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**Rabbit Season**

by *moodring*

**Summary**

REWRITE COMPLETED *4/22/18* - [Jungkook x Reader ft. Namjoon] Predator met prey like an Animal Planet rerun of lions devouring antelopes in large, unremorseful bites. He took every aspect of this game seriously. He was competitive where most might not think so in this particular arena. His behavior projected through television, even while in person, was an act, perhaps the best he’d ever performed in front of his every day audience.
A/N: Hello! So, I rewrote this story. The original made me feel uncomfortable. There were some very creepy, subtle hints of non-con. Jeongguk will still be a motherfucker, but we’re gonna tone down the uncomfy vibes. I worked hard on this story back then and I’ll work twice as hard on it now.

tw | cc

Rabbit Season

Inspiration log - I feel deprived.

Out of all the things you could have said ‘yes’ to, this was probably the worst. When the idea had been proposed initially, you’d thought that it was an appealing offer. It was practically PTO with the warm sun and fresh air. Here you thought you’d never get to enjoy such things ever again, having to follow the same schedule of seven busy guys. This was the perfect opportunity to wind down and relax, except – unfortunately, with the company of those same seven guys. You tried to ignore that last bit, doing well with keeping to yourself for the most part.

Until a wild Namjoon appeared with his damn dimples on full display, resting a slender hand against his hip, “We should play a game.”

You were starting to regret not staying behind to help with Taehyung and Jimin. The photoshoot
would require all stylists to be on deck. Last time you saw the two, they were trying to light a fire at
the campsite that was used for their theme, accepting their failure as a personal challenge. By now
they were probably dancing around the flames like primitives. Besides, you’d left behind your only
coworker turned friend, which wasn’t cool.

Namjoon continued, “Ever played Make-Out Manhunt?” What was he, twelve? There was a hint of
mischief in the blonde’s deep voice, the leader’s eyes pinpointing you rather suggestively.

You were quick with your rebuttal, “So, like, will you guys be kissing each other, then?”

Jin declined, “I don’t think that’s a good idea.”

Hoseok wrapped an arm around Jin’s broad shoulders, “Why? You don’t want to kiss me, hyung?”
He sealed the MBC Drama Award winning act with a chaste kiss to the taller man’s cheek, and
found himself being shoved a good five feet away.

“How about we play it by the normal rules then? No kissing…” Jeongguk offered, being all doe-
eyed and casual about it. “It can be three versus three. We set the time on our phones for twenty
minutes. The team hiding will have a three minute head start, before the team seeking will have to
find them. If all three members are found before the time runs out, it’s game over. If they aren’t
found, then the team seeking loses.”

That sounded reasonable. Those rules were a hell of a lot better than, let’s spontaneously make-out
with each other.

You were in mid-nod, being oddly agreeable towards the idea, when Namjoon twirled what looked
like a pair of handcuffs on one of his fingers. You’d recognized it as one of the props. A prop that
they hadn’t needed to begin with and would not end up being used, so why was it here now? “We
should use these when bringing back the last person we find. Think of it as extra incentive not to get
captured.”

What in the actual fuck?

Hoseok’s abrupt fit of laughter startled you. The guy was practically on the verge of tears, pressing a
hand to his to stomach to alleviate the cramp. “You stole those? Namjoonie, why? Yoongi hyung
doesn’t deserve this level of humiliation.”

Yoongi raised a brow at that, deadpanning, “You’re not cuffing me.” And no, Namjoon would never
try his hand at restraining the eldest rapper. He’d get his fucking ass handed to him.

Jeongguk snatched the cuffs away with ease, testing the heavy weight in his hands. He rolled the
metal closed to open a few times, before he decided he was going to hang onto them.

Truthfully, you hadn’t played Make-Out Manhunt or any form of Manhunt for that matter. Why
would you? It was ridiculous. You asked, “So, how do you capture someone? You just tag them or
what?”

They laughed as though the real absurdity lied within your question, like you were asking the
world’s most obvious thing, which okay – fuck you, too. It seemed to have amused all, except the
golden maknae – the know-it-all maknae – the rabbit prince maknae. He was far too busy staring
through you with the same unreadable expression that you were always met with. You didn’t get it.
You couldn’t pinpoint when it had started, convinced that it had always been there. You did deny
him snacks that one time. Maybe he’s hated you since?

He was still just a boy in your mind.

A boy who was now shamelessly dragging his eyes up and down the length of your body, the corners of his mouth twitching into a brief smirk, “It’s pin to win.”

*What the fuck was that about?* You tried not to read too much into it. It wouldn’t be the first time Jeongguk was being playful, although it was never towards you, which made it a little…*odd*.

Hoseok lightly patted you on the shoulder, “Don’t worry, I’ll protect you.” You’d sooner feel safer in a shark tank covered in blood, *but thanks Hobi*.

Namjoon laughed, “I’ll be too busy annihilating you, Hobi-wan. Hiding or seeking.”

“Oh, my god!” The mushroom-haired rapper said, slightly appalled at being considered Namjoon’s easy target. You then watched as Hoseok slowly inched his way behind a tree, making it obvious that he had no real intentions of protecting you from anything.

“Alright, let’s just set our friggin’ watches,” Yoongi snapped impatiently, clapping his hands together with mock enthusiasm. You could tell that the blonde would much prefer spending a lazy day full of catnapping, until he was needed for the photo shoot.

