your forehead.

“Mmm,” you hum back, nuzzling further into his arm. “You’re warm,” you tell him.

“Thank you?” He giggles at your strange compliment, nuzzling you with his nose. “You’re adorable when you’re tired.”

You feign shock, shifting yourself so that you’re standing directly in front of him, your mouth open in an ‘o.’

“Jeon Jungkook! Are you hitting on me?” You tease him, raising your eyebrows.

He flushes, deeply, eyes slightly darkening at your teasing, and you subconsciously feel your stomach flipping, and a familiar heat in the lower part of your abdomen building.

“Maybe,” Jungkook smiles, his face inching closer to yours. “What are you going to do about it?”

You narrow your eyes at him, trying to maintain your cool, despite the firetruck red complexion you were sure your cheeks had on full display.

“Are you challenging me to make a move?” You quip, desire bubbling within you.

He puckers his lips in question, looking at the elevator ceiling. “Maaaaaybe.” He chimes, biting his inner cheek.

You worry at your bottom lip in turn, trying desperately to affect him as much as he’s affecting you. He readjusts his stance, taking a deep breath and trying to harden any resolve he can muster. But you’re a damn good fighter, and he knows without a doubt that he’s fighting a losing battle.

He blinks slowly behind the black tendrils of hair that hung over the arch of his eyebrows, and into his line of sight, feeling his breathing hitch as your face comes closer into view. You watch the lids flutter closed, irises the color of melted chocolate disappearing behind thick eyelashes and lightly shaded eyelids. You can tell he’s shocked by your lips when they land on the bulb of his nose, and then the buds of his cheeks, the offended skin you touch turning a rosy color. His eyes slowly lid open, finding that you’ve returned to standing beside him in the small space, somehow managing to look both unbothered and completely buzzing.

“That was an act of war,” he tells you, reclaiming your hand and pulling you lightly against his side once more.

“You fired the first shot, Mr. What Are You Going to do About it.” You fire back, peaking at him to watch his smile appear.

“Consider yourself warned, jagi.” He replies, squeezing your hand tightly in his own.

“Message relayed,” you smile, stepping with him out of the elevator and towards the few men already waiting for you at the vehicle.

You weren’t familiar with this driver, but he seemed kind enough. Hoseok and Jimin help you into the SUV while Jungkook shoves his bag into the trunk.

“Can I braid your hair during the drive?” Hoseok asks you, taking his seat directly behind you.

“Yah! I want to braid your hair, too, YNie.” Jimin smiles, taking the seat that’s next to you.

You giggle at their request, but allow it all the same. Your hair had practically been screaming at you to let it down throughout the duration of the concert. At least now you had reason to listen.

Jimin and J-Hope are ridiculously competitive, you note. They compare and contrast their braiding skills while you and Jungkook sit in comfortable silence, listening to their silly bickering.

“Mine is more tightly bound!” Hoseok whines, “yours isn’t even staying in place.”

“Yes it is!” Jimin argues, tightening the hairband once more for good measure.
You laugh, hardly able to contain the giddiness they have you feeling. Jimin pouts at you, collapsing onto your lap.

“Tell Hobi that my braid is perfectly fine,” Jimin whines into your pants, lips shifting the fabric ever so slightly.

“It’s a great braid, Jimin.” You tell him, sticking your tongue out at the older member in the back seat.

“Hey! He said mine was frumpy.” Hoseok complains, crossing his arms over his chest.

“They’re both amazing.” You tell them, “aren’t they, Jungkook?” You ask the man who’d remained silent at your side.

“They are!” Jungkook cheers, enthusiasm ringing clear as day in his tone. “Ah, here they come!” He chirps, pointing towards the elevator doors across from the parking lot.

Jin, Namjoon, Yoongi, and Taehyung all step out; carrying their things and laughing at Namjoon who appears to be blushing.

“You will never believe what Joon just did,” Yoongi laughs, climbing into the passenger seat.

“Oh no,” J-Hope chuckles, “what happened this time?”

“Not only did our lovely RM just send us to the wrong floor three separate times; but he also told the stadium owner 'love you,' after the owner said goodnight.”

Namjoon cowers into his hoodie in the backseat, small chuckles escaping his lips. “I’m an idiot.”

“Our idiot,” Hoseok chuckles.

“One time I karate chopped my aunt’s arm because I thought she called me a brat, but she really just asked where I saw her cat.” You shrug.

“You… karate chopped your aunt?” Jin asks, voice heavy. “Am I hearing that right?”

“Yep.” You reply dryly, “she was awful though. Always yelling at me and other kids, expecting us to help her with lawn work even though she gave us no reason to want to help. I got her good. My cousins and I also put soap on her toilet seat once so she’d fall.”

It’s quiet for a bit, and then everyone in the car, save for the driver, loses it.

“I can’t believe you went Jackie Chan on your aunt…” Namjoon wheezes, his earlier embarrassment clearly long forgotten.

“Yeah, I was a weird kid.” You reply. “Haven’t even told you guys the half of it yet.”

“There’s more?” Jimin asks between wheezes, hand secured on your knee, as if you’re keeping him tethered to the present.

“Yeah,” you scoff. “I was a hell-spawn. Probably part of the reason my parents made me get counseling. They most likely thought I was possessed.”

That sends Taehyung into literal guffaws of laughter, tears leaking from his eyes. Jin damn near mirrors him, windshield wiper cackle leaving everyone else following behind them.

“You have to tell us more about your childhood,” Yoongi begs once the laughter has finally receded long enough for sentences to be formed.

“Hey, you guys have got to share some stuff with me, too!” You tell him, matching his glance when he turns to look at you. “I don’t know that much about any of you. Aside from a few interviews I’ve seen.”

“You weren’t ARMY?” Hoseok asks from behind you, his seat and seat belt shared with Namjoon.

Hoseok is back to playing with your hair; his hands are gentle on your scalp, the assuredness of them mixing with the softness of their touch and leaving you to feel as though you were in a state of bliss.

“I listened to Wings when it came out, but some family stuff happened while I was in high school and I didn’t really want to listen to music all that much after that. I just recently started getting back into all of it.” You answer him.

“I’m sorry you went through a rough time,” Jin tells you from his seat next to Hoseok. “You obviously don’t have to tell us anything right now, or even in the future, but if you ever want to; we’re here. It’s important to us that you know that.”

You aren’t ready to tell them about your father and the resounding aftershock his passing had on your family; but you do know that at some point you will definitely want to share your life story in its entirety with them.
“Thank you, Jin.” You tell him, “I appreciate that.”
He sends you a gentle smile that melts your soul and tugs at your heart strings.
“We will always be here for you, jagiya.” Taehyung smiles, sitting on the opposite side of Namjoon, eyes sparkling.
You feel tears threatening to spill, but you don’t let them, taking a deep breath and instead focusing on playing with Jimin’s hair; his head still rested on your lap. You really were going to turn into their human pillow. Not that you were complaining.
“So, how did you guys feel revealing your marks?” You ask, curiosity genuinely piqued. You were expecting them to broadcast them at some point, but their performance still played on repeat in your mind, their left arms extended and the deep breaths of relief they sighed as the marks came into view of the fans surrounding them.
“I felt free,” Jimin whispers, voice full of emotion and wonder. “I didn’t know how much of a weight it was on my shoulders until I heard everyone screaming. And when we turned around for ‘Magic Shop,’ oh…. It was as if nothing else mattered. There were so many smiles, so many people supporting us, still cheering us on. And there was you,” he continues, voice wistful and swollen with affection, “I saw you sitting in your seat, crying for us. I wanted nothing more than to come to you, jagiya,” he tells you, turning his head slightly so he can look up into your eyes. The car remains remarkably silent, the members letting Jimin paint his beautiful version of events for you. “I wanted to hold you in my arms and tell you how much you’ve helped us just in the past few days…
“Of course, I couldn’t jump off the stage for you.” Jimin laughs, pinching your cheek; wiping away a few stray tears you hadn’t noticed escaped. “You looked beautiful, YN. So shocked and emotional for us.”
“He’s right,” Jin adds. “We could all see you, clear as day. Actually, it’s almost as if you were all we could see.” He smiles, “you kept us going, up there. We were a nervous wreck before the show, but Jungkook told us to find you in the crowd and focus on you; that maybe it’d help. It really did… So thanks for that, Kookie.”
Jungkook blushes next to you, turning into his endearing and nervous self. You grip his hand in your spare one that isn’t still running affectionately through Jimin’s slight curls. You squeeze his hand, trying so desperately to convey the rush of emotions Jin’s admission had left you feeling. Jungkook’s squeeze echoes your own, and you know he understands, especially when you see the tears fall from his eyes.
“You guys are amazing.” You choke out, laughing at the heavy emotion and near-sob in your voice.
“Ah, I hate crying.” You mumble, “it makes me feel so silly.”
“Don’t feel silly, jagi.” Tae chimes, hand rubbing reassuring circles on your shoulders. “We all cry. Even Jin!”
“Yah!” Jin shouts, chastising the middle member of the maknae line; but he lets his anger dissipate when he sees the smile bloom across your face, heart swelling.
“We adore you, YN,” Jimin smiles, pulling your hand from his hair and to his lips, resting the full-pout against your wrist, kissing the sensitive skin and sending butterflies fluttering in your ribcage.
“I adore you guys, too.” You smile, warmth spreading across your cheeks.
The rest of the car ride is spent in a comfortable and relaxed silence, save for the soft snores Namjoon lets out from his spot in the backseat; his head nuzzled into the crook of Hoseok’s shoulder.
He actually takes a bit to wake up once you’re in the parking garage of what you assume to be their hotel. It’s sanctioned off from the general public, the few cars scattered throughout its level housing the Big Hit logo on their doors.
“We’re here?” Namjoon yawns, stretching his lanky legs in the small space he’s confined to in the back of the SUV.
“Mhm.” Jin tells him, stretching his arms above his head.
“Overwatch! Overwatch! Overwatch!” Taehyung chants, only getting louder once Jungkook joins in. Jungkook hops out of the car first, helping you and Jimin step out behind him. Yoongi takes a minute, putting his face mask over the bottom half of his tired face.
Jin, Hoseok, Namjoon and Tae are a literal mess of limbs as they pile out of the back seats, hair in various states of disarray.

“It’s the maknae’s turns to carry the luggage up,” Jin smiles, sending the younger members warning glares when they start to object. “No, no, no,” he chastises, “you guys said you would if we let you eat the last of the mochi.”

Tae and Jimin are still pouting by the time you reach their suite, clearly not amused by Jin’s apparent selective memory.

“You never remember when you’re supposed to help with the luggage,” Jimin complains, setting his portion of the bags in the entryway.

“I don’t need to remember when it inconveniences me,” Jin smiles, booping Tae on the nose before he settles into a large sofa in the middle of what you assume can only be the shared living room.

“Come sit with me, jagi.” He holds his arms out, like a child would, and pouts, “I’m cold.”

You roll your eyes at his behavior, but curl up to his side nonetheless, thankful for his warmth.

“You’re not going to play with us, hyung?” Jungkook asks, returning from one of many hallways within the suite, a small flatscreen television in his hands.

Taehyung echoes Jungkook’s actions, emerging from an opposite hallway. “Jin isn’t playing with us?”

“Oh, I never said that.” Jin tells them, “grab me a controller, and set up the game, I’ll use Yoongi’s account.”

“You wanna nap on me again?” You tease him, patting your hip that’s not leaning into Jin’s side.

“If you insist,” Yoongi smiles, pulling a knit blanket off of the back of the couch and snuggling into you without pause. “You’re just so comfy.” He coos, nuzzling into you.

You bump your hip against him, relishing in the feeling of his warmth on one side of you, and Jin’s warmth on the other. You’re damn near melting when Jimin settles himself between your feet on the floor in front of you, eating a bowl of ramen he’d brought from the kitchen.

“Who are you going to play as tonight, Kookie?” Tae asks from his corner of the room.

“Mmmm, probably Widowmaker.” He decides, “what about you?”

“D.Va, you know she’s my main.” Tae tells his soulmate, selecting the character on his screen.

“Invite me,” Jin says, careful not to move you and Yoongi while he uses the controller Jungkook had brought him. The notification pops up on the main television screen, and Jin clicks ‘accept,’ entering the lobby.

“Whose username is ‘Seagull?’ You whisper to Yoongi, eyeing the television screen.

“You wanna nap on me again?” You tease him, patting your hip that’s not leaning into Jin’s side.

“If you insist,” Yoongi smiles, pulling a knit blanket off of the back of the couch and snuggling into you without pause. “You’re just so comfy.” He coos, nuzzling into you.

You bump your hip against him, relishing in the feeling of his warmth on one side of you, and Jin’s warmth on the other. You’re damn near melting when Jimin settles himself between your feet on the floor in front of you, eating a bowl of ramen he’d brought from the kitchen.

“Who are you going to play as tonight, Kookie?” Tae asks from his corner of the room.

“Mmmm, probably Widowmaker.” He decides, “what about you?”

“D.Va, you know she’s my main.” Tae tells his soulmate, selecting the character on his screen.

“Invite me,” Jin says, careful not to move you and Yoongi while he uses the controller Jungkook had brought him. The notification pops up on the main television screen, and Jin clicks ‘accept,’ entering the lobby.

“Whose username is ‘Seagull?’” You whisper to Yoongi, eyeing the television screen.

“That’d be Kookie,” Yoongi mumbles into your side.

“Nice,” you giggle. “Username ‘Yoongi’ pretty straight and to the point.”

“Do you know how many friend requests I get per day?” Yoongi peaks up at you through his thick eyelashes, “too many.”

“You’re a hot commodity,” you tell him, patting his head.

“So are you,” he winks. You can swear that for a moment you forget how to breathe. “Do you wanna see something?” He asks, eyes mischievous. You’re aware of the lusty innuendo beyond his words, and that only excites you more.

The rest of the guys are too focused on the match that Jin and the two younger members are in, choruses of cheering echoing throughout the room to really pay the two of you any attention anyways.

“Mmm, sure.” You smile. “I’ll be right back,” you tell Jin, doing your best not to nudge him or his controller as you slip out of your spot against his side. He mumbles an okay, far too entranced in his game to wonder where you and Yoongi might be off to.

Yoongi holds out his hand, leading you out of the shared space and down a hallway to the left of the
kitchen. The lights are off, save for the light glow that manages to find its way from the living room to the hall. Yoongi seems pretty unbothered, leading you where he wants to go without tripping over his feet.

“Here,” he says, pushing open a door.
You assume that it’s his bedroom, judging by the few black hoodies that are strewn across the bed, and the easily mobile keyboard that sits at the foot of it. The room seems to be constructed around the terrace outside of it, large glass double-doors giving easy access to the large area. It’s pretty jaw dropping, if you were being honest. But none of it compared to the man stood before you, or any of the men in the living room. But Yoongi was a mere foot in front of you now, and he pretty much demanded your attention, pulling it from you and onto him like a blackhole.
Yoongi only mirrors your gaze, staring into your eyes with unwavering devotion, and maybe a tad bit of apprehension. As if the slightest move from him would send you shooting for the hills without a backwards glance.
His hair is disheveled, falling against the planes of his face in a way that would make even the best architecture curl in on itself in shame. His eyes are warm, but clouded with compassion, radiating unspoken intent and unshed emotion that made you feel bare before him. His clearly oversized crewneck sweater engulfs his toned frame, grey sweats probably lamely gripping the hips beneath them.

“You’re beautiful…” You breathe out, surprised at the slip of words.
He furrows his brows, probably just as taken aback by your admission as you were yourself. He doesn’t mock you though. Despite his puckered brow suggesting his confusion, he actually seems to be moved by your words; rosy blush painted across his chubby cheeks, gummy smile warming your heart.

