Jimin thinks a summer away from home doing something new will help him get over his breakup; He doesn't realize how wrong (and right) he is.

yeah idk where I was going with this piece but enjoy some good ol' emotional filth

"So,"

"So?"

"What has you interested in the conservation of snow leopards mister," the interviewer perks a brow, tongue in cheek. "Park."
Jimin wasn't a science major. Jimin was just a guy who applied for internships way too late to avoid having to see his ex back in his hometown. Honestly, he doesn't even know how he got this interview.

"Well, they're sort of an inspiration to me."

Jimin was a dance major with a minor in business. Jimin didn't know the first thing about snow leopards.

"It says here that you do a lot of volunteer work with children. Did you assume wild animals would be as easy to handle?"

Come on Jimin, turn on the business charm

"Well, they can't speak or throw spaghetti at my face, so yes." A pause, just in case the interviewer doesn't find the joke funny; he's thoroughly unamused. "No, sir. I'm aware that they have different needs."

"And I'm assuming you're also aware this is a live-in position?"

"Yes."

"That doesn't bother you?"

"... I'm sorry?" It's Jimin's turn to look thoroughly unamused.

"Your supervisor will also be live-in all summer. You'll be living together."

"It's not like we have to share a bed or anything, right?" The interviewer sighs and shakes his head, pointedly ignoring Jimin's question. It makes him nervous--maybe he should've researched the position more before he applied. All he knows is that the science majors at his school won't touch this program with a ten foot pole, leaving it open every year. "Do we?"
"We'll contact you with details as the date nears."

"I got the job?"

"I'm the one asking questions here Mr. Park." Jimin wiggles in his seat and the man relents. "But yes, it appears you're likely the man for the position."

Jimin wants to hug and kiss the man across from him, but he also doesn't want to lose his internship. So instead he smiles as he's escorted out, already planning his outfits, thinking about how cute the cubs will be, how he might get to sleep with little baby leopards (he's pretty sure he saw stuff like that on television)

He's completely elated after his interview, on cloud nine, thinks nothing could possibly ruin his mood until he walks into his apartment and finds his best friend wrist-deep in a bowl of Doritos watching season five of a show they promised to binge together.

"Oh, hey Chim."

"The fuck is this?"

"My response to you abandoning me for the summer." Taehyung takes a particularly aggressive bite out of one of the chips, crumbs scattering everywhere. "How'd the interview go?"

"Good." Jimin eyes Taehyung skeptically as he takes a seat next to him, the strange feeling that there was more to all of this stirring in his gut. "So uh, how was your day?"

"I ran into Hoseok."

*Jung Hoseok. Taehyung's hopeless heterosexual crush.*

"Oh?"

"He's dating Hani again."
"That's," Jimin's in a tough spot. Taehyung is his best friend, through thick and thin, but Hoseok is his friend from dance, a figure he'll inevitably be seeing until he graduates. "That's new."

"He wants the three of us to hang out. As friends." Taehyung crushes another innocent corn chip to death and Jimin mentally pays his respects.

"Tae, there are other guys out there."

"He's fucking sunshine incarnate. There's only one sun!" Taehyung groans and flips his bowl onto the carpet, slumping into the couch. "And he wants me to play nice with his girlfriend."

"I told you liking him was pointless." Jimin pulls his friend against his chest, grimacing at the deep orange powder that smears into his white button down when Taehyung grips it. "Let's go down to the lounge tonight, find some guys to keep us company."

"My heart hurts, not my dick."

"Well your dick can easily distract your heart for a few hours." Jimin grumbles indignantly, his own former boyfriend coming to mind.

"Sorry...how are you holding up?" Taehyung nuzzles against his chest guilty, seemingly repentant of his own miniscule boy troubles; Jimin was the one who had a bastard of a boyfriend that broke his heart.

"I'm only doing this to get away from him. I didn't mean to leave you or anything."

"I know."

"And I get Hoseok is the guy of your dreams and all, but if you just told him he'd be more considerate. He likes you."

"I know."
"And it's not like we need people anyways-"

"Chim, you're crying."

"I mean, who gives a flying fuck about butterflies or sunset dinners or nights in? I can do all that shit myself."

"Jimin."

"He dumped me after sex, Tae. He used me."

Taehyung huffs out an angry sigh, and at some point their positions had changed; it was Jimin's turn to cry against his friend's chest. Except he wasn't just crying, he was ugly crying, bawling until tears and snot and saliva left his face a sticky mess and rendered Taehyung's shirt a rag.

The internship was the best thing to happen to him this year. Jimin would spend all summer convincing himself of that.

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"Well, this is where you'll be staying. Your rooms are separate but you'll be sharing a bathroom and a kitchen with the supervisor." A tall, overly kind man named Seokjin had been giving Jimin a tour of the complex for the past hour. The national wildlife breeding institute was situated in the countryside about an hour and a half south of Seoul, located off a country service road by a small farming village. It had been a pretty ride over, but the dodgy phone connection had him worried that he wouldn't be able to text Taehyung as promised.

"Will he be dropping by today?"

"Professor Jeon is in the lab working with some slides. You'll probably see him tomorrow." Seokjin waits until Jimin is unpacked before leading him back towards the main preserve, where the animals are kept. The facility isn't dedicated to clouded leopards alone; there are other small wildcats, red pandas, mammals he can't pronounce. They're all small and cute in Jimin's personal opinion, barring the fact that most of them can and will rip his throat out. "This breeding facility is
Korea's finest for smaller mammals. The grants and permissions we get are second to none."

"Do we only work with endangered species?"

"No. The clouded leopard program is our flagship, but we work to improve domestic breeding as well."

"Is it true that we're the most successful?"

"Well, Professor Jeon is a master of breeding." Jimin presses his face up against the glass of an enclosure, cooing at the newest litter of cubs. It's completely unprofessional but Seokjin didn't seem to mind, and even joins him sans dirtying the glass. "The work he's done here has saved more than a dozen species."

"He sounds really cool."

Seokjin snorts at the statement, and Jimin shoots him a worried look.

"Why is everyone so edgy about my supervisor?"

"Oh, you'll see Mr. Park. Would you like to head into town to buy supplies?"

The Mart in town is small and modest, stocked full of local products. Jimin tries not to think of all the mystery and bad energy surrounding Professor Jeon, but somewhere between picking out ramen and sesame oil his curiosity gets the best of him and he whips out his phone. There's one bar, just enough for him to open up a search tab and type in the institute.

"Jimin? There's some fresh beef on sale here!" Seokjin calls from an aisle over where he's been sweet-talking the butcher for the past ten minutes; he was perhaps a little too good at haggling.

"One second!"

The page for the breeding facility loads at a painstakingly slow pace, revealing lines of dark text set
against a soothing pastel yellow. Jimin taps the tab for staff, thumbing through a handful of names—Seokjin is listed as the General Manager, which makes him scoff—before finally landing on the profile for Professor Jeon. There’s no picture, just a brief summary of his education and accomplishments; a double-graduate from Seoul National University, with a bachelor's in neurobiology and a masters in animal behavioral psychology. Well, at least Jimin wouldn't be forced to call him Dr. Jeon--his PhD dissertation was put on hold for the program.

"Jimin, come on! I'll pick without you!" Seokjin shouts over the shelves, not caring in the least that he's probably startled the whole store. Jimin is slightly more satisfied knowing that his supervisor seems like a regular smart guy, probably socially adjusted and decently attractive.

"Hold on, I'm around the corner!"

The meat really is fresh--Jimin, a true lover of protein has a field day picking out meat for the next few days. The Mart is only twenty minutes from the breeding facility, so he'll likely be dropping by for fresh cuts on the regular.

"You can use this fridge. The blue one is the professor's." Seokjin helps him put all of his groceries away, organizing the food far more neatly than Jimin could ever manage. His fridge looks like something out of a television show. "it's getting late so I'll head back to my unit for now, but I'll drop by tomorrow for your orientation."

From what he's gathered there's only five live-in staff members here, himself included--the rest come and go throughout the week, mostly just dropping in for research. He's yet to meet the other two, but they didn't sound scary and Seokjin didn't snort when he was asked about them, so that's a good sign.

As he settles into his new bed Jimin shoots Taehyung a quick update text, smiling at the plethora of good luck stickers he receives in return.

Jimin has always been the type of person who hates sleeping alone. He'll get cold, have bad dreams, toss and turn and speculate the end of the world every time there's so much as a creak. He's had to resort to sleeping pills in the past year, but his boyfriend-- ex boyfriend --was always there pretending to understand so he'd stopped using them. Jimin had to take a double dose for his first night at the facility so he slept like a baby, no dreams at all.
At least, he thought he didn't dream, but when he opens his eyes a mop of dark brown hair comes into view, close enough that he can see the twinge of black from the roots.

"Jaebum?" Out of a mix of confusion and habit Jimin cards his fingers through the strands, grimacing when he feels how greasy they are. His boyfriend was usually impeccably clean-

"G'morning."

A voice that doesn't belong to Jaebum vibrates against his chest, stubble scratching through his sleep shirt and making his skin crawl. Jimin hates stubble. This wasn't a dream.

"What the fuck?!"

Years of contemporary dance make it a little too easy to (somewhat gracefully) push the man off of him onto the floor, but once brute strength is no longer a factor Jimin is kind of screwed. He should've taken martial arts like his dad kept insisting, instead of worrying about sports injuries.

Immediately on the defensive Jimin hoists his pillow above his head like a boulder and stares down at the lump on the floor, wild-eyed and ready to attack. The attack never comes; the man on the floor grumbles before he rises to a sitting position, reaching for his discarded glasses.

"You must be the intern." Jimin is at an honest loss for words. The man is dressed in a wrinkled light blue button down with a coffee stain running along the front, the top two buttons missing and the third dangling by a thread. His glasses are wire-framed and thick but not enough to hide the bags under his eyes, his hair looks like a coconut that's been out in the sun for too long and aside from the plethora of loose animal fur that clings to his clothes he's got the beginnings of an uneven, patchy beard along his jaw.

Mad scientist. He looked like a mad scientist.

"I'm sure you're wondering why I bunked with you--you see, the aircon in my room has been off since January and they still haven't gotten around to fixing it." Professor Jeon--this man must be Professor Jeon--speaks with a clear, even tone that betrays his youth. "I would normally sleep in here, but when I came back last night you were in here and sleeping so soundly too--I noticed you
take benzodiazepine. You suffer from insomnia?"

*Professor Jeon is a mad fucking scientist.*

"You should've woken me up." Jimin lowers the pillow reluctantly, not wanting to lose his job more than he's uncertain as to whether or not he wants to keep it. "I wouldn't mind taking the couch."

"That's," for a moment, the professor looks taken aback; he's probably used to people reacting more negatively. Fortunately for him years of living with Taehyung have conditioned Jimin to take everything with a grain of salt. "For your particular insomnia, you seemed to respond well to touch and body heat. The situation was mutually beneficial."

"It was also non-consensual." Jimin has a lot more he'd like to say. That he finds his boss gross. That the idea of being in bed with his boss is gross. That the professor didn't even bother to wash up before crawling into someone else's bed. If he didn't have a job to keep he would've voiced it all gladly. "I hope this isn't a precursor to how the rest of the summer will go."

"Of course not. We'll get you trained and working as soon as possible." He doesn't get it. Professor Jeon is either wilfully obtuse or socially inept. Typical egghead.

"Yeah, whatever--could you leave so I can wash up?"

"Oh, but the bathroom is out there."

Jimin shoots him a stern look, and the young professor does get it. He scrambles out, and leaves Jimin to wallow in self-pity and despair all on his own.

In accordance with his daily schedule for the past three weeks, Jimin spends ten minutes picking clothes, twenty minutes scrolling through social media, five minutes pretending he isn't sad, thirty pining for his ex boyfriend, five being angry, seventeen bawling his eyes out and six showering.

Well, technically twenty three showering. He cried in the shower.
By the time he's all cleaned up and presentable Seokjin is outside with Professor Jeon, in the middle of a heated debate about the best brand of ramen.

"I'm telling you, the Japanese ones are a league above!"

"You'd betray our country's flavor for some dehydrated pork bits?"

"They give you entire slices of chasu! Jungkook, you just haven't tasted real food since you're always locked up in your lab!" Seokjin's shoulders are ridiculously broad; Jimin didn't notice yesterday, but he notices now after seeing the man flail his arms like some indignant Michelin-star octopus.

"Sorry, am I interrupting?" Jimin cuts in easily, hiding his judgement behind a pensive smile. Seokjin picks up on it; Professor Jeon doesn't.

"Yes, but we've got to start your orientation. I've got plenty for you to read up on, and the leopards need to learn your scent." Professor Jeon--Jungkook, as Seokjin had called him--drops his apparent ramen conviction for the moment and gestures towards the door. "There's a thousand things to do and ten minutes to do them."

Orientation is a wild ride. Seokjin tries to control it, explaining procedures and formalities, but Jungkook ultimately cuts through everything with his own sense of the program, catering to each animal as if it were his child. Zenyatta can't have too much meat, and Ana isn't keen towards strangers, and the newborn cubs are still nameless but prefer to be treated like burdens because 'in nature they'd be tossed aside if they weren't deemed strong enough by the mother.'

Jimin doesn't agree with everything, mostly the plethora of Overwatch-based names, but Jungkook assures him multiple times this is how leopards think.

"In the wild, it's not as simple as love or hate. Every mother would die for her cubs." He's holding a grown leopard as he says this, one he's named Widowmaker, which is absolutely terrifying. "But they want the maximum number to live. If sacrificing one will save two, they'll make that sacrifice."

Seokjin is neutral about the notion; it's clear from his expression that he trusts Jungkook's expertise, regardless of whether or not he feels the same. He's mature enough to admit when he's wrong, and Jimin quietly aspires to do the same.
"What do we do with the rejected cubs?"

Jungkook's expression lights up like he's won the lottery.

"The staff here is responsible for raising them. If they're true runts we keep them and raise them for education programs and zoos, but the ones we manage to heal up are eventually released into the wild."

Professor Jeon rambles on and on about the benefits of selective breeding and reintroduction until Seokjin drags them away for lunch, announcing that the orientation is over.

"We'll use that fresh beef from yesterday--Jungkook, why don't you wash up?"

Jimin is all too happy to help cook. He slices the meat while Seokjin chops the vegetables, sharing small talk about facility basics and life in the village like real co-workers which Jimin truly appreciates. In two days time Seokjin is supposed to return to his regular duties and Jimin is to be left at Jungkook's mercy.

After all of the prep work is done Seokjin establishes himself at the stove, tossing the ingredients into a wok pot together.

Dinner is mostly Seokjin and Jungkook talking, and Jimin observing. They argue jokingly, share their stresses of the day and chat about new incoming animals and the breeding plans for this quarter. There are big words thrown around, names and terms in a language Jimin doesn't know alongside general scientific nonsense that he isn't quite prepared to comprehend until it's time for Seokjin to walk back to his room and leave Jimin and Jungkook ambling about awkwardly in their shared space.

They share a casual goodnight before retreating to their respective rooms; Jimin makes sure he locks the deadbolt this time, checking it three times before sending his update text to his best friend.
"Most animals have recognizable mating behaviors. Did you read the document I gave you?"

Jungkook has done his best to be helpful during the training period, but his expectations are far higher than what Jimin could ever hope to reach.

He's given him a book on basic animal behavior, and another on mating-specific behaviors, but neither was specific to the clouded leopard. In consequence, Jimin isn't exactly sure of what he's doing.

"Yeah. But what do rabbits have to do with leopards?"

"There are basics within mammals. Scent marking, physical claims, courting behavior." Jungkook juggles two leopard cubs in his hands, completely unaffected as they gnaw on his knuckles. "The largest variance is in courting behavior, but for the most part the rest works similarly."

"I don't believe that." Jimin eyes the cub crawling up around Jungkook's neck fondly, smiling when it mewls and paws at his ear. "Humans are mammals, and we don't scent mark."

"Our noses may be less sensitive, but we do scent mark Jimin. You know what your home smells like, don't you?"

At first it seems like a ludicrous argument; why would he ever notice something like that? But clarity comes in exposure. Jimin knows that this place doesn't smell like home, and in establishing that, he establishes that to him home has a smell. Taehyung's musky cologne, fresh fruit and the fall air fresheners he's always buying in excess. Still, he opts to play devil's advocate.

"I use strong scents. Not very hard to say that when a million other people smell the same thing."

"We all produce unique pheromones, and colognes respond uniquely to the pH levels of our skin. Gucci Guilty on your girlfriend may smell leagues different than Gucci on yourself." Jungkook places the cubs he was handling back into their pen. "We can detect these differences, especially from a mate."

"So I'm hard-wired to enjoy some stranger's stench?" Jimin reaches out to touch one of the cubs, letting it sniff his hand. "Doesn't seem likely."
"Pheromones are more powerful than you think." Jungkook starts walking toward the other side of the room, where he keeps his notes. "But I won't push the argument. Here, help me record their weights."

Working at the breeding facility isn't terrible. Most days are spent observing the animals, feeding and examining them, collecting samples and sending them off to a lab in Seoul. Jungkook was evidently in pheromone development; he studied the hormones breeding pairs would excrete to help determine when they were receptive (Jimin had tried to simplify it to being horny and the professor's face lit up like a tomato before he muttered out a firm *receptive*. It was cute.) and then developed them in-lab to help induce courting behavior.

It was all boring stuff that Jimin hadn't the slightest interest in, but Jungkook would always get so excited when he talked about his work to a point where he made it interesting.