You started flipping through the apps on your phone, setting up the stopwatch. The heat of Jeongguk’s gaze was still burning metaphorical holes into your skin, his head tilted in your direction. Unfortunately, confronting him wasn’t an option, and you didn’t have the nerve to stare right back, so you chose to ignore it.

A few short rounds of *Kai, Bai, Boh* determined who would be the ones hiding and seeking. Not so lucky for you, since you ended up on the team that was hiding. Jin and Hoseok had already split up, referring to it as ‘tactic’, but you were too aware of the fact that you were akin to dead weight. Going in the opposite direction would be the least typical, so you went down that path – going as far as you could, before deeming it as too fucking far.

It was in the direction of camp, anyway. If you could reach it, before anyone managed to find you, then it would just be a bonus. You honestly didn’t need to be standing out in the middle of the woods, terrified and weary of Jeongguk. You pressed a hand against one of the nearest trees, needing to take a short rest.

Your breathing had already become ragged, side aching as though you’d run an entire marathon. Since living in Korea, you’d been forced to use your legs more often, so the strain wasn’t too bad, but perhaps you shouldn’t have used so much force.

The forest itself was open, leaving several inches between each tree. You wanted to look down at your phone to check how much time was left, but you couldn’t afford to slow down, because of the *what ifs* that plagued your mind. Realistically, Yoongi would probably give up halfway through chasing you down. Namjoon would motion you over, coaxing you with environmental facts. Jeongguk would…

*No.* You wouldn’t allow that happen, because you had enough problems.

First problem being that you used to actually like Jeongguk, a lot. It was borderline unprofessional
how much you enjoyed your job as a stand-in stylist. Cosmetology school came through for you, even if it was your fallback. Being surrounded by seven gorgeous guys wasn’t bad, by any means. But you sure got an eyeful of what you weren’t permitted to have, never daring to go beyond finger fucking their hair.

Right from the very start, handling Jeongguk was complete hell for you. He was far too attentive, while you were trying to focus on applying powder, or wiping the sweat from his golden skin. There were other times, where you would check his hair in the mirror and catch his gaze, dark and lingering. You’d blamed it on the makeup, deciding that Jeongguk wasn’t hardly that intense, or imposing.

An entire year later and you hadn’t been asked to step down from your position, even when the original stylist had come back from maternity leave. By some miracle, Big Hit had welcomed you into their family. It was that or they’d forgotten to fire you – didn’t matter. You were comfortable with your paychecks.

“GWAAAAaaa! HOOO-MAH-GAWD!”

You were stopped dead in your tracks when the echo of what sounded like pre-captured Hoseok screaming reverberated throughout the forest. Your blood went cold with fear, despite who you were running away from. It shouldn’t have been so terrifying, but it was, as you felt a spike of adrenaline – your heart beginning to pound, rather than beat. The two members on your team were already found and it would only be a matter of time before you joined them in their misery.

Snap.

You spun abruptly at the sound, searching over the area behind you, and at each side.

It was probably – hopefully – nothing.

At least, that was what you’d wanted to believe. You cursed under your breath, as a set of chills spread over your arms and at the back of your neck, the small hairs standing on end. It was that same burning sensation from earlier, the one you’d felt whenever someone was staring directly at you, that made itself known. A shadow moved from out of the corner of your peripheral, confirming what your gut already knew to be true. Jeongguk was not even ten feet away from you then. You’d never even heard him approaching, agile and swift as he’d trailed after you, until it was too late.

Whether it was mimicking a hyung’s solo choreo, singing along to his favorite IU ballad, going on a headshot spree in Overwatch with Widowmaker, or chasing after someone he desperately craved for – these were all pleasantly thrilling to Jeon Jeongguk. So, it was without further ado, that predator met prey like an Animal Planet rerun of lions devouring antelopes in large, unremorseful bites. He took every aspect of this game very seriously. Jeongguk was competitive where most might not think so in this particular arena. His behavior projected through television, even while in person, was an act, perhaps the best he’d ever performed in front of his every day audience.

All he needed was two seconds and for as immobilized as you were within that moment, it was all too easy for him to pin you to the nearest tree. A sharp breath was expelled from your lungs at the unexpected impact against the rough surface. He had you by the wrists, keeping you still when you tried twisting out of his hold.

You gasped, “Jeongguk, you won…” The oak was old and splintered where it dug into your skin, making the firm press of his body all the more uncomfortable. “…you can let go of me now.”
“I knew you’d head this way, noona,” he mused, the Busan accent was thick in the heat of his tone. He chuckled then, the puff of air reaching your skin, “You’re tragically predictable. You know that you’re the last one to be found, right?”

You were steadily growing impatient, “So?”

Jeongguk stared down at you seriously, as he asked, “Have you already forgotten?” He then used his other hand to retrieve something from out of his back pocket. A dark smile flitted across his mouth – the same smile that had betrayed you on countless occasions, alluring and tempting on lips so red.

_Clink._

Your eyes widened upon the realization of what he’d just done, the weight of the metal cuffs locking around both your wrists. Jeongguk stepped back to admire his work, taking in the precious look of shock on your face.

You stepped closer, pushing your wrists towards him, “Kookie, get these off of me.”

“About that,” he said, eyes dancing with dark amusement. This was too good – too much fun with the conflict so raw on you then. He’d gained your attention just the way he’d wanted it. The panic was evident in the way you grew on edge, as though you were about to throttle him, and _oh_, how he wished that you would. He tilted his head at you, voice light and unapologetic, “Namjoon hyung has the key.”