“I’m beautiful?” He asks, voice matching the breathy tone yours had seconds prior.

“How? You answer him, not missing a beat.
That seems to harden his resolve, the slight apprehension you’d sensed before melting away like a single marshmallow in a cup of hot chocolate. He steps forward, deft and articulate hands enclosing your face within them. Pads of his thumbs running along your cheeks as he gazes into your eyes.

“Yoongi,” you plead, placing your hands on his.
He understands, the wordless agreement hanging in the air like apples ready to be pulled from their branches. He wets his bottom lip with a swipe of his tongue, leaning in to press his lips ever so slightly against your own. The feeling nearly knocks you backwards, electricity coursing through your veins and lighting you up from the inside, out; warming your soul that’s reaching out so desperately for the piece of it that’s surely echoing its actions within Min Yoongi.
Your hands drop, instead finding purchase on Yoongi’s sweater, kissing him back sans delay, pulling him tighter against you as you breathe into the kiss, deepening it without even realizing what you were doing. He groans against your lips, minty breath filling your senses. You moan at the sensation, lips parting. His tongue, sweet, and warm, and ever euphoric, slides into your mouth; the insistent forcefulness of it all melding with the sweet taste. The heady euphoria. The warmth that was always surely going to be Min Yoongi.

The giddiness of it all, the absolute overwhelmingly pleasant ecstasy has your head spinning, thoughts running a million miles a minute with ‘how did you not find them sooner,’ and ‘they were here, always.’ Rapturous buzzing within your soul, mixed with the exhilaration of his lips on yours, has you intoxicated; the profound emotion threatening to spin you round and round until you couldn’t tell which direction was up and which was down.
Somewhere, below the uproarious onslaught of emotions; your heart was hammering against your chest, threatening to burst from the desperation in your kiss. You only part from Yoongi long enough for him to remove his sweater, and for him to peel Jin’s sweatshirt from your upper half, expanse of black lace coming into view with each inch of the hoodie that he pulls from your chest.
The white tee-shirt he has on is heavenly, slightly tucked into the sweats that do hang off of the juncture of his hips. He looks to you, lips swollen from the intensity of your kiss, eyes alight with the desire he held for you. You smile gently at him, understanding whole-heartedly the penchant for you
he felt. Just looking at him, breathless, swollen lipped, lust blown, and staring at you in wonder had you clenching your core around nothing.

“You’re so beautiful.” He whispers, barely loud enough for you to hear. But you do, oh, you do. You bite at the swell of your lower lip, reveling in the taste of Yoongi that lingered there. His gaze is hot on you, unwavering and leaving your nerves absolutely humming in delight. He watches, unblinking, hands itching to reach out and just feel you, as you unhook the clasp on the back of your jumper.

The slip beneath the lace, a sheen white color, just covers your torso, the skin-tight silk cool against your ever rising temperature. Yoongi makes to move closer to you, the desperation to touch you almost unbearable. You can practically taste the torture he’s putting himself through when he doesn’t budge. Dropping your small hands from the silk, you step forward, within his reach.

“Take it off of me,” you whisper to him, forehead only inches away from his.

His eyes flicker from the tight fabric on your breasts to the heated gaze you watch him with. You’re ready to repeat yourself, fearing maybe he hadn’t heard you, when his hands grip either hip, holding you flush against him. His lips find yours once more, his kiss scorching you to smithereens; his slight moans resonating deep within your body.

Each frantic kiss, each article of clothing tossed carelessly to the dark ochre of the wooden floor below you, was like a Pandora’s box effect. The deepest parts of your soul and body glowing and begging to be matched in their vigor by the man currently tethering you to him. Only when you feel the cool air of the room nip at the most tender parts of your body do you break away from each other, finally seeing each other. Min Yoongi absolutely shined under the moonlight, his tanned skin seemingly translucent under the luminosity of the celestial body that shined through the glass expanse of the patio window and into his bedroom.

To say he was beautiful would be a disservice to his person. To say ethereal would do him no justice either. You were simply left gaping at the captivating man ahead of you, bewitched by the labyrinthine glamour that settled over him in a haze.

His hand reaches out, moonlit skin grasping onto your own, pulling you with him to the bed that waited below. His chest is sturdy enough for you to brace yourself against him with your hands, holding yourself suspended in the heavy air above him so that you can marvel at him below you, naked and waiting.

“Are you sure?” He asks you, disappointment nowhere in his tone; only worry. Worry that you were making a mistake. That somehow you’d regret being with him intimately.

You silence him with an unrestrained kiss, tongue mapping out the layout of his open mouth, tasting him in his totality. Feeling the flutter of his heart below your opened palm that’s still splayed atop his chest, feeling the break of his breathing when you use your free hand to grip the heavy weight of him in your hand, and pump him languidly in your hand, before you finally lead him to the threshold of your waiting pussy.

He doesn’t thrust into you, he simply waits; letting you take the lead and lower yourself onto him at your own pace. You moan out, feeling the familiar fullness that you’d been missing so much lately, feeling the brush of the head of his cock rubbing against the tenderest crux of your cunt.

“Yoongi,” you breathe out, pulling him up to meet you in a heated kiss, moaning out when the movement angles him deeper inside of you.

He nips at your lower lip, using his eager hands to pull you closer against him, as if pulling you any closer and molding you together would make you one person.

“Please, Yoongi,” you plead, clenching around him, “I need you.”

He nods, understanding the corporeal need you held for him. “I know, YN,” he cooes, angling his hips ever so slightly before he pistons himself forward, crying out at the stupefying feeling of you tightening and moving around him.

And he doesn’t stop, the snapping of his hips a mantra that he’s more than bent on continuing, especially when he hears your english curses slipping through your parted lips, brows puckered from the delicious pleasure that courses through the two of you as if you were one.

“YN,” he moans, movements becoming more panicked, love bites being pressed against the swell of
your breasts, to the ridge of your collarbone. “Babygirl,” he cooes, “I don’t know how much longer I can last…”
You know damn well that you’re close to the apex of your own pleasure, each thrust he sends rubbing your clit against his pelvis; the heat in your abdomen growing and growing until you’re nearly bursting into flames from it.
“I know,” you tell him, tightening your grip on his hair and meeting his wondrous gaze that he’s watching you with; the sight of you naked above him and riding his cock nearly driving him wild.
“’M close,” you groan.
“Come for me, YN,” he tells you, twisting an aching nipple in his hopeful fingers, “I wanna see you come, Babygirl.”
You feel as though his wish is your command, his rushed words and the slight ministrations of his expert fingers sending you off the edge and into the awaiting abyss. Your hips stutter against his, your cry of pleasure probably alerting the men in the living room of your activities. That only makes it more pleasurable, knowing that they’d more than likely heard the pants of Yoongi’s name and the orgasm that had you moaning expletives towards the ceiling of his bedroom.
“Fuck,” Yoongi moans, spilling himself hot and heavy into your eager cunt, feeling your walls slicken up with his excitement.
The post-coital high seems to last forever, the two of you collapsed into each other, breathing in pants, and holding each other close.
“We, uh-” Yoongi starts, before closing his mouth, only to open it again a moment later. “We forgot a condom.”
“I’m on birth control,” you tell him, kissing his bare chest.
“Oh,” he breathes, pulling you closer to him. “How are you feeling?” He asks, absentmindedly tracing shapes on your back.
“Happy…” You smile against his skin, “what about you?” You peer up at him through a mess of your hair, smirking at the gummy smile he wears as he looks up to his ceiling.
“Amazing.” He replies honestly, “better than that, actually. I don’t know how to describe it. Did you feel it, too? The connection?”
“I did.” You smile, kissing him lightly on the lips. “It was amazing. You’re right.”
He chuckles, adoration tickling his nerves. A knock on the bedroom door knocks the two of you out of your sex-filled reveries.
“Hey, you guys done in there?” Comes Jin’s voice. “I miss YN.”
“So do I!” Jimin whines. In fact, if you listen closely enough you can hear 4 additional murmurs of agreement. “We want to come in, hyung.”
Yoongi looks to you, shrugging his okay with it. “It’s up to you,” he tells you. You’re not at all shocked when your pussy throbs at the prospect of the rest of your soulmates seeing you completely sexed out with Yoongi at your side.
“Come on in,” you smile, sitting up on the bed with your bare breasts on full display. The door opens, and Jin steps in, eyes nearly bulging out of his head when he sees you on the bed. “Holy-” he starts.
“Holy shit,” Namjoon finishes for him, looking at you, the rest of the members mimicking his shock and arousal.
“You guys wanna have some fun?” You ask, gripping Yoongi’s hand tightly in your own.
"Why didn’t you tell me?!" You snap at Yoongi, pulling the sheet tightly around your small form, betrayal mincing your words.

“It wasn’t premeditated,” he shouts back, eyes pleading for you to just sit with him and listen. He wants you to know that he didn’t intend on joining with you, at least not yet. Not here. Not when you have to leave so soon. He would never, ever, betray you like that. “I didn’t think we were going to-”

“Stop,” you plead, eyes watering. “Just stop. I can’t do this right now. And I really don’t want to hear you say that you didn’t think we were going to have sex. I’ll lose it. I- I need to go home and figure this shit out.” You mutter, standing up and retrieving your long discarded clothes. Yoongi doesn’t move to stop you, but the anguished look on his face gives you pause. “Why didn’t you tell me?” You repeat, tears finally falling from your eyes; because, yes. This hurt. This hurt so fucking bad, regardless of whether Yoongi intended to trap you or not.

You weren’t like this. This person? Not you. The YN from Manhattan would never let anyone into her life so- so willingly; would never have sex with a man after three days of knowing him. You have to look at the bigger picture, despite those facts. The seven men inside of this hotel suite weren’t just everyday men. These were your soulmates, and the man pleading for your understanding from the hotel bed was even beyond that. He was a part of you. Cut from the same cloth, embroidered on a different quilt.

But staying here? Discussing his wrongdoing now? You were far too short-tempered to deal with this immediately. You needed space, air to breathe, and a cleansed palette. Yoongi’s heartbroken expression, though, you can’t leave him without at least letting him know that reconcile wasn’t unimaginable.

“I need time. I’ll get ahold of you when I’m ready to talk, okay?” You tell him, feeling the hole in your chest open further when he mutters his acceptance and rests his head in his hands, dejection palpable.

You have to tear your concentration from him, pulling the sheet along with you out of the room that had been suffocating you with its heavy atmosphere. Hoseok stands in the hallway, sympathetic eyes on you; which only makes you feel that much more at fault.

“Bathroom?” You ask, nodding a thanks to him when he points you to the door across the hallway. Beyond the whole “joining” betrayal, what stings most is that the rest of the guys saw you. Topless. Ready for whatever they offered. Willing. Lustful. Clueless.

“You guys wanna have some fun,” you ask, gripping Yoongi’s hand tightly in your own. All signs point to yes, their shock laced with the lust they hold for you, until Jimin shakes his head, exiting the bedroom without so much as a backwards glance.

“What did you do, Yoongs?” Jin murmurs, eyes narrowing at the man next to you.

“What do you mean?” You ask Jin, pulling the sheet from the bed so it covers your naked breasts.

“Do you realize how screwed everything is going to be now?” Jin sighs, running his hand through his hair, looking like he’s on the cusp of a mental breakdown. “This isn’t just about us, this is about YN, too.”

“I forgot-” Yoongi starts.

“You forgot?” Hoseok gapes, hands balled into fists at his sides. “How can you forget something
like that, Yoongi?"

“I can’t be here,” Jungkook mumbles, “I’m going to check in with Jimin,” he states, turning on his
heels and leaving the room. Tae doesn’t even look your way before he leaves, but the expression you
do manage to see on his face leaves you feeling small and cold.

“What is going on?” You ask, voice wavering from the nerves beginning to build, your anxiety
rearing its ugly head. “Yoongi?” You look to him, spotting the hesitance and guilt lurking beyond his
eyes.

Hoseok and Namjoon look to you with sympathetic expressions, Jin just shakes his head,
disapproval evident.

“Someone please tell me what’s going on…” You beg, looking to the four men still inside the
bedroom, “I’m worried.”

“Let’s give them some privacy,” Namjoon finally says, voice heavy, “Yoongi, you need to explain it
to her.”

Yoongi sighs, rubbing his hand against the nape of his neck as soon as the three members depart,
looking diminished despite the freshly fucked aura that surrounds him. He still refuses to meet your
gaze, shrinking in on himself further with each exhale emitted.

“Yoongi,” you whisper, furrowing your brows when he shakes his head noiselessly; obviously
avoiding speaking. “Tell me what’s going on.”

“I didn’t mean to- It’s not like I had this planned.” He mumbles, resting his forehead in one of his
hands, looking years older and infinitely more exhausted than he truly is. “I wasn’t going to sleep
with you tonight. I wasn’t supposed to, at least.”

“What do you mean?” You ask, scooting away from him, the shift in atmosphere threatening to
smother you.

“I just get so lonely.” He cries, shoulders shaking under the emotional pressure he finally releases.

You desperately want to reach out and console him, but your question still hangs in the air, heavy
and intimidating. “I’ve felt alone for six years,” he adds, shaking his head in his hands. “It’s not like I
haven’t gotten off around here, either. The guys take care of me,” he explains, not looking up.

“I love them,” he adds, not wanting to minimize his intricate relationship with his bandmates. “I love
them more than anyone in the world. But Joon has Hobi, Jin has Jiminnie, and Jungkook has Tae…
They have had their other halves with them since the band’s creation. The connections they have
with each other-” he takes a steep breath, trying to calm himself down. “I couldn’t relate to that. I
could want, but I couldn’t have it. Not for myself. How could I not feel left out?”

You bit your inner cheek, using any and all of the restraint you have to not reach out and engulf
Yoongi in your arms. You so desperately want to comfort him, seeing how much emotional turmoil
he’s dealing with is churning your stomach. You want him to know that he’s enough. That you’re
here for him. But you don’t even know why he’s explaining himself, and to say you’re afraid of the
reasoning would be an understatement.

“There’s something that happens when twin flames sleep together,” he finally, finally, meets your
gaze. You almost wish he hadn’t. He’s far beyond anguished, the pain in his face causing a sob to
bubble out of your mouth, tears running icy-cold down your flushed cheeks.

“I’m so sorry…” he cries.

“What did you do, Yoongi?” You ask, distressed voice nearly inaudible.

“I didn’t think,” he answers, voice harsh enough to cut flesh. His head is back in his hands, anger
only aimed at himself. “When we slept together, the soul we share rejoined.” He spits out the last
word as if it’d cost him his life.

“What does that mean? Rejoined?”

“Tethered now, YN.” He tells you, “do you know what that means?”

“No,” you answer him, confusion coiling around you.

“It means our soul is as close as it can possibly get to being one again.” He explains, rubbing his
hands harshly against his face, as if the action could obliterate the events of the night. He doesn’t
want to erase the images of you on top of him, bare breasts bouncing as you buck your hips against
his; but if erasing those memories meant that he wouldn’t be putting you through what he’s going to
now? He’d happily hit ‘backspace’ himself. “If we’re apart for too long… if we’re too far away from each other… We’ll be in horrible pain.” Yoongi admits, face still obscured from your view.


“I…” you exhale, likely resembling a deflated balloon. There’s so much you want to say, so much you want to understand. Everytime you open your mouth to let a sentence out, you are met with utter silence.

“I’m so, so, so sorry.” Yoongi whispers, sniffling.

“You knew this would happen?” You blanch at the realization. They all knew, judging by their earlier reactions.

“I didn’t think about it…” Yoongi answers, glancing at you, his eyes red and puffy. “I swear, YN, if I had been thinking properly, nothing would have happened. I just got caught up in the moment, and I feel so alone sometimes… and you called me beautiful and it felt like time slowed down.”