Jimin didn't understand a damn thing the young professor said, but he loved to listen. It helped that Jungkook was patient—he tended to ramble and miss obvious social cues, but he never belittled Jimin for his lack of knowledge on the subject, or teased him about his major. He was a thousand times better than any professor at Jimin's college; they loved to sneer at him whenever he asked for an extension due to a dance showcase. Apparently, dance majors had *plenty* of time because they were all just goofing off in the first place.

The first week ends with Jimin seeing Professor Jeon in a whole new light; he doesn't understand why no one takes on this internship. Quirks aside, he's a nice guy and tends to keep to himself. There are some days where Jimin has to *ask* for something to do because Jungkook gets so buried in his work he forgets he has an assistant.

Their first team dinner answers all the questions he didn't know he had.

"Where the fuck is Jeon? It's his turn to pay." Min Yoongi was a grumpy old bastard. He wasn't even that old, but even from their sparse interactions it was evident he had half a dozen sticks up his ass all hours of the day. Seokjin politely informs Jimin that he's the supplies guy, and handling supplies at a breeding facility full of impatient airhead scientists is stressful; Jimin agrees.

"I'm sure he's on his way, Yoongi. Give the kid a break." The head researcher and team leader Kim Namjoon is *completely* different. He's the most reasonable, socially adjusted, polite man Jimin's met in the entire facility. Initially, he had a crush on Namjoon, but that quickly dispersed when he saw him break an entire case of insulin tripping over his own feet; the guy was a human wrecking ball.
"You're his intern, right?" Jimin nearly shits himself when Yoongi directs his grumbles at him. "Where's your boss?"

"He was washing up when I left." He praises himself internally for not stuttering. Jungkook had a very peculiar hygiene routine—he'd brush his teeth a million times a day to protect from coffee stains but wash sparingly otherwise, because 'the animals preferred it when his scent was strong.' Today was the first time Jimin's ever even seen him bring a towel into the bathroom.

"Guess he's still embarrassed from last time. I thought the restaurant owner was gonna call the cops." Yoongi chuckles to himself as he knocks back a shot of soju, and Jimin makes the mistake of maintaining eye contact; the elder clicks his tongue against his teeth and holds up his glass, amused. "New kid, drink."

Social drinking is by no means a new concept. Neither is drinking for work, but Jimin's normally at the top of the hierarchy—he did his time freshman year just like everyone else, so being bossed around has him completely out of his element. Unlike the other upperclassmen he's slacked off, comfortable with just ordering others around while sipping on his beer. It's a fact that comes back to bite him in the ass.

Seokjin is grilling meat quietly, and Namjoon is talking about how excited he is to present at the fall conference and Yoongi's cheeks are just beginning to tint red from four green bottles he's rapid-fire ordered for the table. Jimin is definitely, unmistakably wasted.

"Sorry I took so long. Bastion wasn't eating his dinner."

A man slides into the seat next to Jimin. He smells nice; it's weird, because his cologne is impossible to place, but there's some sort of warming musk that reminds Jimin of safety. The man is in fitted slacks that hug his thighs and a white dress shirt accentuating his solid frame, and as Jimin's eyes trail up they aren't disappointed. Sharp jawline, large doe eyes, neatly styled chocolate brown hair that frames a surprisingly bunny-like face.

"Seeing you clean is weird." Seokjin comments for the first time in awhile, serving out portions of meat; Jimin's head bobs as he reaches for his glass, mirroring Yoongi.

"What did you do to him?"
The shot glass disappears from in front of him and Jimin blinks, fist clenching around air.

"It was just a little drinking Kook. Made sure he felt welcome." Yoongi smirks as he takes a bite, pouring another shot.

"He won't be able to work tomorrow."

"So give the kid a break. He's older than you anyways, isn't he?"

The man is Jungkook. Jimin blearily establishes the fact as he sips on some offered water, head spinning.

"We agreed not to do shit like this after the last guy left." Professor Jeon sounds angry. Jimin can't quite find the energy to lift his head, but his boss is definitely angry.

"We all know he left because he couldn't stand you. Just like all the others."

"Yoongi-"

"This kid must be stupid or desperate to put up with your naturalist bullshit."

"Hyung, you've had too much to drink."

"I bet you've already made him cry."

An argument explodes at the table, but Jimin is too far-gone to notice. He doesn't see Seokjin ask for the check, doesn't see Namjoon drag Yoongi outside after he lands a hit on Jungkook, doesn't see Jungkook wipe the blood from his mouth and curse before charging outside after him. Jimin just sees a plate full of meat he can't finish before the world fades to black.

There are brief moments of lucidity. Someone carries him to a cab. People talk outside. There's more shouting, and things break. He sinks into his mattress, surrounded by warmth.
Jimin wakes up wrapped in someone's arms, shivering from the temperature of the room.

"Sorry--you said it was hot." Jungkook's sleep-heavy voice rasps next to his ear, slowly pulling away. It's just like his first morning, except Jimin isn't shocked enough to toss his supervisor onto the floor. Instead he groans and clutches his head, blinded by the miniscule sunlight peeking through.

"What happened last night?" Jimin isn't bothered in the least to snuggle against a clean Jungkook. He smells nice, enough that it momentarily distracts Jimin from the skin on skin contact.

_Momentarily_ being the key word.

"Oh my God, did," he sits up a little too fast, shoving the blanket aside to reveal his boxer-clad but otherwise bare body. "Did we fuck?"

"W-what?" Jungkook scoots back so fast he slams into the wall. He's only in his boxers as well, which isn't exactly painting the best picture. "No, I just, we just slept!"

"But our clothes-"

"You said you were hot!" The young professor shouts indignantly, pulling the sheets up to his chest. "I was just doing what you asked me to!"

"I asked you to strip?"

It wouldn't be the first time drunk Jimin did something so brazen.

"You asked to--to spoon?" Jungkook says the word like he's never heard of it in his life, and Jimin wants to laugh. Just _imagining_ how his boss handled that brings a smile to his face. "You said we had to take off our clothes and-"

"You really did what I said?"
Jungkook looks out of place. He's droves more attractive all cleaned up, muscles rolling underneath his skin, hair still partially styled from the night before. In any other situation Jimin would be glad to wake up next to him after a night of drinking.

"W-well you kept insisting, since you were the hyung, and I've never dated before so-"

"You're a virgin?"

Jimin disregards the fact that Jungkook is younger than him but far more successful; he's read about some twelve year old in America finishing his college degree. Jungkook wasn't that smart, so it's much easier to focus on his cute, oblivious, innocent nature.

"That's not what I said-"

"You didn't even know what spooning is. Have you ever kissed?"

"Hyung ."

It sounds good, coming from the young professor's curved lips. Jimin wants to tease him even more but the door to his room bursts open, bringing with it a swathe of uninvited guests.

"Kook, I'm so sorry about last night. You know Yoongi doesn't mean half the shit he says, right?" Seokjin gently asserts from the doorway, brows rising so far they disappear when he really looks at the two men in the bed. "Did you two-"

"Yoongi hyung was right. I'm weird, and most of the interns can't stand me." Jimin almost squeaks when he feels Jungkook's heat against his back, eyeing the arm that's been curled delicately around his waist. "But Jimin is different."

"Jungkook, you know he's just hurting. He's lashed out at all of us." Namjoon pokes his head in and now there are two witnesses to their shared bed fiasco. "I'm just sorry Jimin had to be there to see it."
The live-in staff are evidently close, because none of them bat an eyelash at invading Jimin's room to talk with Jungkook.

"He could've made Ji-- hyung sick." Jungkook argues softly, fingers digging into the meat of Jimin's waist. The action seems subconscious, so he's willing to forgive the small twinge of pain.

"You took good care of him. Jimin is fine."

The way they talk about it, Yoongi's been starting fights for awhile. Whatever has him wound up apparently comes out the most when he and Jungkook are in the same room, like there's some deep-seated bad blood between them that no one wants to address.

Apparently they'd nearly gotten into a fist fight--Yoongi came back to their unit and started breaking things while he argued with Jungkook. Jungkook tossed him out with more force than strictly necessary. If it only takes a week for the dysfunctionality of the staff to show, Jimin can't say he's surprised no one wants to intern here. If he wasn't used to crazy already he would've quit the first morning.

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"What should we name this one?"

"Toby."

"He looks more like a Mochi."

"Naming him after food is just setting him up for failure in the wild." Jungkook frowns as he collars a cub. They're not big enough to be microchipped just yet but it's time to update their records in the system and start letting them out of the pen. This is when the professor gives them all of those silly, game based names, but after several soft objections from Jimin he relents and brings his assistant in to help.

They're doing it together, sitting around wrangling cubs and sharing light-hearted banter that even Jungkook seems to enjoy. It's rare to see anything but a neutral expression on his face, so Jimin tries to tease out a smile every chance he gets.
"What about naming him Kookie? He looks cute like you."

"Cute?" Jungkook's face twists in genuine confusion. "How am I cute?"

"You like to cuddle but you're too shy to talk to people." Jimin clips a plastic collar around the cub in his lap, wincing when it gnaws on his knuckles. "You're like a bunny."

"Physical interaction is beneficial. It's perfectly normal to prefer it to a conversation that potentially goes south." Jungkook focuses more on fastening collars, feigning disinterest in the conversation; his fingers tremble, missing a snatch. He does it a lot--gets nervous when they talk about anything other than his research, tries to deflect the conversation or shuts up completely and pretends he's busy. It's probably social anxiety, which makes perfect sense; Jungkook's social skills weren't exactly up to par, and people aren't known for being patient.

"I enjoy talking to you."

Jimin smiles at the way the professor mumbles under his breath, pretending he didn't hear.

"Jungkook-ah."

"We should check up on the adults. Ana wasn't eating as much this morning." Jungkook shuts down the conversation, avoiding all eye contact as he puts the cubs away one by one. Rather than let the words upset him Jimin smiles and follows after, humming softly to himself. Jungkook has a healthy flush on his cheeks for the rest of the day, and Jimin takes pride in knowing he put it there.

Jungkook's not so bad. None of them are. At some point after work Yoongi comes in looking sulky and apologetic; he says sorry to Jimin first, then Jungkook, then offers to buy them dinner to make up for it. Jungkook shrugs the gesture off but Jimin immediately accepts, never one to turn down free food.

They slip out that night, the elder's gait uneven as he leads the way towards their usual restaurant; the owner greets them cheerily, asking where the rest of the staff is, and Yoongi assures her they'll be back next Friday. Things should be awkward considering how the last dinner ended, but Yoongi is much more palatable when Jungkook isn't around. He smiles and jokes and has the sense not to take things too far, and it's incredibly charming.
"A red panda got out once. Seokjin tried to hide it so that he could keep it, but we found a trail of fruit leading to his room."

"He didn't get in trouble?"

"Kook lost his shit, but Namjoon couldn't stop laughing. Said it was the stupidest thing he's ever seen, a grown man creating a fruit trail for something that eats bamboo."

"Jungkook cares a lot about the animals here." Jimin comments as he pushes his rice around the plate, feeling oddly guilty. He didn't like to talk about people when they weren't there.

"He cares more about them than anything else. It's what drives the interns nuts." Yoongi huffs, taking a sip of his water. "I'm surprised you've lasted this long."

"Why do you two fight?"

Yoongi pauses like he didn't expect the question.

"Jungkook, he's not a bad guy. Just a little different."

"Different how?"

"He doesn't really empathize with people. Well, he tries to, but he doesn't know how. My old girlfriend and I, we had an argument over him." Yoongi stares into his glass with hazy eyes, like the scene is unfolding in his mind. "She would go on and on about how much of a jerk he was. How he looks down on women--kid fucking breaks out in hives if he so much as makes eye contact with a woman. He's not rude, he's just shy."

"So you're angry with him for a breakup?" Jimin scoffs in disbelief. He said it himself--Jungkook wasn't a bad person. If anything, good riddance to someone who went around judging baselessly.

"She wasn't the first girlfriend I lost to him. Certainly not the first friend, either." Yoongi sighs
softly, exhaling all of his stress before straightening back up in his seat. "The only time he's normal is when he's angry. It's kinda funny, considering how timid he is."

"So you pick fights to make him normal?"

"Maybe I just want other people to see that he's just like us." The elder takes a bite of meat, shrugging his shoulders. It's sad, the way they're handling it. Jimin didn't sign up for any of this shit—he just wanted something to put on his resume and a reason to stay far away from home. He didn't expect to become so invested in the lives of his co-workers, assumed that they'd be little more than strangers he'd be happy to leave behind.

"He agreed with what you said the morning after. About him being weird." Jimin opts to leave out the part about Jungkook calling him different.

"He did?" Yoongi gawks, uncaring that food slips from his mouth. "The kid never agrees with me. He's always so stubborn!"

A couple at the next table shoot dirty looks, so he quickly wipes his mouth.

"I wonder what changed his mind."

Jimin does too.

He wonders why his interactions with Jungkook seem so different from everyone else's. Is it because he chooses to see them differently? He'd definitely thought very little of the young professor at their first meeting. He also noticed all the things other staff would complain about—how unkempt he was, his constant mumbling and glaring and sulking, the way he only smiled at the animals he cared for. Jimin could see what everyone else saw just fine.

"Yoongi hyung, I think—"

Jungkook smiled at Jimin sometimes too. He smiled at him, and pet him, and tried to take care of him in his own awkward, fumbling way.
"I think I know why he's changing."

"Are you feeding him fresh food?" The older man jokes, clearly over the conversation.

"Well, sort of."

They head home a little after midnight, thanking the owner. Jimin's picked up a few bottles of soju and some snacks--he promised Taehyung they'd video call and share stories tonight. He's running a little late to their playdate, but a few emoji-laden texts pacify the situation.

Yoongi walks him to his door, and they share brief goodbyes before the elder saunters off towards his side of the facility, near the main office with Seokjin. Jimin fumbles with his keycard, managing to jiggle the door open and slip inside. He almost makes it to his bed without incident, *almost* being the key word; the light flicks on and Jungkook is just sitting there, staring at him with wide eyes. Jimin shouts and nearly drops the bag of soju, hand shooting to his heart as he tries to calm himself.

"S-sorry hyung, it's just, my room was really hot and you hadn't come home yet so I wanted to ask, but I don't have your number so-" 

"Jungkook, it's fine." Jimin exhales roughly a few times, trying to even out his heart beat. "Just, maybe, wait in a well-lit area next time?"

"You said you prefer the lights off." Jungkook stares into his lap shamefully, fiddling with the hem of his sleep shirt.

"That's-" he had mentioned it off-handedly when he noticed that Jungkook leaves all of the lights on at night. He honestly didn't think anything of it when the behavior suddenly stopped. "Well, you're right I guess. Want to drink with me and my friend?"

Jimin waves around a bottle and Jungkook blinks, glancing around the room.

"Hyung, we're alone."
"I'm video calling him, dummy." Jimin sets up his laptop, spreading out the snacks so that they're all within comfortable reaching distance. "Come on, sit."

Jungkook follows the instructions like a puppy, sliding over and sitting up straight so that his body is in frame. Their knees bump and Jimin jolts in surprise, eyes zoned in on the exposed skin.

"Sorry...I can move-"

"No, it's okay. You can be my snack holder."

The call connects, and Taehyung's face pops up at an unflattering angle.

"Jimin, love of my life, apple of my eye!"

"Tae, we've got company. Behave."

"Nah. If they're good company they'll have to get used to me eventually." Taehyung flares his nostrils several times before readjusting the camera to a normal position, jaw immediately dropping. "Oh my God, he's hot. Park Jimin, you couldn't even do me the decency of having ugly company?!"

"Tae this is my boss."

"So what? He's still hot."

Taehyung and Jungkook hit it off immediately. It's strange, like watching a car crash where both drivers come out unscathed, look around and shrug before walking away. Jimin can only sit back and watch fondly as they discuss what kind of dog has the fluffiest fur, and which overwatch character is the best dps.

After a few rounds of drinks they've all loosened up, especially Jungkook who prattles off so much he ends up leading the conversation. He doesn't want to hang up when Taehyung says goodbye, and the duo promise to call each other again amidst Jimin's complaints that he wants to go to bed. Jungkook tries to stumble back to his room but Jimin calls out to him, concerned he'll concuss
himself wandering around in the dark.

They share the bed, a barely respectable distance between them.

At some point, Jungkook starts demanding more of Jimin.

It's maybe a month into the program, maybe a little more, but he's suddenly swamped with responsibilities he didn't have before. He spends his lunch complaining to Yoongi, who just coos and ruffles his hair.

"Little Jimimmie can't handle being a real assistant?"

"Quit being an ass."

"Aww, did I hurt your feelings? Here, let hyung kiss it better." Yoongi gets him in a *ridiculously* solid headlock and leans in to smother his cheek with kisses; Jimin struggles valiantly, muttering death threats as he shoves at his hyung's chest. They've gotten a lot closer ever since their talk about Jungkook, and it's not uncommon for them to grab lunch or play around after work. Jimin's even considering maintaining contact once this internship is over.

"Park, I need you to help with injections."

Jungkook appears from the shadows like some dark lord, arms crossed over his chest and glasses falling from the bridge of his nose. He almost *never* calls Jimin by his last name, so the sudden shift in behavior is oddly concerning.

"I've still got fifteen minutes for my lunch." Jimin argues softly, wiggling free; Yoongi scoffs and rolls his eyes, returning to his own meal. "Besides, the injections are scheduled for tomorrow."

"If you've got time to mess around then we can get work done early." The professor holds his ground, jaw tightening as he stares Jimin down. It was also unusual for him to be this upset, *especially* at Jimin.
"Relax Kook. I'll have your precious assistant back in time to give out shots." Yoongi cuts in before the tension can escalate further. Jungkook stands there for a moment and glares like he wants to say something else, but relents.

