The Kookie Jar
by Rivertoforever

Summary

Where I post all my Tumblr requests and prompts that interest me for Jungkook pairings.
Includes a variety of pairings, Au's, and situations.

43.) Jungkook/everyone

Notes

See the end of the work for notes.
Request from Anonymous: Hey, I Love your writing so much, Can you write a JungkookxEveryone where he is ready to lose his virginity to his Boyfriends that are way too excited but causes them to fight with each other over who is going to take him first, and It makes Jungkook sad and nervous so he decides to make a draw and as strange as It is everyone decides to be okay with it, because they don't want to upset kook and want this to be a great experience for him, and they all get to have him at the end, so It's oaky :).

I took a few liberties with this request, mainly on the idea of virginity.

Jungkook lays curled on his bed, arms around his knees as he worries his bottom lip to a flush by rolling it between his teeth.

Flipping over he lets his eyes fall to where Namjoon is sitting hunched over in his chair writing and Jungkook thinks that right now in this moment of him going over an idea in his head that he is grateful for the elder being preoccupied with something. Jungkook is sure that if those deep dark and caring eyes of Namjoon's were on him that all he would manage to get out was a squeak.

Clearing his throat quietly, he thinks back onto what he is about ask for and why. It's not that Jungkook is ashamed to be a virgin in practically everything, but he wants to experience something out of his comfort zone not the whole way, yet, no Jungkook doesn't think he is ready for that. All he's ever done with any of the other six men he lives with can only be romantic in context the only somewhat sexual act he has done is kissing.

"Hyung," He starts tilting his head up to see Namjoon's face as he hums watches the sharp planes of his face soften when Jungkook continues fingers playing with the sheets around him. "I-I've been thinking lately and, well, um, I want to try more than just kissing."
Namjoon is no longer in his chair, but striding over to him slow and familiar with fond eyes equally soft touch too when he settles beside Jungkook, hands clasped in his lap as the younger shifts to rest on his thigh.

Namjoon is quiet as he thinks and Jungkook tries to pay no mind to the unease building in his stomach. He knows that Namjoon is not outright rejecting his idea, but Jungkook is beyond lost in what comes after simple affection and maybe the elder is thinking how all of this might go with all the others.

"What prompted this, Kook-ah?" The question is followed by a hand petting at his hair and Jungkook nuzzles into the touch enjoying the heat of Namjoon's palm. "You've never shown interest in this before."

Jungkook shrugs closing his eyes as long fingers play with his hair. It is true that he never had much of an interest in most things above soft and simple affection, but he wants to try something new, not because he is bored with it simple things, but Jungkook thinks it will help him be more comfortable and open with men around him; experiencing something new with them.

"I just wanted to do something new with you guys... just to see if I would be okay with it." His voice sounds small, hesitant and Jungkook hides his head when all Namjoon does is look down at him with love and patience.

Letting Namjoon prop him up Jungkook hides in the elder's chest nuzzling where his heart is the thump loud, comforting. "Okay Kook-ah, if that's what you want to try, but do you want to tell the others now or do you want to wait?"

Namjoon is curling an arm around Jungkook's waist as he waits for an answer. "Yeah, yeah," He mumbles out body flushing warm when the elder kisses his neck. "I want to tell them tonight. Will you go with me?"

Namjoon nods, standing and Jungkook presses to his side hiding behind his back since he is uncertain and wants to do this right.
It takes only a few moments for Namjoon to gather the rest of their roommates and herd them to the living room. Jimin is attached to his side on the couch Namjoon too, with an slung around his shoulders and Jungkook breathes looking at the floor.

"I've been thinking and," He pauses, looking up at Namjoon who just smiles, encouraging him to continue as he rubs a hand down Jungkook's back. "I well—I want to try something new."

Namjoon's hand is skating up and down his spine in a lazy line and Jungkook looks up finding nothing but adoration and gentleness. It helps get rid of the lump in his throat. "Could we try more than just kissing and hugging? I want to see what that sort of stuff is like."

It's silent and Jungkook is sure that you could hear a drop of water fall with how still everyone is and Jungkook turns hiding in the crook of Namjoon's shoulder ears burning from embarrassment. None of them are interested and he feels stupid for asking it probably isn't something most ask to try, but Jungkook is different he wants something slow and within his boundaries.

The horrid silence ends with someone Jungkook isn't sure who saying, "How would you want it to go? Who do you want to try something new first with?"

Jungkook doesn't say anything, just curls closer in Namjoon's side when other voices pipe up asking why one should go first over the other? Some voices boasting they have the most experience so it should be them. Jungkook shuts his eyes whimpering into Namjoon's throat when it turns from playful teasing and questioning to his roommates arguing.

The mix of voices is loud booming almost and Jungkook can feel something wet collect in the corner of his eyes. He doesn't like arguments or fights of any kind, but he just started one. Namjoon is trying to wipe at his face and he can feel Jimin pressed to his back shushing and carding a hand to his hair, but Jungkook wants the arguing to stop wants to hear a civil conversation instead of, *Why should you be first? You wanted nothing to do with Jungkook when he first moved in!* Those words hurt like thorns prickling at his skin and the next thing Jungkook knows is that he's sobbing curling in on himself.
He wants the yelling to stop the arguing everything. Jungkook is starting to regret ever having such an idea he doesn't want to try anything new if it will end with fighting.

Jungkook is not sure who, but there is a shout of, *Everyone shut the fuck up!* And while the reaction is not immediate hands are gripping his shoulders as a voice tells him to breathe in and out, that everything is fine and then Jungkook realizes that there is no more yelling.

Looking up, he finds Seokjin, wonderful, kind soft spoken, Seokjin with kind hands, wiping at his eyes, over his mouth as words whisper over his cheek into his ears. "Oh, Jungkookie, don't cry, please? We're sorry," The words are slow and another hands joins Seokjin's but they run over his shoulders. Jungkook feels a hiccup form in his throat. "They've stopped see? So just talk to us, okay and no, don't do that, we won't fight I promise."

Seokjin hyung doesn't break promises so he nods tucking close to the eldest's front while he speaks voice still wet from crying. "I didn't think that far ahead," he admits quietly rubbing at his eyes with his shirt sleeves. "I thought we could do this together? All of us?"

There is a fond laugh to his left and Jungkook feels Taehyung bump their heads together as he ruffles Jungkook's hair. "Kookie, it's wonderful and all that you want to include all of us, but it just won't work like that."

Taehyung doesn't even give him a chance to ask why before his cheek is being kissed as the older continues. "Having all of us together, trying something new will just scare you and you've never done anything like this, so you don't how much you can handle, Kookie."

He feels a swell of defiance well in his chest because Jungkook does know what he can and can't handle. How would this be any different? "No Hyung, I do. I want to include all of you."

It's Seokjin this time curling an arm around his waist while his free hand plays with Taehyung's hair. "No, Darling, you don't but it's sweet of you to try."
He pouts sniffing, looking at the hardwood floor as he thinks. Jungkook wanted to do something with all of them so that no one was left out, but none of them agree with him.

"Then how would this go? I wanted to include everyone." Seokjin is humming tracing stars on Jungkook's ribs while Taehyung sprawls on his lap poking someone's knee. "C-Could we try a draw or a game? No one would fight, then, right?"

It's an odd suggestion, but it is all that Jungkook can think of that won't cause more damage.

"Yeah," Someone breathes from behind him nosing at his neck and Jungkook is sure that is Hoseok from the lingering fingers over his thighs. "We won't fight this time, Jungkook, we promise. We just want you to enjoy this and be safe."

He hums softly and stays tucked in the large circle of people he adores before breaking away. His movements are met with whines and gripping hands, but Jungkook is set in what he's going to do—make straws.

The procedure is short with only him needing to find a cup, marker and different length sticks. After he has numbered them and returned to the living room, he calls each person up one by one. When that is done the others talk about what is and is not okay and Jungkook can't lie he appreciates this sit down more than they will know.

"So," Yoongi starts hooded eyes roaming over Jungkook's sweater covered form with affection. "What exactly is it that you are not willing to try?"

Jungkook swallows because if he is being honest, there is a fair list of things he is hesitant to do, but not against. Having actual penetrative sex is one of them.

"I don't know really," He confides. There is not much Jungkook really knows about when it comes to sexual intimacy too scared and shy to ever try anything with anyone. "I don't want to have sex or well, not, yet... I don't think I'm ready for that."
"That's okay." Yoongi reassures him, stroking a hand down his cheek. "Not everyone wants that and that's okay."

It's Hoseok first. The elder had picked the longest straw and maybe Jungkook is nervous as Hoseok cuddles with him on the bed, hands playing with his belt and teasing at his stomach. Hoseok is gentle and never does anything that Jungkook doesn't like so he has nothing to worry about, but the elder's hands are ghosting over his shorts, nails skimming on the soft part of his upper thigh and it makes Jungkook quiver from how nice it feels. It's different, not unwanted and Jungkook gives a pleased little whimper when Hoseok trails from his shoulder up to his neck leaving butterfly kisses.

Leaning his head back on Hoseok's shoulder Jungkook closes his eyes, listening to the sweet tone of Hoseok's voice. "Is this okay?" There is a sweep of warm fingers over the indent of his stomach and Jungkook gives a sigh because this is definitely more than okay. "Tell me if you want to stop, Jungkook?"

Hoseok's hands are now at his waistband nails tickling the skin above his shorts and Jungkook feels himself buck at the slight drag of a finger going down. It's teasing at the inside of his thigh up, then down, then up again before sweeping over his crotch not moving even though Jungkook wants to feel that wonderful surge of heat up his spine and through his skin.