His words are rushed, the need to convey his every thought to you weighing him down.

“You guys should have told me before.” You snap, turning to really look at him; to see the heartache in his eyes, the guilt that’s threatening to drown the man next to you.

“Why didn’t you tell me?!”

“YN?” Hoseok knocks against the bathroom door, probably checking to make sure you hadn’t leapt from the top story window.

“M fine…” you sniffle, “just need a second.”

“Are you going back to your hotel?” He asks once you finally exit the bathroom, clothed and feeling miserable; Jin’s hoodie wrapped protectively around you.

“I need time to be alone and process.” You mumble, wiping a few stray tears from your eyes. Hoseok rests his hands on your shoulders, prompting you to look into his eyes.

And your dam breaks, your tears running in streams down your face at his gentle demeanor.

“This isn’t me…” you cry, nuzzling into the shoulder he offers.

“I know,” he soothes you, petting your head delicately, as if the slightest touch would break you.

“We all know,” he cooes, “I’m going to ride with you to your hotel and make sure you get there safe, is that okay?”

You nod your head against him, knowing that you should suck it up and go alone, but relishing too much in Hoseok’s warmth and caring disposition to turn down his offer. He’d probably ignore your rejection anyways, go with you just to be sure that you made it back in one piece.

“Mind if we join you two?” Namjoon asks, leading Jin into the living room where you stay locked in Hoseok’s embrace.

“If you really want to go,” you mumble, sobsoftlysubsiding enough to where you can disentangle yourself from Hoseok. Jin and Namjoon both mirror each other’s expressions, worry etched clear as day on their faces.

“We do,” Jin nods.

Jin. His hoodie! You start to wiggle out of it, not wanting him to think you’re stealing his belongings.

“Keep it,” he tells you gently, stopping you from shrugging out of the warm and stretchy material. “I have four more just like it.” He shrugs, stopping your interjection in its tracks. “It’s cold outside, anyways.”

“Thank you.” You murmur, hands sliding back into the long sleeves.

“I’ll call down and let them know we’re taking a car,” Namjoon says, leading the three of you out of the hotel suite and into the hallway.

Whereas the elevator ride to the suite had been loud, happy and full of jokes, the ride down was flat; melancholy settling into the small space uncomfortably. With the way the three men keep looking to each other, you doubt that the car ride would be spent in the same awkward silence.

“What did he tell you?” Jin asks, proving your theory correct as he buckles himself into the driver’s
seat of the Audi Q5.
He adjusts the rearview mirror with deft fingers before putting the car in reverse and pulling out of
the parking garage. You fiddle absentmindedly with a ball of lint on your new hoodie, looking to Jin
from the passenger seat you’re sat in when he comes to a stop at a red light.
“Everything that you’ve all neglected to tell me.” You mutter, feeling betrayal make way onto your
taste buds once again.
“We were going to tell you,” Namjoon says from his back seat next to Hoseok. “We didn’t think
we’d need to for a while.”
“That’s not for you to decide, Namjoon.” You snap, “this is my life. I deserve to know of anything
that might uproot it. You should have told me at the restaurant yesterday.”
“You’re right,” Jin agrees, pressing on the gas as the light goes from red to green. “We should have
told you everything from the beginning. We were stupid not to.”
“Thank you.” You mumble, taking a deep breath to steady your temper. “I’m scared.” You admit.
“That’s understandable,” Hoseok tells you, voice soothing. “Why don’t you ask us some questions
you have? We’ll answer them honestly. I promise.”
You’re tempted to snap at him, because how could they expect you to take anything they told you
now seriously? Hoseok sighs from the backseat, “there’s no reason for us to lie to you, YN. We
don’t want you to hate us. We want the opposite of that, actually.”
“What’s going to happen once I go back to Manhattan?” You ask after waiting a few moments,
fearing the answer you’d receive. “Will Yoongi be okay?” Despite the bitter taste left in your mouth
after the night’s events, you could never bring yourself not to care about his well being; because, yes,
of course you felt the connection and affection that ran through the two of you during your tryst
between the sheets. You’d be a fool to even suggest that you hadn’t.
“We can only really compare it to our own experiences,” Namjoon starts, “there’s only been a
handful of times where Hobi and I have been separated for extended periods. A trip home to see our
families when the other can’t make it, different flights during tours, stuff like that. We try and stay
together as much as we can. The few times we’ve been apart though…”
“They’re pretty unbearable.” Hobi finishes, voice strained. “But we’ve also been together more than
once, and we’ve been around each other for six years on a regular basis.”
“So, the time you’ve been together effects it?” You ask shyly.
“We don’t know.” Joon tells you gently. “We haven’t had a reason to experiment with it.”
“And what happens if you’re apart for too long?”
“Another answer we can’t give you.” Jin tells you, stopping at another red light. He looks to you,
face highlighted by the red glow of the traffic light. “We wish we had more information for you, but
we don’t.” He offers you his hand that isn’t tethered to the steering wheel, sighing a breath of relief
when you grasp it in your own. “Despite Yoongi’s lapse in judgement, which none of us condone by
the way, he would never purposefully cause you harm.”
“He’s felt left out for the past six years,” Namjoon agrees, “we love him to pieces, and he loves us;
but he got to see us everyday for the past six years with our twin-flames. He didn’t really complain to
us about it, but we aren’t stupid. We could see the way it affected him. How it affected his work.”
“After you left the restaurant yesterday, he could hardly contain himself.” Hoseok tells you,
squeezing your shoulder gently. “I’ve never seen Yoongi look like that.”
“Like what?” You ask.
“Free.” Hoseok smiles, “like he could breathe for the first time in six years. We could see all of the
worry just… disappear. Like magic.”
You feel the newly familiar tug on your heartstrings, imagining Yoongi in the restaurant, your
soulmates around him, watching you leave with wonder; close proximity to you leaving him dazed.
“The thing about Yoongi that you have to understand,” Joon starts, “is that he acts on his emotions.
He lets them get the best of him, which sucks at times, but he’s true to himself; always. It’s part of the
reason why we love him so much.”
“I don’t blame him,” you tell them, running your hand that isn’t intertwined with Jin’s through your
hair. “I understand how tricky emotions can be, trust me. I’ve made some shitty decisions because of
my feelings, too.”
“You just need time,” Jin says, squeezing your hand reassuringly, his ability to put into words what you’re feeling leaving you smirking.
“Yeah. I think I do.” You agree, looking out at the twinkling city lights of Seoul. “This all is just moving so fast, which I’m not against, I just need a minute to collect my thoughts and whatnot…”
You drift off, remembering the looks on three of the members faces before they had left you in Yoongi’s bedroom, Jimin’s pained expression had especially resonated with you. “Is Jimin mad at me?”
“Not mad,” Namjoon answers you, yawning. “None of us are mad. We just had hopes that this would all play out differently. We thought we’d have more time with you, that you wouldn’t have to hop on a plane and leave the continent within a few weeks. We didn’t think we’d have to explain tethering and everything else so soon.”
“Not that you living in New York is bad,” Jin reassures you.
“I get it,” you tell him. “Trust me, I know how much easier all of this would be if I lived here.” You chuckle dryly, “someday, though.”
Jin squeezes your hand, pulling up to the entrance of your hotel. “We have all of the time in the world. Don’t rush yourself.”
You smile shyly at him, blushing further when he rests a kiss against your knuckles.
“I’ll see you guys, soon,” You promise them, nodding towards Hoseok and Namjoon.
Much to your surprise, Elle is still awake.
“I’ve been calling you all night!” She shouts, “Powell wants to Skype us in the morning.”
“Well?” You ask her, pulling a water bottle from the mini fridge in the living room and sitting with Elle on the couch. “Did we do something wrong?”
“From what I’ve heard, no. However, the anticipation for our article has M-Buzz blowing up right now.” Elle tells you, smiling wide. “There’s probably an extension or something of the sort.”
“An extension? I doubt that’s the case. Maybe a pay raise? More credit in the bylines?” You offer, taking a deep swig of your water. “Something that’ll have Andrew shitting his pants.”
“Andrew’s a bitch.” Elle rolls her eyes. “Anyways, I was staying up to let you know. Now that you’re here, I can finally get some damn sleep.”
“Wake me up when you do!” You shout down the hall at her, “we’ll call Powell then.”
“Aye, aye, captain!” You hear her yell back.
It takes mere nanoseconds for you to realize that you won’t be getting good sleep. The slight tug and burn in your chest reminding you of the situation you were finding yourself in. You told him you needed time, and that’s true. You do need to reflect. But the need for him is heavy and outweighing the hesitance; and before you even know it, your phone is in your hand and the text chain is open.

YN: Hey… You awake?
Yoongi: Hi. Yeah, can’t sleep yet.
YN: Me too.
Yoongi: I’m sorry.
Yoongi: About everything.
Yoongi: I was an idiot, and I didn’t think. It wasn’t fair of me, and there’s no excuse for it. I just need you to know that I wasn’t trying to trap you here. Or hurt you. Not intentionally, at least.
YN: I know.
YN: I won’t lie and say everything’s fine, because I’m still trying to come to terms with it all.
YN: But I do forgive you, Yoongi.
Yoongi: Thank you so much.
Yoongi: You don’t know how much that means to me.
Yoongi: I’ve been a mess since you left.
YN: Do you feel it, too?
Yoongi: Yeah. It’s why I can’t sleep.
YN: Same.
YN: It’s going to be worse than this when I leave, isn’t it?
Yoongi: ...yeah. I’m sorry.
YN: We’ll have to figure something out.
Yoongi: I know. I’ll have to run it over with BH, but I’m optimistic they’ll support it.
YN: Just no more surprises… Okay? Lol.
Yoongi: I swear.
YN: I’m going to try and sleep, you should do the same. Night, Yoongi.
Yoongi: I will. Goodnight, jagiya. Xxxx

“Up and at ‘em, girl!” Elle shouts, tossing a pillow carelessly at your face.
“That was uncalled for,” you snap at her, crawling out of the fluffy hotel bed and blinking the morning light out of your eyes.
“We have to call Powell, and then we’ve got some shopping to do.”
“Shopping?” You question, skepticism leaking into your tone.
“Yep! Shopping. I want to check out some of the boutiques before we leave for Busan.” She smiles, “maybe we’ll find some cute outfits for the concerts.”
“Fine,” you agree, “but only because you insist. I’ll get ready and meet you in the kitchen?” You offer.
“Sounds good to me,” Elle smiles, walking out of your room with a skip in her step.
You don’t take too long preparing yourself for the day, opting on a plaid skirt you’d had since high school, and a button-up white dress shirt. You put your hair in a lazy bun, and go light on the face makeup; only wearing a nude toned lipstick and mascara.
Elle waits, as she had the past few mornings, breakfast ready and a smile on her face.
“Have I told you yet that I’m really enjoying it here?” She asks, sipping at her mug of coffee.
“Only a hundred times,” you answer her, taking your mug off of the kitchen counter and filling it with your favorite liquid caffeine. “Are we going to use your phone or mine to call Powell?” You ask, sipping tentatively at the slightly bitter drink.
“We can use mine,” Elle shrugs, setting her mug on the counter. You follow suit, waiting for her Skype app to load. Once it does, she clicks your boss’ username. You’re surprised she’s still awake, it’s roughly 11 pm there.
“Great, you guys called!” Powell’s voice states, before she comes into the view of her phone screen. Seeing her outside of her work persona is slightly jarring, her work clothes have seemingly long been replaced by her silk pajamas.
“Of course! You’d said it was important,” Elle replies.
“It is,” Powell replies. “You guys have no idea how hectic things are over here. We’ve got secondary news sources practically begging for insight on the concert last night. Poor Cam’s been having to dismiss them before they can even get their names out.”
“That’s great to hear, though!” You smile. “We’ve got a lot of content we can work on when we return.”
“That’s the thing,” your boss smiles, “if we continue to get publicity like this, we can upsize. We kind of want to jump the ball on everything.” Powell explains. “So, I was actually hoping that you’d take up an offer I have for you,” she looks to you, waiting.
“And the offer is?” You ask, nerves prickling.
“M-Buzz would like to formally offer you the position of head reporter.” Powell smiles. You blanch, completely taken aback by her offer.
“Are you sure?” You ask, avoiding the blinding smile Elle is sending your way. “This gig isn’t even through yet-”
“Ah, nonsense. Give yourself some credit, YN. You’re gifted. Any article you’ve published has received more than twice the feedback that most of our other reporters get on two of their own articles.” She laughs. “So, what do you say?”
“I mean, I’d be stupid to turn it down. Of course I’ll take it.” You smile, heart thumping wildly
beneath the swell of your breast.
“Great! I’ll fax the forms to HR tomorrow, and we’ll get everything finalized once you get back from
the tour.”
“Sounds good.” You tell her, smiling kindly.
“Oh, and Elle?” Powell asks, stopping herself from ending the call.
“Yes?” Elle asks, eyes finally peeled from you and back towards your boss.
“Since YN’s position will be opening up, we were wondering if you’d like to take over-”
“Yes!” Elle shouts, jumping up and down in the middle of the kitchen. “I’d love to!”
“Alright!” Powell chuckles, “I’ll fax that paperwork over to HR as well. Congratulations, you two.
I’ve been rooting for you guys since you started working with us.”
“Thank you so much, Mrs. Powell! We won’t let you down.” Elle smiles, chirping her goodbye to
Powell, which you echo.
Only when Elle calms down long enough to go and get ready for your shopping spree do you really
think about your actions. You’d accepted a promotion. A fucking promotion. Despite having seven
soulmates living on the other half of the planet, you’d accepted the position; without so much as a
second thought.
Of course you’d wanted this position. This was what you’d been aiming for since starting to work
for M-Buzz. You always wanted credit, praise, commendation, acclaim to your work, but now you
felt you couldn’t even fully appreciate the accomplishment. Because despite the happiness you’d
typically be feeling by now, you were worried about what the guys would think.
Would Yoongi be mad? Would Namjoon and Jin judge you for such a split-second decision that
would keep you anchored in New York? How would Hobi even respond to the news? And the
youngest members… Would Jimin, Tae, and Kookie even be able to look at you?
It’s not like you felt remorseful, or regretted the decision you’d made; but you had more to think
about now. You had other people to think about now. You couldn’t ignore that, or them. You’d need
to explain yourself, and figure everything out.
Especially when you consider now being tethered to Yoongi. That, you would feel guilty about.
You’d put him into a situation without considering his emotions. His pain. If you were a bitter
person, you wouldn’t care, given the events of last night. But you’re YN LN, and you’re hardly even
the slightest bit bitter. And now? Well, now you felt horrible for being so quick to decide.
Realistically, you should have waited on an answer until you could go back to New York and
explain everything that’s happened during the tour to Powell. Realistically, you should be lightening
your work-load after the tour so that you can move to South Korea.
There’s so many ‘you should’ scenarios running through your mind, it’s close to making the room
spin and your stomach tighten. You need to tell them. Sooner rather than later.
You pull out your phone, enter the group chat and send them a quick text.
YN: Hey, if you guys aren’t busy tonight, there’s some stuff I need to talk to you about. Xxx
Hobi: Is everything ok?
Jin: We’ll be free to talk after a few interviews we have, probably around 9 pm or so.
YN: Sounds good. I’ll meet you guys at your hotel then?
Joon: Works for us. :)”
Hobi: Yeah.
You’re sad that Yoongi, Jimin, Tae and Kookie don’t reply; but you know that Namjoon, Hoseok
and Jin will tell them.
“You ready to go?” Elle asks, sliding into her ankle boots.
“Yep.” You tell her, grabbing your hotel key off the granite countertop and following her out of the
door.
The first few stores Elle drags you to are quick stops, cute knick-knacks and baubles sitting prettily
on glass shelves. You can’t help but buy a trinket for each soulmate you’ll be seeing tonight, the
oddities suiting the men you were surely falling for so well. It’s when you’re looking at the more-
hidden shelves that you come up with an idea that you pray will help alleviate the tension with the
maknaes. You grab the items you think perfect for the job, and head to the antique-shop’s counter,
the elderly woman behind it smiling kindly at you.
“Will you need a gift bag?” She asks, running the cute trinkets over the scanner on the countertop.
“Yes, please.” You smile, handing her over your debit card. Nothing you picked it too valuable, the
grand total hardly making a dent in your checkbook.
“Hm, guilt gifts?” Elle asks, stepping out of the shop with you in tow.
“Of the sort,” you answer her, blushing. “I’m going to have to tell them about the promotion
tonight.” You explain, shaking your head. “I feel bad for accepting it without even considering
them.”
“Why? Won’t they be happy for you?” Elle asks, perplexed.
“I dunno,” you tell her. “It’s going to keep me cemented in New York for a bit. I can’t imagine
they’d be too ecstatic.”
“Ah, that makes sense, I guess.” She replies lamely, kicking at a rock on the sidewalk while you wait
for the crosswalk light to change from the red hand to the green walking symbol.
You can feel the ache inside your vessel grow stronger with each step you take towards the stores
Elle is leading you to; the dull throbbing growing slowly as you walk further downtown. Yoongi’s
surely feeling it, too. You pull out your phone, checking the handful of group texts you’ve missed.