"Fine. Make it quick."

The brunette storms off and Jimin slumps in his seat, suddenly in a foul mood.

"What was that shit about?"

"I dunno."

"Don't let that weirdo get to you, yeah? Kook has his unsavoury moments."

Jimin would agree, except he knows that Jungkook doesn't get mad like this. He can't help but feel that he's done something wrong, especially considering the younger almost never shows emotion. The thought follows him throughout the day, all the way up until he's finishing off his dinner.

Jungkook normally tries to sneak into his room before he can get there--Jimin suspects the younger prefers sleeping with someone else there, but he hasn't bothered asking. Most personal questions end in Jungkook turning bright red and rambling out justifications. But he hasn't shown up and it's already dark out, something incredibly uncharacteristic. Jimin could easily stay up all night waiting for his supervisor but he decides to go to bed instead, figuring Jungkook would come around when he was ready.

Except, the young professor never comes.

Jimin tosses and turns and eventually falls into a restless sleep, but he does it all alone.

Jungkook is oddly distant. He keeps Jimin close during the day, but disappears at nights, acting as though if the elder didn't exist. It's infuriating but Jimin can't explain why.
A week into his new silent treatment he gets fed up; deciding to take things into his own hands, Jimin invades Jungkook's bedroom. It's just as unbearably hot as the younger constantly claims, but the heat is coming from a desktop in the corner of the room. There are neatly arranged notes, neatly folded clothes—everything is neat and tidy and sterile, unlike Jimin's room. He feels a little embarrassed seeing how clean Jungkook is compared to him.

Rather than fixate on his own shortcomings Jimin slips into the professor's queen sized bed, stripping down to his boxers to cope with the heat. He'll force Jungkook to spill everything tonight, and their relationship will go back to being bearably normal.

Jungkook is a strong enough combination of blind and careless to completely miss Jimin tucked away under his sheets; when their eyes meet he honest to god *squeaks* in terror.

"Hyung!"

"Didn't expect to see you here." Jimin jokes as he sits up, running his fingers through his hair. Jungkook blubbers as his eyes follow the action.

"You, you don't like being hot."

"Yeah, well I also don't like taking my pills. Come on, let's go to bed." Jimin pats the spot next to him and Jungkook stares at it, petrified.

"I, I can't."

"Why not?"

"Because," the younger struggles to come up with an excuse. After a few seconds his eyes light up in relief. "Because I still have work to do!"

"Jungkook, why are you upset with me?"
"Because you spend way too much time with Yoongi." Jungkook answers immediately, unphased; something else must be bothering him.

"Is that why you haven't been coming to see me at night too?"

"No."

Jungkook stares down at his feet, fidgeting. Whatever he's hiding, it's making him anxious.

"Then why?"

"Because...because my testosterone is higher than usual, and pheromones are released more heavily at night and it's been difficult to sleep near you." Jungkook pauses, apparently making some progress in distancing himself from the situation. "My hormone balance is thrown off and there are automatic physiological responses I can't control."

"Care to repeat that in a language I understand?"

"I keep getting... erections."

Jimin blinks and points to himself. "Because of me?"

"Yes."

There's a long, awkward beat of silence. Crickets chirp outside.

"Well, I don't really mind."

*For fuck's sake Park Jimin what are you doing?*

"But...but it's hard to fall asleep. For me." Jungkook goes back to fidgeting and avoiding eye
contact.

Don't say it.

Don't say it.

Don't say it.

"I'll help you get rid of it." Jimin is certain he's just tossed the last shred of his dignity out of his mouth. Sure, Jungkook is attractive and they get along well enough but he came all the way out here to *escape* boys; screwing his boss wasn't exactly on the agenda.

"Are you...asking me out?" Jungkook mumbles and stares at Jimin with his big doe eyes, and *fuck*, *this kid doesn't even know what a hook up is*.

"Yeah. Will you go out with me?" It's a lot more than he bargained for, but it's only fair to Jungkook--they'll be attached at the hip for the next two months anyways. Might as well make a fling of it.

Jungkook bites his lip, contemplating; Jimin thinks his heart rate spikes when the younger smiles and slides into bed next to him. "Okay."

Jungkook never gets hard, but he does kiss Jimin goodnight and fall asleep against his chest.

Jimin, *of course*, gets hard.

It's like a switch goes off in his body, letting every last cell know that a potential cock appointment is currently snuggling with him, just waiting to be used. He has to think of puppies and kittens all night just to begin to fall asleep and in the morning, *well*,

"Kookie?"

"Hm?" Jungkook yawns and wrinkles his nose cutely, slowly pushing himself up. It takes a second
for him to regain his bearings, face still puffy with sleep, and it's perhaps the most adorable thing Jimin has had the honor of witnessing. (After the baby animals, of course.)

"I've got a little problem."

"What?" Jungkook rolls onto his side so that he can face Jimin, automatically throwing an arm around his waist. It's a strange habit of subtle possessiveness that the young professor probably doesn't even realize he's doing; right now, it's just making Jimin's situation worse.

"Morning wood." He mumbles, smiling sheepishly; Jungkook grunts in acknowledgement and glances down, tongue darting out to wet his lips.

"Have you jerked off recently?"

"What?" Jimin feels heat rise to his cheeks. He didn't expect Jeon Jungkook of all people to speak so transparently about masturbation.

"If it's been awhile you'll come a lot and soil the sheets. Unlike you I'm a tidy person hyung." Jimin shivers as a calloused hand slips into his boxers, stopping just shy of his cock. "Can I kiss you?"

"Of course."

Jungkook smiles again before leaning in for a chaste peck. His fingers curl around Jimin's cock and get to work, the pressure just right, strokes just long enough that he's spewing out cheap moans in minutes. He's falling apart but Jungkook is completely unphased, just watching to see if he's close, occasionally yawning or pressing a quick kiss to his shoulder. Jimin comes in record time, staring in slight awe at the white streaks trailing along the younger's hand.

Jungkook huffs and stares at the mess, brow furrowed.

"It's thick."

"It's, uh, been awhile." Jimin clears his throat and sits up, still a little shaky from his orgasm. He
hasn't really had a sex drive since his breakup. If anything, sex was the last thing on his mind.

"M'gonna go wash my hands." Jungkook shuffles about stiffly, doing his best to make sure his soiled hand doesn't touch the bed; Jimin pouts and shimmies out of his boxers, tossing them into the laundry bin.

"You're not hard?"

"Nope." As he walks away, the muscles in Jungkook's back twitch and coil. Jimin has a hard time not imagining it covered with his marks.

"Not even a little?" He calls through the open door, uncaring of whether one of their coworkers walked in; serves them right for visiting unannounced all the time.

"Not even a little bit." Jungkook comes back with clean hands and a clean pair of boxers; he helps Jimin into them, pressing another kiss to his cheek. "We should eat."

"You're sure your dick is okay?" Jimin asks again, just to be sure; Jungkook shrugs reaches for his phone, checking emails.

"It takes me a little longer to get hard. You came too fast."

Jimin feels his cheeks heat up for the eight-thousandth time that morning and Jungkook pauses, glances up from his phone, and apologizes profusely. His bluntness deals a heavy blow to Jimin's pride, but he's the hyung for fuck's sake--he laughs it off and joins his boyfriend for breakfast.

Jungkook looks a little guilty for the rest of the day--he doesn't come to lunch, crafting some lofty excuse about test samples coming in, and when Jimin offers to bring him food he immediately declines.

Seokjin and Yoongi end up eating with him, and after an intense five minute period of ruminating over what happened this morning Jimin finally erupts.

"You guys have dicks, right?"
"Jimin, we're eating." Seokjin chides, cheek stuffed with pasta.

"I just--what does it mean if you take a long time to get hard?"

"Good stamina, or an unenticing partner."

"Unenticing?"

Jimin was not unenticing. Jimin was fucking *delectable*.

"Could also be ED." Yoongi chimes in with a smirk, clearly hoping that whatever he said would bother Jimin; it doesn't. In fact, it's like a Holy Grail of confidence-- *yes, Jungkook was just shy about his problem.* That's why he'd been so dodgy all morning, so *intrigued* by the viscosity of Jimin's cum, so passively indifferent to all subsequent sexual advances. It must be poor, shy little Jungkook's erectile dysfunction.

"Whatever you're thinking probably isn't right." Yoongi warns once he's really *seen* the expression on Jimin's face; Jimin chooses to disregard his useless commentary.

"Thanks hyungs. I've gotta go!"

Jimin tosses his lunch and sprints towards the labs--Seokjin sighs around a spoonful of pasta, shaking his head.

"Why do I get the feeling we've just done something terrible?"

Jimin has become an expert of sorts on dick-related disorders. He's always googling them on his phone, has even gone to the trouble of printing out several articles on possible causes and cures, and now he's browsing sex shop websites for pills and gels that are supposed to help. Jungkook doesn't know about any of this of course, but Jimin is planning to gently introduce the subject
sometime this week.

He's been a little sneaky lately, spending more time in his own room with the door locked but he doesn't want the professor finding out what he's up to, at least not until he can do something about it.

Jungkook is curious at first but happily chooses to ignore the change in behavior, satisfied enough with their steadily growing make out sessions. He enjoys kisses, whether he's giving them or getting them, and Jimin uses this weakness to his advantage regularly. Like today, when he doesn't want to turn in his progress report.

"Come on Kook, give me an extension." He's got the younger pinned against a counter, hands planted firmly on either side of his waist, trapping him. Jungkook is leaning back as far as he can, arms crossed over his chest and a disapproving frown settled on his lips.

"No. You're getting paid to do it." He's a master at looking grumpy; Jimin sees his frown so often he's unphased by it. Instead he leans up and connects their lips, whining cutely.

"Kookie, just this once. Please?" Jimin peppers his lips and neck with kisses, but Jungkook is unwavering; he slaps a hand over Jimin's mouth and shoves him off, grumbling.

"You need to pull your own weight. Now go do your work before I give you more."

The threat is enough to shut Jimin up but he makes a spectacle of himself on the way back to his desk, stomping and pouting and moving things with more force than necessary. Some of the day staff shoot him dirty looks as they move the animals, but Jimin doesn't care; he's been denied something by his boyfriend and there'll be hell to pay later.

He's always been a little bit of a diva. Most people realize within five minutes of meeting him, but Jimin's a brat. Not a spoiled brat, per say, but a brat who enjoys being spoiled. Jeon Jungkook wasn't the type to spoil someone.

Conflict ensued.

"Kook, are you done yet?"
"No."

"How about now?"

"No."

"Now?"

"Hyung, it's been ten seconds."

"Pay attention to me!" Jimin rolls back and forth on his boyfriend's bed, kicking at the sheets. After the denial incident of this afternoon, Jungkook had the gall to work ahead on his desktop at home. After work was their time, and Jimin didn't appreciate anything coming in between, well, them.

"Is there a reason you're being so difficult today?" Jungkook swivels around in his desk chair, pulling off his glasses. He looks good, which irritates Jimin even further because how can he have a boyfriend this hot and not be having sex with him? Fate was cruel.

"I just wanna do more couple stuff. It's no fun just working."

"Well, you kind of want to do couple stuff when we're at work." Jungkook leans back with his typical neutral, scrutinising glower. "Should we go out this weekend?"

"You'd leave your precious work for a whole night?" Jimin sneers, rolling to face the wall. At this point he really is just throwing a temper tantrum. But he's been patient, right? He's been researching all about Jungkook's condition, all without being asked to, might he add, and all he gets in return are kisses and the occasional hyung.

"Hyung."

There it was. Jimin pouts harder when he hears Jungkook get up, scooting closer to the wall. He won't turn around, fuck Jungkook, he didn't need him-
"Jimin, quit acting like a little kid."

The disrespect shatters him to the core.

"Jimin?" Jimin glares over his shoulder, indignant; Jungkook glares right back.

"You heard me. If you're gonna act like a kid I'm gonna treat you like one." Jungkook hovers over him, and Jimin is momentarily speechless.

"Jeon Jungkook," Jimin rolls over all the way, so that he can properly berate his stupid muscular boyfriend. "Take it back."

"Are you gonna cry if I don't?"

"No ."

"Aww Jimimmie, you're more grown up than I thought." Jungkook smirks and pinches his cheek and Jimin loses his shit.

"Look here you fucking runt- "

"I'm bigger than you."

"I don't care if you're bigger than a fucking car, you will not treat me like a child-"

"But you're kid-sized."

"Jungkook!"
"Not very nice when someone annoys you on purpose, is it?" Jungkook stops smiling, and Jimin feels his cheeks heat up.

"I just wanted to spend time with you!" He argues softly, unwilling to back down; Jungkook huffs, lips forming a frown.

"And what happened when I asked to go on a date this weekend?"

"I didn't say no ."

"But you didn't say yes either. You just threw a fit." Jungkook stares down at him with inquisitive brown eyes, and Jimin feels like he's being scanned right down to his soul. "What's really wrong?"

"What do you mean?"

"You're clearly hiding something. Are you frustrated because you can't tell me?" Jimin falters in the face of his boyfriend's patience. It's hard to stay upset when even he can see how unreasonable he's being.

"Sorry. It's just--i found out about your condition."

"My condition ?" Jungkook's eyebrows raise and Jimin pities the poor boy; even now he feels the need to hide it.

"I know you can't help it," he continues, placing a reassuring hand on his shoulder. "But it's frustrating. I've never had to deal with anything like this before. I just need time to adjust--"

"Adjust to what, exactly?"

"Your erectile dysfunction." Jimin says it as gently as possible, not wanting to poke a sore spot--he sees Jungkook's eyes light up in recognition before the younger bites his lip, humming as though if to say okay.
"So my uh, erectile dysfunction--how did you find out about it?"

"I connected the dots after you didn't get hard that one time." Jimin smiles and fidgets. He was such an attentive boyfriend--outdid himself this time, really.

"And it never occurred to you that maybe I just wasn't turned on?"

"That doesn't explain your hesitation afterwards. We haven't had sex yet."

"We've been dating for a week. I'd like to at least take you out before we copulate." Jungkook sighs and walks back to his chair, shoulders stiff like he's annoyed. "My dick works just fine. I'm being a gentleman."

Jimin huffs and sits up, narrowing his eyes.

"Denying it won't make it go away Kookie. We can work through this together."

"Please stop fixating on this. I want to connect with you emotionally before I get into your pants." The professor grabs his glasses and goes back to typing. Jimin, finding himself slightly embarrassed, excuses himself to his room; on the way out he swears he hears Jungkook scoff and cackle.

"Erectile dysfunction? Really?"

When Seokjin and Yoongi find out about his misconception, they can't stop laughing. Jimin is irritated enough that he isn't getting any; the fact that Seokjin's obnoxious windshield-wiper laugh is going off at six thousand decibels decidedly doesn't help.

"Honestly, I wanna be shocked that you're dating him, but," Seokjin pauses to wipe a tear from his eye, face bright red. "But you really thought he had ED because he didn't sleep with you?"
"Most guys have no issue with quick sex." Jimin pushes his food around his plate, pouting. He's pretty sure the whole complex knew about his fiasco by now.

"Professor Jeon is shy. Why in the world did you think he'd do that with you so soon?" Namjoon, ever the voice of reason, cuts in.

"He helped me with my--we did things in the morning." Jimin gestures vaguely, and the table vibrates with a collective groan.

"So he jerked you off and you assumed you'd be getting some Jung-cock?" Yoongi rasps out crudely, narrowing his eyes in disbelief. "Dude, keep your libido in check."

"It was a fair assumption."

"Still, from what I recall Kook is blessed. A man of few words, but many inches." Seokjin places a hand over his heart, staring dreamily off into the distance.

"Has everyone but me seen his dick?"

The three men share a look, and Namjoon rather helpfully consoles him. "Well, he's never jerked any of us off, so you've got us beat there Park."

Jimin groans and slams his head against the table as his hyungs continue to chatter and laugh. Lunch fades into a lackluster workday in the lab doing write ups, and between the constant teasing and minimal animal contact Jimin is all too happy to lock himself in his room rather than go out to their team dinner.

He slumps like a sack of potatoes, throwing on an old shirt and some baggy shorts before hugging a tub of ice cream to his chest and browsing YouTube. The funny dog compilations help lift his mood a bit, but then a clip of a couple cuddling with their puppy pops up and Jimin is overcome with crippling blue balls yet again. He's about to grab a beer from the fridge and indulge himself in sadboy hour when his bedroom door creaks open, a dashingly dressed Jungkook poking his head in.

He gives Jimin's messy appearance a judgemental once-over before inviting himself in.
"You look like you're having a breakdown." Jimin glares at his boyfriend, and briefly considers kicking him; instead he holds out his empty container of ice cream.

"Toss this and get me a beer, peasant."

"Definitely having a breakdown." Jungkook mutters under his breath as he takes the trash with a smile, scuttling off to do as he's told.

When he comes back Jimin already has a sad movie queued up. He's hugging his knees to his chest, waiting patiently for his drink so that he can be drunk and depressed and alone; Jungkook takes a seat next to him, and then he takes a generous gulp of his beer.

"Didn't you just come from having drinks?" Jimin snatches the can before he loses any more of his precious alcohol.

"You make me nervous." The young professor loosens his tie, scooting closer. "I need it."

"Nervous how?" Jimin scoffs. Jungkook was always so composed around him, aside from his anxious rambling when he made a mistake.

"Nervous that I'm going to mess this up." Jungkook stares into his lap, tugging at the hem of his shirt. His fingers are trembling again; Jimin takes a large swig of beer as his eyes follow the action. "Do you really want to have sex?"