Jungkook whines when Hoseok sucks a blooming little mark on his shoulder nosing it briefly before a hand cups him thumb stroking. "Hyung." Is all he manages to choke out before a hand is pressing flat under clothing to tug. It's so much better skin to skin when compared to being
"Is this still okay, Jungkookie? Do you want me to stop?" Hoseok says this as he bites along slope of Jungkook's neck words cut by each bite and keen Jungkook gives when the elder's hand flicks or twists, loosens or tightens his grip.

Really Jungkook can't think let alone dare to say that this is not okay. The swipe of Hoseok's thumb over his tip has him craning his head back with a whine as Hoseok comments, You're already leaking but I've hardly done anything to you. Jungkook tries not to hear the pleased lilt to Hoseok's words just as he attempts to block out the words murmured near his ear.

All Jungkook focuses on is the blissful heat welling in his belly with each tug of Hoseok's hand, each swirl of a finger and then Jungkook realizes as he is flushed to Hoseok's front, back arching up to meet each tug, that his shorts are now unbuttoned and Hoseok is pushing back his hair pressing a cool hand to his skin. "How does it feel Jungkookie, good right?"

"Hyung stop I'm gonna—" His words fall into a silent scream as he jerks with one last twist of Hoseok's hand at his base a large wet patch on the front of his briefs and Jungkook falls into spasms as Hoseok milks him to the last drop.

None of it was unwanted but Jungkook feels spent and tired from the release and Hoseok is doing nothing but making him want to sleep from lazy caress with his clean hand as he kisses Jungkook's forehead.

"Let's get you cleaned up, Jungkook," Is what Hoseok pants out near his neck, drawing his hand out from Jungkook's shorts and then away from the bed completely, making Jungkook whine. The bed is so much colder without Hoseok there. "It won't take long just give me a minute."

The care that comes after may be Jungkook's new favourite action.
The next is Namjoon and while it is the next day Jungkook feels heat tickle under skin as the elder coaxes him away into their shared room and then into Namjoon's chair. The leather cradles him, warm and plush sort of like a hug.

They've done this before, but Namjoon is usually in this chair with Jungkook curled next to his waist head resting on a plush thigh or bony knee as the elder drags fingers through his hair. But this this is different because while their positions have switched Namjoon is still has all the control.

"Joonie hyung, why did you bring me here?" He blinks, giggling lightly when Namjoon rumbles the noise rushing through him like a bullet when the other noses at his stomach, comforting tan arms wrapping around his waist even as Jungkook sits in the chair.

"Wanted to give you something," Namjoon purrs eyes hooding to hide the embers in his irises as he leans on Jungkook's thighs nuzzling a clothed stomach. It tickles and Jungkook wiggles when the elder starts nipping a trail through the material. That is new. "Will you let me?"

That is what makes Jungkook nod. He is being asked for permission and with Namjoon, Jungkook can submit without a fight because he knows the other will take care of him.

The grin Namjoon gives him takes his breath away in a gentle sweep with the taller ducking his head down to drag his plush bottom lip over the sliver of skin above Jungkook's waistband. He scrapes his teeth along Jungkook's sides humming when each line shows stark against Jungkook's skin.

Jungkook's hands are hovering around Namjoon's head as the other teases and he wants to grab a handful of dark locks when Namjoon mouths him through his jeans. He doesn't, even when the
others tongue runs flat over him to make him whine. It's wet and should be uncomfortable, but the rumble from Namjoon's throat makes his blood simmer as a hand comes up to grab his own.

It is led to the forest of Namjoon's head where he curls tentative fingers as Namjoon's backs away to kiss his belly button. "You can pull if you want Kook-ah, it won't bother me." The words are flushed and quick over his stomach as Namjoon's dives again pulling down his zipper as Jungkook watches transfixed.

It is so surreal being fascinated with someone—with Namjoon pulling his zipper down with his teeth even as his hands busy themselves with helping Jungkook relax by running the flat of his hands over the younger's sides in soft swipes and curls, and the words coming out of the older's mouth are grunted and muffled, but they make Jungkook's body sing: You're doing well, so we'll baby so just let Hyung take care of you. Feel so warm and heavy, do you want me to take care you Kook-ah?

God, he does so so very much. He wants Namjoon to make a wreck of him, make him whine, pant, beg and then, oh Namjoon is sinking down on him, tongue curling around the underside as he gives a quick suck, cheeks hallowing. Jungkook is not sure when he goes nearly boneless with only his fingers giving a tug as he moans lowly one of Namjoon's hands cupping his waist as he stutters forward.

It takes biting his lip and squeezing his eyes shut to stop the noises that Namjoon is forcing out of him and Jungkook has the desire to watch, to see pleasure clouded eyes look up at him with each and every action to show that Namjoon is in control that he is the dictating what Jungkook can and can't do. It makes him want to open his eyes when he can actually control his body instead of them flicking open when Namjoon's tongue presses on the slit of his head before retreating with a loud pop that seems more smug than anything.

When he slumps to inhale air Namjoon gives a pause just pressing wet kisses down the side of his cock as one of his hands ghost over Jungkook's cheek and he can feel that familiar heady need as pleasure pools in his body, rushing south.

Jungkook is sure Namjoon knows that too, it is the only reason he can think of as to why he can feel his head touch the back of Namjoon's throat as a hand steadies his waist and he bobs up then down and Jungkook keens involuntarily bucking into the welcoming cavern of Namjoon's mouth.
"No, no Hyung," Hurries out of his mouth as Namjoon teases at his tip, then a prominent vein. Jungkook doesn't want to come in Namjoon's mouth, but the nails digging into his waist aren't letting him move. "Don't wanna Joonie hyung, please!"

Namjoon doesn't listen to him just hums and the vibrations is what makes him undone and Jungkook gives a cry fingers falling from Namjoon's hair as the elder swallows everything before pulling off with one last tight suck to bite a pretty mark on the top of Jungkook's inner thigh.

His chest is heaving, Jungkook knows that can feel the thrumming pulse as Namjoon lets him fall to be cradled in his arms, smiling as he noses Jungkook's neck while one of his hands tuck Jungkook back into his pants.

"See, baby, my gift was worth it." Jungkook is clutching Namjoon's shoulders, curling close as hands smooth over his back. "And you taste nice."

He doesn't say anything to that in reply, but his face burns as he says, "Maybe I could do that to you one day, Hyung."

Namjoon's pleased chuckle is all he hears before he is in bed tucked close to Namjoon's body still coming down from his high.

With Seokjin everything is gentle or slow whether it be a hug, a kiss, pulling him onto the couch to watch a movie as Jungkook tucks under his chin. He appreciates the leisurely approach.
Though Jungkook can say with certainty that he never expected to be on a spare sheet in nothing but his boxers as Seokjin shuffles around the room arms circled around an oil bottle. Jungkook thinks it smells faintly of strawberries.

The room itself is only brightened by candles the small flames giving Jungkook a sense of calm when mixed with the quiet music playing in the background.

"You've never had this done to you before right, Jungkook?" Seokjin sounds hopeful as he taps at the sensitive spot on Jungkook's neck. Or well Jungkook has always been sensitive but his neck is the worst place by far.

"No, Hyung?" He isn't sure what this is but something warm is being spread over his form as the heels of Seokjin's hands dig into his shoulder blades. It's nice even if it sends heat down in trickles, the touch is slow drawn out with each knead of his flesh and Jungkook realizes that while this is a massage it is different in a way and that Seokjin is amazing with his hands.

"That's good," He hums, words accompanied with the perfect amount of pressure on his lower back to dispel all the tension and weariness from his body. "Want to give you something to look forward to."

It starts with a caress to his shoulders Seokjin massaging the muscle until Jungkook feels like jello and the quiet sigh, he gives is full of contentment from how comfortable he feels. This doesn't seem as though there is any end goal except to be comfortable and really Jungkook is grateful for something not exactly sexual. Besides, this is just as nice being taken care of.

Seokjin's hands are now at his spine circling around each joint with care and precision, that Jungkook hopes that one day he could give back if just to take away some of Seokjin's stress.

There is very little talking during this experience and Jungkook both does and does not like that. He likes listening to Seokjin's voice it is smooth and warm, but just feeling every press to his skin each sweet kiss to his shoulders or neck is the just as enjoyable.
The hands are kneading at his thighs and Jungkook releases an appreciative keen when the knot in his calf disappears and if he is being honest, Jungkook loves each and every peck that follows each area massaged. It is intimate and close something Jungkook has always wanted without worrying if he is being tricked into a certain situation. Seokjin would never do that to him and that is what makes this so wonderful.

The elder is back near his shoulders and when Jungkook sees him, he beams leaning into the back of Seokjin's hand. He pushes himself up to press a kiss to Seokjin's eyelids before settling on his heels content and happy from this little destress.

"Thanks Seokjin hyung, this this was really nice." He means it. Every word and by the curling tilt of Seokjin's mouth, he is sure that the elder is pleased.

Jimin is pressed flush to his front hands curled over his shoulders as Jungkook whines into his mouth insistent and needy.

This trial week has gone by quickly and while Jungkook is very much fine with everything he has been exposed to this will always be something he looks forward. The rush of someone dominating him with such a simple act, but still having enough freedom to ask to try something different.