Hobi: She never said whether she’s okay or not.
Jin: If she wasn’t, Yoongi would feel it. You know that.
Yoongi: I think she’s feeling sad.
Hobi: Sad? Why?
Yoongi: Don’t know. We’ll find out tonight, though.

You thumb out of the group text, and turn your phone off, guilt bubbling. They were bound to get
nervous regardless of what you had sent them. And if you text them back now, you’ll just end up
spilling, telling them all about your new position when you know that it should be said to their faces.
“Where next?” You ask Elle, hoping for a distraction. She gives you one gladly, pulling your bag-
clad hand in her own and leading you into a boutique with mannequins galore.
“My arms hurt,” you pout. You’ve been in and out of shops all day, and have spent at least two
week’s pay on cute clothes and ornaments you’d decorate your townhouse back home with.
“The Lyft should be here soon,” Elle tells you, checking the app on her phone. “It says they’re on
this street. It’s just a matter of that damn traffic light changing.”
“What time is it?” You ask her, sighing in relief when a car pulls up to the curb and honks.
“About 6:30, why?”
“I’m going to see the guys and tell them about work at nine,” you answer, putting your bags in the
trunk that the Lyft driver pops open for you.
“Maybe you should pack a bag? In case it’s too late when you guys are done talking?” Elle suggests,
buckling her seatbelt while you give the driver the hotel name.
“Probably,” you agree, fidgeting with your fingers atop your lap. “I have enough outfits now,” you
smile. “Will you be okay tonight alone? I feel bad leaving you again.”
“Don’t worry about me, I’ll just skype Cam.”
“Skype Cam?” You ask, wiggling your brows.
“Yeah, yeah. Shut up. We just started to actually talk. It’s not like it’s going anywhere.”
“You’re soulmates,” you sing, nudging her. “It’s supposed to go somewhere.”
“I think we’re both nervous.” She admits, biting her bottom lip. “He’s never been in a serious
relationship, and after what happened with Adam… I don’t know if I’m ready.”
“Elle, I’m going to support you with whatever decision you make, you know that, right?” You ask
her, securing one of her hands in yours. “There’s no pressure for you to be with anyone. You’re the
only one who can choose what’s best for you. I just enjoy irritating you.”
“You enjoy irritating anyone,” she grumbles, yanking lightly at your bun.
“You’re right about that.”
“Of course I am. I know you better than most people. It’s something I take pride in,” she giggles.
“You’re pretty much a closed book around anyone and everyone.”
“I slept with Yoongi,” you admit, twiddling with her fingers.
“You what now?” Elle gapes, eyes triple their typical size. “I’m sorry, I must have misheard you. I thought you said that you slept with Yoongi…”
“Yep.” You say, popping the ‘p’ for extra effect.
She looks at you, still shocked and completely bewildered by your flip in character, and then laughs. Which makes you laugh. Which probably irritates the driver, but you can’t bring yourself to care. Tears are springing from your eyes and your stomach is positively aching by the time you pull into the hotel parkade.
“Thanks!” You tell the driver, hopping out and retrieving your bags from the trunk with Elle.
“Wow.” She repeats as the elevator doors close. You side-eye her, and then the two of you collapse in fits of laughter again.
“Who knew a trip to South Korea was what you needed to loosen up,” she coughs out, wiping stray tears from her eyes.
“I’m not that uptight, am I?” You ask.
“I mean… Yeah.” She answers you, before gripping your shoulder affectionately. “It’s okay, YN. I’ve never held it against you.”
“Well, gee. Thanks.” You giggle. “I didn’t know I was that much of a party pooper. Maybe I should get laid more often.”
“You do realize you have seven soulmates right? It’s perfect. One for each day of the week.”
And you’re both erupting into laughter once more.
It’s half past nine when you get a text from Yoongi, telling you he’s in the parkade waiting for you. Your stomach flips in anticipation. You’ve already sworn to yourself that you won’t tell any of the boys alone. They will all be with you when you finally tell them about your promotion.
He didn’t need to send the text, you could tell he was close when the dull pain in every fiber of your body finally seemed to dissipate. The pain giving way to excitement and equanimity.
The BMW i8 is lean, dark, and sexy; matching Yoongi pretty well. He hops out of the car when he sees you, hoodie covering most of his face. What isn’t covered by the warm garment is cloaked by the air mask he wears, and the dark sweats that hang off the ‘v’ of his hips.
“Hey,” you tell him, surprising him when you pull him into a hug, your chest that he remembers naked above him pressed flush against his broad one.
“Hi,” he whispers, melting into your touch. Neither of you had quite realized how much you missed the other.
When you finally disentangle yourselves from each other, he leads you to the passenger door, opening it for you. The butterfly doors shock you at first, and you want to admire them; but there’s time for that later. You allow Yoongi to help you into the car and buckle you in, appreciating the intimacy of the gestures.
He slides smoothly into the driver’s seat, headband keeping his unruly hair from tampering with his vision.
“How was your day?” He asks, the engine roaring to life at the touch of a button.
“It was good, I went shopping with Elle and bought some clothes.” You smile, remembering the gifts you shoved into the backpack at your feet, along with a change of clothes and a few makeup products. “How was yours?”
“Stressful,” he admits, pulling out of the parking garage. “We had three interviews today alone, and the interviewers only asked questions about the soulmate reveal. I get it, we did kind of make a thing out of it. I just wish people would let our personal lives be kept personal. We got asked at least eight times if we’re all fucking.” He scoffs. “That’s nobody’s business but ours. And yours.”
You smile softly at him, “that’s completely understandable, Yoongi.”
“I’m just so exhausted of everyone bleeding us dry when it comes to our personal shit.” He
grumbles, hands on the steering wheel tightening their grip.
The slight motion catches your eye, and before long you realize that, yep, you definitely have a hand
kink. Min Yoongi’s hand could render you transfixed for hours, you’re sure of it. The deftness to
them, the long slender fingers, the perfectly manicured nails… Fuck. You can see veins and muscle,
which only turns you on further. His knuckles stick out from the grip he has, skin turning nearly
translucent from the strain. And the rings he wears… Could you have a ring kink? The jewelry is
absolutely sinful against the milky tone of his hands under the moonlight. You can imagine them
catching on your cunt as he curls his fingers inside of you, rubbing them expertly against your soft
spot while the palm of his hand rests hot and heavy on your clit. Orgasm building while you beg for
him to just fuck you senseless-

“Like what you see?” Yoongi quips, pulling you from your sex-filled reveries.
You blush deeply, looking out of the car window to try and hide your embarrassment.

“Don’t hide from me, jagiya…” Yoongi nearly whines, one of his diaphanous hands finding yours,
the deft fingers you’d thought of so sensually moments prior winding with your own. “I don’t like it
when you hide from me.”

Your soul warms at his touch, probably purring on the couch of your heart, the damn bitch.

“You’re the one who called me out for admiring you,” you quip, biting on your lower lip.

“When you look at me like that, it turns me on.” He explains, shrugging as if he hadn’t just said
something damning. “And I’m trying to take things slowly from now on.”

“Why?” You nearly pout, his words bruise you, despite what you’d said to him last night. You had
pretty much told him you’d need time, but here you are, with Min Yoongi in his BMW, imagining
the ways he could make you scream his name just using his fingers.

“You know why,” he replies softly, squeezing your hand. “If you want to sleep with the others,
that’s fine, I actually heavily support it. They’re talented. I just don’t want our connection to run
deeper than it already is… you’re leaving after the tour and, well… it’s going to be hard enough.”

His explanation only makes your heart bruise further, especially knowing what you’d be telling all of
them soon. Here Yoongi was, trying desperately to make things easier for the both of you so that
you’d be comfortable, and you’d accepted a job offer in New York that’d keep you there for an extra
year, at least.

His thumb traces absent-minded patterns on across the top of your hand the rest of the drive to their
hotel, the only sound emitted for the rest of the ride is the classical piano that Yoongi has playing at a
comfortable volume. Being with him is easy, you note. As easy as breathing. You’d felt it with the
others, too.

It’d be so damn easy to just quit your job and move here, find a job while the boys tour. But you
were dedicated to your profession, regardless of the magnetic pull that the boys had on you. It
wouldn’t be fair to leave M-Buzz. Or to leave Elle to trudge through the article alone.

“Jagiya!” Hoseok squeals, opening the door to reveal you and Yoongi. Yoongi had been pulling his
keys from his pocket when his chipper hyung had swung open the hotel door. “We missed you!” He
shouts, pulling you into a hug.

“Few minutes ago,” you chuckle, trying to hug him back the best you can. His arms are strong, and
the grip they have on you prevents you from moving much.
“I didn’t see or hear you come in,” he pouts, releasing you from his warm embrace. “I was too busy emailing our events coordinator. Everyone’s pissed about us revealing our marks.”

“Wait- what? You didn’t run it by Big Hit first?” You gape. You can just barely make out the moment when Namjoon mentally slaps himself.

“Yeeyeah… We kind of had a contract with them saying that we wouldn’t reveal them.” He mumbles.


“We were getting really tired of hiding. It made us feel like freaks.” Joon explains.

“I’m not ‘the fuck-ing’ you guys,” you rush out, “what kind of company makes their performers sign a contract stating they were not to reveal their marks?”

“They said it secured us more publicity. We were all mostly kids when we signed on, didn’t think much of it.” He explains dryly. “But it got pretty lonely pretty quickly. Not being able to hold hands in public unless it was for show on Run! Felt pretty shitty.”

“Clearly!” You muse, shaking your head in distaste. “I’m sorry you guys had to go through that. It’s great that you took a stand, though.” You smile.

“Is it?” Jimin asks, strutting into the living room with the rest of the guys behind him. Tae and Kookie don’t meet your gaze, but Jimin does. You don’t miss out on the irritation that shines brightly in his gaze.

“I think so, yes.” You answer him.

“We didn’t even reveal your initials.” Jimin rolls his eyes, “you don’t understand the backlash we’re facing right now.”

“Yah! Don’t take it out on YN, Jimin!” Hoseok growls, swatting the maknae upside his silver-haired head. “It’s not her fault that we’re in trouble. She didn’t make us do anything.”

“I know,” Jimin relents. His gaze softens on yours, but only slightly. You can still see hurt simmering beyond his brown irises. “I’m sorry, YN. I shouldn’t take it out on you.”

“It’s okay, Jimin. I really don’t understand any of the backlash you guys are getting. I’ve been pointedly avoiding the internet for that reason, actually.”

“It’s just a bunch of bullshit articles, anyways,” Tae growls, picking at his sweater.

“Our public image is important, Tae,” Jungkook groans, rubbing a hand tiredly across his face. “If the public can’t respect destiny, then fuck public image.” Tae spits.

“Do you like the money you’re paid?” Yoongi quips, sitting behind you and Namjoon. Jin, bless his heart, finally seems to sense the change of atmosphere and pulls out his earbuds.

“Jagiya!” He shouts, mirroring Namjoon’s earlier response and flying to your side. Now you’re sandwiched between him and Joon, Yoongi sitting slightly behind you on the large piece of furniture.

“It’s not all about the money.” Tae argues, ignoring Jin’s outburst. “I don’t want the money if I can’t express myself.”

“We understand that, Taehyung. But we’re locked into contracts. We can’t just do whatever we want, despite how much we want to.” Jungkook tries to reason with him, but Tae just shakes his head and settles his focus on you.

His eyes are blazing, you can’t even begin to decipher the emotions behind them. You’re not scared of him, despite his cold demeanor, you know in your heart that none of them would ever harm you.

“Why are you here?” He quips. Well, maybe not hurt you physically. Emotionally? Seemed like that was fair-game.

“I need to talk to you guys,” you answer him. “I got offered the lead reporting position at M-Buzz today.”

“That’s great!” Hobi cheers, sitting on the opposite side of Namjoon.

“Yeah, that’s great, jagi.” Jin smiles, hugging you tightly against him once more.

“I took it.” You add.

“Well, yeah. Why wouldn’t you?” Hobi deadpans.

“Because it’s in New York…? You guys are here?”