Jimin can't stop the frown that weighs down his lips. "Jungkook."

"I-its fine, really. I guess I just had this plan in my head and I didn't realize it was bothering you."

"Plan?"

"I wanted to take you somewhere special. I just--i'm not normal, and I know other people would give you what you want."
Jimin feels his heart kick violently against his ribs. He feels like a dick—he is a dick. He'd been looking at their relationship as a summer fling, but Jungkook is a pure person. He actually cares about getting to know Jimin, about spending time together and sharing opinions and all of the cheesy things his parents do that make him fake gag at family reunions. Jimin had been heartbroken before. He didn't want Jungkook, or anyone to feel that way.

"No one's normal. Normal is a lie." Jimin tucks himself close against Jungkook's side, arms curling around his waist. He's not very good at comforting but pressure and warmth always make him feel better; if Jungkook is anxious, it should work. "And I like your plan. I like you."

Jungkook stiffens at the words, but his body eventually relaxes, limp in Jimin's arms. "I like you too, hyung."

"Good."

Jimin presses a shy kiss to his boyfriend's cheek, nuzzling into the crook of his neck. They'd have to move to the bed at some point, but for now he just wanted to enjoy Jungkook's presence in peace. He smells good, like something warm and safe; it's subtle enough that Jimin has to inhale deeply to pick up more. He'd have to ask the younger about his cologne tomorrow.

They eventually shuffle to bed; Jungkook slips out of his day clothes and Jimin sticks to him like a koala, snoring and drooling against his shoulder. In the morning everything seems perfect, except Jimin's inner thigh is wet. Normally he'd assume he had a dirty dream and just go back to sleep, but this particular thigh was hooked around Jungkook's waist; at some point in the night it must have slid down-

Oh.

Something thick twitches underneath his leg, the pressure enough to jolt him awake.

"Kook, baby?" Jimin rasps, feeling his own cock fatten where it's pressed up against his boyfriend's hip.

"Hmm?" Jungkook yawns and resettles against the pillows, cracking his eyes open slowly. "Time to get up?"
"No. You're um," Jimin shifts his thigh, shivering at the way the other man's eyes darken. "You're hard."

"S'cause your thighs are so soft." Jungkook ruts his hips upwards experimentally and Jimin splutters, removing his leg completely.

"What are you-"

"On your back." The way he says it, there's no room for argument. This Jungkook is dazed and dominant, manhandling Jimin until he's got him just how he wants him. Jimin can only watch in awe as his boyfriend tugs off his boxers and throws them, hands immediately moving to caress his inner thighs.

"Kookie, what's gotten into you?"

"Someone was rubbing all over me while they were sleeping." Jungkook licks his lips as he stares down, like he's debating on what he wants to devour first. "thought I'd return the favor and rub all over them."

The elder shivers at the way his voice drops; Jungkook pauses, hand settling on Jimin's knee.

"Is this okay?"

"W-what?"

"I wanna eat you out."

Jimin chokes on his own breath. He probably should've known Jungkook wasn't completely innocent based on his stellar handjobs, but even his ex boyfriend never offered to do something like this; 'only made one of them feel good, so it wasn't fair.'

"Y-yeah, fuck-"
"Hold up your legs for me."

Jungkook doesn't wait or give any warning. He dives between Jimin's thighs, hoists up his hips and mouths just shy of his core before his tongue forces its way in, flicking and gyrating in a way that has Jimin's toes curling and his back arching. It's warm and wet, doesn't go deep enough but keeps him on edge, makes him want more.

He's just about to throw his dignity to the wind and be g when Jungkook pulls away, lapping at his hole with small, kittenish licks. Jimin tilts his head up to glare and their gazes lock; Jungkook's eyes are dark and wild, pupils dilated like a hungry beast. Jimin swears he can see the smirk in the younger man's posture before he slips his tongue in again, this time with a surprise guest.

"Kookie." Jimin can't help it; he whimpers at the slight stretch, at the feeling of someone else's fingers inside of him after so long; his stomach clenches and he fists the sheets, trying not to reach down and touch himself. Something tells him Jungkook wouldn't allow it.

The squelching between his legs picks up and Jimin keens, arms trembling from where they're just barely holding his legs apart; Jungkook pulls back and inserts a second finger, licking his lips.

"Close?"

"Yeah, i-i'm gonna-"

"Hyung!"

Jimin groans as his head thumps against the floor, legs like jelly. He feels sticky and sweaty all over, and his boxers are uncomfortably tight and damp; Jimin groans and slams his head back, ready to die from embarrassment.

He'd just had a wet dream about the person he was sleeping next to.

"Hyung, are you okay?" Jungkook peeks over the edge of the bed guiltily, sheets pulled up to cover his skin; he was looking at Jimin like he was some kind of pervert.
"Well, I came, so yeah." Jimin jokes, sitting up. "Did I, um,"

"You rubbed against me." Jungkook confirms shyly, eyes darting around the room. The poor boy must've been petrified, waking up to Jimin rutting into his side like a dog in heat.

"Sorry. Guess I should go shower-"

"Can I go first?" The young professor blurts out, bunching the sheets around his waist. "I've got to get into the lab early."

"Uh, sure." Jimin narrows his eyes suspiciously when his boyfriend rises from the bed holding all of the sheets and waddles towards the door.

"I'll wash these too. They're dirty." Jungkook clears his throat and hauls ass out of the bedroom, shutting the door behind him.

Once the fog of his orgasm clears, a lightbulb goes off in Jimin's head.

"You're hard, aren't you?!" He scrambles out to tease his boyfriend, but Jungkook's already locked himself away in the bathroom.

"We've got a temporary transfer."

"This far in?" Jimin hums in surprise around his spoon of yogurt. The internship only had one month left; classes would start up again soon, and Jimin would yet again be dragged into the monotony of college.

"Yeah. Some top researcher's son, just got back from Madagascar. Pulled a lot of strings to end up here." Jungkook frowns, clearly not a fan of nepotism; he's not a fan of anything to do with people or society, really.
"Is he supposed to live here too?"

"Yeah." Jungkook huffs, taking a sip of coffee. His stubble is back, and he's barely been out of the lab all week; they were releasing three breeding pairs back into the wild. "My room's bigger. He can just bunk with me."

"Absolutely not." Jimin slams his fist against the table, clattering the dishes. "What if he-"

"Tries to have sex with me?" Jungkook finishes, peering over his cup. Jimin takes another look at his boyfriend's messy, disheveled appearance and okay, maybe he should feel a little more secure in their relationship but he knows what Jungkook looks like cleaned up. It's only a matter of time before the new rich kid likes what he sees and tries to snatch him.

"I'd be more comfortable if we stayed together." Jimin responds tactfully, licking his spoon clean. Jungkook licks his own lips at the same time, nodding in agreement.

"I don't like the idea of him being with you either."

"Are you getting all possessive on me Kookie?" Jimin wiggles his eyebrows and Jungkook shrugs, smiling.

"You're attractive and sociable. Even some of the day workers stare at you."

Jimin gags. Most of the daytime staff were burley middle aged men who worked with the animals. He'd rather not imagine that scenario.

"Well, he probably won't even be gay, right?"

Jungkook hums in agreement.

Still, Jimin worries. Even if he's weird and takes time to understand, Jungkook is hot. To most college-aged men, that's more than enough reason to begin a conquest; it was enough for Jimin.
Lunch time, which has unofficially become gossip time, sees him pacing around the table while the other three dig into some galbi Seokjin brought from home. Jungkook doesn't show up because he's 'exceptionally' busy, and it's just the opening Jimin needs.

"Guys, how do I get Jungkook to fuck me?"

"Jimin, we're eating." Seokjin doesn't even sound upset anymore. He's so used to Jimin shouting profanities at lunch that he just tunes it out.

"I'm serious! There's some guy moving in with us, and we haven't-" Jimin groans and tugs at his hair, already driven mad with jealousy by his imaginary rival. "Maybe I should just jump him while he's playing overwatch."

"Why don't you make an honest request to have sex at a predetermined time? The only thing Jungkook loves more than Excel sheets is a tight schedule." Namjoon, helpful man that he is, offers a boring solution.

"He's a sap. He'll want candles and roses and time to prepare." Jimin grumbles, taking a seat. "I've probably got the tightest ass for miles and my boyfriend would rather screw his hand."

"Sex isn't everything in a relationship you know." Yoongi cuts in, waving his chopsticks. "Feelings are important too."

"The only things Jungkook feels are anxiety and jealous-"

Jimin freezes.

Yoongi narrows his eyes.

Seokjin sighs.

"Jimin, don't-"
"Thanks hyungs!"

It doesn't matter what they say from that point on; Jimin has a game plan.

Namjoon frowns around a piece of meat, chewing slowly. "You know, we'll really have to make this up to Kook one day."

"Let him suffer. He's the one who agreed to date that menace."

Said menace is humming happily to himself as he squeezes into his smallest pair of track shorts, the ones that hug his thighs and cup his ass and make him look otherwise fantastic. They're accompanied by a matching tank top, thin and loose enough that it hangs off of him more than it covers him. Jimin doesn't exactly make a habit of baiting straight men--he prefers to stay within the safe, secure bubble of boys he knows for a fact won't try to hide him from their friends and family--but if it means making Jungkook a little more eager to execute his 'plan' Jimin is willing to suffer a few unsavory glances.

He struts back to the lab with a bounce in his step, whistling the tune of a recent girl group song as he twirls his lanyard. A few of the other workers shoot him curious looks as he scans in, but Jimin keeps his eyes on the prize; Jungkook is hunched over a PCR machine tweaking the settings, completely oblivious to the absolute snack waiting behind him.

"Jimin? Could you pass me the case of pipette tips?"

His boyfriend doesn't even look up, and Jimin feels the beginnings of annoyance simper in his chest.

"Which ones? There are two here." He plays dumb. Jimin's been doing this long enough to know exactly what Jungkook needs. Regardless, right now he needs the young professor to turn around and appreciate his efforts.

"The ones for micropipettes. They should be-" Jungkook blinks as he turns around, appraising Jimin's clothing choice and maybe a little more. He frowns. "Did you go on a run?"
"No, it was just a little hot." Jimin picks up the correct package, jiggling it around. "This one?"

"It's not that hot outside. It's certainly not hot inside." Jungkook continues to argue, taking a step towards Jimin.

"Do you have a problem with what I'm wearing?"

"No. I appreciate it, actually." Jungkook crosses his arms over his chest and quirks and eyebrow. "I'm just trying to figure out why you're wearing it."

Leave it to Jeon fucking Jungkook to be completely immune to his jealousy plan. He might as well be running around outside naked.

"Could we go somewhere this weekend? Just us?" Jimin asks without asking for what he really wants; Jungkook can probably read between the lines.

"Sure. I need to drop off some paperwork with the main office in Seoul and check in with the director."

No, he can't.

"Would we be staying overnight?" Jimin tries to probe gently, hoping to salvage the situation.

"I suppose. I could book us two rooms somewhere near the university."

"Two?"

"It's charged to the program's expense account. I don't think the director would be terribly pleased if he knew I was sleeping with my intern, boyfriends or not."

"You could be saving money!"
"We're well funded." Jungkook shoots him down with a neutral stare; as neutral as he can be while simultaneously appraising Jimin's body, anyways.

"So it's just a work trip?"

"We can have food paid for as well. I'll arrange everything, so you should," Jungkook licks his lips and averts his eyes back to the PCR machine. "Go get changed."

It's clear that Jungkook is at the very least interested in Jimin's body. Counting the inference as a minor victory, he returns to their dorm to switch back into his work clothes. Whoever the transfer was, they wouldn't be seducing his boyfriend; they wouldn't get there in time.

Jimin spends the rest of the week mentally and physically preparing himself for their trip.

He's got an extravagant plan to break into Jungkook's hotel room at night and force the younger's hand; hours were spent browsing adult websites, looking for the best products, the softest lace, the most form-fitting tops. (Yoongi gags when he hands the packages over, having seen where they came from.)

Jungkook is busy closing off things with other facilities, making sure all of the animals are healthy and sending out charts and records to track their breeding cycles so they can be successfully reintegrated. He's barely spared Jimin a second of dedicated attention, mostly barking out orders and disappearing into his room with a closed, unlocked door (Jimin checked out of curiosity) to complete the more complex paperwork and communicate with the wildlife reserves.

Their grand total of cuddle time for the week is probably within an hour but Jimin doesn't mind because he's working towards a goal, driven simultaneously by his desire to be ravaged and his affection for his boyfriend. Friday rolls around and he's already repacked his suitcase six times, hiding all of his recent purchases under a wall of slacks and dress shirts.

The train ride up is bearable, even though Jungkook spends most of it sleeping against his shoulder. The scenery is nice and he manages to sneak in a few photos of his boyfriend, one of which turns into his lock screen indefinitely.

The hotel Jungkook booked is fancy; more expensive than anything Jimin had ever been able to afford during his college career, or life for that matter. Spending government money was nice.
"They'll take our bags to our rooms, so let's run over to the main office now. We can grab dinner afterwards."

The young professor tucks a card back into his wallet, adjusting his satchel. He's all dressed up in a fitted suit from some expensive brand, far outshining Jimin's simple yet homey business casual. The director must be important, for Jungkook to be putting in this much effort when he goes to see him.

"Are we eating at some five-star restaurant?" Jimin jokes half-heartedly, struggling to keep up with his boyfriend's long strides; Jungkook slows down and gives him a curious look before reaching out to link their fingers.

"Well, that was the plan, but if you know a good place I'd like to go there instead." The younger gives Jimin's hand a reassuring squeeze and walks forward with confidence; Jimin blushes like a school girl as he follows behind him, eyes focused on their connected hands.

His ex had hated holding hands.

The main office isn't nearly as glamorous as the surrounding buildings. Jimin thinks it looks pretty plain, all things considered, but they still have to scan in at the front desk and wait to be escorted up. Jungkook takes charge once they're outside of the director's office, telling Jimin to have a seat while they prepare for their meeting. He wishes he could sit in on it and offer some insight, but Jimin can barely keep up with Jungkook in the lab; it's never been made quite so clear that he's still an outsider to the field.

Jungkook seems to pick up on his pouting when the meeting is over; he takes them to a little hole in the wall family restaurant thirty minutes away from their hotel, ordering a platter of lamb skewers and naengmyeon for the table.

"Sorry you couldn't come in today hyung. It's just--the director is a little eccentric. He would've grilled you about things we weren't even studying." Jungkook offers him the first piece of meat and Jimin sighs, shaking his head.

"That's not on you. I did apply for a science internship when I don't know the first thing about science."

"But you're learning!" The younger defends, raising his voice unintentionally; a few people stare at their table and Jungkook quiets down, picking at his food. "You're good at it. All the interns before were bad because they assumed they were right. They came in with a cocky attitude."
"You're saying I didn't?" Jimin quirks a brow and the younger flushes; apparently he wasn't immune to Jimin's looks just yet.

"You're bossy, but not unreasonable. You listen really well, and you try hard, and you don't let other people discourage you." Jungkook fidgets in his seat. "And you give everyone a chance. It's why I like you."

"I'm not that great Kook." Jimin shrugs, taking a bite of his skewer. "The only reason I'm here is because I didn't want to be home."

"It's not always about what it starts as hyung. Sometimes we figure out what we want after we think we've made up our minds."

Jimin doesn't understand at first; it's a little too cryptic for a Friday night, and he'd rather be snuggled up in bed with his boyfriend than discussing his character flaws. He finishes the meal happily, follows Jungkook back to the hotel bar happily so that they can chat a bit more before going to bed.

Jungkook orders a whiskey on the rocks and Jimin counters his excessive masculinity with a fruity cocktail that the woman next to him had ordered. It makes the bartender chuckle, but she's otherwise quiet.

"So," Jimin starts, stirring his drink with the gaudily decorated umbrella. "What brings you here tonight, handsome?"

"We came here together." Jungkook blinks, slightly confused; Jimin smiles and takes a sip of his drink. It's much stronger than he thought.

"Do you know what foreplay is, Kook?"

The nearby patrons shoot Jimin dirty looks but he ignores them; instead he leans closer to his boyfriend, watching for any change in his expression.

"Pre-coital stimulation. It's a very common human mating behavior." Jungkook swirls his glass, shrugging. "No different from when males fight for the attention of receptive females in the wild."
"So what do you think human foreplay involves?"

"Small talk, subtle touches." Jungkook blinks, and pauses, the realization hitting him all at once. "You just-"

"Jimin?"

The sound of the voice alone is enough to make his heart sink into his stomach.

Jimin doesn't want to look up. He knows what, who he'll see if he turns his head, and he'd much rather keep his eyes trained on his drink.

"Who are you?" Jungkook asks, shattering the moment.

"Im Jaebum. Jimin's old boyfriend, I guess." From the corner of his eye, Jimin can see Jaebum holding out a hand; Jungkook stares at it disdainfully until the other man finally retracts it. "You're not his usual type."

"And what would that be?"

Jimin is frozen in panic; Jaebum could ruin it all for him. He could make Jungkook disgusted, make him never want to come back, never look at him the same. Everything would be ruined.

"He likes older guys. Not as fresh as you."

"Guess he found something better then." Jungkook shifts his posture to something defensive, and Jimin's jaw drops.

When he looks up, Jungkook is staring Jaebum down like he's about to kill him.

"Better?" Jaebum stands for a moment, sizing Jungkook up. He must come to the conclusion that
it's not worth a fight, because his smirk doesn't falter. "Well, I guess we didn't end on the best terms. I hope you really are better, kid."