Besides, with Jimin he is allowed a leniency many of the others do not give him. Jimin allows his teasing, the travelling hands over the planes of his stomach, arms and Jungkook has always adored how Jimin's frame flecks with his every touch. The elder being so responsive is what makes him so pliant, most days Jungkook knows that if he listens or pushers Jimin in just the right way he will still get what he wants.
"Have you been enjoying everything so far?" Jimin asks, moving to straddle his stomach so that he can leave a mess of marks down the column of Jungkook's throat. He likes that, too, all the marks that make him theirs. "No one has done anything you don't want?"

Jungkook smiles into the kiss near the side of his lips. Even during this Jimin is making sure that he is fine, that no one has pushed the boundaries Jungkook talked about and really it shoots a bolt of affection to his heart for the other. Jimin takes care of hi, makes sure he is okay with an idea before going through with it.

Wrapping his arms around Jimin's neck, he pulls the other down for another kiss this one deep and sensual as he mewls at every tap of Jimin's fingers.

Breaking away Jungkook nuzzles Jimin's jaw as his hands travel down to thumb at the point just above Jimin's hips. "Yeah, Hyung, no one has tried anything I didn't want. But don't worry about them, just kiss me again."

Maybe he's needy, but Jungkook really can't find it within himself to care when Jimin growls gripping at the back of his neck to lead. Teeth are biting at his bottom lip urging Jungkook to open and he does, eyes fluttering to a close when it turns soft. It is hard to dislike the rapid switch from feral to caring and Jimin uses that to his advantage, riling Jungkook up only to coax him into compliance with fluttering touch and easy words that make his face burn with embarrassment.

Jimin hums breaking the kiss to breathe and Jungkook takes the chance to hide against the elder's chest playing with his hair. "You're so beautiful like this, Jungkookie," Jimin coos, smaller form, tucking close and Jungkook can never, will never want to forget how perfect the both of them fit like this front to front on the living room couch.

Jungkook presses closer at the compliment hands falling to squeeze Jimin's waist as he pecks the soft skin just under the elder's chin. "So are you, Hyung, and you always take such good care of me."
Most things with Taehyung are rushed, almost always in the heat of the moment and Jungkook could consider this the same. The grinding down on him, Taehyung's belt digging almost uncomfortable into his stomach as his hands bracket Jungkook's head and really by now it is just so much nicer to roll his hip up to meet Taehyung's thrusts.

Jungkook can't even form a proper sentence when one of Taehyung's hands fall to cup his waist and arch him up so that each snap of his hips hits low and gets drawn out. Taehyung's mouth is pressing to his throat, shifting down just slightly and Jungkook is sure his heart is in his throat when elder's lets out a puff of air that sounds like a choked whine. And he caused that by stuttering his hips up forward into a roll.

"So, so obedient," Taehyung murmurs, mouthing at the sweat forming on Jungkook's neck and the only reason he hears it is because the elder is so close. Jungkook will never admit that hearing that he is obedient makes his stomach flip. "My obedient boy. Do you want to be good for, Hyung?"

He does if just hear that proud tilt to Taehyung's words, but he can't speak, breath caught in his throat with each and every move Taehyung makes. Jungkook can't do much, but listen to Taehyung talk and ask if he'll move a certain way and Jungkook does, but the buck of the elder's hips has him jerking as he grinds down again and again and again until he can't think.

"I-I'll be good H-Hyung just," Taehyung's mouth is searing over his own swallowing whatever noise was bubbling in his throat to replace it with a growl that has Jungkook keening high in throat because this feels as though his body is a firecracker just waiting to be set alight. "Fuck, faster Hyung."

He is not sure when his arm looped around Taehyung's back, but he doesn't care the twitching of every muscle is more than enough to distract him from the heavy push of Taehyung's cock against his own, covered by their jeans.
Taehyung slumps down, nipping down the line of his jaw as Jungkook does all he can to make the elder press down fully on him again to, slide against him until he sees spots.

Maybe it is because Jungkook is more sensitive than most but he feels the drag if a nail over his length, briefly before it retreats to his shoulder marking out a circle and Jungkook breathes through his nose eyes blown wide as Taehyung's state pierces through him.

His body runs warm, hot and then Taehyung sinks his teeth into the circle he created and Jungkook is lost as to if it was that or the insistent electric jolt of Taehyung snapping down as he bucks up that has his eyes screwing shut as he comes with a muffled scream Taehyung's shirt in his mouth as the elder milks him all the way through even though both of their pants and boxers are stained.

It is the second to last day of the week and Yoongi is in his room, staring unabashedly at his thighs licking his lips.

The elder's voice comes out hoarse and a little strained, but Jungkook finds it wonderful all the same. "I want to fuck your thighs."

He blinks, not out of confusion, but because his mind went blank. Yoongi is smirking similar to a smug cat and Jungkook thinks that this would be something the elder would ask without any hesitance or awkwardness. When it comes to something Yoongi wants, he is straight to the point, so all Jungkook has to wrap his head around is why.
"What?" Is what comes out of his mouth instead and Yoongi’s smirk just grows as he stalks closer fingers running over a leg of his shorts. The motion is so so very unfair and he can see the bulge in Yoongi’s pants when elder shifts gripping one of his legs.

"I want to fuck your thighs, Jungkook." He puts emphasis on the words as his thumbs knead the flesh of Jungkook's leg climbing higher and higher until they rest just under his knee.

When Yoongi's eyes flick back to his legs Jungkook lets himself think about it. The action would definitely be different and it is not something Jungkook has ever thought about, but he wants Yoongi to enjoy this just as much as he does, so maybe it will be okay? Yoongi won't hurt him, Jungkook is sure.

"Okay," He says hesitantly and as soon as the words are out his mouth Yoongi's expressions turns soft as he tells Jungkook to wait.

Jungkook gnaws on his bottom lip as he waits. This whole week has been full of different things and Jungkook has enjoyed all of it but this makes him apprehensive. The idea does not sound unappealing, but Jungkook is not sure how this works or if he can mess this up.

Yoongi returns minutes later, after Jungkook has curled into a ball playing with his sleeves. The gentle pull of Yoongi's hands is familiar and when the elder ruffles his hair settling him flat on the bed he smiles.

"I don't want to hurt you so give me a minute, okay?" Jungkook nods and Yoongi is covering his hands in something that looks like lotion, but then his hands are pulling at his legs spreading them just a bit and it's different. The feeling of lotion being slicked over your thighs is one that Jungkook thinks he could maybe get used to. "You're fine with this so far, yeah?"

"Hmm," Is all he gives and then Yoongi is chuckling as he sets a pillow indeed Jungkook's body and when he closes his eyes is when the elder unbuttons his slacks.
"Hold your legs up for me, okay, I want to make this as painless as possible."

Yoongi is nosing at his calf before something hot and slick is sliding between his thighs and Jungkook's eyes fly open because he didn't think that Yoongi saying he wanted to fuck his thighs was literal.

He can feel each pump and it should disturb him, maybe, but Jungkook is just looking at the blissed-out expression on Yoongi's face, mouth parted slightly, eyes hooded almost complete closed as he pants with each snap of his hips. It is all honesty on of the most beautiful things Jungkook has ever seen.

It is a strange need that wells in his belly that makes Jungkook shift just the slightest bit, clench his thighs and hear Yoongi's muffled curse of, fuck. It makes him alternate between clenching, rocking forward, then back, and twitching one his leg at a time. All of it to see Yoongi's face contort from pleasure.

"Hyung, is there something you want to do?" Jungkook is not sure why he asks, but Yoongi's thrusts have gotten quicker with each shift of his position and maybe Jungkook likes the flushed red of Yoongi's tip when he lets his legs spread just a small bit.

Yoongi voice is still steady despite the tremors running up his body and the flex of his hands from where they are gripping Jungkook's waist. "Want to come one your thighs, Kook, can I?"

It is the high, needy whine that falls from Yoongi's mouth when he asks that makes Jungkook nod transfixed on clenching arms, quiet curses and rapid movements as Yoongi grunts loud as white paints the front of Jungkook's things and shorts in hot spurts.

Yoongi curls next to him nuzzling his neck briefly before leaving to grab a towel.
And Jungkook, well he is rather happy with his idea. Even if everything was one on one, but maybe in time he will be able to convince the others that he will be okay with multiple partners at a time, but all of that comes after sleeping pressed small and content to Yoongi's side, after he is clean.
It starts as this little prick under his skin somewhere in the middle of his chest and at the time Jimin had payed it no mind. It was probably his breath being taken away from how Jungkook laughed like wind chimes on a summer evening. It had to be that Jungkook always caused him to act funny caused his heart to beat like a stampede.

It's sort of unfair that the younger never notices. Jimin would probably give him the world if he asked.

"Jiminnie hyung this was so much fun we should do it more often!" Jungkook is still giggling leaning his weight on Jimin's side face flushed from just climbing down from a building side. He tries to ignore the little bud of pain in his chest when he smiles.

Jungkook does things to him and all Jimin wants is to see him happy, loved and while Jimin wishes it was him that could give Jungkook all of that he knows it will never happen. Jungkook is young, always moving and Jimin he would try with all his being, but he is sure he would be left behind at one point or another.

"Of course Kookie," Jimin attempts to keep his voice from wavering because Jungkook is looking up at him with wide shining eyes and a bunny teeth showing. "I'd like to do this more often too."

It takes all of his will to not run scarlet when Jungkook wraps a hand with his tugging him up so they can return home.
"If only to see you happy." He whispers under his breath squeezing Jungkook's larger hand when the younger looks back.

The walk back is full of their usual banter and Jimin locking Jungkook into a hug when he tries to tease about his height. Even then he pays no mind to the growing ache in his chest.