“And?” Joon questions.
“What do you mean, ‘and?’ It means I’ll be in New York for at least another year.” You explain.
“Okay.” Jin replies. “We knew that you’d be going back. You’d already told us as much.”
“But don’t you guys want me to move here?” You ask, confused.
“Of course we want you to move here,” Namjoon tells you. “But we don’t expect you to drop everything and move immediately. You have a life in New York. We’ve told you that we understand that. You can’t put everything on pause for us.”
“But the tethering-”
“We will visit you, and you will visit us.” Yoongi shrugs. “We’re planning on a US tour within a few months or so anyways.”
“Really?”
“Really?” He reassures you, “you don’t have to put anything on the back burner for us, YN. Ever.”
“Thank you guys…” You mumble, tears building in your eyes. “Oh! I almost forgot. I brought you guys presents.”
Despite their lack of interest in looking your way, you can see the way the maknaes’ eyes light up at your announcement.
“I just need my backpack.” You chirp, going to stand up.
“I got it, jagi.” Jin tells you already halfway across the living room.
“Thank you,” you tell him once he returns and hands it to you. “Okay, let’s see here.”
You pull the first bauble from the bag, feeling the shape and handing it to Jin. You hand the next to Hobi, and then Tae, Kookie, Joon, Yoongi, and finally Jimin. They all look at you with childish impatience, “go ahead,” you tell them, giggling.
They all cry out in excitement when they see what you’ve bought them. Jimin clutches the calico cat figurine tightly against his chest, cooing in adoration at the inanimate object. Jungkook mirrors him with the bunny figurine you’d found for him. Tae looks damn smitten with the ‘Starry Night’ plaque you’d found, and even sends you a shy smile.
Jin’s giggling at the eccentrically designed glass-chopsticks you found for him, the flames painted on them bringing tears to his eyes. Hobi is looking at the sunflower cross-stitch in a frame that you’d found him with glossy eyes. Namjoon is very invested in the looking glass you’d found him, using it to examine the cracks in his hands. Yoongi looks amazed at the 88-key model piano you bought him, the brown lacquer of it glistening under the room’s lighting.
“Thank you, jagi!” Jin chirps, wacking the two chopsticks together like they’re drumsticks.
“Yes, thank you!” Jimin smiles.
The rest of them echo their thanks, and you’re aware of the way Yoongi gravitates toward you, hand finding your own and holding onto it tightly.
“Listen, I know you three are upset with me-” You start, looking to the three youngest members. “So I got you guys something extra.” You smile, tossing them their additional gifts. They all shout in delight when they unwrap the special edition Pokemon figurines you’d scouted at the antique store.
“These are amazing, YN! But, upset?” Jimin asks, voice heavy. “We’re not upset.”
“Jiminnie…” Kookie warns.
“We’re hurt.” Jimin finishes.
“You’re…. Hurt?” You ask, confused.
“Yes. Hurt. You hurt our feelings.” Tae adds, picking at a nail, not so much as looking in your general direction now that the spirit of your gift giving has died down.
“How? What did I do?”
“Slept with Yoongi without inviting us.”
You blanch at that, heart racing. “I- what?”
“You heard me,” Tae mumbles, rolling his eyes.
“That’s why you guys have been giving everyone hell?” Namjoon asks, baffled. “You’re hurt that YN didn’t ask you to bed with her?”
“Yoongi said that he wouldn’t sleep with her until she moved here because of the tethering.” Kookie speaks up, defending his brothers and himself. “He said that if that were what YN wanted, that we could talk to her about it.”
You’re positively dumbfounded.
“What?”
“We weren’t upset with you, YN. We’re upset with Yoongi-hyung.” Jimin pouts. “And we feel left out.”
“Oh…” You exhale, fearing you’ll forget how to breathe if they all don’t stop looking at you like a meal, because; yes. That’s what the shift in conversation has lead to.
“Plus, you missed out on our game. We won, by the way, because Jimin managed to snag Jin’s controller and actually help us.” Tae smirks.
“Congratulations…” You breathe out, labored pants hardly escaping your puckered lips.
Jimin side-eyes his two maknaes, standing up and motioning for them to do the same. The hyungs, as if they were one damn person, all retreat from you, knowing smirks on their faces.
“We’d like a prize,” Jimin tells you, wicked smirk on his beautiful face as they step towards you.
“Wh- what kind of prize?” You gape, enraptured by the three beautiful men strutting towards you.
“To taste you.” Jimin replies steadily, voice needy. “Just a kiss. If you want more, we might consider giving it to you.”
“Okay.” You acquiesce.
You’re pleasantly surprised when Jimin side-steps, motioning for Tae to take lead. Taehyung’s shocked himself, looking to Jimin as if to ask if he’s sure. Jimin nods, boyish smile gracing his features.
Taehyung takes a deep breath, and steps toward you; his earlier tough ego fading away.
“Are you sure about this?” He asks, only a millimeter between your lips and his. “We don’t have to do anything you don’t want to do.”
“Tae,” you say, and he meets your gaze. “Kiss me.”
It’s as if your words have awakened something deep inside of the brunette. His hands, warm and sturdy, gently cup your face, thumbs rubbing your cheeks as they heat up. His eyes soft on yours. His thumb traces the swell of your warmed cheeks, following it down to your jawline, and up to your bottom lip. The pad of his thumb rubs lightly at the soft skin, pulling your lip ever so slightly, until you’re practically buzzing from anticipation. You let out a shaky breath, thankful an entire moan hadn’t slipped.
“You haven’t even kissed her, and she’s coming undone.” Jimin praises his brother, “show her how good it can feel to be with us, Taehyung.”
You’re thankful you’re sitting on the couch, because had you been standing; your knees would have buckled when Tae’s lips finally pressed against your own. They’re warm, expertly molding against yours, and it takes only a slight intake of breath on your end before his tongue is sliding against yours, minty flavour greeting you excitedly.
You moan against Taehyung’s hot mouth, relishing in the feeling of him tightening his grasp on you, keeping you pressed firmly against him as he barricades you into the couch. He sighs, lifting you onto his lap once he finally seats himself, letting his hands fall from the edges of your face so that he can tangle them in your hair, tugging lightly.
The overwhelming bliss that you feel when he tugs at your hair has you whimpering against his swollen lips, rocking lightly against his thigh that you’re straddling, the thick muscle beneath the jeans he wears rubbing heavenly against your scantily clad sex. The plaid skirt you wear rides up your thighs from the movement, air hitting your ass as the fabric gives way to your skin, cotton panties that are a size too small leaving not much to the imagination of the men watching you and Taehyung.
You hear harsh intakes of breath, and a small mutter of “fuck,” from behind you, but you’re too overwhelmed by the taste and feeling of Taehyung to pay anyone else any mind.
There’s a shift in the couch next to you, and then another, and you finally part from Taehyung’s eager mouth to look to Jungkook and Jimin. Both of which have settled into the couch on either side of you and Tae.
“I want a turn,” Kookie pouts, holding his arms out for you to take.
Tae helps lift you off of his lap so that you can hover over Jungkook, gripping the Golden Maknae’s
hands in your own. He smiles shyly at you, the heat behind his eyes melting your cunt. “Come here,” he cooes, pulling you into his lap. You lace your arms around his neck adoringly, pressing a light kiss to his nose. “I hope you don’t think that’s all you’re giving me.” He grins, pulling you gently by your chin until your lips are ghosting across his.

You’re the one that presses your lips against his, tasting the cherry chapstick he loves so much on his open mouth. You shiver, melting into him when he grabs one of your hips in a strong hand, the other palming tentatively at your chest. You arch into his chest, head swimming from the feeling of Jungkook’s tongue running soft and slickly against yours, his hands adding a new pleasure as they grip and tug at the sensitive parts of your body.

Your hips grind against his, wet panties rubbing against the tent in his sweatpants. You can feel the heat of his erection, his cock begging to be released from the harsh cotton confines. Jungkook moans, pinching a nipple through your button-up and biting down on your bottom lip lightly. There’s a slight gasp from the opposite end of the couch, and you look with sexed eyes as Hoseok palms himself through his joggers. “No, eyes on us.” Jimin orders, beckoning you onto his lap with his pointer finger.

You crawl over the muscled thighs of Jungkook and Taehyung, eager to please the young dancer. “Good girl,” Jimin praises you, feeling his cock swell when you whimper at his approval and position yourself over him, as you had done with Jungkook. Jimin isn’t nearly as nervous or innocent as the other two, you know that much as soon as he locks his eyes on yours, the intent behind them deafening. He snakes a hand up your bare thighs, lifting the skirt up to your hips where it stays. “She’s pretty, isn’t she?” He asks the room.

There’s murmurs of approval, breathy pants at the sight of you leaving your cunt aching for contact. “No, eyes on me. It’s rude to look elsewhere,” Jimin chastises you, stopping your moving neck. You whine at the grip, trying to grind down on him, but his arms lock you into place; and he clicks his tongue at you. “Look at me, YN.” He orders you, releasing your throat from his hand.

You do, nearly combusting from what you see. His eyes are hot and wanting on yours, mirroring the desperation you have for him. “Don’t look at them when you’re with me like this.” He pleads, and you can see the genuineness in his question. Your heart aches. Did he truly not understand the effect he had on everyone?

“Only you, Jimin,” you whisper, seeing the enamored look he has for you mix into his hot expression. “Good girl,” he cooes, pulling your mouth against his. His kiss is hot and heavy, his dominance leaking onto his tongue and saliva and mixing heavenly with yours. He tastes like cinnamon and passion, his hands pulling you tight against him and keeping you caged to his chest.

You wouldn’t mind being prisoner here, you tell yourself. You grab blindly at his hoodie, wanting nothing more than to rip the fabric off of him. “Patience,” Taehyung cooes, his hand running along your spine while Jimin explores your heaving chest. “She’s so ready for us,” Jungkook whines. Jimin nips harshly at your bottom lip at the appraisal Jungkook croons, sending pulses of hot want directly to your empty core. You whine when Jimin breaks contact, trying desperately to reconnect your lips with his.

“Do you want more?” He asks, the familiar genuineness leaking back into his tone. “We need to hear you say yes, baby.” He purrs. “Yes,” you moan, delving back into the swell of his lips and pressing him further into the cushion of the couch. “Fuck,” he mumbles against your hurried lips, making quick work of your button-up. Tae’s hands have wandered from your spine, downwards, running along the muscles of your calf. “Such an eager girl…” He whispers, tugging the clasp on your bra free.
You whimper as the cold air hits your nipples, your bra sliding down your arms. You can hear Jungkook and Taehyung move from the couch, behind you, feel them when they help your bra slide off of your arms they pull from Jimin’s hoodie.

“So beautiful.” Jungkook murmurs, transfixed by the expanse of your naked skin.

“He’s right…” Jimin breathes against you, running his hands up your sides and kneading your eager breasts. “You’re breathtaking…”

“So are you…” You whine, resting the palm of your hand against his cheek. He melts into the touch, eyes fluttering shut at the feeling.

He opens them, the devilish glint in his eyes having returned. “I’m going to fuck you so hard, baby girl.” He cooes, the contrast in his wording and tone rendering you a mess. “But first, you’re going to suck Tae’s cock. Would you do that for me?” He smiles, eyes crinkling.

“Mhm…” You whimper, looking around the room for Tae.

He’s moved from the couch to sit in a matching armchair, legs spread, erection pressing harshly against denim. You try desperately not to focus on the older men sitting on the couch, knowing damned well you’d be a lost cause if you laid eyes upon the reasoning for the hitched breathing and moans coming from that end of the sofa.

“Come here, jagiya.” Tae calls, his voice low and thick with desire.

You nod, removing yourself from Jimin’s lap, and walk to the chocolate haired man spread on the armchair. He greets you with a promiscuous kiss, running his tongue harshly through your hot saliva, grinding it harshly against yours.

“You taste so good,” he praises you, tugging harshly at the flesh of your ass.

You smirk at him, dropping slowly to your knees in front of him. He sighs, simply watching as you undo the button of his jeans, and unzip his fly. You run your nails lightly against his tanned skin underneath the waistband of his boxer-briefs, looking up at him through your eyelashes.

“Fuck.” He whimpers, thrusting his hips slightly upwards against your touch.

Taking pity on the poor man, you pull his boxers down, openly gaping at his thick cock when it’s finally freed from the cotton prison of his underwear.

“Big, isn’t he?” Jimin asks, kneeling next to you on the floor. “Don’t think you can take all of him into your mouth?”

You whine, “I don’t know.”

“Try.” Jimin orders you. You couldn’t disobey him even if you tried. The heavy arousal settling itself between your thighs leaving you only thirsting for one thing. You grip Taehyung’s length in your hand, cunt tightening at the familiar weight and warmth of a cock in your hand.

Taehyung arches back, adam’s apple straining against the tightened skin of his neck as you thumb his precum across the head of his reddened dick.

You can feel Jimin’s hot glare on you, you can feel everyone’s hot glares on you, actually. It only encourages you in your challenge, the need to please them running heavy in your veins. Your sexed high giving you all of the courage you need to lick a stripe up Taehyung’s cock.

He cries out, copper skin fighting the muscles beneath it as you repeat your actions, swirling your tongue across the slit on his cockhead, the salty tang of his excitement causing you to mewl against him.

He groans, bucking his member against your tongue, and you press your hands down against his hips to keep him from bucking into your mouth any further.

“Stay still, Taehyung.” Jimin orders, running his hand along your shoulder blade. “You can do it, baby girl.”

Your cunt clenches without pause at Jimin’s motivation, begging for any attention, because at this point, you’re truly and painfully horny.

You force yourself to refocus on Taehyung, taking the head of his cock fully into your mouth, you can tell that he’s holding his excitement back when you start to bob down against the tip of his length, testing your boundaries. You could do this.

You take a deep breath through your nose, clenching your left hand tightly, and slowly take Taehyung inch by inch into the warmth velvet of your throat. He lets out a loud moan, nearly coming
when he feels the back of your throat hit the head of his cock. “Fuck, just like that,” he growls, thrusting against your hands when you cup his balls in your hand and squeeze lightly, urging him to let himself loose inside of your mouth.

“Fuck,” he pants, his balls tightening in your grasp as you moan around his girthy length, the warmth of it sinful against your tongue.

“Such a good girl,” Jimin cooes, pinching a nipple between eager fingers. You moan harshly against Taehyung’s dick, feeling him shiver at the feeling of your teeth scraping gently against his erection.

“You’re going to let Tae come on your tongue, aren’t you, baby?”

“Mhm,” you groan, grazing your teeth against the man beneath you again.

He’s completely lost in the feeling of you on him, hot and wanting. It just takes one more look at you, eyes tearing as you look up at him, Jimin playing with your bare skin, your mouth suction cupped around his hard cock… and the men on the couch, touching each other. His balls tighten again, and he comes in your mouth hotly, curses falling from his chapped lips.

“Fuck,” he moans, relaxing back against the chair when you finally release his spent cock from your mouth. He feels as though you’ve ravaged his very being. Like you’re all he has.

“You did such a good job, baby girl.” Jimin cooes, rubbing a bit of Tae’s come off of your chin with his thumb, amazed when you lick it off of the pad of his thumb. “You’re full of surprises, aren’t you?”

“Only for you, Jimin.” You coo, hoping that he can feel the emotion that you feel as he looks into your eyes.

“Jungkook, how do you want our lovely YN?” Jimin asks, looking to his maknae. Jungkook sits where you and Jimin had been prior, thick cock in his hands, stroking at the velvety smooth erection.

“On top of me,” Jungkook whines, watching as Jimin helps to relieve you of your underwear and skirt. Leaving you completely naked in front of them. He wishes he could only see this for the rest of his life.

“How does that sound, baby girl? You want to ride Kookie’s cock?” Jimin asks, voice dangerously low.

“Yes, Jimin.” You answer, nearly crying at the realization that your slick cunt would finally get some relief.

Jimin helps you up, leading you back to the expansive sofa. In front of Jungkook, who looks absolutely ravaged and begging for relief. You straddle Kookie, leaning in to kiss him while your hand positions him under your eager sex.

Jungkook bites at your lip when he feels your soft hands grip the base of his cock, shocked moan rumbling from deep within the confines of his muscular chest. He keeps his eyes on yours as you sink down on his hot member, focusing on the stretch of your cunt as his cock enters you.

“Does he feel good, baby girl?” Jimin asks, removing his shirt.

“Mhm, Jimin…” You whine, raising yourself slowly before lowering yourself again.

You can feel your senses fill with your pleasure, your wetness finally being indulged by something more than Jimin’s voice. You clench around Jungkook, feeling your sanity fade and the carnal need to move around Jungkook take over.

And you do, you move. You rise slowly, the tug of Jungkook’s cock against the swollen walls of your cunt leaving you crying out into the empty air above you. Jungkook whines at the loss of contact, but meets your erotic cries with his own when you sink back down around his pulsing length, the warmth of you nearly driving him mad.

“Fuck, you’re so tight,” he whines, black tresses falling damply against his forehead.

“You feel so good, Kookie,” you whimper, clenching your cunt needily around him.

“Shit, YN,” he groans, eyes rolling back into his head as you repeat your thrusts. His hips raise in tune with yours, snapping wildly to meet your exposed cunt as you grind back down on top of him. The sensation of him slapping without abandon against you has you seeing stars beyond closed eyes, the hot and heavy sensation of your orgasm building quickly in your lower abdomen. You grind down more needily against Jungkook’s dick, your clit rubbing desperately against his pubic bone.