“Then, why? Why did you…?” You sighed heavily, defeated. “Look – I don’t know what’s wrong with you lately. If you’re mad at me, just say so. You don’t have to play these games.”

He pulled you by the inch of chain between your wrists, using his other hand to lower one of the branches. You’d realized his intention almost immediately, what he was meaning to do, when you slipped from his grasp, because – _oh, hell to the no_. You started making your way to literally anywhere else, knowing that he was _faster_ – when a pair of strong arms curled around you securely.

“You can’t be serious! Kook, put me down!” You shouted, trying to go full on dead weight, which did little to nothing to stop him.

Jeongguk handled you as one would a doll, maneuvering you up over his shoulder with unsurprising ease. With the new position, he didn’t even need to lower down the branch, as he dropped you so that the cuffs went over it. The branch lowered with your added weight, the tips of your toes just barely touching the ground. You couldn’t escape, not tall enough to inch yourself forward.

He took in how you struggled, expletives falling freely from your lips, cursing him until he started to speak, “See, that’s how I’ve felt for a whole year with you.” You grew quiet then, although your heart was still racing, and you felt dizzied by what sounded a lot like the beginning of confession, one of which you were not prepared for. “It felt like I was dangling, not really sure what would happen. The panic that comes with wanting to claim something as your own is so exhausting”

“What is it…” you shook away the rest of the question, unsure if you’d wanted to hear the answer. You didn’t need to know that this brat actually had feelings for you.

There was a dangerously low and teasing lilt to his tone, as he pinpointed you, “What is it that I want, noona? From the expression on your face, I’d say you know very well.”
“Let’s go back,” you said. *Let’s get the fuck out of here, before Jeongguk says something that will destroy your every last defense.*

“I hadn’t expected you to be hired permanently. That kind of damned us both,” he laughed, while running his long fingers down the side of his neck. A breathy sigh escaped his lips for the theatrics. “While your hands were in my hair, my eyes were shut, envisioning what would happen if you’d noticed how much I was enjoying it. What if you’d noticed how hard I was?”

And there it was, what you’d wanted to avoid. You looked to the ground for answers, trying to digest what the hell he’d just said – mouth parted to retort, when you’d thought better of it. Nothing you said could possibly diffuse the situation. This had obviously been building up for him for awhile.

“You’re not innocent either, noona.” *What the hell was that supposed to mean?* Jeongguk approached you with purposeful steps, taking your chin between his fingertips, and forced you to look at him. “Namjoon hyung is under the impression that you’d let him fuck you, if he tried. He likes you, you know…”

You tried shaking your head, but the short nails digging into your skin kept you from moving. Trembling with anger, you were quick to deny it, “That isn’t true.”

“He’s just one of many. There’s practically a whole list of guys who showed real interest in you. They think they’d stand a chance, so tell me.” Jeongguk stared right through you then, the intensity of it imposing, and daunting – so unlike the wide-eyed bunny that you were used to dealing with. “What does noona do to give them that impression?”

You were genuinely perplexed by the question. Any guy who’d shown interest in you had never seemed to work out. It was all flirtation that hadn’t even made it into the relationship stage. Flirting itself was awkward for you, so there was no way you were knowingly participating in such rituals the whole time.

The guys who liked you *never worked out*…

They never worked **out**.

**Never worked out.**

“Jeongguk, have you been meddling in my personal life? Like, are you preventing things from happening?” You paused, searching his dark eyes for the answer, wanting to see the lie there, but his expression was resolute. He couldn’t have possibly. Despite your obvious disposition, you felt as though you could hulk out, break through the cuffs, and have a fair one on one with him.

He confirmed the dread you’d felt, “I like to control everything.”

“You’re an impossible bastard.” How quickly Jeongguk had been upgraded from brat in your book. If he’d been trying to make you take him seriously, it had worked. “Who the hell do you think you are? You can’t do that.”

“Can’t and won’t – words like these were meaningless for how strongly I felt,” he said, shaking his hair out of his face. The hair you’d fucking styled this morning, which he probably got off on. Jeongguk almost pitied you for a moment. The basic concept of being a decent human being, this thing people seemed to have designated rules for tended to piss him off. The fear of losing you to
someone else had outweighed the logic for him. He’d acted on impulse, steering away lesser men, keeping you available, and all for himself.

You glared at him. “And what about ‘don’t’ or ‘stop’?”

“We’ll find out, won’t we? Maybe if you add a ‘please’ at the end, I’ll reward you with being compliant.” The fingers splayed over your jawline trailed higher into your hair, where he abruptly yanked your head back by the roots. The sharp gasp you’d emitted had a pleasant effect on him, when he’d quirked his lips, and leaned in towards your ear. The warmth of his breath reached your sensitive skin, as he murmured, “All you have to do is tell me you don’t want me. I’ll believe you and never pursue this again, but just so you know – the reason why we’re here right now, in this position, is because I don’t believe that.”

He pulled away long enough to undo the buttons on his jacket, letting it fall to the ground carelessly. Holy fuck – this was how you lose your job. You were going to be caught with a just barely twenty year old working within the same company where dating fellow employees, especially idols, was strictly prohibited, and downright unprofessional. With that aside, you’d just watched him dirty his sponsored clothing. You were going to stylist hell.