The dorm is in sight and Jimin lets his hand fall to his side immediately missing the warmth of another person. He doesn't want move his hand but it's so much easier to lie and not see the affection on everyone's faces when Jungkook walks through the door. It's not that all them don't adore each other they do, but Jungkook he has them wrapped up around his finger.

They're just in time for dinner Seokjin rushing them to the table as soon as they are in sight and Jimin can see a petal of his daisy for just a moment when his wrist goes up to motion for them to sit.

He is the farthest along, his flower branching from the inside of wrist all the way to his sternum. Seokjin's flowers are just as bright on his skin as they are in physical form and Jimin wonders when the physical manifestation of his own feelings will show themselves or if it hurts as much as Seokjin tells him.

Everyone is having their own side conversations, but the only one he is really paying any attention to is the one between Seokjin and Jungkook.

"Jiminnie hyung showed me how to make a jump without hurting my legs Seokjin hyung," Jungkook grins as he says this all proud and pleased words and when he turns to Jimin his eyes seem to sparkle. "He said we could practice more often too."

Seokjin passes him a look that probably, definitely, says, *He breaks something I break you.* Of course, what he says is the complete opposite. "Oh, that's nice," His voice softens as he reaches a hand out to ruffle Jungkook's hair. "... But just be safe, okay."

"We will," Jungkook hums leaning into Seokjin's hand. "Jimin has my back and I have his."

Jimin leaves the table early after that dinner done and gone. He heads to his room, shedding his shirt as soon as he is behind a closed door. It is far to easy to turn to the mirror near his bed and trace the outline of a gladiolus on his sternum the bright colours just starting to come to the surface and Jimin looks at it sadly. He is getting close to point of when petals start forming in his lungs,
but he can't find much to hate. It will hurt, he knows this, but he doesn't want to get rid of them because there is still a chance of a happy ending.

"I wonder what you'll look like in colour."

Namjoon has bouts of coughing, mostly at night where freesia petals decide to try and kill him. He tries his best to stay silent in his fervent actions of getting flowers out of his lungs and mouth and into his hands. The process takes time and most nights Namjoon ends up out of bed light blues and vibrant reds cradled in one of his hands as he walks to the kitchen to get rid of them.

There are times when he thinks of doing something different with the petals instead of just throwing them away. Make something out them maybe? Burning them is a possibility too, but Namjoon's never been to sure if that would end okay. Him and fire have never gotten along well.

Walking around the kitchen Namjoon settles in one of the chairs as he looks around the dimly lit room. He does it just to think about anything and everything.

Jungkook's sketchbook is there, sitting innocent and out of the way on the kitchen counter with its pages open to display a flower, a gardenia to be exact. Namjoon moves to it feet light and steps long to reach it. As he drags a finger around the outline of the stem Namjoon wonders why this is the only flower Jungkook ever draws and why each time he catches the younger he looks so forlorn.

It is not a good look on him, but even then Namjoon finds him stunning, though often as his shoulder gives a pang at the thought, Namjoon wishes to wrap Jungkook up in something warm and offer everything he can. His words, affection, or just a shoulder to lean on.

That will never happen though he knows this. Jungkook is stubborn, wants to carry every burden he has by himself and while it pains Namjoon to see him unravel in silence Jungkook has too much pride to let Namjoon do something, anything to make it easier, to show that it's fine to ask for help.
He is not sure when all of this started, him falling in love. It had to have been from something silly like the way Jungkook listens to him as though he is best thing in the world, or maybe it is how Jungkook, no matter the circumstances, never gives up. Either way Namjoon is in love and he never realized how sacrificial it could be until now.

With a sigh, he pads back to his shared room and settles on the edge of Jungkook's bed smiling fondly when the younger grumbles softly when Namjoon cards fingers through his hair. Jungkook will always be cute awake or asleep.

Looking down, he watches the steady rise and fall of Jungkook's chest the easy rhythm of air falling from his lips and then back in. Namjoon notices the small things more often than the large ones and he's happy the younger has no problem breathing like he does.

Letting his fingers fall to Jungkook's cheek Namjoon exhales his words falling on deaf ears as Jungkook slumbers. "Y'know, I wish you would let us help some. You don't have to hold everything in."

He stays on Jungkook's bed a little longer listening to quiet breathes and a steady heart before returning to his own bed.

He hopes sleep comes easy and without interruption.

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Taehyung likes the simple things, the things that most people don't appreciate and he loves that he has people he can share in that with.
"Hyung where are we headed today?" Jungkook's head is cocked to the side as he asks and Taehyung can't help but pet his head from how much like a puppy he looks. Jungkook has always reminded Taehyung of a puppy excitable and doing all he can to make others smile.

"The market," He can feel Jungkook's smile on his shoulder the other's lips stretching up up and up into a grin when Taehyung squeezes his hand. "Heard there are some new vendors thinking of staying."

Jungkook hums the sound pleased and high as he sticks to Taehyung's side once they enter the bustling streets. Taehyung can't say he minds, the closer Jungkook stays to him the easier it is to keep track of him when he finds something of interest and attempts to wander off.

Jungkook is pulling on his shirt sleeve, pointing at a stall decked in flowers healthy and vibrant with colour. "Didn't Seokjin hyung mention that he wanted to start a garden?" He has so Taehyung nods when Jungkook looks to him for confirmation. Their eldest has expressed interest in growing both flowers and vegetables. Taehyung thinks that Seokjin will forget to water them. "Should we get him some, Tae?"

He pretends to think about it tilting his lip up in a half smile as he turns to Jungkook moving his head just the slightest bit when the younger reaches out a hand to poke him. "We could if you want. Although I think we should only get a few."

Jungkook whistles as he nods his head stride, reaching farther to reach the stand quicker Taehyung trailing behind him. He has already seen a few that Seokjin has mentioned wanting to plant before, but other than that Taehyung is lost as to what each plant is called.

"Tae, do you think Seokjin hyung would mind if we got him one of these?" Taehyung to to look eyes widening slightly as his mouth opens. It's his flower the one growing on his back, its petals are the ones forming in his lungs. He sort of wants to say no just because he doesn't want a reminder of what Jungkook is for him.

"You want to get him... a sunflower?" Taehyung keeps his voice neutral as he raises a brow clicking his tongue loudly when the flower sways close to him from the wind.

He already has sunshine in his life and it is definitely not a flower besides the flower will never be as bright as Taehyung's personal sun.
"Yeah! Do you think he would like it?" Jungkook sounds so hopeful grinning wide as one of his fingers trace over a bright yellow petal. And even if Taehyung wants to say no he can't when Jungkook looks so happy and he has to admit that Seokjin would love the flower.

Maybe that is why he agrees maybe not, but Taehyung sighs before picking up the potted plant and paying for it. "Let's go Kookie, we can come back at a later time to get more okay?"

Jungkook laughs agreeing as he grabs the other side of the pot and talks about how he hopes Seokjin will like it. Their eldest will Taehyung is sure he will.

"Jungkook, could you turn the stove on for me?" He gets a low him as his answer and then a responding click as the knob turns.

Smiling, he returns to his original task cutting a variety of vegetables into long strips or squares. Looking at his fingers Seokjin feels Jungkook press close to his side, watching him cut over his shoulder warm puffs of air hitting his shoulder.

"Hyung how much longer do we have to do this for?" Jungkook's voice turns into a whine at the end as he nuzzles Seokjin's shoulder. The two of them have been in the kitchen for almost two hours now and he knows Jungkook is not good at staying still so having to stay in the kitchen all day is probably bugging him.

"An hour at most." It's not a lie really, but Seokjin could definitely be wrong. Sometimes he adds things that aren't in the original recipe. "And could you grab the vinegar for me."

Seokjin can hear Jungkook shuffle through the cabinets even as his knife hits the cutting board.
"Hey, Seokjin hyung, when did you buy daisies?" He stops in his movements briefly grip on the handle tightening only to continue seconds later. Had gotten those as a gift and it really is sad that the flower had to be the one he coughs up. It is pretty, sure, but every time he goes through the feeling of not being able to breathe and gets rid of flower after flower he sees the daisies on the counter and wants to get rid of them.

"Oh, that," He starts, head down and away from where Jungkook is standing. "I got it a couple of weeks ago. Nothing special."

Jungkook makes a dissatisfied noise in the back of his throat and Seokjin feels his skin flush at Jungkook's comment of, "It fits pretty and soft like you Hyung."

Seokjin doesn't give a reply face a light pink since that is his flower and maybe that is what he adores most about Jungkook, the innocent comments.

Yoongi is hunched in the bathroom in nothing but a towel when Jungkook finds him and he has never wanted to curl into a ball and turn into dust before but there is always a first time for everything.

And the thing is Yoongi would be fine any other time if Jungkook found him like this there are petals in his hand drenched in his saliva and he has tears in his eyes.

There is a hand smoothing over his back and Yoongi sighs into the touch it is cool and gentle when compared to the fire building in his lungs. Jungkook has always had that affect on him, able to soothe him no matter his mood.
"Yoongi hyung are you okay," He's not okay, he is definitely not okay. It feels as though roots are digging down and down until they can latch onto his throat. But Jungkook's hands is cold and comforting and Yoongi doesn't want it to leave, it's the only thing distracting him from the bouquet of petals in his hands. "Do you want me to get Seokjin or anyone?"

It's so hard to shake his head with his jaw feeling like lead as he retches. Breathing through his nose Yoongi grips Jungkook's arm like a lifeline and he wonders how pathetic he must look to the boy that normally sees him as strong, confident and reliable. That image is probably down the drain by now.