Jungkook doesn't look away until Jaebum is out of sight, disappearing into the hotel lobby. He doesn't see the way Jimin shrinks into himself, drink suddenly leaving a sour taste in his mouth. Jaebum had been so sweet when they first met; he'd been sweet for months. He'd been sweet up until he was tired of Jimin's attitude and his body didn't make up for it anymore.

What if Jungkook was just using him too? What if he wasn't better?

"Are you okay?"

Jungkook looks so different. Handsome, confident, successful--someone Jimin couldn't hold a candle to. He's nothing like the scruffy mess Jimin met on the first day, nothing like the bumbling man who'd carried him to bed and dealt with his drunken antics. The Jungkook he sees in the moment is so indisputably different that Jimin feels sick.

"I need to go to my room."

He doesn't bother waiting for a response. Jimin walks to the elevators as fast as he can, keeps his eyes trained to the ground so that no one can see the way they shine with unshed tears.

He's so fucking stupid.

"Hyung!"

Jungkook catches up. Of course he does, he's always been fast. Jimin can't even press his keycard to the door in time to escape; Jungkook grabs his wrist, shifting to block the handle.

"Hyung, what's wrong?" The younger must catch sight of Jimin's tears, because his voice is shaky and panicked. "Is it my fault? Did I do something that upset you?"

"No. I just need a moment alone."
"Can we talk? I feel like this is my fault -"

"I just want to be alone, Jungkook." Jimin cuts, feeling his despair morph into anger.

"B-but I haven't even -"

"Move!"

The hand around his wrist drops, and Jimin nearly breaks the door with how frantically he shoves it open, how hard he slams it behind himself. He doesn't care that he's overreacting. He doesn't care that he's left Jungkook out in the hallway, wondering what's going on. Jimin just wants time to himself to stabilize.

Breathe.

He ambles towards the bathroom on autopilot, pulling off his shirt, stepping out of his slacks, removing his clothes one by one until he's bare in the shower with hot water trailing down his chest.

Jungkook and Jaebum were two different people. He shouldn't freak out just because he saw his ex--that wasn't fair to Jungkook. None of this was fair to Jungkook; it was his first relationship and all Jimin's managed to do is make him feel guilty and inadequate. Similar thoughts cloud his mind as he sways underneath the showerhead, watching his skin tint pink from the heat.

Maybe Jimin just wasn't good enough. Maybe he should just give up now before he screws up even more -

"Hyung?"

Jungkook stands on the other side of glass, breathless.

Jimin chokes on a sob, the burn strong enough he simply lets his tears fall.
The door swings open with a loud crack and rattle, and the water stops. He can still hear it in the background, but there's a wall protecting him, strong arms and a broad chest wrapped around just tightly enough to deflect the spray. Normally Jimin would scold Jungkook for jumping in with such a nice suit on, but the complaint never comes—instead he just cries. Cries because he's grateful that Jungkook is stubborn, that he doesn't listen, that he's different.

He cries like a baby while the younger rocks them side to side gently, never saying a word, not complaining as he's drenched in scalding water, not caring that Jimin claws at the fabric of his suit.

Jimin had read somewhere that people who take longer showers do so because they feel lonely. He's sure whoever wrote that article would be thrown through a loop if they saw Jungkook here with him, ready to stay forever if he needed to.

When he finally feels grounded Jimin reaches out to shut off the water; Jungkook is dripping wet, his clothes plastered to him in a way that can't be anything but uncomfortable. Unsurprisingly, the first words that leave his mouth form an apology.

"Hyung, I'm sorry. I should've looked after you better."

"None of this is your fault." Jimin is a little surprised by how raspy his voice sounds. Must've been from the whole 'crying hysterically' thing.

"No. I got jealous, and I was so focused on putting him in his place that I didn't notice you were upset." Jungkook sniffles, and Jimin only just realizes that the younger had been crying with him. "I'm sorry."

"I'm sorry I snapped at you." Jimin shakes a little, staring down at his feet. "I'm sorry for raising my voice like that. I just-

A sneeze echoes off the shower walls and Jungkook peeks over his arm apologetically, sniffling again. For some reason the sight makes warmth spread through Jimin's chest; he takes a step out of the shower, tugging on his boyfriend's sleeve. "Let's dry off and get dressed."

When they step back out into the room, both clad in towels, Jimin blinks in confusion. There are rose petals spread across the bed, candles barely flickering on the dresser, and a silver-lined tray of condoms, oils and lubricants set on the end table. He completely missed it coming in because he'd
walked straight into the bathroom. Jungkook clears his throat, adjusting the towel around his hips.

"It was, um, supposed to be a surprise."

"Trust me, it still is." Jimin's eyebrows furrow when he catches sight of Jungkook's suitcase tucked away in the closet; they'd never gotten two separate rooms. That must've been how he got in.

"I'll put all this stuff away."

The younger rushes to hide the evidence of his planned romantic night, probably finding it inappropriate given the situation; Jimin watches him fumble with the rose petals for a few seconds, candlelight flickering off his back, before he closes the gap between them, tugging on his boyfriend's arm. Jungkook looks up in surprise, dropping all of the flowers he'd managed to collect.

"Keep it out."

"What?"

"Show me your plan."

Jungkook's mouth falls open—he closes it a few times, like he's struggling to find the words to respond, but eventually he simply darts to his travel bag, pulling out a pair of boxers. He's hiding in the bathroom before Jimin can utter a word in protest (there really wasn't a point in getting dressed now) but rather than fight his boyfriend's shy mannerisms he plays along, digging out a pair of thin sleep shorts to cover himself with.

Jungkook pops out of the bathroom a few minutes later, all nervous smiles and fidgeting limbs; he opens the mini-fridge and reveals two little bottles of chardonnay, tossing one over to Jimin.

"Are you trying to get me drunk, Professor Jeon?" Jimin jokes, climbing into bed; Jungkook is slow to follow, keeping a calculated distance between them.

"No, I'm trying to get myself drunk. I just didn't want you to feel left out." The younger pops open
his bottle and downs it in one go, eyes squinting at the burn.

"Nervous?"

"A little."

Jimin chuckles as he sips on his bottle, scooting closer to his boyfriend who almost immediately tenses up. "I can do all the work, if you want?"

"You hate doing work." Jungkook fires back as he reaches over to steal Jimin's drink; Jimin clicks his tongue against his teeth and frowns, pulling the bottle away.

"Not if it makes me feel good."

Jungkook clams up suddenly, pushing up and shifting around like he wants to get off the bed; he definitely looks like he wants to run away.

"Actually, um, maybe we should do this later? Today has been a lot, and I don't want to under...overwhelm you."

"Kook, if you're worrying about satisfying me, don't." Jimin shoots his younger boyfriend a sympathetic look, reaching for his hand. "We can work on your dick game gradually. I'll make sure you get lots of practice."

"It's not that actually. It's, um," Jungkook starts, eyes darting back and forth between Jimin

"We've been talking about this for weeks." Jimin huffs, taking a big gulp of his wine. He has half a mind to shove his boyfriend into the mattress and ride him like there's no tomorrow, but the spike in Jungkook's anxiety warrants a more delicate touch. "What's up with you? You seemed eager enough before."

"Well, it's just--im kind of, um, big. " Jungkook starts, eyes darting back and forth between Jimin
and his lap.

"That's not a bad thing." Jimin mumbles back, pressing up against the larger male's side.

"Yeah, but there's also something...attached?" Jungkook winces at the term, clearly unsure of how to navigate the conversation.

"Like a growth?"

"No, not a-" the younger groans and slams his head back against the wall, clearly frustrated that he can't say what's on his mind.

"Would it be easier to show me?" Jimin tries, setting his drink on the end table.

"I-" it seems like he wants to protest the idea. Jungkook stares down at his own crotch, then at Jimin, then back down--he exhales sharply and sits up, holding his hand out. "Give me the wine."

Jimin hands over the bottle and watches in amusement as his boyfriend chugs the contents before tossing it onto the floor. Jungkook seems to hype himself up for a second before he turns back to Jimin, thumbs hooking into the waistband of his boxers.

"Okay. Okay, I'll just, um." He tugs his underwear down past his thighs, and Jimin chokes on his own breath. Jungkook has a nice dick. It's as big soft as Jimin is hard, and while that alone is enough to leave his mouth watering there are two little stainless steel balls about an inch apart tucked just behind the spongy head in a line that followed the center of his cock. There was also a tattoo that would've been hidden just below his waistband, a set of Roman numerals for thirteen slanted to follow the v of his hips.

Jimin's so busy drooling over his newfound treasure that he doesn't notice the way his boyfriend is flushed down to his chest from the scrutiny.

"It's weird, isn't it?" Jungkook whines out, moving to pull his boxers back up; Jimin slaps a hand over his wrist before he can even think about it, wetting his lips.
"Well, I've never seen dick attachments before, but I think I like them." He wants to reach out and touch, but he also has a feeling Jungkook will implode if any contact is made while they're both staring so intently. "Did it hurt?"

Jimin tilts his head up to ask, smiling encouragingly when Jungkook averts his eyes.

"The um, the one on the bottom hurt more." Jungkook's ears tint pink as he quickly pulls his boxers back up, and Jimin is slack-jawed for a solid ten seconds before he's straddling the younger's thighs, pupils blown.

"You have two piercings down there?" Jimin isn't shy about letting his hands wander, hips rolling forward just enough to press against Jungkook and leave the young professor shivering. "What in the world inspired you to do that?"

"I went through a phase in undergrad." After a moment's hesitation Jungkook settles his hands on Jimin's waist, steadying him. "There were a lot more, but they've all healed up now."

"A lot more where?"

"Nowhere exciting, unfortunately." Jimin squeaks when he's pulled into a kiss, arms scrambling for purchase until they settle against his boyfriend's shoulders. Everything starts out slow and careful, from the way their lips slot together to the steady moans that punctuate every accidental rut of the hips.

Jungkook is surprisingly controlled, gentle with all of his touches as he pulls back to mouth along the column of Jimin's neck up to the corner of his jaw. The younger's hands slide lower, fingers splayed as they dip past his sleep shorts to dig into the flesh of his ass, pressure still cautious like he was afraid to leave marks; Jimin sighs softly as teeth scrape against his collarbone, the pain quickly soothed by the gentle swipe of a tongue and reverent kisses around the bruise.

They go on like this for what seems like forever; Jungkook works a pattern of marks into his boyfriend's skin, kneading the globes of his ass and occasionally forcing him down so that he can rut their hips together.

Jimin is already hard enough that he wants to strip; after a few gentle tugs he manages to pull away from Jungkook completely, pushing back until their legs are untangled. Normally he'd make a show of it, but no sooner is he pushing the fabric down than Jungkook is crowding his space,
pinning him to the mattress as he grinds their hips together.

"Jungkook," All Jimin can do is whimper pitifully as his shorts are pulled down past his thighs, the younger grunting in frustration before his forearms tense up and he tears them down the seam. He looks half-ready to do the same with his own until Jimin pinches his side, effectively taming the beast. "Easy, baby. We need lube."

For a moment, Jungkook looks genuinely confused. It's like his brain doesn't make the connection, still instinctively focused on breed and dominate, but after a few seconds his expression shifts to complete mortification.

"I'm so sorry-"

"It's okay, it was hot. Just prep me first?"

Jimin spreads his legs, and Jungkook looks like he might explode. His muscles twitch before he leans back to grab one of the colorful bottles and a foil packet, only momentarily unaware that he's still partially dressed. He strips his boxers, and after a moment of hesitation gets rid of the mess of cloth around Jimin's legs as well.

After a few more moments it's clear that Jungkook isn't entirely sure of what to do. He fiddles with the bottle in his hands, staring at the label like it might somehow reveal the answers to the universe.

"Here," Jimin sits up, covering Jungkook's hand with his own. He gives the younger a quick smile as he uncaps the bottle, pouring a generous amount onto his fingers. "Just do it one at a time."

"You'll tell me if it hurts?" Jungkook slides his hand down, fingers stroking back and forth along his entrance, coating the rim thoroughly. Sex seems to be just another thing the younger is naturally good at because the first finger that slips in makes Jimin's toes curl and his back arch; maybe it's just been too long since he's been touched like this, or maybe the thought of Jungkook touching him is enough to fire off every nerve in his body. Either way, he's embarrassed of how quickly his cock fattens against his stomach at the breach.

"Hyung?" Jungkook's voice fades in, laced with uncertainty. His finger stills and Jimin can't hold in his whimper of frustration, hips rutting down in search of friction.
"Fuck ...keep going baby."

There's a soft curse and a pause before a second finger joins the first, curling impatiently. It takes a few tries, a few encouraging whines from Jimin every time Jungkook adjusts his angle but eventually they rub against the right spot and he practically melts against the mattress.

The discovery sets off a chain reaction, or a train wreck, depending on the perspective; Jungkook gives a few more merciless jabs before working in a third finger, Jimin keens and thrashes and begs until he's kissed, and left feeling empty as his boyfriend's hand retreats. Jungkook sits back on his haunches to fumble with the lube again, trying to slip on a condom and slick himself up all at once.

It probably looks needy and desperate, but all Jimin can see is the thing that's about to go inside him, throbbing and glistening, pumped full and thick.

"C-can I, um," Jungkook wiggles closer, fingers curled tight around the base of his cock. He's fidgeting shyly like he didn't just have his fingers inside of Jimin, like he's still afraid of being rejected even though Jimin was just begging him to keep going a minute ago. It's so cute and endearing, so incredibly Jungkook that Jimin regrets ever even entertaining the thought that he'd changed.

The confident researcher from this afternoon was Jungkook, but the mess of nerves hovering between his legs, torn between touching and shying away was also Jungkook.

His Jungkook.

"Maybe I should help a little. Sit back?" Jimin pushes himself up with a soft sigh, prodding at Jungkook's shoulders until the younger settles back against the headboard. He's still clutching himself, squeezing like he's afraid he'll come embarrassingly quick--Jimin stores the information in the back of his mind for next time.

For now he focuses on the pressure of Jungkook against him, the beginnings of a pleasant stretch as he tests the waters, one hand lining up the younger's cock while the other grasps at his shoulder for support.

"Ready?" Jimin tries to hide his own eagerness as he presses back, hole clenching fruitlessly around nothing. Jungkook groans his consent with hazy eyes; his hands paw their way up to the
crest of Jimin's hips, settling with a bruising grip. Feeling a strange mix of uneasy and confident he drops down, the initial stretch enough to make him whimper and tighten up; Jungkook gasps in surprise, hips bucking to inch in further, until he sheaths himself completely with a powerful snap, the force tearing an embarrassingly broken whine from Jimin's lips as he falls forward into his boyfriend's waiting arms.

"Sorry, I," Jungkook's chest is heaving and his thighs twitch; his eyes are dark and hungry, barely human as he looks down to where their hips connect, grinding experimentally. "Y-you're really tight."

"And you're really big, jerk.‖ Jimin groans against his boyfriend's neck, feeling numb all over. He's so full --Jungkook is just the right combination of long and thick, and his piercings add extra points of pressure, cold little bumps that pulse every few seconds, matching the steady throb of his cock. "M'gonna come."

"Already?‖ Jungkook presses a breathless kiss to his shoulder, smiling against his skin. "We haven't even started."

"I saw you holding back. You're gonna come too.‖ Jimin pulls back with a pout, squeezing around the girth inside him. Jungkook, unsurprisingly, bucks his hips up again, scrambling to hold Jimin in place so that he can chase his own pleasure. He's no better than a feral dog, and Jimin's beginning to wonder if his wet dreams these past few weeks had any truth to them.

" Hyung ."

"What's wrong baby?‖ Once he's gotten used to the stretch, Jimin finds it all too easy to raise his hips. The first few bounces are slow, curious, letting him get used to the slight burn, but once he's found a good angle his thighs get to work, rutting down hard enough to make the bed creak. "Thought I was the one who came too fast?"

"Y-you're still mad about that?"

"Why would I be mad?‖ Jimin leans back with a smirk, squeezing as he grinds down on Jungkook's cock. He can feel the tell-tale throb of a man on the edge, even through the condom. "You're gonna take good care of me, aren't you?"

Jungkook whines as he slumps down onto his back, hips kicking up weakly. He's such a pretty
mess, flushed and panting, bangs sweaty and mouth parted to let out breathy moans that don't match the roughness of his touch, the hard planes of his body. He looks so good underneath Jimin, would look even better on top of him; Jimin curses under his breath and plants his hands on Jungkook's stomach, nails digging in as he works himself open fast and hard, fueling the heat that swirls in the pit of his stomach.

The bed creaks, a distinct slap of skin against skin echoing in the room until Jungkook breaks the steady rhythm with a breathless groan and a solid thrust up; he holds Jimin flush against him as he comes, whimpering out praise as his body spasms. Jimin wants to tease him for coming so quickly but he feels those god damn piercings rubbing into his prostate with each shaky thrust and he can only babble incoherently as his own release wracks his body.

He falls forward in a boneless lump, chest heaving and skin tingling with satisfaction he hasn't felt in a long time. Jungkook presses a kiss to the top of his head, chest rumbling with a raspy laugh.

"What's so funny?" Jimin murmurs into his skin, absently noting that he's covered them both in his cum by flopping down.

"We lasted like, five minutes." Jungkook doesn't stop laughing until Jimin pinches his nipple, which results in a surprised squeak.

"I would've gone for longer if you didn't have those damn dick attachments."

"Or maybe we just like each other too much?" Jungkook shifts so that they're more comfortable, letting his palm splay against Jimin's back. "Strong emotions can trigger endorphin release and result in heightened sensitivity."

Jimin hums in agreement; he definitely felt warm and fuzzy inside because of more than just the usual post-orgasm bliss. Jungkook made him feel safe and cared for.