Jeongguk pulled the plain black shirt he was wearing beneath the button-up from his fitted slacks, fingers unfastening the leather belt around his hips. It slipped free from the hoops in one smooth motion. He grinned, a full set of bunny teeth on display, “Tell me you don’t want this…”

You warned, “Jeongguk…”

He tapped the leather against his palm, impatiently, “Accept or deny me.”

You couldn’t deny him, but you couldn’t easily accept the situation either. If you were being completely honest with yourself, you didn’t want this moment to end. Hell, you wanted to go back in time, rewind his confession just to hear it over and over again, as though the memory wouldn’t be accurate enough.

“This is a public place and not a real vacation. You have solo shots to take soon,” you reasoned, listing off possibilities, instead of answering his question. “I could be fired for this much, let alone whatever else you’re thinking of doing.”

He laughed short, as he stepped closer to you, “You’ll just have to fix me up, noona.” You jumped when he skimmed the cool leather of the belt along your inner thigh, continuing, “And I doubt we’d be caught by anyone who would tattle, but sure, there is that possibility.” Shaking at the sensation, you inwardly cursed yourself for wearing shorts on a moderately cold day. It was the lightest of touches, whispers of rough texture over soft skin.

Jeongguk looked down at your legs, where the few inches between you and him mattered, and asked, “Will you kick me if I come any closer?” If you’d wanted to kick him, you would have done so the moment you realized he was within reach. However, you wouldn’t hurt him – didn’t want to stop him, even if meant ignoring your better judgment.

You shook your head, mutely, unable to use your voice. Not even you believed that you were about to go along with this – that a single taste of Jeongguk would be worth risking your job over. Seeing you strung up like this would be enough to stun any passerby into silence. The rest of the group would start to wonder soon and set out to find you both.
He teased the belt up further, until it was pressed between your legs, “Does that mean you’ll be a good girl for me?”

You squeezed your thighs together, unsure of whether or not you were trying to escape the leather, or keep it against you.

“You like this more than I thought you would,” he said lowly, as he suddenly removed the belt to drape it over your neck. He used it as leverage to pull your faces close together – his breath reaching your skin. Quick fingers moved silver between one of the notches, loosely securing the belt around your throat.

Jeongguk took the extension of leather that was left through the buckle and touched it to your lips. You swallowed thickly, meeting the intense stare he’d settled on you then, and parted your mouth for him. Allowing the tongue of the belt to slip past your teeth, he wet his lips at your easy compliance.

“You’re behaving so well for me,” he crooned, withdrawing the leather and pushing it back in, watching the way your cheeks hollowed eagerly. “Would you take my cock just like this?” He jerked you forward by his grip on the belt, feeding more of it into your mouth, pleased with how you’d adjusted quickly. “How many cocks have you had lately?”

You weren’t sure how to respond to that, even if you could. You’ve had such few serious relationships and was never inspired to have a wild streak. It wasn’t like you enjoyed partying. If anything, you were lacking in experience.

He removed the belt, expecting your answer.

Okay, then, Jeongguk.

“Are you jealous of the thought?” you asked, shifting the conversation on purpose. “I bet you think your age excuses your immaturity.”

The muscles in his jaw bounced when he clenched his teeth, “So what if it is jealousy?” He roamed his hands down the front of your shirt, fingers barely grazing you when he reached the hem. You sucked in a breath when he curled the fabric in his fist and pulled it up to your neck, your chest heaving as the adrenaline rushed through you.

Embarrassment and excitement mixed into an intoxicating cocktail, feeling his large hands immediately fall to your breasts, impatiently pushing your bra up, and exposing you to the hunger of his gaze. You were quick to close your eyes against his scrutiny, knowing that under the harsh rays of sunlight, that he could see you perfectly.

“Would you let just anyone do this to you?” Jeongguk husked, as he took in the way your skin burned pink – your breaths coming out shakily. The worst of the matter was the fact that you weren’t looking at him. He brought his fingers down in a quick descent, slapping a peaked nipple – the impact abrupt, and sharp. You cried out in surprise, startled by the sound more than the sting. He licked at his deep red lips, “Answer me.”

Your response was almost immediate, “N-No, I wouldn’t…although, a guy usually wouldn’t think of cuffing a woman to a tree just to touch her.”

He tilted his head at you, the briefest of smirks tugging at the corners of his mouth. “I suppose you’re right, however, usually a woman wouldn’t be so complacent about it. What does that say about you,
“It says that I must want this…” you breathed, the confession stopped short when Jeongguk leaned down the rest of the way. Placing his left hand at the base of your throat, he held you very still and slowly brushed his lips over yours, savoring his first taste of you. It was enough to send a pleasant shiver down his spine.

It’d only taken a moment for the spell to be broken, for that gentle pressure to turn into something needier as a consequence. The pressure of his mouth was bruising, as he licked past your lips, deepening the kiss. He pressed himself more firmly against you, bare sensitive skin meeting the cotton of his dark shirt. His other hand started kneading at your back, your hips, and down to your ass – possessively digging his fingers in between the flesh of your cheeks to bring you even closer.

You hummed against him, sucking greedily each time his tongue entered your mouth, pressing yourself further into his touch, giving into him completely. Jeongguk was the first to part from the kiss, eager to take in your flushed expression when the hand on your neck grew tight. He shoved his other hand beneath your shorts, the button popping open, and the zipper trailing down from the force of it.