Normally his fits only last a few minutes, but this, this has been hell. Yoongi wants it to stop hates this fucking disease despite how it shows that he cares because it hurts and hurts and it hurts, yet Jungkook doesn't even know it's because Yoongi adores him like the moon does her stars.

Pushing Jungkook worrying hands away, he tries to stand and it sends a shot of pain down his spine and he starts wondering if the surgery would be worth losing how much he truly cares about the younger.

Jungkook is speaking the words rushed almost sad. "I know it hurts, I know Hyung but just let me help you." That's the thing Jungkook doesn't know. He has no flowers forming on his person like the rest of them, has no plant growing in his lungs, does not have the problem of deciding to keep it or not because of how the pain shows that he loves someone.

He drags fingers up to his lips pulling out the violet petal from his mouth before he faces the younger with his eyes closed. He doesn't want to see the other's expression. "Jungkook you can't help no matter how much you want because you don't understand—"

"I do," Jungkook interrupts and he has this brittle smile on his face that makes Yoongi want to apologize. "I know all of you don't think I do, but I do Hyung, I know it hurts."

Yoongi blocks him out and the shine in the corner of his eyes in favour of walking away hand wrapped tight around his towel. He can't deal with Jungkook crying it makes him feel horrible like he is the cause for them and Yoongi can't deal with that.
Hoseok has jungkook in his lap as the younger weaves the stems of flowers together. All of them are from Seokjin small garden if he remembers correctly.

"Hey, Jungkook, why did you decide to do this today?" He hooks his chin over Jungkook's shoulder leaning slightly when the younger shrugs. "Seemed fun," Is all he offers fingers twisting daffodils and a hollies together in small bundles before tying the long stem together with what Hoseok believes is a cattail. He rather likes daffodils even if they curl around his torso like weeds and Hoseok thinks he can do without all the petals on his mouth.

"Does Seokjin know that you're using his flowers?" Jungkook stiffens in his lap and that is all Hoseok really needs for an answer. Wrapping his hands around Jungkook's waist, he taps his fingers over the jut of his knees tracing he indent with his nails. "I won't tell him, but you should hide these from him if you know what is good for you Jungkook."

"I wanted to make one for everyone though." Hoseok can hear the pout in Jungkook's voice as his hands curl, oh so gently around the now finished flower crown.

"You can, just wait a little, okay?" He feels Jungkook nod before he twists in Hoseok's hold proud smile forming on his face when he sets the crown on Hoseok's head with a soft giggle. And Hoseok he can't be blamed for using the moment to peck Jungkook's check and see pink flood over his face like a fire.

"Hyung, stop," Jungkook hits his arm playfully before moving out of Hoseok's lap briefly to grab his next set of flora. This time it is ferns and petunias. "Your lips are cold."

Hoseok laughs, pulling Jungkook to his chest tighter, winter is just around the corner and he has been using that as an excuse to keep Jungkook as his personal heater. It's worked so far.
"S not my fault you're warm."

"Hoseok hyung," Jungkook whines eyes crinkling up in happiness as he loops the petunias around the ferns in a pattern of some sorts. "You're so cheesy."

Hoseok just leans closer, smiling in the curve of Jungkook's shoulder and neck the weight of his flower crown a reminder that he could have a new beginning if he just pursued it.

Jimin finds Jungkook curled into a tight ball surrounded by a mess of white petals after white petals on his bed. The sight forms a crack in his heart because he doesn't want this to happen to Jungkook he didn't even know the younger had been going through this. Like them. He didn't even know Jungkook liked someone.

"Kookie," Is what slips out of his mouth when he grabs Jungkook's should breathing out when the younger tries to shake him off. That's good Jungkook isn't suffocating, that's good Jimin can still help. "You're okay the pain will pass I promise, but it'll help if you sit up."

Jungkook's arms push at his weakly and he can see a stream of tears down the younger's cheeks the lines shining against his skin and Jimin coos forcing him up until he rests against the headboard.

"N-No, don't wanna," Jungkook chokes out and there are still flowers falling from his mouth glistening and large and Jimin realizes just how far along the younger is. "It doesn't matter because it's not going to change anything, Hyung."

Jimin climbs up next to him cradling his face as he continues asking because god Jungkook is so so important and while Jimin can hope and hope that the flowers are because of him so that he can fix this he won't care if it's not because he want Jungkook happy and safe and not dying.
"Oh, Jungkook, talk to me, maybe I can help." He wants to. Wants to take all this way and give the younger a happy ending, but only if Jungkook will let him.

"No, no you can't Jiminie," Jungkook hiccups still pushing at his arms each attempt weak than the last. "It's all of you and it won't go away and I'm sorry so sorry because you deserve so more than m-me and it hurts, Hyung."

Jungkook is rambling tears soaking his shirt and Jimin does the only thing he can to show that Jungkook is cared for, that he is worth so much. The kiss is as soft as Jimin can make it and only when he leans back does Jungkook stop pushing at him.

"You're worth it Kookie," Jungkook is shaking his head again so Jimin presses a kiss to each area of his face with each word out of his mouth. "You're worth so much to all of us. And you don't have to be sorry because we love you so so much Jungkook."

It is easy for him to help Jungkook out of bed and into everyone's rooms, even easier for Jimin to show him that his feelings are reciprocated when each and every person says, I love you.

When Jimin brings him to the living room Jungkook is no longer crying, but his face is that of a rose and Jimin can't help but wait until the others trickle in after them before he drags Jungkook down to his height to kiss the younger's jaw. It sets off a chain of events with Jungkook being passed to another person for another whispered, We love you and a kiss or a peck to some part of his body.

And at the sight of Jungkook grinning as he wraps them all in a hug as he says, "I'm glad I kept the flowers." Jimin feels his chest lighten as breathing becomes easier and thinks I'm glad I kept mine too.
Request from Anonymous: Hello.. are you still accepting request ?? I really like jungkook/everyone, can you make a story about AU where BTS is still BTS except jungkook because he is a trainee or soon wannabe idol. And the hyungs love him so much. Thank you, have a nice day

Hoseok wipes the sweat from his brow grinning tiredly at the trainees behind him. Most, if not all of them are slumped against the back walk downing water like starved men as they stay in groups conversing about one thing or another.

He likes doing this in between schedules or when has a free day. Helping the trainees see them gain confidence with each new move that they master and Hoseok especially likes helping them because it means he can tease his favourite trainee of all.

It takes only a few seconds to scan over the slumped bodies and ruffled hair to find him, Jeon Jungkook one of the younger kids still looking lanky and out of place as he settles away from the crowd bottled water pressed to his heated skin.

Hoseok is not showing favouritism by skipping over to the younger and latching an arm around Jungkook’s shoulders to pull him flush to his chest for a hug. He's not showing any bias just taking care of a dongsaeng he finds too cute for his own good.

"Jungkookie," He coos ruffling the younger's silk black strands into a mess just hear the whine of, Hyung stop! Hoseok think Jungkook is adorable like this eyes wide and lips pulled into a playful scowl with pink dusting his cheeks. "You did really well today! I could see an improvement in your transitions."

The comment makes Jungkook tuck his head to his chest as he becomes shy, but Hoseok can see his pleased little smile and the red of his ears. He loves how easy it is to get a reaction of the other, how easy it is for Jungkook to turn shy and quiet at praise. Hoseok would be lying if he said he didn't use that to his advantage.
"Thanks Hoseok hyung i-it really means a lot to me," Jungkook's voice is muffled from how he is hidden by Hoseok's chest, but the bashful tone makes Hoseok smile fondly as he pats the younger's cheek. He wants to see the younger flourish one day completely in his element and Hoseok will be able to show him with affection. "Especially since you're someone I really look up to and you're just really nice—"

"You're rambling again Jungkook," He does that sometimes and Hoseok really doesn't mind, but how flustered Jungkook gets afterwards is something Hoseok will never give up the chance to see. Jungkook's skin turns rose as he bites at his bottom lip and Hoseok just wants to give him whatever he asks for. He will always blame it on Jungkook being naturally cute. "But you can continue if you want just, try not to say what you did last time. I may not be able to contain myself."

Jungkook tucks his head, laughing quietly as his hands curl in his pants wrinkles branching away from his fingers. The last time Jungkook rambled, he had revealed a rather amusing fondness for Hoseok and he will never let the other live it down.

"Oh be quiet Hoseok hyung, you never contain yourself anyway," Jungkook huffs cheeks puffing out slightly as he pouts and Hoseok can't help but tap his fingers over the soft skin. Jungkook averting his eyes and mumbling the rest is what makes him smile since as soft as the words are said he still heard all of them. "Too energetic and no filter, but you're still nice Hyung."

Hoseok leans back, smirking impishly at the other making sure Jungkook is not looking around the room at the other trainees, but at him. He wants Jungkook's attention only on him when he sweeps his hands down the younger's sides and presses in between each rib to hear a squeal high pitched and cheerful.

The sound earns them about ten or so heads swerving in their direction as Hoseok scrapes nails and hands over Jungkook's sensitive skin and sides to hear the younger laugh and choke on air as his face flushes to a deeper red as his hands attempt to swat Hoseok's away. It is probably something Hoseok shouldn't do in a practice room full of trainees who learn from his actions, but he has always believed that you can play around and still get something done.

"Hyung stop!" Jungkook's hands are pressing on his face up and up until Hoseok gives up on his
assault still grinning as he settles on his knees to ruffle Jungkook's hair before standing in one solid movement.

"Alright breaks over lets run through it again." He most definitely doesn't smirk when the room erupts into groans, nor does his gaze soften when he finds Jungkook looking at him in the mirror.