"We should wash up." The younger mumbles as he shifts his hips, carefully pulling out; Jimin whines softly at the loss, not liking how empty he suddenly feels.

"I don't wanna."

"Hyung, I'm not gonna fall asleep covered in your... gunk." Jungkook wrinkles his nose, and it's
Jimin's turn to laugh.

"Maybe I'm marking my territory."

"There are more sanitary ways to do that."

"But this one is special."

Jimin pushes himself up with the hopes of pouting his way to the response he wants; Jungkook's gaze is dark and predatory, beastly as he looks up at Jimin, wetting his lips.

"It definitely is."

"I can't believe you guys didn't tell me about his dick."

"Good to see you too, Jimin."

Lunch on Monday is something of a mix between Jimin bragging about how fortunate he is and being upset with the others for hiding something so amazing from him. Jungkook had happily agreed to have sex with him whenever he wanted, provided they weren't in public and he wasn't asleep. They'd had slow, sappy morning sex earlier today and he was already excited for the night.

"Like, it's so good. I get that you haven't seen him hard but those piercings? Fucking game changer." Jimin sighs dreamily as he hugs his lunchbox, ignoring the way Namjoon chokes on his food.

"Ah yes. What were we thinking, not disclosing the very private fact that Jungkook's dick is modded? Forgive us Jimin, we were fools." Yoongi drones out, still relatively unaffected by the vulgarity; it's a surprise, considering how sensitive he was to last minute supplies requests.

"I was hoping getting dick would shut you up." Seokjin murmurs as he adds dressing to his salad,
grimacing at squelch. "Guess Jungkook can't fuck you stupid if you're already an idiot."

"Jin hyung, you know he's just excited." Namjoon scolds, having recovered from his near-death experience. "The transfer is coming tonight and he's finally taken their relationship to the next level."

"The transfer is coming today?" Jimin gawks. He still hasn't cleared out his room, hasn't packed or folded or cleaned the sheets. He's been so caught up in getting to touch Jungkook the way he wants to that he completely forgot about the stupid transfer.

"Jungkook should've told you. In fact, I'm almost certain I heard him tell you while we were walking." Yoongi gives Jimin a well-deserved unimpressed frown.

"I need to clean my room!" Jimin shoots out of his seat, more excited by the prospect of moving in with Jungkook than he's startled by the fact that their happy apartment life will be disrupted. Seokjin shakes his head as he takes a bite of salad.

"He doesn't even eat lunch anymore."

Jimin dumps all of his things in a box and shoves it into the corner of Jungkook's room. He'll miss having the good a/c but he could probably convince the younger to stop using his desktop so much, or at least to install some fans to circulate the air.

As he's walking back out to return to work there's a knock on the front door; Jimin blinks several times because the live in staff never knock, and they're the only ones who visit. Thinking it's just a lower researcher looking for Jungkook he happily opens the door, ready to disappoint until his eyes rake over one of the most chiseled torsos he's had the express pleasure of examining through a shirt.

"Hi, I'm Lee Hoseok." The man holds out his hand and Jimin forgets how to speak for a moment. "The new intern?"

"Right, um," Jimin clears his throat, shaking the offered hand. "You're a bit early. I'm Jimin, the other intern."

"Professor Jeon didn't need you in the lab?" Hoseok's eyebrows raise in surprise and Jimin
suddenly remembers he has a job to do.

"I uh, I was moving my stuff so you'd have a room--I need to get back, we were collecting samples."

"Mind waiting for me? I really want to see the cubs." He smiles sheepishly and Jimin has to pause for a second and remind himself he had a boyfriend. Hoseok seemed nice enough, easy to work with, nothing like the snooty science major he was expecting. Definitely not Jungkook's type, so that was a plus.

"Yeah, of course. Your room is the one straight ahead, past the kitchen."

Jimin waits, but it doesn't take too long. They stir up a little small talk and he mentions his own friend named Hoseok--the other intern hums and admits he prefers to go by Wonho, because he's met far too many people who share his name.

Wonho also likes to dance, and says he would've tacked on a dance minor if his college allowed it but he's already maxed out on credits. He's cool, and charming, and just a smidge bigger than Jungkook but droves more socially adjusted.

Jimin can see that Wonho is a problem the second he returns to the lab and Jungkook doesn't smile.

"You're late."

"I ran into the transfer during lunch."

"Finish these reports while I show him around."

Jimin is stuck at his desk while Jungkook and Wonho go over whatever important science things the new intern needs to know; by the time work is over for the day Jungkook pulls him aside again, looking less than pleased.

"Your measurements were off. You need to redo those reports."
If he had a little more sense he would've thought back to his reports. He would've realized that his measurements were flawless because he'd been trained well, and he might have told Jungkook to fuck off before going to bed early. But Jimin does none of these things, because he instinctively trusts Jungkook's directions.

He doesn't mind being cooped up in the room re-doing his work until he checks and rechecks and re-re-checks only to find that his measurements and calculations were in fact correct; the moment he realizes this he storms through the door into the shared common area where Jungkook and Wonho are eating dinner.

The two men look up in surprise, apparently caught up in some stupid debate; Jimin slaps his printed reports down on the dining table, jaw clenched.

"The measurements were right. Why did you make me rewrite these?"

"I'm certain I saw mistakes. I'll check it before bed."

"How about checking it right now, Professor Jeon." As he crosses his arms over his chest, Jimin notices Wonho's eyes wander--it briefly occurs to him that he's only wearing a pair of boxers. His anger quickly helps him forget that fact. "I've lost hours to this."

"Do you mind if I look?" Wonho asks, pushing his plate aside. Jungkook's eye twitches at the suggestion but he doesn't outright reject it; instead he pushes the packets over, feigning indifference.

"This should catch you up on our research. We'll head to bed to figure this out."

"You two share a room?"

"This is normally a one-intern program. Don't worry, we'll make do." Jungkook redirects Wonho's concerns while Jimin storms back to their bedroom, throwing himself down into the office chair. He pouts for a solid ten minutes before his boyfriend returns, locking the door behind him. Never one to beat around the bush, Jimin immediately starts his interrogation.
"Why did you make me rewrite those reports?"

"I didn't want you talking to the new guy." Jungkook confesses easily, changing into his pajamas. "He's definitely interested in you."

"So now you're deciding who I get to talk to?" Jimin tilts his chin up defiantly, ready to push off of the chair and tackle the younger through the window for his audacity. The opportunity never comes, of course; Jungkook plugs his phone in and settles on his side of the bed, guiltless.

"I can't stop you from talking to anyone about anything hyung. Can't even stop you from parading around in your underwear." The last bit is pointedly bitter, and Jimin has to mentally prepare himself for sleeping with a salty Jungkook tonight. He was hoping for more sex, or even just some heated touching, but it's clear that his boyfriend is in a mood and it won't be changing any time soon.

He'll get over it when he sees that Jimin definitely isn't attracted to Wonho.

Except, it's kind of hard to see, because they're always together goofing around. To be fair, Jimin smiles at everyone, even the burly day time staff that always seem to be glaring daggers and muttering curses under their breath. Wonho is considerably easier to smile at because he's young and sociable and doesn't seem to want to murder Jimin (from what he can tell, anyways.)

Given the opportunity, Jimin would attempt to logically present his case for why Jungkook has absolutely nothing to worry about, beginning with the fact that he's practically always in the room with them and ending with the fact that Jimin's already decided to date him. His feelings were deeper than he'd like to admit, but he'd gladly admit them if it stopped Jungkook from bossing him around.

"Jimin, can you run these cubs down to the vet?"

Every

"Jimin, did you draw blood from Bastion?"

Five
"Jimin, where are the stool samples?"

Minutes.

By the end of Wonho's first week Jimin is a master of grunt work; Jungkook stopped making him write up reports because the other intern could stop in and chat with him while he was at his desk. He'd even gone so far as to have Jimin edit Wonho's reports at night so that they wouldn't spend time together in the common room.

When the team dinner rolls around that Friday night Jimin is ready to murder his boyfriend--he's already plotted a full public execution of his dignity.

"Jiminnie, why are you all dressed up?" Seokjin teases as soon as he lays eyes on him, looping an arm around his shoulders. Jimin did look nicer than usual today, having done his hair and picking out more form fitting slacks and a maroon silk button down that was maybe a tad too sensual. He'd considered wearing a choker as well, but something told him the locals wouldn't be very receptive to such edgy fashion.

"I'm in search of a lover." He says loud enough for Jungkook, and, unintentionally, Wonho, to hear. "Work has me stressed."

"I could introduce you to a strapping young researcher. Good body, nice and docile, cute bunny face." Seokjin teases as they walk into the restaurant, purposefully taking the seat opposite Jimin. Bastard probably wanted to stir up shit by making Jimin sit next to the one he's angry at.

They fill in and start ordering food; Jungkook practically sprints to take the seat next to Jimin, and while he's mostly silent during dinner he jumps at any chance to interrupt conversations between the two interns.

Jimin eventually counters his meddling by feeding him atrocious amounts of meat so that he can't talk at all.

"So Wonho, why'd you pick this program? I'm sure field research was more interesting." Jimin smiles as he stuffs another spoonful of rice into his boyfriend's mouth, enamoured with the way his cheeks puff out.
"Professor Jeon is famous. Even a month working with him is invaluable." Wonho bows his head as Yoongi pours him a shot, quickly pausing to take it. "The level of the reports you were writing is proof enough."

"This grumpy bunny is famous?" Jimin scoffs in disbelief, pressing his chopsticks to his lips. "He doesn't even wash his hair."

"He's been cleaner since you got here. Used to only bathe once a week." Yoongi adds, reaching across the table to pour Jimin a shot. "Got us kicked out of this restaurant once."

"There are more pressing matters than showering to be addressed during the day." Jungkook quickly defends himself, finally done chewing the horrendous amount of food Jimin had been using to silence him. "Unlike someone I can't be bothered to waste forty minutes in the bathroom every morning."

Jungkook looks directly at Jimin as he says this, and even points, and it's a terrible attempt at sarcasm but Jungkook is still learning so he decides to only tease him about it in private.

"You've never complained about what I come out looking like, hypocrite."

"Well you've never complained about what I send you in looking like."-

"Jeon Jungkook, we are eating!" Seokjin glares across the table effectively ending their squabble; Jimin quietly nurses his drink while Jungkook sulks, thoroughly chided.

Dinner ends early because most of them have morning shifts tomorrow. Jimin spends the better part of the ride back home groaning about how his outfit was wasted and they should go into the city for a few hours; Jungkook, naturally, is having none of it.

He makes sure that Jimin ends up back at the on-site dorms, pacifying him with a few bottles of soju he'd hidden in his fridge. It's a great compromise on the young professor's part, because drinking at home means that Wonho is joining them.

Robbed of his public vengeance, Jimin naturally milks the situation for all its worth.
"So, Wonho, who's your favorite co-worker so far?" He's taken two shots to get warmed up and Jungkook is serving out the third unwittingly.

"Well, technically you're my only co-worker." The new intern responds sheepishly, a redness blooming across his cheeks. Jimin thinks it's just from the alcohol, but the way Jungkook's hand slides to rest against his lower back indicates the younger sees it as a threat.

"It's okay to just admit you like me. Everyone likes me." Jimin gloats as he pops open a can of beer, unable to resist giggling when Wonho scrambles to hold out his cup.

"I don't think Professor Jeon would appreciate that."

"Oh? Why not?" Jimin gives a wry smile as he takes a sip of his drink, noting the way his boyfriend shifts closer. They haven't stated outright that they're dating and Wonho definitely spends more time with Jimin than anyone else, even with Jungkook's attempts at keeping them apart.

"He, um," the large man fiddles with his glass, words beginning to slur together. "He said he'd terminate my internship if I ever laid a finger on you."

"Did he now?" Jimin nearly chokes on his beer, but he manages to recover in time to pull away from Jungkook completely. "Why would he say something so rude?" He mutters through clenched teeth, giving his boyfriend murderous side-eye.

"He said you'd be my type because you're everyone's type, but you're... his so I can't have you." Wonho has maybe a little too much more of his drink, eyes getting hazy. "He even offered to fight me if it made me feel better about backing off."

"Is that what you two were talking about while I was rewriting those reports?" He remembers walking in on them arguing the first day, but he thought it'd just been some stupid scientific nonsense.

"Direct communication is most effective for preventing any misunderstandings." Jungkook sits up straighter, clearing his throat. "If done early enough, it serves to foster healthy working relationships."
"Jungkook, you threatened your new intern."

"It was more of a promise than a threat-"

"You're not allowed to do shit like that!" Jimin raises his voice a bit more than intended before quickly realizing they were still in the company of a stranger; he gives Wonho an apologetic look before standing up. "No more drinks. We need to talk."

Jungkook tries to stay and clean up but Jimin drags him away by his ear into their shared bedroom. The moment the door is shut and locked he whips around to flay into his boyfriend who, unsurprisingly, looks guiltless.

"Sit." He points to the bed and Jungkook follows the order like a morose puppy, dragging his feet and throwing his weight around in spite of his obedience.

"What did I do wrong?"

"You-" Jimin has to pause and take a deep breath. Jungkook was logical, but his logic notably excluded social standards. He needed a little more patience than the average hot young scientist. "You used your position to coerce someone. That's never okay, Jungkook."

"But I gave him the opportunity to fight for you."

"Real life doesn't work like that. People won't respect you if you abuse your power."

"It was only once- "

"Once is one time too many." The bed creaks in protest under their shared weight. "Never do something like this again, okay?"

"I was just trying to let him know we were together." Jungkook stares into his lap, wringing his hands together. His voice is still tinted with the slightest bit of indignation, like he doesn't quite
agree with the scolding.

"There are better ways. What if he'd really taken you up on that fight and you got hurt?"

"It's okay if it's for you."

"Jungkook."

"I'm allowed to feel this way, aren't I? It's normal to want to keep your partner safe."

Jimin doesn't respond, not right away at least. It's difficult to navigate the younger's emotions, his train of thought through all of this; he's not as easy to read as he'd been in the past, likely by choice.

"Is it because I'm your first boyfriend?" He eventually asks, pulling one of Jungkook's hands into his lap. "It's not like you to be jealous."

The thing with Yoongi had been purely because of his fight with the older man--once they settled down, Yoongi and Jimin could cuddle on the couch all weekend and Jungkook wouldn't even bat an eyelash.

"I just want you to myself." Jungkook admits, looking into Jimin's eyes for the first time since they've started talking. "Sometimes, it makes it hard to think clearly. I know I shouldn't have said those things, but they still felt like the right things to say."

"You thought I'd run off with Wonho?"

"You two get along well, and he's normal. You wouldn't be having this talk with him."

"No one is immune to jealousy, Kookie." Jimin sighs before reaching out to stroke his boyfriend's cheek. "Why don't you think of something that would make you feel better? Something between us."
"Like sex?" The younger perks and Jimin rolls his eyes, sliding his hand down to rest against his boyfriend's neck.

"Like rings, or bracelets, or matching shirts. Something we can have on all the time, to remind you in case you feel uneasy."

"Tattoos?"

"Absolutely not."

Teaching Jungkook the art of subtlety is a slow conquest. He's gotten better at not being openly jealous, but considering how bad it was before even the improved version is a lot to handle.

"Jungkook, you're hovering."

"Oh. Sorry."

Any moment Jimin has to himself is quickly filled with Jungkook; Jungkook helps him sort through slides, and Jungkook helps him tag the cubs, and Jungkook helps him wash his hair in the shower (which isn't the worst thing in the world, until they both walk out to Wonho who looks at their towel-clad bodies completely mortified and lights up like a tomato. Jimin is sure to refuse any future attempts out of courtesy to their poor roommate.)

Jungkook struggles to find something that satisfies his possessive nature. Touching seems to help, but he doesn't like leaving hickies, or having Jimin wear his clothes; he says they're too subtle, but Jimin has a feeling he's just being a brat because he's told to tone it down a thousand times a day.

Their epiphany comes from none other than Wonho, on a typical evening after work is over. Jimin is alone with him, a very recent development, and they're settling in to watch a movie in the living room when their phones go off simultaneously. Jimin gets a text from Jungkook reminding him to wear clothes, and Wonho gets one from his mother reminding him to take his vitamins before bed.
"It's not like we're babies."

"Well I don't know about you but I'm definitely my mom's baby."

"Filial scum. I bet you call her every day and visit home regularly." Jimin teases, flipping his phone over when he gets a second friendly reminder to wear pants. "Making the rest of us look bad."

"Nothing wrong with being a Mama's boy." Wonho hums as he texts his mother back, smiling at her quickfire response. "Probably a lot easier than dealing with Jeonlous."

"I still can't believe he just went after you like that." The smaller groans, throwing his head back on the couch.

"He was very polite about it. Well, as polite as you can be when threatening to fire someone."

"Don't remind me." Jimin shoves at the other man's shoulder playfully, huffing out a laugh when he falls over dramatically.

"I'm surprised he doesn't cover you in hickies. Or make you lug around a do not touch sign." Wonho throws his legs over Jimin's lap easily, stretching out. He's heavier than Jungkook, so Jimin doesn't even bother trying to wiggle free.

"He said they don't last long enough. Nothing seems to satisfy him other than, you know." After a few lewd hand gestures Wonho grunts in disapproval and kicks at his knee, eyes narrowed in mock-disgust.

"Well, it's not like he can detach his dick and let you carry it around. He'll get over it."

Most people would agree and return to watching the movie; Jimin is quickly stricken with the desire to prove him wrong.