“Let’s see how wet you are for me,” he teased, as he started palming you through the flimsy cotton of your panties, where you were sure to be a soaking mess. Two of his fingers dug the material into you as he rubbed at, and parted your slick folds.

“Wait, that’s really…” It was really embarrassing, despite your bravado from just moments ago. “It’s really what?” Jeongguk taunted, more than asked, pressing his long fingers in circles over your throbbing clit. You dropped your head to his shoulder with a gasp – hands itching to hold onto him for dear life, but with the cuffs it was futile. He offered you an adverb, the amusement practically dripping in voice, “Filthy?”

You quietly shook your head, agreeing with him.

He snickered, tone condescending, “Don’t you understand how men work?”

“Do you?” you challenged, the ache in the pit of your stomach had just started to subside, when he stopped ministrations short. “You’re still just a boy.”

He stepped back, no longer a support for your head – the fingers at your throat gone to instead busy themselves with removing your shorts. He hooked his fingers into the cotton of your panties, pulling them down past your thighs. You could feel the sticky, wet strings of arousal following the movement, the tender skin of your inner thighs covered in it, you were such a mess.

You expected him to be more offended by your rebuttal. You’d even thought he’d perhaps consider your words as a partial truth, until his dark eyes narrowed at you. He was holding your panties into a tight fist, leaving you captive within his gaze as he slowly brought the soiled fabric up to his nose, and filled his lungs with deep, exaggerated inhales.

It was worse than anything he could have said in response – it was both humiliating and arousing at the same time. You wanted to hide from the sheer mortification of it.

“Look here, noona,” he said, showing you the crotch of the material. It was covered in thick webs of clear arousal. You steadied your eyes on it, hearing him chuckle darkly, “Good. Now watch me.” He
touched the mess with his tongue, a soft groan escaping the back of his throat. He tugged at the cotton with his teeth, sucking lewdly at your juices – tasting you as a new form of torture.

You were shook by it, tired arms trembling from above your head at the intensity of his heated gaze. It was enough to scorch you from where he stood. This new side of Jeongguk that you were currently being subjected to was a very, very dangerous thing you realized. It was no different from playing with fire and you were practically begging to get burned.

“I’m not surprised that you would smell and taste so good,” he said, dropping the panties from his fingers onto the ground of the forest. “Sometimes I could smell you. Very faintly. It used to drive me insane. I’d have to excuse myself, so that I could lock myself in a stall, burying my teeth into my lip just to keep quiet, while I got off.”

You felt your stomach swoop with each word, the ache in your stomach growing more acute. Jeongguk was back to being in your space, intent on learning your body by reaction. The light graze of his fingertips against the inside of your thighs drew closer to where you needed it the most, before his touch was gone. He was acting as though he had all the time in the world to play with you.

“Jeongguk…” You hadn’t even recognized your own voice pleading for him. “I need your hands on me. Please.”

“Really? That wasn’t the impression I got from you lately,” he said, while tugging you so that the cuffs moved further down the branch. Your feet could now touch the ground more comfortably. It was also less of a strain on your wrists. You sighed in relief, when he placed his hand between your thighs fast and suddenly, cupping you within his fingers more roughly this time.

A hand at the back of your neck kept you from looking away from him. You moaned, choosing to close your eyes instead, as your legs clamped around his arm, “Ah, fuck…”

He leaned in so that he could speak against your ear, “Oh, I am going to fuck you.” Your body proceeded to shake with chills, as he mouthed at your skin with each word. “By the time I’m through with this tight little cunt, you’re going to know exactly who you belong to.” He tapped his fingers hard against your clit in rapid succession, finding the bite of pain to also be pleasurable, as your entire body jolted from the stimulation. It was thrilling and terrifying. It was absolutely amazing.

“How long has it been for you, noona?” he asked, bringing your head back by his grip on your neck. “Open your eyes and look at me. I won’t tell you again.” You did as you were told, a soft cry escaping when his palm came down one last time, the contact sharp and wet from your accumulated arousal. The question had purpose, as he teased a finger at your entrance, rubbing over it until you felt frustrated, needing to be filled.

“Kookie, I swear…”

He finally curled his finger into you, a knowing smirk tugging at his lips, “Is this what you wanted? Fuck, you’re tight,” he groaned, enticed by the resistance he was met with, despite how wet you already were. He was quick to add in another long digit, pumping them in and out of you slowly.

“You already feel so fucking good…and terrifying.”

You wanted to die on the spot – trembling from head to toe, as the pleasure started to coil in your stomach like a spring. A third finger joined the others, noisily – stretching you open for what was soon to come. You pulled at the cuffs when he ground the heel of his palm in circles against your
clit, throwing your head back in bliss. It was difficult to ignore the fact that you were outside, where at any given moment someone could walk by, a member or one of the staff, which only made the situation hotter at this point.

If Jeongguk was at all apprehensive about being caught, he didn’t show it. No – he was far too busy with sucking marks into the soft skin along your neck. The sharp pinch of his teeth had you gasping helplessly, stuck between scrunching your shoulders and not wanting to escape it. The firm, wet repetition of his tongue swirling over each bruise pushed you so close to the edge. You rocked your hips into his working hand, crying out the moment he closed his mouth over an erect nipple, lavishing the sensitive bud with the hot sweep of his tongue.