Hoseok is not biased in any way. Not at all, even if Jungkook's smile makes him weak at the knees or steals his breath away when he goes through a set of movements like they're water.

Yeah, he's not biased at all.

To Seokjin, Jungkook has always seemed small, lost and a little awkward, despite his height and how he tries and tries to appear okay and confident even when he's not and maybe that was what made him wave the younger over to eat with him all those months ago.

He still does and today is no different as he motions for Jungkook to join him at a table and Seokjin smiles fondly when the younger skips over to him eyes bright as he notices food. Jungkook, he has learned perks up at the slightest mention of food of any kind and that's why each week or so when Seokjin can find time away from his schedule he makes something or another for the trainee. It's not any trouble he makes meals for his members so adding another name to the list has never bothered him.

"Seokjin hyung, why are you here?" Jungkook asks out of breath as his chest heaves with each inhale and Seokjin knows the younger has just been released from practice. Lip tilting up, he cocks his head to the table leading Jungkook to sit when he just stares a little sad, mouth pinching into a
firm line. "Oh lunch. Thanks as always, but I'm not hungry today, Hyung."

Seokjin frowns flicking a strand of hair out of his eyes as he watches Jungkook's expression drop whenever other trainees file in the room making their way to get lunch. The younger is lying Seokjin knows he is can see the how Jungkook tracks tray after tray until it leaves his line of sight and besides that Jungkook is never one to turn down a meal

Patting at the bench under him Seokjin uses his free hand to prop his chin up as looks from Jungkook to the meal he made. More important than that Jungkook never turning away food is that he never turns away Seokjin's meals often saying, Thanks Seokjin hyung I'll make sure to heat it up later or Are you sure it's okay? I don't want to impose. So this is strange and as he watches Jungkook chew on his lips Seokjin narrows his eyes.

"C'mon, talk to me," Jungkook looks at the bench, then at Seokjin bitting at the inside of his cheek before sitting, head down and eyes averted. Tapping at his shoulder Seokjin waits until Jungkook looks at him. "You never skip meals Jungkook, so why are you starting now?"

Jungkook shifts in his spot hands twisting together as he tugs on his sleeves swallowing as his eyes flick up to meet Seokjin gape.

"... We had the weigh-in today," Seokjin scowls remembering his own weigh-in's and how much stress it caused. It's one of the most stressful things in this industry trying to be this perfect thing when you can't as all your mistakes are pointed out. Seokjin hates weigh-ins with a passion to say the least. "And I was over the average, so they restricted me to one meal a day."

Seokjin remembers what that was like for him hated it the entire time and he knows he can't do anything to change it, but he can help Jungkook. After being forced on to so many diets you start learning a few things, how to make snacks that would fill you up, but don't have a lot of calories is one of them.

Wrapping an arm around Jungkook's shoulders, he hooks his chin over it as he plays with the hair in the back of Jungkook's neck. "I can help you with your diet if you want."
Jungkook twists his head, looking down at him as his leg jogs, shoe thumbling on marble. "How could you help, Seokjin hyung?"

He hums closing his eyes as he talks. "You learn a few things after your first few diets. I could make something small that doesn't contain a ton of calories."

"Really?" The word comes out hopeful and Seokjin smiles as he nods pushing the meal he made into Jungkook's hands.

"Yeah," He hums curling Jungkook's hands around the boxed meal. "Just come to my dorm if you want to try, but for now just eat this Jungkookie."

His smile turns into a grin when Jungkook complies and Seokjin starts going over all the recipes he can use to help Jungkook with his diet.

Seokjin wants to help the younger and if it's just with something like this he will still do it to the best of his ability if just to see Jungkook happy. Seokjin had come to realize that he really is weak for the younger but he doesn't mind.

Namjoon groans when his phone rings loud and insistent as he works. He just wants to work in peace without anything to distract him. That's not too much to ask for right?
Massaging between his eyes, he swipes his thumb across the screen as he brings the phone to his ear with a sigh. "Hello, who is it?"

There is just silence in the other end and Namjoon contemplates hanging up, but a shuffle of something stops him. "Hyung? Namjoon hyung?" The voice is soft, hesitant, but Namjoon knows who it is right away. There is only one person that would call him so late.

"Yeah, yeah, it's me Kook," He hears a relieved sigh on the other end and he tries not to worry because Jungkook doesn't sound right he sounded scared and lost. "What's wrong?"

"Could—" He hears shuffling again and Jungkook breathing shallow, but harsh before he speaks again. "Could you please let me in? I-I just need to talk to someone—to you, Namjoon, please?"

It's the shaky please at the end that has Namjoon out of his seat to grab a jacket before he locks his door padding down the hallway as quiet as he can phone still tucked between his ear and shoulder reassuring the younger that he'll let him in soon.

Namjoon doesn't really want to think what has caused Jungkook to walk all the way from the company dorms to his, but he does want Jungkook inside and warm and not outside probably dressed in only jeans and a thin shirt.

Pushing the door open Namjoon is met with arm full of a freezing Jungkook as hands wrinkle in his shirt. Shushing him Namjoon twists an arm around the younger's shoulders, slipping a jacket over his frame as Jungkook shivers against him teeth clicking together.

Once they reach the kitchen Namjoon sets Jungkook in a chair watching him curl into a ball out of the corner of his eye as he makes something warm to help Jungkook stop shivering. He should have waited for the morning he wouldn't be freezing then.
"Hyung," Jungkook puffs out hands cupped near his mouth as he waits for Namjoon to acknowledge him. Namjoon does humming low in his throat as he passes Jungkook a cup. "I don't think I was meant for this any of this."

Jungkook's head is down as he says this and while Namjoon has known the trainee longest out of all his members this is something not even he could see coming. Jungkook adores dancing, singing, creating so him saying that he doesn't think he was meant for something he loves makes no sense to Namjoon.

Sitting in a chair arms over the back Namjoon claps a hand on Jungkook's shoulder, forcing the younger to look at him. Jungkook shouldn't look so unsure so self-depreciating because Jungkook is amazing, someone Namjoon only wishes the best for because he is so young, has so much to learn and experience and he shouldn't have to worry about if he was meant for anything at his age.

"Why do you think that Kook? You said you loved being able to dance and perform so what changed?" It's true Jungkook may be shy but he adores performing loves entertaining people.

"I don't know if it's worth it anymore," Jungkook admits thumbs tracing the rim of his cup as his voice gets smaller and smaller. "I have so much hope that this will be the year, the time I can actually show how much I've grown but it never comes. All I get is you made a mistake do it again or that's not good enough, you have to do it faster, smoother."

His voice almost cuts off at the end as his shoulders bunch up and Namjoon just cups the back of Jungkook's neck rubbing it soothingly. Namjoon can still feel how his body ached and can still hear all the comments of you're not going to make it, you're not good enough and Namjoon's hand smooths over the bunched muscle of Jungkook's back offering comfort.

He's not good with talking, stumbles over words too often, but Namjoon he can try if just to try and get Jungkook to smile.

"I can't say that this will help," He starts, nail scrapping over Jungkook's neck in circles, smiling when the younger purrs at the motion. "But, Jungkook, you're amazing, you are and I know you don't think that, but pushing through all of this, practising each and every day and still saying you enjoy all of this is no simple, easy task. Most people can't deal with that amount of pressure,"
Namjoon stops to take a breathe watching as Jungkook looks up at him mouth parted and with that spark in his eyes again. "And seeing you do that is amazing Kook. And someone is always going to negative, but you just have to make it a strength, show that it doesn't bother you through your tenaciousness and personality."

Jungkook is quiet before a shy grin breaks out on his face and then his arms are around Namjoon's neck, hugging him tight as he whispers, "Thanks Joonie hyung, I really needed that."

He rubs a line up Jungkook's back nodding. "Any time you need me Kook-ah, I'll be there."

Namjoon means it each and every word. He wants to see Jungkook succeed and be proud of his achievements.

Taehyung's arm is thrown over Jungkook's shoulders haphazardly as he nuzzles the younger's head fluffing Jungkook's hair in the process. "I should have stolen you from practice ages ago Jungkookie."

"Uh, Taehyung, I don't think that's a good idea," He hums low in his throat nosing at Jungkook's shoulder as the younger continues on. "We have assessments soon and I really shouldn't miss it or even be here with you."

Taehyung frowns, thinking it over. He knows Jungkook has to attend assessments because it's mandatory, but there are so few days now when he can just play and walk around the city with the younger. Taehyung misses when the two of them were trainees and he could joke around with Jungkook during breaks.
"Just today, Jungkook," Taehyung says ruffling the younger's hair when he nudges Taehyung's shoulder playfully. "Like old times. And then I'll only steal you away when I'm bored."

"So every day then?" Jungkook jokes, allowing Taehyung to pull him into a store to window shop.

"Oh, don't be a brat Jungkookie," he ignores Jungkook's comment of, I would be your favourite brat, because while it maybe be true Taehyung is not going to acknowledge it since it makes Jungkook whine in annoyance. And Taehyung loves annoying the people he likes it's his signature type of humour. "It wouldn't be every day, you're too busy for that and so am I."

"Well, if you're so busy then why are we browsing through a clothes shop?"

Taehyung just sticks out his tongue poking Jungkook's cheek when the younger puffs them out. It's cute it really is or Taehyung finds everything Jungkook does is cute. He hasn't figured which one it is yet.

"Something to do on a rare stress free day," It's the truth. What he does on his days off are either stay in the dorm messing with Jimin or someone else or he goes out and just walks around. "And you enjoy this Jungkookie, don't lie."