While his friend and fellow intern intently watches a wholesome Disney movie Jimin whips out his phone and revisits one of the many online sex shops saved in his bookmarks, skimming through for
a very specific kind of toy.

Once he finds one he's satisfied with, he taps purchase and tucks his phone away, smiling through the whole film.

The next morning Jimin harasses his boyfriend awake with light kisses, crawling on top of him to further steal his attention.

"Hey, baby, could we do something?"

"Do what?" Jungkook grumbles, hands wandering down Jimin's thighs as soon as he's alert enough to move them.

"Stop using condoms." Jimin smiles coyly, eyebrows raised in amusement when he feels the younger's dick twitch in interest against his stomach.

"I could, um, run some tests in the lab to check our reproductive health." Jungkook wets his lips nervously, fingers digging into the meat of Jimin's thighs. "Could probably run them all during lunch, actually."

"And then be ready by tonight?"

"Well, they'd be ready after lunch-"

"I'm not sleeping with you during the workday Kook." Jimin huffs and slides down, pressing a kiss to his navel. "But I'll be happy to see this little guy later."

He gives his boyfriend's dick a loving pat, and Jungkook whines into his pillow.

As promised blood tests are run at lunch and Jungkook is hopping around with the results come dinner. He's almost annoyingly pleased as they all sit around the table finishing off their meal, fingers tapping against the packet he's been carrying all day. Wonho seems amused by his supervisor's sudden positive shift in mood, but Jimin is over it by the time he's been bullied into a locked bedroom.
"Why are you happier than me about this? I'm the one who asked for it."

"Because now I can mark up your insides." Jungkook says with just a little too much glee, swirling around in his office chair. "Can't wait to make a mess of you."

"Who said I'd let you cum inside?" Jimin fires back, crossing his arms over his chest; it takes a second, but Jungkook deflates.

"Well, why else would we stop using condoms?"

"So that I can feel you better." Jungkook looks devastated and Jimin decides to have a little fun with it. He'd do what the younger wanted, tomorrow maybe, but for now he still had a week's worth of bossy Jungkook to get revenge for. A lightbulb goes off in his head as he eyes his boyfriend's spread thighs in his office chair; Jimin pulls off his pants and Jungkook averts his eyes.

"Kookie, baby," he drawls, taking calculated steps towards his boyfriend.

"Why do I have a feeling I'm gonna hate this."

"Can hyung sit on your cock while you play overwatch? I already opened myself up for you." Jimin bats his eyelashes innocently, and Jungkook's soul leaves his body for a few seconds before he's scrambling to undo his belt buckle.

The act is naturally easier said than done, but once Jimin's stripped down and situated in his boyfriend's lap he feels all of his stress from the day disappear. Jungkook seems to have little trouble focusing on his ranked matches; if anything he's calmed as well, his initial eagerness quelled by some sort of deep set satisfaction.

He's careful not to jostle Jimin in his lap even when he loses a round, keeping his grumbles and curses to a minimum as his grip around the controller tightens. His cock is fully engorged by the third match, spearing Jimin open in all the right ways, throbbing just enough to make his toes curl every few minutes. Jimin is having trouble sitting still, the comfortable haze from before shifting into something desperate, greedy for attention. As Jungkook enters the que for his next game Jimin touches his hand shyly, his usual confidence escaping him.
"You can move if you need to."

"Doesn't that defeat the purpose of this?" Jungkook exits out of the que, setting the controller down on his desk. "You were relaxed."

"Just didn't wanna be empty. It's okay if you need to get off." Jimin feels his cheeks heat up as he wiggles his hips, muscles tingling from how still he's been. "But I wanna stay here once you're done."

"Should I pull out when I-"

"No." It's a little embarrassing, how little it takes for Jimin to change his tune. He's just not himself, blissed out on his boyfriend's dick like it's some kind of drug. Rather than question further Jungkook simply hums in acknowledgement and slides his hands down to grip Jimin's hips.

"Should we go to bed?"

"No."

Jimin's eyes are clenched shut when he feels the first drag of Jungkook's cock against his walls, slow and methodical like he was still hesitant to act. It's a careful push and pull until Jimin whimpers in pleasure, his own erection hanging heavy between his legs; the moment he feels good about it Jungkook is pounding his hips up, pulling Jimin down to meet each thrust like he weighed nothing. Work done purely for the end goal, uncaring of when the smaller man spasms around him, coming untouched.

Jungkook wasn't done, and Jungkook doesn't stop until he's been satisfied.

There's a certain element to it all that makes Jimin's mind wander somewhere else--he can feel Jungkook's palms slide up his chest, is pleased by the press of lips against his neck, but the world blurs into a euphoric buzz and he's just along for the ride.

Jimin doesn't come back until long after Jungkook has finished up, growling through his headset at Taehyung to stop feeding the other team. He only has one hand dedicated to the controller, the other placing reassuring touches wherever it can reach between plays. The clock reads near midnight and Jimin whines softly in discomfort, muscles stiff.
"Quit fucking buffing that Rein-- hey, baby, are you okay?" Jungkook practically throws his controller when he notices Jimin wiggling in his lap. "No, not you hyung. Just capture the damn point."

"Can we lay down? I wanna get comfy." Jimin feels bad for tearing Jungkook away from his game, worse for making him ditch Taehyung, but his body feels heavy and he doesn't want to part from his boyfriend.

"Of course baby, you must be so sore-- fuck off hyung, he's sleepy." Jungkook logs out of the game without hesitation and Jimin swears he hears Taehyung threatening to castrate him twelve different ways for throwing the match but it's all background noise once he's bundled up in his boyfriend's arms and carried to bed.

He's already been cleaned off, must've been taken care of while he was still in a daze because Jungkook doesn't have to leave his side once, always touching or squeezing or kissing as he maneuvers around to get settled. The younger is massaging his lower back when Jimin can finally think clearly again, kneading out knots and strains with a satisfyingly rough touch.

"How many people did you grope to get this good with your hands?" He throws the accusation over his shoulder, eyelids fluttering shut as his nape is littered with reverent kisses. When he feels a dribble of cum slide down his thigh he whines softly, wishing the plug he ordered last night had come in.

"None. I learned massage therapy for the animals." Jungkook works his hands up and down slowly, eventually rolling Jimin onto his back so that he can kiss him properly. The younger only pulls away to tease, fingers gliding over his softened cock. "Should I massage this too?"

"Pervert." Jimin huffs fondly, reaching up with both hands to squish his boyfriend's cheeks. "Just like a real bunny. Timid but always ready to hump something."

"Male rabbits can be quite territorial and aggressive around their mates." Jungkook concedes, scrunching his nose to make a 'scary' face; Jimin laughs and lets his hands slide down to cup the younger's neck, thumbs tracing along the edge of his jaw.

"We should sleep."
"You feel okay?" For just a moment, concern lights up in Jungkook's eyes. It's just a moment, so Jimin brushes it off.

"Yeah, why wouldn't I be? My big strong Kookie fucked me so good." He coos, arms falling to his side. Jungkook smiles softly but doesn't say a word, giving his hyung one last kiss before moving to lay beside him.

Jimin feels oddly warm as he falls asleep, like he's safe and protected. It's a feeling he's beginning to associate with Jungkook exclusively, from his scent to his heavy touches and anxious ramblings. Jungkook is a little different when there are other people around, a little more confident and direct, but it's not so scary when Jimin knows that he gets to see the shy, nervous side too. He knows that he gets to see parts of Jungkook that others can't, and that makes him special. Special to Jungkook.

Towards the end of the internship, Jungkook and Yoongi spend an inordinate amount of time together. Normally Jimin would be ecstatic that his two favorite people are on passable terms again, but he's never invited to any of their little playdates. Jungkook always says it's private, and Yoongi always says it's none of his business.

Their little 'boys club' would be fine, if Jimin wasn't also worried about something else.

"We haven't really talked about. About us. " Jimin confesses to Wonho and Seokjin at a small in-town cafe. The other two men are sympathetic, at the very least; they both wear frowns when Jimin finally musters the will to look up from his cup.

"You know Kook is the type to visit every weekend, every day if he can." Seokjin murmurs comfortably. "He really likes you, Jimin."

"But we've never discussed whether we'd keep doing this or not."

"Shouldn't you be having this talk with him?" Wonho cuts in, taking a sip from his drink. "Professor Jeon listens to you quite well."
"In medicine and relationships you should always get a second opinion." Jimin spews out like a mantra, crossing his arms over his chest. "I just don't want to make a huge deal of this without seeing some outside perspective."

"I think you two will be fine, but a chat wouldn't hurt." Seokjin concludes after a moment of thought, taking a bite of his pastry. "Jungkook likes to understand things. He'd probably feel a lot better too, if you talked about it."

"Do you think he's worried too?"

"Well, he's definitely stressing about something. He's spending a lot of time with Yoongi, and he only does that when he needs advice."

"They've been tearing through general psychology articles in the archives." Wonho adds, brow furrowed. "Maybe he's stumped on a behavior he's observed?"

Both men turn to Jimin, and he rolls his eyes.

"It wasn't me. I've been myself."

"Yeah, well you're not exactly the easiest book to read when you're in a bad mood." Seokjin points out, eyes glazing over like he's having some sort of flashback episode.

"I've been in a great mood all month!"

"Except for right now?"

"Well, yeah, but that's different." Jimin slides his mug back and forth, beginning to feel irritated. "This is all just anxiety."

"Anxiety that would disappear completely if you just talk to Jungkook."
Two pairs of very stern, parental eyes follow him as he quickly excuses himself to the bathroom so that he can throw a tantrum in peace. Jimin wasn't being unreasonable here; he always checked in before he did something major with Jungkook. It was practically standard procedure at this point, to stroll up to the lunch table with a problem on the tip of his tongue.

Jungkook's name flashes across his phone screen as he's washing his hands, and Jimin honestly doesn't want to answer. He's just. Stressed? Worried? Anxious about their future? When Jungkook is with him he feels invincible, but recently any time they spend apart makes him uneasy. He slips on a smile as he answers the call, hiding away in a quiet corner.

"Hey baby, what's up?"

"Just wondering why my baby isn't home." Jungkook's voice sounds rougher than usual through the receiver, like it's been overused.

Like he's just had sex, a voice in the back of Jimin's head unhelpfully speculates.

"I went out with Jin and Wonho."

"Are you bringing me back food?"

"Do you want food?"

"I want you, but food is nice too." There's a rustling, like Jungkook is readjusting. "Fries sound nice. You can feed me fries."

"I didn't even agree to get you something."

"With ketchup. We're all out of ketchup. And maybe a sparkling water? Grease upsets my stomach."

Jimin huffs in mock indignation, weighing the pros and cons of just hanging up before he eventually murmurs out a soft "I'll be back soon."
Jungkook bids him a quick goodbye and Jimin returns to his table with the good news, sliding his cup towards Seokjin.

"Sorry boys, I've got a lunch date with my man."

"You're really ditching us after dragging us out because he was ignoring you?"

"I'll remember your valiant efforts on our wedding night." Jimin shoots a greasy wink as he slips through the door, mind already abuzz with thoughts of Jungkook, Jungkook, Jungkook. It's like his crisis from before never existed in the first place when he jumps into bed with a bag of fries, crawling on top of his boyfriend.

"Your package has arrived." Jimin announces with a playful lilt, setting the fries aside so that he can use both of his hands to link fingers with Jungkook. The younger stares longingly at his discarded phone, like he was in the middle of something before Jimin demanded all of his attention.

"Send it back. I asked for fries."

"They're over there-"

Jungkook sits up and nearly sends Jimin flying but he has enough foresight to wrap an arm around his boyfriend's slim waist as he reaches for his food, humming in satisfaction at the first fry to touch his lips.

"So hyung, how was your day?"

"Good so far, I guess. Did you talk with Yoongi again?"

Jimin frowns at the way his boyfriend pauses, expression suddenly guarded.

"Well, for a bit. I actually had a question for you." Jungkook retracts his hand from the bag of fries,
sliding it around Jimin's waist to give a comforting squeeze. He seems pensive about whatever he's about to ask, and Jimin's brain supplies the worst case scenario.

"You're breaking up with me?"

"What? No, why would I-"

"I knew it. Seokjin was wrong, that stupid-"

"Jimin!" Jungkook raises his voice slightly, then thinks better of it and changes his approach. "Hyung, I'm never breaking up with you. You'll have to break up with me."

"Really?"

"Yes, really." Jimin thinks he can feel his eyes watering. God, his emotions were going haywire today. "I just wanted to ask if you knew about your tendency to drop into subspace."

"What?"

"You didn't know?" Jungkook frowns sympathetically. "I guess it would be hard to. I do such a good job of taking care of you."

Jimin takes a moment to sit back and play with the idea in his head. He's always been a little clingy and needy if he doesn't get enough attention, but when he was with Jungkook that aspect of his personality went out of control.

"I think it's because the internship is almost over." Jimin murmurs, fidgeting in the younger's lap. Jungkook's grip around his waist tightens as he presses a kiss to his cheek. "Jungkook, I don't wanna leave."

"You want me to stay with you?" Jungkook smiles gently and it sets a thousand butterflies loose to flutter in Jimin's chest.
"Of course I do. Jerk."

"Would you feel better if I said I was doing my dissertation coursework at your school?"

Jimin's jaw drops.

"No--Jungkook, you're way too smart! You should go somewhere like Harvard!"

"Been there, done that." Jungkook shrugs like he isn't just throwing his future away, and Jimin shoves at his chest hard.

"I'm not letting you follow me all the way to Seoul just because I feel anxious."

"What if I already committed to teaching for the year?" Jungkook smiles sheepishly and Jimin can't decide if he wants to kiss him or beat him up. He's elated that his boyfriend will be following him all the way to Seoul; happy that they'll still be together after this month and maybe all the months after that, too. He's happy about a lot of things he hasn't been able to be happy about in a long time.

"You-" Jimin thinks he might cry. All of the anxiety and nerves he's been harboring burst through and he can't stop himself from charging forward to connect their lips, hands making a mess of his boyfriend's hair as he kisses him frantically, desperately trying to convey his happiness. He kisses Jungkook until he can't breath and he'd probably keep going in spite of his burning lungs had Jungkook himself not pushed him off.

"Easy hyung." Jungkook's lips are red, swollen, his broad chest is heaving and his eyes are dark--Jimin groans softly before tugging off his own shirt, lust running hot in his veins.

"Kookie, please, wanna-" The words don't leave his mouth quickly enough--he can't wait, lunges forward again to mark up Jungkook's neck but this time his boyfriend is ready and Jimin finds himself pinned to the mattress by the very man he was just trying to pounce.

"Let me take care of you." Jungkook mumbles the words against his skin as he nips along Jimin's jaw, the pressure always just bordering on enough to leave a mark. Jungkook is completely on top of him, crowding his space and his senses and making everything that much more intense as he works his way down, emboldened by Jimin's lewd meows.
Jimin is just a writhing mass of muscle underneath him, tears breaching the corners of his eyes as he grips at the sheets, hips jumping with each kiss pressed against his navel; Jungkook removes his pants and briefs with some struggle, tossing them across the room with an irritated huff.

"You always wear such tight jeans."

Jimin feels his whole body flush at the way Jungkook's eyes rake over him, hands hovering before they settle on groping up his thighs, spreading them open bit by bit until he can see everything.

"Pretty." The young professor mumbles to no one in particular as his eyes travel downwards, pupils dilating hungrily.

"Quit staring..." Jimin has enough sense to feel embarrassed, realizing that he's completely bare and Jungkook is completely dressed; he tries to close his legs, cover himself, but Jungkook's grip tightens and his eyes grow even darker, trapping him in their depths.

Jimin is frozen in place, unable to break the heavy tension strung out between them. All he can do is watch as Jungkook leans in with a smirk, lips pressing against the base of his cock before working down, down, never breaking eye contact even as his tongue darts out to place the first kittenish lick against his rim.

"What-" His breath catches in his throat as he's suddenly folded in half, knees pressed into his shoulders as Jungkook laps at his hole like it's his favorite ice cream, wet and sloppy. Jimin can barely manage to breathe between the sudden pressure on his chest and moans Jungkook is forcing out with his tongue, each languid flick sending him into spasms.

He's nearly lost his mind by the time something warm and wet spears into him, dragging against his walls in a purposefully chaotic pattern. Jimin feels like he might combust; the slick pressure is only intensified by the saliva coating his rim, the gentle stretch of his boyfriend's tongue balancing out the occasional scrape of teeth, the suction he creates both intentionally and as a consequence of how greedily he's eating Jimin out.

It only takes a few minutes before Jimin can't take it anymore. He comes hard, release pooling between his pecs, slowly trailing down to his collarbones as he struggles to catch his breath. Jungkook removes his tongue and places one last kiss to his fluttering rim, a string of saliva connecting to his red-tinged lips until he swipes his tongue out, severing it. The younger scoots back, and without Jungkook to hold the weight of his legs up Jimin's lower half collapses, numb
and useless against the sheets.

"Look at the mess you've made." Jungkook clicks his tongue against the back of his teeth, leaning over to lap up the cum on his chest. Jimin can only whimper softly at the sensation, still hungry for more, unsatisfied with how empty he feels. He forces Jungkook to stop with a sharp tug on his hair, the younger shooting him a disgruntled look as he cleans his lips.

"You need something?" Jungkook's expression softens when he sees the tears in Jimin's eyes, hand automatically moving to card through his hair. At first, he feels too shy to ask, which is an incredibly unusual thing. He's just so uncertain--uncertain that Jungkook would even want to have sex with him, afraid he'll say no and leave Jimin alone in bed. It's irrational, but he can't help the whimper that bubbles in his throat at the little kiss his boyfriend places on his chest.