He was able to feel the beginnings of your orgasm. You hadn’t bothered with giving him a heads up, other than the natural fluttering of your walls around his fingers. It was becoming more frequent, as the pleasurable chills, and quakes claimed your body. You were growing louder. The hand at the back of your neck moved into your hair, where he wound the strands around his fist, and tugged on them in warning. One that you’d failed to heed, as you continued getting lost in the skilled fingers buried deep inside you – Jeongguk’s sinful mouth consuming you in its heat. It was too much, too soon.

“No you don’t,” he spoke low into your skin, laughing somewhat cruelly when he withdrew his fingers from you, leaving you to clench around nothing. You could have sobbed, as you were now so empty, and annoyed with him. You raised your head at him weakly, ready to fix him with the best glare you could manage, when you noticed something… alarming.

Namjoon.

The rapper stood there, as still as stone, and at a complete loss when he stared at you then. He was still trying to process what he’d just witnessed. Usually, he liked to pick apart and dissect information logically; male, female, basic anatomy, pheromones, endorphins, sexual congress – the nine, which had all made sense, up until he reached the group’s maknae and one of the company’s stylist. The same stylist that he, himself had taken an interest in.

Namjoon had been watching long enough to feel his cock stir within the confines of his jeans. Jeongguk’s control wasn’t misplaced throughout the whole ordeal, and under different circumstances, perhaps he would have commended the younger for it. The blonde had been stopped dead in his tracks the moment he’d spotted them, thinking that the scenario was nothing more than a prank, and was getting ready to pull the key to cuffs out from his pocket.

That was until he’d noticed that the woman he’d practically been pining over was utterly exposed right before him, naked and writhing in bliss at the hands of the youngest member. The small gasps and moans slipping past your abused lips was enough make his dick swell almost guiltily in response. He swallowed at the lump in his throat, trying to find the will to turn around and leave, pretending that he hadn’t seen anything, but he was unable to look away.

Then your eyes met, successfully stopping his heart from giving its next beat. Jeongguk followed the line of her stunned gaze to find his hyung frozen there. A deceptive smile spread across the younger’s handsome face, as he neared Namjoon, “Look who found us.”

You tried turning away with what little movement you were afforded, skin flushed a deep red as you attempted to escape from the leader’s view. Jeongguk’s body was no longer shielding you from it, when he placed a hand against Namjoon’s chest, asking you, “Would you like it if hyung joined us?” He lowered his eyes to the unmistakable outline of Namjoon’s hard cock, voice laced with
amusement, “I’m sure he’d be very appreciative if you took care of his problem for him.”

“I want to help,” you said, throwing away all inhibitions. *Fuck it* – you were already caught. It’d been obvious to you in the past that Namjoon had formed a small crush on you. Aside from that, you found him to be woefully attractive and this opportunity probably wouldn’t happen twice.

“See? She can handle it for you, hyung,” Jeongguk said cheekily, before the smile on his face disappeared into something more sinister. The leader ignored the chill that crawled up his spine at that, opting to lean against the tree behind him. The weight of Jeongguk’s body followed, when he started kneading at the elder’s cock through his jeans.

A quick breath left Namjoon’s lungs, “Jeongguk, the fuck…” He visibly shuddered at the way he was being managed with a questionable amount of sexual knowhow on Jeongguk’s end. He closed his eyes at the feel of the younger’s tongue pushing at his lips, immediately granting him access. Namjoon drew him in closer by his hips, holding Jeongguk flush against his frame, crushing the hand working between their bodies in the process.

The rapper groaned throatily at the sharp nip of Jeongguk’s teeth, when he parted with a short laugh, “I didn’t think it would be so easy getting you off, hyung.” He then looked over his shoulder at you, taking note of how your legs were closed tightly, skin burning a deep red. You were turned on by the sight of them.

Jeongguk drew away from the leader to approach you, eyes narrowed hot and accusatory, “I want to fuck you, while you’re sucking him off.” Your lashes fluttered against the feel of him nuzzling the tip of his nose into the side of your neck. “Even while his cock is down your throat, you’re going to learn that you’re mine, and that you belong to *me*.”

You squeaked when Jeongguk scooped you up over his shoulder, helping the cuffs move down, until they were off the branch. Namjoon stepped closer, unable to deny the fact that he wanted you in any which way he could have you, even if it would be on the receiving end of a blowjob. He removed his coat and laid it out on the ground, where the younger placed you carefully. Namjoon could see the marks and bruises along your skin, signs of the maknae’s claim all over you – taking interest in the belt around your neck.

He decided to keep you in cuffs for a bit longer, “If you want the keys, then you’ll have to work for them.” Admittedly, a part of Namjoon felt bitter about having lost out to Jeongguk, and he didn’t want to be particularly sweet towards you. He lowered himself onto the ground, spreading his legs wide to give you ample space.

You were guided onto your knees by a forceful hand on your hip. “Look at you,” Jeongguk said lowly, so very fixated on how you started crawling your way towards Namjoon. He pulled his shirt over his head, dropping it unceremoniously. His throat felt dry, the air thick with tension, as he adjusted himself behind you. Being this close, the scent of your arousal was heady, and it took effort on his part not to hold you down and fuck you right then and there.

The rapper lifted his hips when you worked on getting his pants open, allowing you to pull them from off his hips, his briefs down far enough to free his aching cock. You stared wide-eyed at how big he was, curved up against his stomach, the head already swollen, and leaking with precum.