Jungkook smiles his eyes crinkling as he lets his head knock against Taehyung's softly which earns him a laugh and yet another hair ruffle. Taehyung has always liked messing with Jungkook's hair, it's soft and he can make it go from proper and nice to a nest with just a flick of his hand.

"Yeah, I guess," He admits his own arm slipping around Taehyung's waist as the elder yanks him close. "It is nice just being able to get away and hang out like we used to Hyung."

Taehyung beams teeth on display as he tells Jungkook, "I told you so," It earns him a light shove
and a giggle when he pretends to stumble back only to grab a coat and slip it on. "And it's not like you wouldn't have fun with me. I am your favourite prankster."

Jungkook rolls his eyes moving behind Taehyung to take the jacket from him the burgundy leather seeming to look so much better on him or that's what Taehyung thinks. "You're the only prankster I know."

"I know," Taeyubg replies cheekily, bouncing out of the way when Jungkook reaches out a hand to smack his shoulder. "And that's why I'm the person you have the most fun with."

Jungkook snorts putting the jacket back on its rack as one of his hands come up to cover his mouth. "No, the reason I have the most fun with you is because you're like an overexcitable puppy, Hyung."

He shrugs happy before nuzzling Jungkook's head again as he pulls the younger out and away from the store the both of faces red from laughing.

"Well then, Jungkookie, you're an adorable bunny." He does not ignore the pink tinting Jungkook's ears just coos when the younger tried to hide in his shoulder. "See a shy little bunny."

There are very few days when Yoongi gets the whole dorm—every square inch and equally quiet environment—all to himself and he would be lying through the skin of his teeth if he said he didn't like it.
And it's not that his members are annoying (okay, well they are, but he still cares for them even if Taehyung had just been toeing at Yoongi's line of should I contemplate murder or not?) but he likes the quiet. It's so much easier to focus, nice to work in and Yoongi can actually sleep without all the noise.

However, there is a general rule in the world that always seems to think its fun to fuck with the things Yoongi enjoys. That fuckery today comes in the form of a knock at the door. It of course happened at the moment that he had finally, finally found the right rhythm for a song he's been working on for what felt like years.

With a scowl Yoongi gets out of his chair and takes his sweet ass time getting to the door because he does not appreciate being disrupted while he works in any way, shape, or form. He decides that when he gets to the door and finds the person knocking on it in the middle of the night he's going to tear them a new one.

Or that was supposed to be the plan.

"...Jungkook... what are you doing here?" He is smiling shyly hands tucked in Namjoon's jacket and Yoongi knows it's Namjoon's from seeing the younger always dressed in it. "Are you here to give Namjoon's jacket back or...?"

"Oh yeah, yeah," Jungkook looks away and Yoongi can tell that is not the only reason he is here so with a fond grin he edges the door open wider motioning for Jungkook to slip through. He does after looking at the door, then at Yoongi. "I never gave it back to him when we talked and I had time today so, yeah."

Yoongi lifts a brow, looking behind Jungkook at the moon and then at him with a flat stare. The younger practically withers shrinking in on himself as he shuffles.

"Uh huh," He clicks his tongue against the roof of his mouth. "You had time in the middle of the night?" Jungkook nods, eyes looking everywhere but Yoongi. "Jungkook, we both know that's not the whole reason so spill it."
Jungkook ducks his head the hood of Namjoon's jacket hiding his eyes. "I-I've been feeling a little homesick."

There it is. Jungkook normally sticks with Jimin when he starts missing home and Jungkook is always welcome at their dorm, but Yoongi is not good at making Jungkook stop worrying when it comes to things about home, that's Jimin specialty being from the same city and all.

Sighing Yoongi pulls on Jungkook's arm leading the younger to his room where he sets him on the bed. He may not be good with the talking aspect of helping people stop worrying, but he does have a way to help gets Jungkook's mind off things.

"You are going to give me your opinion on something okay?" Jungkook nods, looking confused but also intrigued and Yoongi smiles at him all warm affection and quiet understanding. "Be honest with me. Tell me if it sounds good, bad, or weird in one area and such."

Jungkook nods again and Yoongi hits play, watching the younger's eyes droop in relaxation as his shoulders smooth out and a smile curls on his features and Yoongi feels something warm and pleased settle in the pit of his stomach at the content expression.

That's how Yoongi eventually gets Jungkook to stop thinking about Busan, he lets him listen to tracks that aren't finished and encourages the shy and hesitant opinions.

It's not much, but it's a part of Yoongi and what he enjoys and oddly enough, he doesn't mind sharing it with Jungkook.
"Hyung, I don't think I should be here." Jungkook whispers, eyes wide and lip trapped between his teeth. Jimin just grins at him, eyes hooding as he tugs the younger in after him anyway despite Jungkook's protests.

It's just Yoongi and Namjoon and they won't mind Jungkook staying to watch as Jimin record his part of the song. In fact Jimin is sure the two of them will be happy to have the younger there, they always seem to lighten up when Jungkook is in room. Meaning Yoongi will not threaten any of them at all when the night gets longer and his temper get thinner and thinner.

"It's fine Kookie," He reassures voice chipper and lilting as he pushes Jungkook to the point where he can be seen his whined, *Hyung no!* Has both Namjoon and Yoongi whipping there heads around so fast Jimin is sure he heard a crack. "See they don't mind?"

Jungkook stills hands frozen where they are pressed against Jimin's shoulder attempting to break his grip before squeaking out a, "Hi."

Jimin just beams proud of himself when Namjoon's ears, dust pink as his jaw goes slack and Yoongi, well, Yoongi could probably kill someone with his glare. Though he is not sure if Namjoon is flustered because he was in the middle of a curse or if it is because Jungkook is dressed in shorts and still has his jacket. Either way Jimin finds him adorable.

Namjoon clears his throat, looking from Jungkook to him and Jimin just smiles innocently taking his place in the recording booth. "Oh no, no we don't mind, but why are you here, Kook-ah?"

Jungkook is still shuffling in place until Namjoon presses him down on the couch with a coaxing smile as he says it's okay for Jungkook to be here. And Jimin is smug when Jungkook looks at him while he talks joy evident in his tone.

"I really like Jimin's singing and he said I could listen while he records, but I didn't want to disrupt you while you were working." Namjoon nods ruffling his hair with a smile before he tells Jungkook to sit and enjoy. When Yoongi turns toward him expression blank Jimin knows it's time
to get to work and he makes sure to watch Jungkook's expression as soon as he starts.

There is something about the way Jungkook looks at him like he is the greatest thing in the world that has Jimin flustered, but also ridiculously proud because he brightens up Jungkook's day. And it's not a lot, but Jimin loves making the younger happy in any way.

Besides seeing Jungkook's eyes close in bliss as he listens to Jimin sing is probably something that will always make his body run hot with affection. Since the younger looks so content, so blissful and if he asked, Jimin would probably sing for him all day if he wanted.

The recording lasts an hour, two, maybe even three, but by the time he is out of the booth his throat is sore and scratchy, but the way Jungkook bounces up to him eyes bright and teeth showing Jimin finds that he doesn't mind.

"Hyung, you're amazing!" Jimin will never admit that the compliment makes his stomach flip and he is sure that neither Namjoon or Yoongi will either but they look just as pleased with themselves from the compliments they received.

Looping an arm around Jungkook's neck, he pulls the younger down to his height cooing.

Jungkook brightens up his day with the simplest things and all Jimin wants is to do the same or just a little more.
Okay, so Jimin is all for helping the trainees they're eager to learn and like them just want to pursue a dream and so he has no problem with helping them practice or answering their questions, but if there is one thing he will not tolerate it is strangers' hands roaming over Jungkook's body or the youngest's hands on a strangers. It's nothing bad or illicit, but no matter how innocent the touch Jimin hates it because really? Do people not understand personal space anymore (not including him since he is not a stranger)?

With a scowl overtaking his normally open and gentle expression Jimin glares daggers at the hands sweeping over the arch of Jungkook's back in slow drawn out strokes. The owner of said hand is one of the older trainees tall and Jimin will admit he's handsome, but that still does not mean he can just splay his hands over Jungkook's body like he is his. Jungkook is theirs and they do not share.

Moving away from his spot on the wall Jimin forces a smile on his face as he hops over to the two slinking his arm around Jungkook's waist and pulling him flush to his side as he interrupts those wandering hands.

"Jungkookie," He coos hooking his chin over the younger's shoulder to nuzzle his neck before smirking up at the trainee pleased with his apprehension. "Who's this? One of the newer trainees? Because he seems awfully touchy."
Jimin doesn't do subtlety, so the trainee definitely picked up on his message with his shoulders squaring as he juts his chin out reaching a hand out for Jungkook's arm. Hooding his eyes Jimin gives the trainee a nasty look as he tugs Jungkook closer, effectively taking him out of the trainees reach.

He wraps his arms around Jungkook's front as he the younger speaks pressing as close as he can while still making sure the trainee does nothing out of line.

"Oh Jiminnie Hyung this is Seongmin," Jungkook's tone is excited as he bounces on the balls of his feet one of his hands playing with Jimin's and he can't help but grin at the younger when he leans back trusting he will not fall. "He's one of the newer trainees from last month and he asked me for instructions on the move from their practice."

So that's how the male got Jungkook near him unaware and trusting. From the years he has spent with the younger Jimin has picked up quite a few things and one of them would be that Jungkook absolutely loves helping others no matter the task so him agreeing to help a trainee learn a move does not surprise Jimin. He will just have to keep a closer eye on Jungkook in the future, make sure he isn't, taken advantage of and such.