“Touch me, Kookie,” you beg, eyes screwed so tightly shut, you don’t know whether you’ll ever be
able to open them again.
“I got you, baby girl,” Jimin cooes, and you feel the heavy pad of two fingers rest hotly against your
swollen clit, rubbing harsh circles with every snap of your hips.
Jungkook’s hands find purchase atop your bouncing breasts, squeezing the flesh there with a
tightness that has you screaming and coming completely undone on top of him. His hips snap up at
you through your orgasm, chasing his own high without abandon.
“Fuck,” he cries out, movements stuttering, hot arousal coating the inside of your cunt.
“Don’t cry, baby girl,” Jimin cooes, wiping stray tears from your face.
“It felt so good,” you whimper, molding into his waiting body as Jungkook slides out of you, spent
and sweaty.
“I know,” Jimin tells you sweetly. “Are you sure you can handle me tonight, baby?”
You’re exhausted, yes. But the way Jimin’s looks at you now, eyes dark with lust, breathing labored,
chest bare; you don’t care how tired you are.
“I’m sure,” you tell him, pulling his lips desperately against your own.
“I’ll tell you what, baby girl. I’ll take it easy on you tonight, and just fuck you over this couch. I’ll
save you riding my face for another day, okay?” He peppers your face with gentle kisses, “and you’ll
sleep with me tonight.”
“Okay, Jimin.” You agree, allowing him to position you over the couch.
He rests his back against yours, warmth soothing you, his mouth resting right above your ear.
“You can look at them now,” he tells you gently, “I want them to see how much you enjoy me
fucking you.”
You do, finally, you look at the older men who’ve sat on the couch the entire time. Your breath
catches at the sight. They look about as ravished as you felt. Hoseok’s hand is wrapped tightly
around Joon’s cock, slowly pumping him while they watch you, his own come decorating his pants
and Joon’s cheek.
Yoongi’s watching you with sex blown eyes, his cock wrapped tightly in his hand as he watches
Jimin have his way with you. Jin’s eyes are wide, lust blown, but he’s made no attempt to even touch
himself, or any of the members around him.
You want to ask why, but when Jimin slams his cock harshly inside your recently recovered cunt;
you can’t bring yourself to care.
Surely the boys would receive noise complaints in the morning.
His thrusts are articulated, sharp and powerful, leaving you panting and screaming for release.
“You want to come again, baby girl?” Jimin growls against the shell of your ear, biting gently at the
flesh there.
“Mhm, please,” you purr, tightening your cunt around him.
You shout out when his fingers find your clit again, the familiar rubbing sending you over the edge
within moments. Jimin’s not long behind you, flesh on flesh slaps finally ceasing as he releases
himself inside of you, his excitement mixing with Jungkook’s.
You couldn’t tell anyone what happened next to save your life. You remember the sound of Yoongi
crying out, Namjoon following behind him, and then a heavy blanket being wrapped around you.
Steady arms lead you to a bedroom, Jimin’s you think. But you’re fast asleep before you can even
think to check.
Warm. You’re incredibly warm.

There’s someone lying in bed with you, their warm chest resting against your back. You go to turn onto your side, so you can see who the warmth belongs to, but most of the muscles in your body groan pleasantly in protest. A blush rises into your cheeks as the recollection of last night’s activities run through your mind.

You, on your knees in front of Taehyung. Jimin’s domineering voice leading you through everything. Jungkook raising his hips up and into yours while you grind yours down on him… Jimin’s hands on you, and you splayed out over the back of the couch underneath him; at his mercy. Just thinking about it sends a wanton shiver up your spine.

“You’re awake.” He whispers into your ear.

Jimin. You smile against the fabric of his pillow, taking in his scent.

“I’m awake.” You reply, “I would turn around, but I’m sore.”

“Bad or good?” He asks, dominant bravado from last night long gone.

“Good.” You murmur, finding his hand underneath the pillow and pulling it to your cheek.

“I’ll text Kookie and have him bring a heating pad later. He always keeps a few on hand when we tour, Hobi loves to torture us with practices.” Jimin chuckles, and you hear his fingers tapping at his phone screen.

“My muscles would appreciate that… How are you feeling?” You ask him.

“Sleepy,” he sighs, pressing a kiss to your naked shoulder blade. “And amazing…”

“Amazing?” You tease him.

“Amazing.” He answers in earnest, squeezing you to him. “Are you hungry?”

“Not yet,” you tell him, “I could go for a shower or a bath, though.”

“We have a shower and a bath, all in one.” Jimin smiles, “I could help you if you want.”
The suggestive tone in his voice is endearing, limitlessly so.

“Lead the way.” You chuckle.

“No, no, no. You’re sore. I’ll carry you.”

“What, no-”

“Too late,” he smirks, standing up from the mattress and easily scooping you into his arms; the bedsheets still wrapped around you. You’re rather surprised at first, but you remember the strength he’d exerted over you the night before, and that shock melts away. The band of his boxer-briefs tickles your bare hip, but Jimin’s sturdy grip on you distracts you from it.

“You two are up early,” Jin chuckles, stepping into the hallway as you and Jimin do. “Did Jiminie snore all night, YN?”

“I did not-” Jimin starts.

“Not that I noticed.” You giggle.

“Then why are you awake at 6 in the morning?”

“I need a shower,” you sigh. “Probably should have taken one last night, but…”

“I see.” Jin smiles, “well, Jiminie will take good care of you, Jagiya. I’ll make you guys some breakfast.”

“Thank you, Jin,” you smile back, watching as the broad shouldered madnae disappears down the hall.

Jimin’s arms tighten around your torso, keeping you close to him while he nudges open the bathroom door with his foot. “Do you want a shower, and then a bath?” He asks, setting you on the bathroom counter. Your sheet falls to the floor, and the typical embarrassment you’d feel from being naked in front of someone isn’t anywhere to be found; there’s just a pleasant high from being near Jimin.

“That actually sounds really amazing,” you tell him, watching him carefully prepare the shower stream. He uses his wrist to test the water, making sure it’s not too hot or cold for your sensitive skin.

“The water pressure here is really touchy, so call me if you need anything while you’re in there, okay?” His eyes are light on yours, crinkling into their typical half-moons when he grins widely.

“You’re not joining me?” You ask, surprised. You had thought that’s what he meant when he said he could help you earlier.

Jimin’s blush rises rather quickly, and you hold in a giggle at the cute reaction. “I didn’t know- I mean, you’re okay with that?” He asks, twiddling with his fingers.

“Of course I am,” you giggle, hopping down from the counter and looping your arms around his muscular neck. “You are my soulmate, you know. And we already got the sex thing out of the way last night…”

“Sex thing?” He laughs.

“Oh, hush.” You quip, pressing a kiss to his chubby cheek, “let’s get in before I freeze to death.”

“We don’t want that,” Jimin winks, removing his underwear and stepping under the steady stream of
“Mmmm, feels good. Get in here.”

You smile at him, watching his silvery hair grow slick and wet, darkening under the influence of the water. “You’re really pretty, you know.” You tell him, stepping into the tub; Jimin gracefully moves out of your way, helping you position yourself under the showerhead.

“Thank you,” he blushes, thumbing some wayward water-droplets off your lips. “You’re pretty, too.”

“I’m also hogging the water,” you tell him, holding your arms out.

He smiles at your antics, but walks into your arms, hugging you to him so that you’re both under the spray of warm water. His fingers trail your spine, sending slight shivers throughout your body.

You jump slightly at the pleasant music that seems to play throughout the entirety of the suite, if you listen closely enough, you can nearly pinpoint where it plays from. The living room, perhaps, or the kitchen.

“Jin likes to listen to music while he cooks,” Jimin explains, kissing your collarbone. “Helps him concentrate. Kookie made him playlists and everything. This is the American playlist, I think,” he finishes, replacing his kiss with a gentle nip before he lightly smacks your butt.

“Hey,” you laugh, pinching his shoulder.

“Couldn’t help myself…” He sighs. “You’re just so cute.”

“Kings of Leon,” you whisper, listening to the lilt of the music, “I used to listen to them when I was a teenager,” you smile.

“Kings of Leon,” Jimin echoes you, testing the English name on his tongue. “I haven’t heard this before… It’s pretty.”

“If I’m remembering correctly, this is Pyro…” you tell him, relaxing your head on his shoulder.

“Pyro… Like someone obsessed with fire?” He asks you.

“Mhm.”

“Yoongi did some research on pyromania when we were shooting the music video for Fake Love.” Jimin tells you, still tracing your spine absentmindedly. A minute later, the song changes, and Jimin peers into your eyes, “do you know what one this is?”

You listen, the familiar guitar riff filling your ears and drowning out the sound of running water.

“Sex on Fire.” You tell him, grinning sheepishly, “I think.”

“Hm, like us last night.” Jimin smiles.

You swat at his shoulder, smiling when he erupts into laughter.

“You can’t tell me it wasn’t good, Jagi.” He tells you, releasing you from his hold. “It was amazing to me.”

“Oh, it was beyond amazing, Jimin.” You tell him, shaking your head shyly. “I don’t think it gets much better than last night.”
“Really?”

“Absolutely. I had two orgasms within ten minutes of each other!” You tell him breathlessly, remembering the feeling of his fingers on your clit.

“You haven’t had two like that before?” Jimin asks, perplexed, a mischievous glint in his eyes, “you haven’t been fucking the right people, Jagiya.”

“You’re right.” You tell him, smirking. “I didn’t know I had seven soulmates waiting on me in South Korea.”

Jimin bites down on his bottom lip, “well now you do. Let’s use body wash before we get into the bath. I’ll wash your hair in the tub.”

You nod, the two of you soaping each other up, occasionally letting content sighs pass through parted lips. A few songs have passed before Jimin’s turning the showerhead off and plugging the drain in the tub, turning the bath faucet on. The water pools at your feet, steadily gaining momentum and height.

“You can sit first, Jagi. I’ll slide in behind you.” Jimin tells you, watching the curve of your ass as you settle into the tub below him. The water feels heavenly against your sore muscles.

Jimin’s careful and quiet as he settles himself behind you, legs parted so you can lean back against his chest.

His right-hand plays absentmindedly with wet strands of your hair, tugging softly before he returns his fingers to your scalp. His left-hand snakes across your shoulder blade, tracing the curves of your chest before he lets it rest above your heart.

“You should stay with us again tonight.” He yawns, twisting your hair around his pointer finger.

“I’d need to get a few things from my hotel,” you tell him.

“Jin could drive you. He was wanting to spend tonight with you, anyways.”

“He does?” You ask him, interest piqued.

“Of course he does,” Jimin laughs, “why wouldn’t he want to spend time with you?”

“Well, last night- I uh, I noticed he didn’t really, you know…” You trail off, shrugging your shoulders.

“Oh. Yeah, I’ll let Jin explain that to you.” Jimin chuckles. “It’s not what you think, though.”

“Okay.”

“So, you’ll stay tonight?”

You sigh affectionately, melting further into the man behind you, “I guess.”

He squeezes you against him in response, his muscular chest and strong arms keeping you glued to him. You couldn’t imagine wanting to be anywhere else.

That thought, however, reminds you of the position you’d taken in New York. If you could feel this sated, this content… this euphoric, why would you leave? Why would you leave? The familiar panic in your gut rises, your mind flooded with your heavy thoughts.
“Jagiya? Are you okay?” Jimin asks, using articulate fingers to turn your chin upwards. His eyes are wide, worried, and searching yours for any explanation for your racing heart. “What’s wrong, baby?” He cooes, seeing the panic in your eyes.

“I’m sorry-” you choke out, a small sob escaping your throat.

“Hey, hey,” Jimin whispers, helping you to straddle his naked lap. “Why are you sorry?”

“I’m leaving you guys at the end of the month…” You mumble.

“YN…” Jimin sighs, “you don’t have to apologize for that. Ever.”

You rest your head into the crook of his neck, wrapping your arms around his bare shoulders, tears falling from your chin onto his collarbone.

“Listen, there’s a lot going through your mind right now. We know that, because we’ve been in your position before,” Jimin explains, rubbing your back. “It’s not just the job. You’re bonding with us, and not in a typical, mundane way. We’re your soulmates, that goes beyond just having feelings for us.”

His voice blends perfectly with Coldplay’s Yellow playing in the background. You could honestly drift to sleep.

“I care about you guys so much…” You tell him. “So much. I don’t quite understand it. Everything has happened so fast.”

“I know, and that’s our fault.” Jimin mumbles. “We should be more patient with you. Last night was probably too much-”

“No,” you rush out, scrambling to sit up so that he can see your face. “Last night was one of the best nights of my life, Jimin.” You tell him, meaning every single word. “I don’t regret it. I will never regret last night.”

Jimin smiles shyly at your declaration, watching the way your chest rises and falls, water droplets cascading from your hair to your breast, over your hardened nipples, and back into the tub below.

“I want you all to know that I will never, ever, ever regret any of you. Don’t you guys see that?” You ask him, running the palm of your hand along his jaw. “I’m not worried that we’re moving fast, Jimin, I’m worried because I don’t know how I’ll be able to leave.”

“I know that it doesn’t make sense right now, Jagi… But just two days ago you were talking about needing some space to think, and I can’t speak in place of the others, but I think you should do that.”

“But the tethering with Yoongi-”

“We will figure that out. We can request a stay in New York after the tour and the few interviews we have here, that way Yoongi won’t be too far away from you. You’ll be able to be with him within minutes if that’s what you want. All we want is for this to be easy for you, Jagiya.” He promises, kissing your cheek.

“Thank you, Jimin…” You whisper, pressing a light kiss against his plump lips.

“I know it’s a lot to take in, but we are here for you, YN. Always. Now, turn back around and let me wash your hair.”
You listen, wordlessly, to his orders; not wanting to spoil the intimate moment between you and Jimin. The long sigh of a shampoo bottle signals for you to lean your head back, and then Jimin runs his skillful hands through your hair. His fingernails lightly scrape at your scalp, and you moan slightly, lips parting without your permission as the wanton sound slithers through them.

“Does that feel good, Jagiya?” Jimin purrs, tugging at the sudsy strands of hair he holds in his hands.

“Mhm,” you sigh, feeling his member harden against your back at your approval. “Feels really good, Jimin…” you add, feeling him harden even further.

“Almost ready to rinse,” he tells you, “lean your head back again?”

You do, closing your eyes while he uses the bathwater to rinse the soap from your hair. Another bottle sighs, and Jimin repeats his actions, lathering your wet hair with conditioner. His hands are sure, working the soap expertly against your scalp as they had before.

“And lean back one more time, baby,” Jimin instructs, running water through your hair once more. “Good girl,” he smiles, tapping your shoulders, “now, we switch.”

Jimin slides past you with ease and grace, turning his back to you in a swift motion. He leans back, looking at you upside down. “Clean me,” he smiles, sticking his soft pink tongue out at you.

“Alright,” you giggle, rinsing his hair before prepping a dollop of shampoo in your hands.

Jimin’s hair is ridiculously soft, and his reaction to you working the soap into it is rendering you a soft mess. He practically melts into your touch, resting the weight of his head into your hands. If you crane your neck, you can see his adam’s apple straining against his tanned skin; rising slightly with his labored breathing as you tug at his hair.

“Your hair is very soft,” you tell him, scraping your nails against his scalp.

“Mmmm,” he sighs, sounding as desperate as you had earlier. “I like this…”

“I did, too.” You smile, rinsing the soap out of his silver hair. “You have nice hands.”

“Yah! Stop being so cute, Jagiya.” Jimin chirps, covering his face with his hands.

~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~

You laugh at him in earnest, admiring his adorable behavior, and squeeze a dime-sized helping of conditioner into your hands. You mimic your actions, taking note of the tugs you administer that make Jimin twitch underneath you, the tugs that have his cock hardening under the pleasantly hot water as well.

“You like when I tug your hair,” you say, words coming out more like a statement than a question, as the familiar tune of Cold Desert plays from the kitchen. Jungkook must really appreciate Kings of Leon.

“I do,” Jimin smirks. “So did you.”

“Touché, Park.”
Jimin chuckles a breathy chuckle, “it was sexy, watching you squirm under me last night.”

You bite down on your lip, trying desperately to focus on rinsing the conditioner out of his silver hair.

“And the way you took Tae into your mouth… he was a mess when you did that. His dick will probably be dry for weeks.”

Alright, two could play at this game.