Jeongguk stared at Namjoon, “This is what you wanted, right, hyung?” The maknae enjoyed the psychological aspect of it, receiving a pointed glare from the rapper. He tacked on a warning for no other reason than to stay in control, “Be sure to mind your hands.” Jeongguk knew full well that
under such circumstances, one might be tempted to grab you by your hair, and force you down.

He smoothed his hands over your hips and to your backside, spreading you wide with each possessive touch. The apex between your thighs was a tantalizing pink and glistening with arousal, waiting to be devoured. He buried his nose against you abruptly, short nails digging into your skin when you startled, unable to escape even if you’d wanted to. The cool breath of his laugh caused you to tense visibly with anticipation.

You tried focusing on the very hot, very hard Namjoon instead of your insecurities, grabbing him at the base of his cock, and bringing him to your mouth to give an experimental flick of your tongue. The muscle in his thigh bounced, both hands curled into fists at his sides in order to behave himself. You swirled your tongue over the head of his cock, tasting the salt, and sweat on his skin. The slicker you made him the easier it was to glide your fist over him, taking care of what your mouth wasn’t able to fit.

Jeongguk had only allowed you to live for but a moment, giving you enough time to concentrate on Namjoon, and find a rhythm, when he’d closed his mouth down tightly, sucking greedily at your sensitive flesh. He teased back and forth over your clit with the point of his tongue, relentless in his assault. You moaned around Namjoon’s cock, the vibrations carrying throughout the leader’s body in a pleasurable hum.

Namjoon swore low, “Fuck…” You relaxed your throat for him, taking him in deeper, cheeks hollowed tightly. “You’re so good at that…”

He wouldn’t touch you, as per Jeongguk’s warning. This had only made the act more exhilarating, as he tried finding inventive ways to maintain control. The belt around your neck would serve a purpose, as he grabbed at the end of it, curling the leather around his fingers to give a sharp tug. You stabled a hand on his leg when he’d offered it, meeting the heavy stare he’d fixed on you then, and pulsed with need – Jeongguk’s mouth soothing over the ache you’d felt at your core.

The firm hands on your hips kept you completely still, as he continued devastating you with the press of his tongue, delving the velvety muscle past your entrance, and fucking into you repeatedly. Another tug on the belt inched you further down onto Namjoon’s cock, slurping at the excess saliva and precum coating him. It would be easy to send him over the edge, as you rolled your wrist in a way that made his hips buck up slightly, being careful as to not choke you. The guttural moan that escaped the leader was enough to even affect Jeongguk.

The maknae hissed low, willing himself to pull away long enough to trail the zipper of his jeans down over his cock, relieving some of the pressure. He pulled himself from his fitted briefs, stroking over his length a couple times. This hadn’t been part of his agenda and therefore, he was under prepared, not carrying around his wallet that held his condoms.

“I know it’s difficult to answer me while your mouth is full, but how badly do you want me, noona?” he asked, hips coming forward to thrust his cock between your drenched folds, getting himself soaked with your juices. He gauged your reaction, carefully, “Mm? Enough to let me fuck you without a condom on? Bad enough to let me cum inside you?”

“Jesus, Guk,” Namjoon gasped, tightening his hand on the belt. You tried your best to respond to him with a simple ‘mhm’, when you felt Jeongguk’s fingers gripping your hair by the roots, yanking you off of the rapper’s cock.

He pressed his mouth against your, teeth grazing over the shell of your ear, “Answer me if you
understand.”

You nodded weakly, your heart about ready to pound out of your chest. “I understand.”

He chuckled, breathily, “Good.”

The rapper’s mouth parted into a broken moan when you leaned down to continue taking him into the warmth of your mouth, lips popping each time you pulled off of him. Namjoon’s eyes flickered up to the maknae’s, watching as a dark expression passed over his normally soft features. This was a new side of Jeongguk that he wasn’t familiar with. After today, it would be difficult to see him the same way. Not that Namjoon minded it all that much.

Jeongguk pressed himself at your entrance, the thick, bulbous head of his cock fitting nice and snug against you, before he started pushing in slowly. He watched as his length sank into your tight warmth, overwhelmed when your walls clenched around him. Bracing a hand on your hips, he slammed forward the rest of the way, sheathing himself inside of you completely.

You cried out, despite how ready you’d been for it. You knew within that moment that you weren’t wholly prepared for how stretched apart and full you felt then. He allowed you time to adjust to his length, as he was bigger than what you were used to lately, given the fact that you’d been inactive for so long. Being under the control of two men was proving to be too much, as one tugged you to swallow them down, and the other started thrusting into you hard and unforgiving.

It was difficult to focus on both, your legs trembling under the impact of Jeongguk’s hips meeting your ass. The breathy sounds he was making grew harsher, moaning through clenched teeth. “You’re so fucking tight,” he said, voice raw, as he looked to where you were connected, how your walls clung to him each time he withdrew slowly, before slamming back in. He repeated the action, sending you forward with each intrusion. “So good for me, taking my cock so well. Your greedy pussy doesn’t want to let me go.”

The strong muscles of his thighs had spread yours further apart, driving into you as deeply as he could go, and filling you to the hilt. You were dripping all over him when he began pounding into you. He exploited your spot when he found it, hitting it acutely from then on. You clenched around him tightly, your screams muffled by Namjoon’s cock. Jeongguk slid a hand around your front, teasing his long, skillful fingers in firm circles over your throbbing clit.