"I feel empty." Jimin's voice is impossibly small as he admits it, eyes clenched shut for fear of Jungkook's expression. Would he be disgusted? Angry that Jimin wasn't satiated yet? Think it was funny, that he was pathetic for wanting more when his whole body was still trembling from his last orgasm?

"Okay. Sit up."

Jungkook is nothing like what he expects, but everything he's come to know. He doesn't make a fuss as he slips out of his sweats, is careful with how he opens him up on his fingers, makes sure he uses four this time because Jimin had nearly cried at the stretch last time. Jungkook doesn't even complain about how hard he is as he pushes into Jimin, doesn't comment on how much it must hurt to hold back and simply let the smaller man sit until he feels better.

He just sits back against the bed with Jimin snuggled against his chest and starts eating his cold fries, free hand intertwined with Jimin's where it rests over his stomach. They put on a movie, some sci-fi flick that's more gratuitous violence than plot, and Jimin falls asleep to Jungkook's skeptical commentary, smiling against his neck.

They both end up getting a nap out of it; Jimin wakes to his boyfriend snoring softly, curled around him protectively even in his unconscious state. His thighs twitch every few seconds like he's have a naughty dream, but he's gone soft enough that Jimin doesn't feel the tight pressure that usually leaves him drooling.

Belatedly, he considers the possibility that Jungkook came in his sleep. The thought makes his dick throb and he exhales sharply, gently patting his boyfriend's thigh.
"Kookie, get up." He hisses, the need to move turning a little more desperate as his consciousness fully returns. Jungkook mumbles something in his sleep and shifts, coiling tighter around his small boyfriend.

"Jungkook." Jimin whines urgently, trying to wiggle free of the younger's grip. He's getting hard and he's stuck, attached to his sleeping boyfriend who seems to have no intention of rousing, cock still nestled deep. "Jungkook, please."

Jimin squirms fruitlessly for what feels like ages, tears of shame and frustration beginning to cloud his vision. He's just being used, forced to sit pretty on his boyfriend's cock like he's nothing more than a sleeve, and Jungkook isn't even awake to kiss him and tell him how good he's doing, how well he's taking it. He's getting all worked up on his own and he can't do anything about it, cheeks flushed bright red as watches his cock pulse to life, bobbing as it rises towards his stomach.

Somewhere between his first angry sniffles and the first dribble of precum from his slit Jungkook yawns against his shoulder, grip relaxing as he kneads the flesh of Jimin's waist.

"Sorry, I dozed off. All done?"

"Yeah." Jimin tries to keep his voice steady but it inevitably cracks, breaking into a series of whimpers as he feels his boyfriend begin to pull out.

"What's wrong?" Jungkook pauses to quietly examine Jimin, eyes widening slightly as they land on his teary gaze. "Hyung, are you crying?"

"It's nothing." Jimin tries to assert, but all it takes is one stern look from Jungkook for him to crumble. He stares down at the sheets, pointedly ignoring the heat stirring in his stomach. "I got hard while you were sleeping."

"And that made you sad?"

"You weren't." Jimin mumbles like those two words will somehow settle everything, trying to curl into himself as much as he can. Jungkook doesn't let him close off; he pulls Jimin back into his lap, flush against his hips.
"Baby was sad because he got off alone?" The pet name makes Jimin shiver, amplified by the way Jungkook's touch turns rough, the way he nips and licks his way along the smaller male's neck probing for sensitivity so that he can mark the spots for later. Jungkook's hands take separate paths to the same goal, fingers curling around to tug at Jimin's erection while he forces the smaller to watch, fingers digging into his jaw to turn his head. "Upset I didn't get hard so you could fuck yourself open on my cock?"

"No-"

"You were crying. Can't satisfy yourself now that you have me?" Jungkook's wrist flicks faster and Jimin can't stop himself from falling limp, body instinctively trusting the younger to take care of him. Jungkook relaxes his grip and pushes Jimin forward so that he's on his hands and knees, quickly following so that he's flush against his hyung's back. Jimin's arms shake as he holds himself up, nearly buckling under Jungkook's added weight when the younger leans in to nip his ear, voice husky. "Do a little work, hyung. Show me how you'd fuck me."

It's humiliating, how eager he is to please, how easily he falls into Jungkook's game and ruts his hips down, groaning as the base of his cock settles against the bottom of his boyfriend's fist. The slide is dry, just bordering on a pleasant sting as his thrusts become frantic; Jungkook tightens his grip and Jimin yelps, hips stilling.

"That's how you'd do it?" Jungkook clicks his tongue against his teeth, warmth disappearing as he reaches for something; a cap clicks, and Jimin's head falls below his shoulders as he feels the younger pull out just a fraction to drizzle lube over the exposed skin, humming in appreciation as he watches Jimin's hole quiver in response to the cold. Jungkook snaps his hips forward with a wet smack, the hand around Jimin's cock disappearing only to return slicked up seconds later. "You should take your time, hyung. Here, let me teach you."

Jimin doesn't expect what comes next, fumbles with the complete loss of control as the force of Jungkook's thighs pushes him forward, controlling the tempo of his thrusts as he's worked into the younger's slicked up grip. Jungkook is grinding forward at the same pace, breath hot against Jimin's neck as he murmurs praise against his skin, body covering him completely, guiding every motion.

"Good?" Jungkook rasps out, free hand finding Jimin's and intertwining their fingers as he shifts to support himself, likely feeling the way his hyung's body shakes. Jimin can barely hold himself up; he's never been stimulated from both ends before, never had to think about whether he wanted to push forward or back or which one was better but Jungkook plays his body like a finely tuned instrument, privy to every gasp and shudder and arch. In consequence all Jimin can manage is to nod his head, bobbing back and forth as pleasure shoots up his spine with each powerful thrust.
The heat pooling in his gut peaks when Jungkook adjusts the angle of his thrusts, drilling into his prostate until it's too much and Jimin collapses, needy gasps and mewls tumbling from his lips. Jungkook quickly pulls his hand out from where it's pinned beneath them, wiping the excess lube off on the sheets as he drags Jimin's hips back up.

"Can't keep up, can you?" Jimin doesn't have to turn his head to know the younger is smirking. He's like a cat toying with it's prey, sinking his claws in as he tests the elder's limits. "Don't worry baby, I'll get you off."

Jimin wants to curse him out, muscles tensing in protest, but the sound of the front door slamming shut makes his blood run cold, Seokjin and Wonho's muffled banter carrying through the walls. Just as he's about to push himself up Jungkook snaps his hips forward, grinding back and forth teasingly as his piercings nestle just beneath Jimin's prostate, the concentrated pressure making his toes curl.

"Hyung, you're awfully quiet. Should I fuck you harder?" He chances a quick glance over his shoulder, lips sealed shut, and Jimin immediately regrets his decision. The Jungkook set behind him is an image of dominance, sweat defining his muscles underneath the light as he grips Jimin's slim waist, pupils blown so far his eyes look black, body already shifting to find the best position to rut into Jimin as hard as he can.

"There are people-"

"So?" Jungkook huffs, sliding his palm up Jimin's back to rest between his shoulder blades. "You're mine. It's not like they don't know we have sex."

Jimin feels his cheeks heat up as he clutches the sheets, ashamed yet again at how his dick throbs at the idea of being caught by their friends. He whines low in his throat when Jungkook resumes his unforgiving rhythm, biting his lip to keep quiet.

Seokjin's obnoxious laugh echoes out from the common area as the bed begins to creak, and Jimin feels himself on the edge, knows that he's never been quiet about coming and that if this keeps up the whole complex will know they're fucking.

"Kookie, wait-" He pleads, ears turning red when he hears for himself how needy he's become. Jungkook exhaled sharply behind him, grip around his waist tightening. "M'gonna come."
"Isn't that a good thing?" The younger teases, slowing his thrusts to a steady drag. "You've been stuck on my cock for hours. Don't you want a break?"

"Don't want them to hear." Jimin mumbles so softly he isn't even sure if his boyfriend hears it. Jungkook stills completely, hands disappearing to dig around the sheets for something. After waiting a little too long Jimin whines softly and pushes his ass back, impatient for attention and relief--Jungkook smacks his thigh in warning, stroking the spot absentmindedly as he starts to speak.

"Hyung, I need you to get Seokjin and Wonho over to your place. Now." Jimin pushes himself back up to look over his shoulder, eyes narrowing as he realizes the younger has his phone pressed to his ear. Jungkook smirks when he catches Jimin staring, rutting his hips forward at a lazy, unhurried pace as he continues his conversation. "Yeah, I'll buy you as many lamb skewers as you can fit in your mouth at once--of course we're using protection."

Jimin hates how unaffected Jungkook sounds. He hates that he's the one losing his mind, ass and cock dripping wet while his younger boyfriend ambles his way through a conversation like he isn't even interested in their sex. Even though he knows better, Jimin can't help but want to make Jungkook just as desperate for him, see him squirm and shiver like their first night together. He relaxes, arching his back to take his boyfriend deeper so that he can squeeze around the base of his cock when he bottoms out. The reaction is immediate; Jungkook's breath hitches, and in spite of the new sensation his hips continue to drive forward, stuttering every few thrusts.

"Yeah, I'll get whatever you want. Can you just hurry up?" Jungkook is impatient, agitated, goes so far as to toss his phone on the floor once he hangs up. Jimin briefly entertains the idea that his boyfriend is like a caged bull before he's pushed flat against the mattress, pinned underneath Jungkook's weight as he ruts into him hard.

"Kook-"

"You're a greedy little thing, you know that?" Jungkook grunts as he snaps his hips faster, pressing his palms into Jimin's back. "Couldn't even wait five minutes."

"Wanna come-" Jimin gasps as the air is punched out of his gut by a sudden barrage of thrusts, Jungkook's chest settling against his back as he jackhammers into him.

"I'm aware." The younger growls out, pressing his lips along his boyfriend's shoulder. "My pretty hyung. So greedy for cock."
Jimin whimpers in protest, writhing as he feels his balls draw up, so close to coming undone that his muscles spasm erratically, nerves firing off on every end. A moan catches in his throat as Jungkook switches to slow, deep thrusts, driving down to massage his prostate and push him over the edge.

As he pulls out to the tip both piercings catch on Jimin's rim, the last strike of fire he needs to come hard against the sheets, sobbing through his orgasm as Jungkook continues to thrust slowly in search of his own. Jimin is barely conscious when the younger tenses up around him, hips driving hard one last time as he groans against Jimin's neck.

A bleary few minutes pass, both men panting and sweaty, struggling to catch their breath or some semblance of it; Jimin is the first to get back enough brain cells to speak, hand reaching out to card through his boyfriend's sweaty bangs. "Where did you learn to talk like that?"

"I was watching porn before you came back." Jungkook answers simply, using his last spurt of energy to roll off of Jimin and onto his back next to him. His tongue darts out to wet his lips and Jimin can't help but mimic the gesture. "Didn't feel as good though, so I called you."

Jimin is simultaneously pleased and mortified that his boyfriend was pussy whipped enough to call him because he couldn't satisfy himself.

"Is that how you got so good at sex?"

"No," Jungkook scoffs, rolling onto his side so that he can trace the marks he's left along Jimin's back. "I studied nerves. Get good enough and you know how to stimulate the human body." Jimin yelps when he feels a sharp pain in the back of his arm, pushing up to glare at his boyfriend. "Or hurt it."

"You're a jerk."

"And you're a brat. I didn't even get to enjoy my fries because of you." Jungkook sits up, and before Jimin can ask what he's doing he leans over to knead his ass, whistling in appreciation. "I made a mess."

"You're gonna clean it." Jimin grumbles as he buries his face in his arms, cheeks turning pink for the thousandth time. Why was his boyfriend so shameless when they were alone?
"In the shower, or in here?" Jungkook presses a kiss to his lower back, lingering long enough to clarify his intentions.

"Jeon Jungkook." Jimin hisses out, rolling away and pulling up the sheets to cover himself. His boyfriend continues to appraise him with lecherous eyes, wiggling his eyebrows and licking his lips as he scoots closer, but in the end all he does is lean in for a kiss that's painfully innocent given the tension.

(Jimin lets him do as he pleases anyways.)

Lee Hi's solemn voice cuts into Jimin's dreams for the third time that morning, muffled by sheets and pillows from where he's shoved his phone into hiding. Being back in his own bed after a summer of adjusting is nice, but it means he falls back into his old habits way too easily. By the time he checks his phone the numbers that glare back at him are just thirty minutes shy of ruining his week.

"Oh, fuck."

Jimin scrambles to make himself look presentable, washing his face and fixing his hair before slipping on a button down and cardigan. Autumn is in full swing, a crisp breeze hitting him full force as he trudges towards the science building with a small pet carrier in tow. He's supposed to be helping Jungkook with his lecture today by bringing some of the cubs from the research facility but Taehyung had taken him out last night for drinks after his last midterm.

He's been a TA on and off for the class (mostly as an excuse to visit his boyfriend) so finding it is easy enough. It's a small graduate level course on the upper levels of the biology building, no more than thirty students per session. The cubs are mewling nervously by the time he makes it through the door, just behind the last student.

Jungkook is at the head of the room looking incredibly unimpressed, as they'd agreed to meet fifteen minutes before to get the animals situated. Normally Jimin would have the sense to be apologetic but all he can process is how good the professor looks in his button down and slacks, sleeves rolled up and glasses just beginning to slip down his nose as his perfectly styled hair frames his face in a way that's too immaculate to be legal.
Jimin sets the kennel down on the front desk with a soft huff, leaning up to give his boyfriend a quick peck. "Sorry, I slept through my alarms."

"All five of them?" Jungkook scoffs, adjusting his glasses. "I told you to sleep with me last night. You've never been good at getting up."

"If I slept with you I wouldn't be getting up at all." Jimin mumbles as he fixes Jungkook's collar, smoothing his hands over his chest. "You were grading papers, weren't you?"

"I'm only a little stressed." Jungkook counters, leaning down to inspect the cubs. They were both hiding in the back of the kennel as he suspected they would--hence why he'd asked Jimin to come early.

"Last time you bent me over your desk and went at it for four hours -"

"Professor Jeon, could you check this for me?" A bright-eyed student walks up and Jimin clears his throat, shifting his focus to calming the animals down while his boyfriend answers questions. Class is fun--watching Jungkook talk about what he loves is always interesting, and he's quickly become one of the highest regarded lecturers in the department.

The fact that he's always bringing in animals for live demonstrations definitely helps. Last week it was Seokjin's favorite red panda, and the month prior he'd introduced native wild dogs. Occasionally older professors even sat in to observe his teaching methods.

Still, it wasn't all glamorous. Jungkook had students who didn't apply themselves, students who didn't show up, students who came and cried during his office hours--he was no different than anyone else in those respects. And, naturally, he would confide in Jimin immediately afterwards.

"Hani emailed again today. Said she couldn't write an essay because of mental health issues." Jungkook's shoulders are hunched. He's been spending a lot of time grading, even more restructuring his lessons for his classes, all for the sake of the people he taught. Consequently, he didn't take it very well when he thought he was being played.

"So play the professor card and make her go to the school therapy system."
"I don't wanna be a jerk-"

"Hani is in Okinawa with Hoseok hyung right now." Jimin quickly assures, tongue in cheek. He never had anything against the woman before, but the sight of his distressed boyfriend is making him wish he'd somehow set up Hoseok with Taehyung back at the start of summer. "Tell her you want a dated, signed note from this week-- fuck it, I'll write the email. You go feed the cubs."

Jimin steps in for Jungkook a lot, but he doesn't mind. Being a young professor, plenty of people think they can walk over him. They run on the assumption that he's a pushover, but the real Jungkook is far more strict. He'd made several students cry by shutting them down during office hours, and after a soft reprimand from the University he's deferring to his hyung more often.

"Is the formula in the fridge?"

"No, it's in my nipples." Jimin grumbles sarcastically from where he's typing away, one letter shy of sending Hani a death threat for skipping class. He's absorbed enough in his hate mail that he nearly topples over when Jungkook gropes his chest from behind, clenching his eyes shut to overcome the literal heart attack he's just suffered.

"It's not coming out--i'll check the fridge."

Jimin is given a whole ten minutes to himself to be infuriated with his younger boyfriend before he walks back into the room and sprawls out across the bed like he owns the place. His eye twitches as he watches Jungkook roll around before settling in, a lecture already on the tip of his tongue.

"Get your dirty outside clothes off of my bed Jeon Jungkook."

" This again? Hyung, it's fine. My clothes are clean enough."

"I sleep there!"

"Wouldn't you prefer if your sheets smelled like me?" Jungkook counters lazily, and he almost gets away with it except Jimin distinctly remembers several female students getting unnecessarily close during lecture today so instead he's promptly disciplined with a spritz of water to the face.
"Bad boy. Down!"

"You'll just get your own bed we--- stop!"

Jimin brandishes his spray bottle like a gun, standing from his desk chair as he prepares to give chase. "Change your filthy clothes."

Jungkook is still a little feral. It shows in his occasional hygiene slips, in the way that he automatically stakes a claim on Jimin's waist if he feels threatened or has to talk about something difficult, in the way he still can't completely control himself during sex (which Jimin may or may not happen to prefer) and in how he insists on leaving his scent behind everywhere like today.

"Jungkook, change your clothes."

"Into what? All of your stuff is too small."

"Well then strip!"

"So I can be naked with clothes that rubbed all over me, but I can't wear those clothes? Hyung, are you trying to take advantage of me?"

“You’re right. Take a shower while you’re at it.”

“Hyung!”

He's spent the better part of five months taming this particular beast, but some things will never change. Some things shouldn’t.
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