“You couldn’t keep your hands off me though, could you, Jimin?” You ask him, voice wound tight with your desire. “You touched me when I was sucking Tae off, and you touched me when I was riding Kookie,” you tell him, feeling him still against your chest. “Playing with my nipples and my clit while I was tending to your maknaes…” You tsk at him, tugging his hair harshly once more.

“Mmm,” Jimin whines, muscles in his thighs and abdomen tightening at your dirty words.

“You’re dominant, Park, I’ll give you that; but, I can tell how much you love being catered to. I can see how much you want your partners to reassure you that you’re enough.” You continue, releasing his hair from your grasp and running your hands- palms flat- against the thick muscles of his thighs, slightly scraping the taut skin. “Can’t you see how beautiful you are, Jimin? You mesmerize everyone, all of the time, baby boy…” You coo, gripping his submerged length in your hand, listening to the strained hiss that escapes his parted lips from your touch.

“Please-” he stammers, his dick pulsing in your hand. “I need-”

“I know, baby boy,” you smile, gripping him with more pressure as you work your hand up and down his swollen and straining cock. “Do you want to come like this?” You ask him, still sliding your hand along his erection.

He doesn’t answer, too invested in the feeling of your smooth hands against the most intimate part of him. “Or do you want my mouth?” No answer, “do you want me on top of you, baby?” You coo, the surge of your dominance going straight to Jimin’s cock.

“On me, please…” Jimin huffs, crying out in relief when you readjust yourself to settle on his lap.

The water ripples beneath your movements and the air of the room cools the portion of your hips that had just been submerged. Jimin’s eyes are hot on yours, the brown ocher from earlier turning to hot, melted chocolate. The possessiveness from last night’s nowhere to be seen. He’s completely pliant beneath you, receptive to your every move; never once drawing from your dominance.

“Such a good boy,” you tell him, tracing his jaw with your warm and wet fingertips.

His eyes, surprisingly, fill with tears at your praise; watching you on top of him, enchanted by your presence.

“I love-”

“I know, baby boy. Me, too.” You tell him, tilting his chin up so that you can rest your hungry lips against his. If you told any of them- out loud- the feelings you knew were blooming within you, you’d never go back to New York. You knew that. So for now, they’d remain unspoken.

Jimin doesn’t seem bothered by your non-verbal response, instead, he pours his emotions into your mouth with his tongue, the sweet taste giving you a heady high. You pull away from him, holding yourself up against his collarbone, watching his expression as you grab his length and position it
below your heat. His breathing breaks as you finally sheath him inside of you, your warmth lighting him up from the inside, out.

He watches you with bated breath, the light of the bathroom making you look like an angel above him. He wants to praise you, pray at the altar that is YN; but he knows that you’re in complete control, and he’s happy that you are. He’s happy to relinquish his control today; content in handing it over to you. Despite the brief nature of your relationship with Jimin and BTS so far, he trusts you wholeheartedly, and he knows the others do as well.

His lips part in that sinful way that they do, small, harsh breaths spilling into the air between the two of you as you use the muscles of your thighs and calves to ride him; displacing the water beneath you.

“You feel so good, baby,” you tell him, pressing an open-mouthed kiss against his neck, suckling at his flesh while you work yourself against him. “You’re so good, Jimin,” you whisper against him, grinning devilishly when he mewls against your breast, taking a nipple into his hot mouth.

“Such a good boy,” you coo, rocking your hips harshly against his, crying out when he pistons his against yours; his cockhead rubbing against your sweet-spot. “Fuck, Jimin,” you whine, scraping his shoulder blades and shivering against him.

“I’m going to come,” he warns you, nipping at your chest.

“Do it, baby,” you tell him.

“But you’re not close,” he whines.

“It’s okay, this is all about you, Jimin.” You reassure him, clenching your cunt around him.

“Fuck-” he gasps, “okay, alright.”

His hips snap up again, meeting every thrust you send loudly, water splashing recklessly against the porcelain tub.

“Shit-” he cries, his hands gripping your shoulders and pulling you down substantially harder against him. His dick spasms inside of you, warm come coating your hot walls in spurts. “Fuck…” he groans, biting the soft flesh of your breast not unpleasantly.

You only slide off of him once you feel him softening inside of you, cleaning his excitement off of your cunt while he recovers from his orgasm.

~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~

“Breakfast is ready,” Jin calls from the kitchen, as soon as you and Jimin are dressed.

“Finally,” Jimin chirps, shooting up from his bed and setting off for the kitchen, “come on, Jagiya! Before Kookie wakes up!”

You roll your eyes at his childish antics, but follow him to the kitchen nonetheless; stomach growling as the smell of Jin’s breakfast banchan meets your nose.

“That smells amazing.” You gape, watching as Jin prepares the plates at the ridiculously large dining
“Thank you,” the eldest member smiles, pointing to the head of the table, “that’s your seat.”

You take your seat wordlessly, gawking openly at the mouth-watering food that Jin’s prepared. The potato stir-fry looks as if it could melt in your mouth, and the broth simmered rice looks to die for.

“Eat, Jagi,” Jimin smiles between mouthfuls of banchan across from you. “It’s delicious, hyung.”

Jin smiles, bringing a mug and his own plate to the seat on your right, sitting down gracefully. “I only get to make breakfast meals when we’re staying in a city for longer than a day,” he tells you, watching graciously as you use your chopsticks to get a mouthful of the stir-fry into your mouth.

“It’s amazing, Jin,” you praise him, digging back into the stir-fry. “Better than restaurants!”

“They don’t call me Chef Handsome for nothing,” he tells you.

“Yah! We don’t call say that, hyung.” Jimin whines. “Don’t lie to YN.”

Jin laughs, leaning towards your ear. You lean over, giggling when he whispers into it. “He thinks I don’t hear them complimenting me, but they do.” He tells you.

“Stop that!” Jimin groans, “you’re being a child, Jin.”

“Eat your food, Jiminie,” Jin tells him, ignoring the maknae’s complaints. “I was wondering if you were going to stay here again tonight?” Jin asks you, looking into your eyes as he takes a sip from his mug.

“If that’s what you guys want,” you smile, “I’d just need to get some stuff from my hotel.”

“I could drive you later,” he tells you. “I was going to ask if you’d like to spend tonight with me. Feel free to say no,” he adds.

“That’s more than fine with me, Jin.” You reassure him, “I was going to ask if you’d like to spend tonight with me. Feel free to say no,” he adds.

“I can wait in the car, don’t want to risk you getting bombarded by paparazzi.” He tells you.

“Yah! Tae!” Jungkook yells, entering the dining area, “Jin made breakfast!”

“Ah! It’s Jin-hyung to you!” Jin complains, tossing a lone pebble of rice at Jungkook. “Why are you up so early, Kookie?”

“You didn’t hear Jimin and YN in the bathroom, hyung?” Jungkook giggles, wiggling his eyebrows suggestively at the two of you. “They were going at it.”

“I was busy listening to music and making breakfast for you ungrateful brats,” Jin huffs. “I didn’t hear anything.”

“It was nice to wake up to,” Taehyung smiles, sitting next to Jungkook. “I’ve never taken Jimin for a sub with women.”

“Wha-”

“Don’t start, Jimin,” Tae quips, cutting his elder off. “I heard the way Jagiya made you moan.”
“Shut up, Taehyung,” Jimin growls, glaring at the chocolate haired maknae sitting nearest to him.

“Testy,” Tae laughs, gripping some rice with his chopsticks. “I’m not yucking your yum, Chim. It was nice to hear you switch up your pace for once.”

“YN had you moaning last night, too, Taehyung.” Hoseok chuckles, entering the room with Namjoon and Yoongi on his heels. “You and Jungkook were practically drooling at the sight of her.”

“We all were, Hobi.” Namjoon rolls his eyes, preparing plates for the three newcomers. “Aside from Seokjin, of course.”

“Will you be gracing us with your presence again tonight, Jagi?” Hoseok asks, stealing a bite of your rice.

You go to swat at his hand, but he grips your wrist tightly in a well-defined hand, dark eyes meeting yours reproachfully. “Mm, you don’t want to do that, sweetheart.” He cooes, soft voice a shocking contrast to his angelic face that’s seemingly carved into a warning sign.

You swallow down the air in your mouth, your sexual frustration from lack of orgasm in the bathtub building slowly in your belly. The demeanor in which Hoseok is regarding you with now… you can’t say you expected it. It’s definitely a 180 from his typical sunny-disposition. But you also can’t say you weren’t enjoying it.

“You see, sweetheart; Jimin last night? He’s got nothing on me.” Hoseok warns you, and you fully believe what he’s said.

“Yah! Be gentle, Hoseok,” Jin warns, “you’re going to give poor YN a heart attack.”

Hobi’s hold on your wrist softens, and soon he releases the grip entirely, a chubby-cheeked grin spreading across his face.

“I’m sorry if I startled you, Jagi! I just have a very, erhm, acquired taste.” He explains, resting a chaste kiss atop your head before taking a seat on the opposite side of the dining table.

“It’s fine…” you breathe, regaining control over your jellified mind. “To answer your question, uh, yeah I think I am staying over tonight as well. As long as that’s fine with all of you, of course.”

“Of course it’s fine with us,” Namjoon tells you, sitting between Hoseok and Yoongi. “You’re always welcome to our hotel rooms and homes.”

“But your management? Are they okay with me being here? I know that some of your rules are pretty set in stone. Especially after the big reveal the other night.”

“Ah, yeah, they’ll probably be upset with us for a while, but there’s not much in terms of our contracts that they can do about us having you over. It’s more or less public outings that they have control over. Which is why when we had you meet us at that restaurant we had to take precautionary measures; like the security and the small staff team.” Joon replies.

“Will they be upset with you though? I really don’t want to cause any issues.” You mumble, picking at your rice.

“Jagi,” Jin says, resting his hand on yours so you stop fumbling with your food, “you’re our soulmate. We don’t care if they’re upset at us for being around you. All we want is to be with you.”

The sentiment was sweet. The way Jin keeps his unwavering focus on you is sweet. But there’s still a part of you, regardless of how much reassurance you get, that feels absolutely awful for taking the
job in New York.

“I won’t be around much after this month…” You state sadly, looking from Jin’s warm eyes to your abandoned plate of food on the table.

“You’re still worried about going back to Manhattan?” Hoseok asks.

You don’t quite trust yourself to voice your confirmation, so you just nod, lamely watching the steam rise off of your rice. Jin standing up abruptly from his chair is the only thing that drags your attention off of your food. He moves around the table towards you, turning your chair to face him while he kneels between your legs.

“We’ve considered disbanding,” Jin tells you.

You gasp, looking around the room at the other members. Each remains unmoving, their faces cool and composed while they watch you and Jin.

“But your fans… and you guys love your music. You guys are so talented, and you’ve got so much to offer! I’ve seen-” you start.

“You want us to succeed in doing what we love because you have seen how much we love what we do.” Jin summarizes.

“Of course,” you tell him, nodding fervently.

“We will miss you when you return to America, yes.” He nods, gripping your hands in his own.

“But we want you to succeed, too. If that means we have to be patient for an extra year or so, then so be it. Count us in. This isn’t a typical relationship, Jagi. Millions of people end up with someone who isn’t their soulmate or soulmates simply because they can’t find each other. But we found you, and you found us, and we’re not giving you up just because you have a job in America.

“We will visit you in Manhattan as often as we possibly can. And we can get you plane tickets here whenever you want. You just have to call us, and we’ll get everything settled. Always. No time limit, no worries, no hesitation. All we ask is that you don’t find someone else in New York.” He finishes, looking at you with painfully vulnerable eyes.

“Wait, I find someone else?” You repeat him, completely taken aback. “Why would any of you be worried about me finding someone else when I have you guys?”

“Oh, don’t be coy, Jagiya.” Jungkook laughs.

“Wait, you’re serious?” Taehyung coughs, furrowing his brows when you don’t joke back with Jungkook. “Have you seen yourself, YN? You’re beautiful, smart, and funny; the question you should be asking is who wouldn’t want to be with you.”

“I’m really not that spec-”

You’re cut off by a warm hand covering your mouth. You crane your neck, turning from Taehyung to see Jin, whose hand is effectively acting as your face mask.

“We’re definitely not going to let you speak poorly of yourself, Jagiya.” He tells you, furrowing his brows as Taehyung had, “you are beautiful. You are smart. You are funny. There are no if’s, and’s, or but’s about it. Worldwide Handsome only speaks the truth.”

You roll your eyes affectionately at the madnae, but nod your head nonetheless.
“Promise you won’t speak poorly of yourself,” he orders, smiling nonchalantly at you.

“Eyr fomtus.” You mumble through his hand, his warm skin effectively muffling your promise.

“Better keep your word,” he warns you, removing his hand.

“Whatever you say,” you quip, taking another bite of your rice and stir fry.

- 1 hour later -

“You almost ready, YN? We have the hallways cleared out, so we’re good to go whenever you are.” Jin tells you, grabbing a pair of shiny keys from the granite countertop. “It looks like we might have a few tagalongs.”

“Hm, who all is that going to be?” You ask him, hoisting your backpack over your shoulders.

“Yoongi, Hobi, and Jungkook.” Jin answers.

You turn, surprised when you take in Jin’s appearance. He looks comfortable and absolutely breathtaking. Would you ever be able to not oggle the men the universe has given you? Not likely.

His dark black jeans hug his hips deliciously, the slightly skin-tight denim clinging to the muscle of his thighs and shins. And over those sinful jeans, he wears a loose-fitting pastel pink hoodie, the black draw-string on it excessive in both length and size. The matching pink baseball cap he wears keeps his fading lavender tresses from invading his line of sight.

“I didn’t know you wore glasses,” you tell him, pointing towards the circular lenses positioned in front of his brown eyes.

“Ah, all of us do.” He tells you, “well, aside from Hobi. He’s the only member who doesn’t need to wear them to improve his vision.” He explains once he sees your confused face. “We mostly use contact lenses. They’re easier to hide.” He smiles.

“I guess that makes sense. They look really good on you,” you tell him. He blushes at your words, surprising for someone who refers to themselves as ‘Worldwide Handsome.’

“You’re sweet, Jagiya.” He smiles, hugging you into his side.

“You guys coming?” Jungkook asks, popping his curly, black-haired head into the doorway of the living room.

“Yah! You all need to learn the value of patience,” Seokjin scolds him, “but, yes, we’re coming.”

“You hardly know the value of patience yourself, Jin.” Hobi teases from behind the hood of his graffiti patterned hoodie; his faded blue jeans making him look especially appetizing.

“I definitely do!” Jin retorts, nudging Hobi out of the way.

“Do not. It’s been proven time and time again.” Hobi rolls his eyes, “it’s not that big of a deal, Jin. Just admit that you’re not all that patient.”

“I will not!”
“You are so difficult.” Hobi whines.

“Aish, stop arguing.” Jungkook grumbles, leading the throng of you out into the hallway of the hotel. His hair, nearly shoulder-length, is mesmerizing as it shifts and moves with his long strides; resting right atop the neck of his crewneck sweater. And his jeans… damn. His ass looked mouth-watering. “I got dibs on shotgun.”

You’re pulled from your ass-centric reveries when a pair of arms wrap around the small of your waist; warm chest pressed flush against your back.

“Miss me?” A low voice asks you, warm breath fanning across your exposed neck and ear.

“I did, actually.” You giggle, leaning your head back against Yoongi’s shoulder and kissing his neck. “How’ve you been holding up?”

“As well as I can be,” he shrugs. “I’ve just missed you a lot.”

“I have been around, you know.” You laugh, coming to a standstill while Jungkook presses the button to call one of the two elevators. You feel Yoongi’s lips pout against your skin, “but I’ve missed you, too!” You add, squeezing his arms tightly around you.