You twisted your wrist up and down Namjoon’s slippery length, watching him suffer beneath your touch. A thin sheen of sweat coated his tanned skin, as his jaw set hard with pleasure. He shoved his shirt up over his chest, getting it out of the way where he might spill. You could see his abdominal muscles tense up and contact as he neared his climax. You wanted everything that he had to give you, as you continued sucking around him eagerly.

“Ah, hyung-nim. You look done for,” Jeongguk breathed, taking in the vulnerable and erotic sight of the leader on edge. He licked at his dry lips, “Maybe I’ll have a taste.”

Namjoon visibly shuddered at the younger’s words, envisioning what it would be like to have the both of you mouthing at his cock. He once again pulled at the belt, letting you know that he was going to come soon.

In a synchronized fashion that three people could ever hope to achieve, you’d found your rhythm, drifting into a symphony of moans, affirming the mutual state of bliss that was steadily roping you all in. It was Namjoon who’d been the first to let go, his urgent warnings turning into incoherent
murmuring, as his mind was wiped blank, filling your mouth with hot, sticky release.

You showed it to him, allowing his cum to slip past your swollen lips – your fist still pumping him, until he softened. With Namjoon no longer preoccupying your mouth, your sounds grew louder as Jeongguk turned ravenous, pistoning his cock into your sore pussy. The fingers on your clit matched the rough, incessant snapping of his hips. Soon your walls were fluttering around him like a pulse, sobbing as your orgasm tore throughout your body forcibly – the intense pleasure you felt leaving you tingling, and sated.

Spurred on at the feel of you unraveling beneath him, Jeongguk dug his nails into your skin, holding you down, as he pushed into you a few more times. Growling low, he came in a stream of expletives, as he milked himself into you. You winced at the sensation of liquid heat filling you up. He pressed his hips against the soft cheeks of your ass one last time, before he withdrew from you carefully. A thick rivulet of cum trailed from your gaping entrance when you’d finally relaxed enough to unclench.

The maknae was half-tempted to fuck it back into you, as he spread you apart with his thumbs – satisfied with how deep inside it was, before releasing you. Namjoon was in a temporary state of a coma, and was slumped where he sat. Once his breathing had finally slowed, he went to pull his shirt back down over his stomach.

Jeongguk’s voice stopped him mid-action, “Leave it.”

Namjoon swallowed, thickly, “Guk…”

You felt Jeongguk’s fingers slip through your hair, pulling you closer to him for a kiss. He parted your lips with the insistent press of his tongue, drifting over teeth, and exploring the roof of your mouth. He was able to sample the salty remnants of the other man, humming at the back of his throat, and was almost reluctant to pull away from you.

Dark eyelashes fluttered open, as Jeongguk set his eyes directly on Namjoon, “I think I’ll have that taste now, hyung.”

“And where the HELL were you?” Your fellow coworker demanded, throwing her hands up like she was about to take flight. “You’re lucky the first set of solo shots were cancelled. Although, it doesn’t change the fact that you had left me to fend for myself against this guy…” She pointed over her shoulder towards Taehyung, who was dancing wildly amongst a successful bonfire. “…and that guy,” she finished, pointing towards Jimin just in time for him to stroke his bangs back in a signature manner.

“I mean,” you started, trying not to wince as your body started to feel your recent activities. “This is how they usually are, no?”

She sighed, exasperatedly, “Taehyung kept saying shit like, ‘I’m the reason the fire got lit, my body is why the fire got lit, and this night is gonna be lit.’ Then Jimin started dabbing and…wait, why do you look freshly fucked?”

Namjoon ducked the raised eyebrows from the rest of his group, Jin being the more apparent one as to how much he disapproved. “You guys vanished in the middle of the game. We were worried sick.”
Yoongi unfolded his arms, staring between the leader and the maknae, “Next time you two think it’s a good idea to abandon me during a game I didn’t even want to partake in – in the first place, you could try fucking yourselves first.”

Namjoon shook his head at the irony, “Fuck, man…”

Jeongguk moved as quietly as a phantom, slipping past the critics, until he was standing beside you. It was late in the afternoon and the sun was already beginning to set, while the orange flames of the bonfire glowed dimly. With the dark saturating your surroundings, he slipped his arms around your waist, and pressed his chest against you. A soft kiss at the back of your neck caused you to grow tense with worry.

Someone might see you, although no one was paying any attention.

His warm breath tickled your skin when he spoke, “Be with me, so that I can stop being like this.” If it hadn’t been for his arms, you were sure your knees would have given out by now.

You decided to tease him, “Oh, you mean straight up predatory and without a doubt bi-curious?”

He laughed, however the amusement absent from his tone, “Time to give me a real answer, noona.”

“How honestly? I didn’t know that you were capable of any of this…” There were no words for how duped you felt. “Also, you were manipulative.”

“You mean how I scared off lesser men and fucked you, until you were in tears?” He felt satisfied with how your body shook with chills from just his words alone. “I want you and it isn’t going to get any easier from here. The question is if you want me?”

It hadn’t taken you very long to answer him, as you sighed in defeat, “Yes.”

Why had it felt like you’d just signed your soul on over to Satan himself?

He whispered into your ear, “Good girl.”

You shut your eyes.

Playing in the woods during rabbit season, the day Jeongguk won at everything, even you.

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Finished
Not a chapter.

I apparently have to keep this here.

Sorry guys haha

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!