“Yoongi-ah… so needy.” Hobi teases, pinching Yoongi’s cheek from over your shoulder.

“You’re just as needy with Joon, Hobi.” Jin reminds the younger member, “I’d say we’re all pretty needy.”

“An admission from Worldwide Handsome himself?” Jungkook gapes. “YN has rendered you a changed man, Hyung.”

“I’ve admitted to my faults before,” Jin argues, stepping into the elevator with the rest of you. “I’m just more… open to them now.”

“YN is making our hyung a softie!” Hoseok laughs.

“She’s made all of us soft.” Jin retorts, chuckling.

“But Mr. Worldwide is openly accepting his softness,” Yoongi adds, “this day should go down in history, Hyung.”

“You are all ridiculous,” you chuckle.

“Yah! Such harsh words from the woman who owns our hearts,” Hoseok gapes, looking to you with mock devastation. “We’ll have to get you back for that, Jagiya.”

You blush slightly, murmuring a ‘sorry,’ to the dominant man in front of you.

“I’ll forgive you, Jagi.” Jungkook tells you, resting his head against the shoulder Yoongi isn’t using as a pillow. “Hobi-Hyung won’t be as forgiving, I’m afraid.” He whispers, so low you almost don’t catch the words; but you do, and they send a shiver down your spine.

“You guys really do enjoy toying with her, don’t you?” Jin asks, leaning his back against the elevator wall. “She’s blushing like a tomato.”

“She’s easily affected,” Hobi shrugs. “We’re not completely at fault.”

“Hmph, whatever you say Hoseok.” Jin shakes his head, chuckling to himself.
“I don’t really mind it…” You whisper, watching the way Hoseok tenses across from you.

“You might want to tread carefully, YN,” Yoongi whispers, squeezing you against him once more and pointing his chin in Hobi’s general direction, “he’s got a switch that is pretty simple to flip.”

“Oh,” you gape, watching Hoseok’s stony expression. The only sign that you’ve affected him is the tightness of his jaw, and the storm clouds you’re sure are swirling behind his umber irises.

You watch Hobi from your peripherals during the rest of the elevator ride, feeling Yoongi press lazy pecks against your shoulder, and listening to Jungkook and Jin bicker back and forth. Slowly but gradually, the tightness of Hoseok’s posture eases; the sunny personality that masks his dominant persona returning to his features.

Hoseok steps out of the elevator in time with Jungkook and Jin, leaving you and Yoongi to slowly trail behind them. “You were staring,” Yoongi tells you, unwrapping himself from around you so he can walk beside you and speed up your pace. He shoves his hands into the pocket of his black joggers, letting the loose flannel he wears flap lamely against his sides.

“I was?” You ask him, confused.

“At Hoseok.” He replies, giggling. “While we were in the elevator.”

“Oh,” you mumble. “I just- I don’t know.” You fail to find the words, focusing on the backs of the three men ahead of you.

“He’s pretty intoxicating,” Yoongi nods, “I get it. He’s gotten under my skin quite a bit, too.”

“Really?” You ask.

“Yes,” he says. “He pretty much demands everyone’s attention. Wouldn’t be surprised if he also got under Tae, JIn and Jungkook’s skin.”

“Why would that be surprising?” You ask, confused by his choice of wording. “I thought you all were intimate with each other?” You whisper, just loud enough for him to hear.

“Oh, no.” Yoongi shakes his head. “I’ve never been with Jin or Jungkook. And I know for a fact Jin hasn’t been with Hobi or Jungkook.”

“Really?”

“Mhm. Not all of our relationships with each other involve, for lack of better wording, sex. Or any sexual intimacy, actually. But you’d have to ask the others about their sexual preferences,” he smirks.

“That makes sense,” you nod your head, “I have met a few people who are simply platonic with their soulmate.”

“So, are you suggesting we’re normal?” Yoongi asks you, pointedly staring at the marks on your arm before breaking out into a fit of laughter.

“What are you two cackling about?” Jin turns, watching you and Yoongi catch your breath between bursts of giggles.

“Nothing,” Yoongi reassures Jin, pulling you along with him and into the parking garage. “Which car are we taking this time, Jin?”

“I was just going to take mine, seems easiest.” Jin shrugs. “If you’d prefer different, we can take
something else.”

“No, that works. Means I can sit with YN.”

“So can I,” Hoseok smiles, voice bright.

“You’ll be part of a Sope sandwich,” Hobi tells you, swinging an arm around your shoulders while they lead you towards Jin’s Audi.

“Mind elaborating?” You ask, cocking your head towards the taller black haired hyung.

“It’s mine and Yoongi’s ship name!” Hobi smiles. “Sope! Suga and J-Hope, get it?”

“Alright, that’s clever.” You tell him, cocking your head towards the taller black haired hyung.

“You’ll be part of a Sope sandwich,” Hobi tells you, swinging an arm around your shoulders while they lead you towards Jin’s Audi.

“Mind elaborating?” You ask, cocking your head towards the taller black haired hyung.

“It’s mine and Yoongi’s ship name!” Hobi smiles. “Sope! Suga and J-Hope, get it?”

“Alright, that’s clever.” You tell him, thanking him when he opens the back door of the Audi for you. You slide into the middle seat, Yoongi’s already seated to your right and waiting to help buckle you- an action that makes your heart soar- while Hoseok slides into his seat to your left.

“Thank you guys for taking me to get some stuff,” you tell them as Jin pulls out of the parking garage, Seoul coming into view beyond the glass window panes.

If you strain your eyes enough, you can just barely make out the small crowd gathered in front of the hotel’s entrance. They truly never got a break.

“You don’t have to thank us,” Jin tells you from the driver’s seat, meeting your eyes for a millisecond in the rearview mirror. “You’ll have to drop that habit with us eventually, you know.”

“I beg to differ,” you argue, rolling your eyes. “Being polite is nothing to drop. You drop bad habits.”

“She has a point, hyung.” Jungkook adds, watching the passing scenery out of his window, “although there really isn’t a point in you thanking us, Jagi. We enjoy doing things for you.”

“I just feel like a hassle sometimes,” you shrug, twiddling Yoongi’s fingers absentmindedly on your lap.

“You’re not,” Hoseok tells you, resting his hand against your thigh; giving it a slight reassuring squeeze that has your heart doing backflips. His hands are large, and overwhelmingly warm, especially with your body still wound-up from earlier with Jimin.

“You’re really not,” Yoongi adds, “I don’t understand why you’d think you are. You’ve done nothing wrong since we met. I’m the one who fucked up a bit.”

“I wouldn’t necessarily call it a fuck up,” you reply.

“I would.” Jin chuckles.

“Yes, but you’re not the one he slept with, are you?” You quip, raising your eyebrows at Jin in the mirror.

“She’s got you there,” Yoongi huffs. “Fine, I’ll accept what I did if you accept that you’re not a hassle and that we’re always going to be here for you.”

“That seems like a bit of an uneven trade-off.” You tell him, worrying at your bottom lip.

“What?” Yoongi chuckles, “you need more incentive?”
“Precisely.”

“Name your price,” Yoongi orders, rubbing his thumb along the top of your hand.

“I’m an expensive woman,” you tease, smiling devilishly at your hands.

There were a few things you wanted off the top of your head, all equally needy and thirsty. Your libido had been exceptionally high since meeting your soulmates and your twin flame, which honestly wasn’t surprising given your lackluster sex life growing up. Sure, you’d had your fair share of orgasms in your days; but there was something about sex with your other half and the 6 other men who completed you that left you starving for more. It’s like they’d introduced you to a pang of hunger you never knew was there, and now that it’d been awakened; it was screaming for more and had no intentions of lessening it’s appetite anytime soon.

But you had to be realistic. You were in a car, on your way to your hotel where you’d pack a bag and explain things to Elle. You couldn’t have sex with any of the men in your vicinity right now. But you could have something damn near as rewarding.

“I’m sure we can, at the least, match your price,” Yoongi tells you, managing to keep the way he regards you similar to that of a salesman, though his hands are still unprofessionally intertwined with yours on your lap.

“I want a kiss.” You shrug.

“A kiss?” Yoongi repeats you, brows furrowed.

“From each of you.” You tell him.

“I’m in the front seat!” Jungkook whines, turning to face you and looking sad.

“You wanted shotgun, Jungkook,” Hoseok tells him. “You can kiss YN later.”

“And I’m driving, Jagi.” Jin sighs.

“I’ll be sleeping in your room tonight, Jin. Or have you already forgotten?”

The madnae laughs his seagull laugh, “oh, I haven’t forgotten, Jagiya.” He tells you, an unspoken promise on his tongue.

“This deal doesn’t just apply to the four of you, though.” You tell them, blushing when they look at you confused. “I’d like to kiss Jimin, Namjoon, and Taehyung as well.”

“That’s easy. You’ve got a deal,” Yoongi smiles, placing a hand on your thigh as confirmation. Hoseok’s, warm as ever, still rests on the opposite thigh. You look at them, large and muscular on your slightly toned legs.

Hoseok’s, though not as heavily veined as Yoongi’s, were equally heavenly; the softness of them contrasting with the thick muscles and tendons you could slightly make out from underneath his copper skin. They’d surely be the death of you.

Yoongi, sensing your jumbled and giddy state of mind, slightly squeezes your thigh; feathery light but not completely without pressure. You begrudgingly stop ogling Hoseok’s hand and finally lift your chin to look at your twin flame.

Your hand falls on top his, giving it a small squeeze to let him know you were ready. “You’re okay
with just Hobi and I for now, though?” Yoongi asks.

“I’m more than okay with that,” you tell them, and look from Hoseok to Yoongi.

“Alright, princess,” Hobi whispers into the shell of your ear, taking advantage of your focus on Yoongi. “You’re fine with me going first?” He cooes, and although it’s stated as a question, you can tell that he won’t be taking no for an answer.

For some reason unknown to you, you can’t bring yourself to answer the man behind you or even turn to face him. The energy, raw and lustful, that you can feel radiating off of him from behind you is intimidating enough. Were you ready to face that?

Your answer is caught in your throat when Hobi’s hand squeezes your thigh, tighter than he had earlier, the harsh pinch of it resonating in your lower belly.

“Answer me,” he orders you. The way both Jungkook and Yoongi seem to freeze up in their seats does not go unnoticed by you whatsoever. Apparently, Hoseok’s dominance didn’t only affect you.

“Yes.” You breathe, letting a sigh escape your lips when Hobi’s grip on your thigh eases. The numb tingle feels… good.

“Look at me,” he tells you, voice hot and heavy.

You do, despite the millions of butterflies using their wings as battering rams against your stomach. You can’t decide whether your decision was the proper one. Simply glancing at him has turned you to gelatin. You’re pretty damn certain he’s inhuman. You’ve had your suspicions on immortality regarding the entirety of the band since you’d met them barely a week prior, but this just confirmed them.

Hoseok was, to put it lightly, fucking devastatingly sexy. The muscles of his legs are clearly straining against the faded denim of his jeans while he sits next to you, causing your mouth to water. His jacket is unzipped and hangs bunched-up around his elbows.

“Good girl,” he praises you, the tense set of his jaw relaxing when you do as you’re told. You let out a harsh breath at his praise, the heat in your lower belly building at his compliment.

He keeps his right hand on your thigh, his grip hardly noticeable save for the heat radiating from his palm; his left hand he uses to angle your chin up further so that you have direct eye contact. You’re sure you’ll melt from the intensity of Hoseok’s gaze. Whereas Yoongi, Jungkook, and Taehyung were flustered during your more intimate moments, and Jimin was a nice mix of both dominant and flustered, Hoseok was all heat… all dominance. The submissive side you’d sensed in Jimin is nowhere to be found beyond the eyes of Jung Hoseok.

You can practically see the warning signs light up throughout your mind, pleading with you not to delve in deep with the man ahead of you. You just simply don’t care. Hoseok is enticing, a flame you want to hone, and you’re not going to stop because of a slight fear of the unknown.

“Kiss me, princess,” Hoseok whispers, his lips hovering mere inches in front of your own.

Your breath is already so labored, you could swear you’d already been kissing the man in front of you for hours.

His lips curl into a knowing smile as he watches you flush with embarrassment in front of him. You were so sexy to him… Especially with the innocence lurking beyond your gaze. Hoseok could hardly contain himself when you looked up at him through your thick eyelashes, your hands raising
to rest against his chest before you stop them mid-air, peering at him to ask for permission. He can actually feel his heart palpate at your actions, something he’s not very familiar with outside of being around Namjoon.

“You can touch me, princess.” He tells you, eyeing the way your lip quivers when he refers to you with the pet-name.

You finally rest your hands against his chest, slightly shocked when you feel how labored his breathing is as well. You weren’t aware that you’d been affecting him in a way similar to how he was affecting you. His chest, toned and heaving beneath your small hands, is warm; and you take a moment to let your hands roam the expanse of the strong pecs, feeling the planes of his pectorals from over his t-shirt.

You almost get whip-lash when his hands grip your wrists and stop them in their tracks, your pursuit of his chest long forgotten when you see the way he looks at you.

“Kiss me,” he repeats his earlier order, eyes shifting into a look that’s nearly threatening.

You melt. You swear you do. You actually feel your excitement pool in your underwear as you lean forward and finally press your lips against the angelic curve of Hoseok’s.

“Damn…” Jungkook whispers from the passenger seat. You can’t bring yourself to acknowledge the maknae’s words when Hoseok flicks his tongue across your bottom lip, surprising you.

You part your lips immediately, completely pliant against Hoseok’s eager mouth. His tongue, hot and fervent, collides with yours, using your momentary shock to invade your mouth and test your boundaries. Surprisingly, he finds none. You’re willing to give Hoseok whatever he wants, and that makes his heart flutter further.

It’s when you finally move your tongue against his that he lets out a low moan, your body reacting without a second thought as you pull him against you by his jacket, deepening the kiss and biting at his bottom lip.

Your eagerness surprises him, but he doesn’t complain. He simply lets you take the reins, for now, following your lead as he mentally notes the things you love to do to him, and the things he’d love to do to you.

“Please don’t fuck in my car,” Jin whines, causing Jungkook to erupt into a fit of giggles.

“Fuck off,” Hoseok spits through your kisses.

“He’s right, Hobi.” Yoongi chuckles. “You’re getting carried away.”

You huff and pout when Hoseok disconnects his sinful lips from yours, your saliva glistening on the swollen skin.

“I was not,” Hoseok chirps, “I was letting YN take the lead.”

“What?” Yoongi gapes. “I’m sorry, I thought you said you were letting YN take the lead. But, clearly, I’ve been mistaken.”

“You’re not.” Hobi shrugs, resting his right hand back atop your thigh. “I wanted her to show me what she likes.”

“You don’t let anyone take the lead!” Yoongi whines, pouting next to you.
“Yah! Quit your complaining back there.” Jin snaps.

You smirk, giggling along with Jungkook at the antics within the SUV.

“My turn,” Yoongi tells you, leaning his sleepy-eyed face in front of you and pressing a chaste kiss to your already kiss-swollen lips.

“That’s all?” You whimper, looking at your twin-flame in mock horror.

“That’s all.” He smiles, looking proud of himself.

“Seems unfair.” You pout.

“Oh? Seems rather fair to me. You did say you just wanted a kiss from each of us.”

“You’re cheeky.” You growl, leaning into Hobi to show Yoongi that you mean business.

“Our connection is different, sweetheart. I can’t make out with you without wanting to do more. You’ll understand later on, I promise.” Yoongi explains, and despite your bitterness towards him for not literally sucking your soul out of your body via your mouth, you can hear the genuineness in his voice.

So, rather than arguing, you take one of his hands and hold it in your own, using Hoseok as a body pillow as you watch Seoul pass by through the backseat windows.

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!