Putting on his most charming grin Jimin detaches himself from Jungkook's back to instead move to his side to cup the younger's neck and stroke it slowly until Jungkook flushes a soft whine breaking from his mouth. And even though Jimin wants to pay attention to Jungkook he is more focused on scaring Seongmin off by showing him that Jimin knows Jungkook like the back of his hand.

"Why don't I take over then and give you a little break, Jungkookie?" It's a sad attempt that Jimin already knows the answer to but he has to try and Jungkook's protest of, No I'm okay Hyung I want to help him. Is what makes him grin all sharp teeth and piercing eyes. "Alright, but if you feel tired tell me okay? And you don't mind if I supervise right?"

Seongmin looks like he wants to protest, but Jungkook beats him, beaming as he nods teeth showing and Jimin is weak, so so weak at the shy, "Thanks Jiminnie hyung, you're always looking out for me."

When Jungkook goes back to instructing Seongmin how to move a certain way, twist his leg a small degree or go through the movements again and again Jimin watches like a hawk unconsciously licking at his lip and biting at the inside of his cheek when Jungkook bends or curves his body slightly. Unfortunately, he is not the only person interested and that is not appreciated.
"I don't think your hand needs to be so low on his waist, Seongmin," He comments lightly hands twitching with barely restrained annoyance and Jimin is sure that his cheery disposition is nonexistent at this point replaced with a look that could put medusa to shame. But really the trainee's hand should not be reaching below Jungkook's belt. "If I remember right your instructor said to keep your hand on the hip and the hip only."

He's pleased to see that Jungkook looks down blinks and then sighs a quiet understanding as his hand grabs Seongmin's wrist to set them on his waist before they go through the move together again.

Jimin feels just a small bit of vindictive happiness at each purposeful mistake Seongmin makes so he can call it out.

("Oh, you don't have to lean on Jungkook like that you're bending him in half." "On his hips only Seongmin how many times do I have to tell you?")

Jimin knows he is being rude, but he has a possessive streak and when someone invokes it he gets nasty.

The run through a couple more times as Jimin flits his gaze from Jungkook and Seongmin to the clock counting down gleefully in his head. When the instructor calls it a wrap Jimin is up and slinging an arm over Jungkook's shoulders smug and pleased with himself at Seongmin's miffed expression.

"Come on, Jungkookie, we have to do back to the dorm soon, it's getting late." He urges smoothing out the creases in Jungkook's shirt who is waving goodbye still shy and uncertain.

"Huh? Oh yeah," Jungkook's mouth firms a small 'o' when he remembers and Jimin just wants to capture smooth vermilion lips with his own but he can't he has to wait. Seongmin is still in the room looking at Jimin warily. "See you tomorrow Seongmin, it was fun helping you!"

Jimin's smile drops because he has an individual schedule tomorrow, meaning he can't scare off the imp. He'll just warn the others since Jungkook has apparently attracted unwanted interest.
Hoseok is known for his patience and he knows he doesn't seem like the type—has too much and can't stay still—he knows this, but right now as Jungkook he and the trainee Jimin warned them about walk down the street he feels an eye twitch in irritation.

He doesn't even know how the kid convinced Jungkook to let him come along, but Seongmin is the farthest from Jungkook and he is going to keep it that way. Hoseok may not be as bad as the others, but people touching their youngest still puts him on edge since it just doesn't look right.

Linking their hands together Hoseok lets out a pleased noise from the back of his throat that has Jungkook running pink as his lip turns up in amusement. And Seongmin is looking between them an annoyed crease building on his forehead.

"Hoseok hyung, thanks for letting Seongmin come with us," His words come out light and airy as his lips stretch into a smile that Hoseok finds adorable. It doesn't help at all that the pink flush on Jungkook's skin gets worse when Hoseok scrapes his teeth along the other's shoulder.

It's on purpose just as it is because Hoseok wants to do it. Jungkook always goes limp when Hoseok bites and when the younger leans into him completely he smirks eyes crinkling as he makes sure to face Seongmin who at this point has worked his way closer reaching out a hand to pull at Jungkook's sleeve.

"Hyung," He starts and Hoseok blanks out for minute because this trainee is younger than Jungkook and that's why Jungkook wants to help him and make him comfortable, it's the first time Jungkook has been given the chance to look after someone. It's absolutely unfair and when Hoseok gives Seongmin an astounded look all he gets back is smug eyes and a gleeful tone. "Could we go to that store you were talking about, the one where you get all your art supplies?"

Oh, that's just devious. Using one of Jungkook's hobbies to steal his attention away; Hoseok really dislikes this kid.

Jungkook props himself up light blush still on his face as he nods and moves to Seongmin's side to lead him. Hoseok moves to the rear sulking because now he can't exactly say anything to change their destination he, wouldn't even if he could since Jungkook rarely gets to buy supplies.
When they arrive at the store Jungkook has an arm wound around Seongmin's shoulder showing the trainee all the specific brands he uses and answering all of his questions enthusiastically.

Hoseok presses himself to Jungkook's back when the trainee wanders ahead of them and follows Jungkook's line of sight before breaking out into a charming grin as he noses the side of Jungkook's neck, pleased when the younger shivers.

"I could chip in with the amount you need if you want, Jungkook," Seongmin is walking back eager and ecstatic as he offers the same oblivious to Hoseok's forming snarl. Apparently he can't take a hint. "And Seongmin here's some advice, it's best to save your money for personal needs. Kookie and I can afford it on our own."

Hoseok ignores Jungkook's chastising, *Hyung don't be rude* because he's having a glaring match with a giant and as he tightens his hold on Jungkook's waist, he just has to wait for the younger to agree if hesitantly.

The rest of the walk to check out is full of Hoseok glaring at Seongmin while Jungkook cuddles into his chest smiling as he thanks the elder. It quells some of his jealousy because a content and cuddly Jungkook is impossible for Hoseok to ignore.

However, he really hopes that Seongmin is not one of the trainees chosen to be a back up dancer. Hoseok is sure that if that happened the end results would not be good for anyone involved.

If Yoongi didn't look like he was about to deck the trainee attached to Jungkook's front as he gushes, Taehyung is sure that his fist would have already introduced itself to Seongmin's face.

He's never been quick to jump right to violence, but Taehyung can only take so much of someone other than him or the members running hands over Jungkook's bare skin. Seongmin is doing just that the heel of his hands just ghosting above the planes of Jungkook's stomach and for just a moment Taehyung allows himself the joy of dragging his eyes over the expanse of muscle on display smirking salaciously when Jungkook meets his gaze head on, heat licking at his neck.
Prowling over Taehyung grips Seongmin's shoulder and squeezes until the younger acknowledges him with a scowl and barely concealed grimace.

"Didn't anyone ever tell you, it's rude to let your hands linger where they're not wanted?" He questions his free hand closing Jungkook's shirt manually as he tugs the younger, closer to hide him, giving a pleased rumble when the younger's fingers twist in his shirt pulling Taehyung close to use him as a shield.

It's normal for Jungkook to hide behind one them, so that does not bother him, but the younger hardly ever physically tugs any of them forward so that he can hide himself. Seongmin's advances really are unwanted and even though Jungkook is hiding from him the trainee doesn't seem to pick up on that.

Taehyung really doesn't want to get physical, but when Seongmin moves to snatch Jungkook away from he has to. It is child's play to slam the trainee onto the wall behind him and still keep Jungkook out of reach. Even easier for him to lean close tap his fingers along the line of Seongmin's neck, pressing softly until he gives a whine.

He doesn't like intimidation hates scaring people, but this time it easy and Taehyung enjoys it because Jungkook is curled in on himself scared and Seongmin has to learn that he is not welcome.

"Look, if you have hopes of having a working arm, leave him alone," Seongmin doesn't nod makes not move to agree at all, just bares his teeth and tries to knock his head against Taehyung's. With a smirk he pushes the kid back down, tightening his grip. "Oh, you don't want one? Then do allow me the joy of getting rid of it—"

"Hyung," He freezes, hands falling to his sides before whirling around to gather Jungkook into his arms. Jungkook sounds frightened and small and Taehyung he doesn't want to scare the other just wants to help him, but as large watery eyes look up him pleadingly, Taehyung focuses on Jungkook and Jungkook only. The sound of Seongmin scuttling away barely registering in his mind. "Let's just go okay? The car is here so let's just leave."

Taehyung lets himself be tugged to the car still irritated and wound up. When the two of them are in the car hidden from the people outside Taehyung nuzzles Jungkook's shoulder apologizing as he peels the shirt off his shoulder to nip at it.

"Can I?" He wants to leave a mark, a warning, but only if the other will let him.
Jungkook nods leaning forward and tilting his neck and Taehyung presses a kiss to the skin before sucking a mark vibrant and attention grabbing. When he pulls back Jungkook is limp in his hold black hair tickling Taehyung's cheek. He knows that it won't be seen, but it's nice having a market in Jungkook's body that makes him theirs.

Yoongi is not a person that enjoys stretching or having a partner he has to stretch with. And is most definitely not a person that enjoys being stuck in a room full of people let alone with trainees that he has to physically interact with and not bust a blood vessel.

Something he dislikes even more than interacting with people is that he can't harm them if they push at his boundaries or make someone he trusts uncomfortable. Both of those are happening, more so on the making someone uncomfortable and that someone is Jungkook, who Yoongi is starting to realize has the worst luck.

"Can I punch him," He drawls out hand clenching in a rhythm as he winds an arm around Jungkook's waist thumbing at his hip in circles until he relaxes and exhales contentedly. "Because the leering is starting to bug even me. I can only imagine how you feel, Jungkook."

With a sigh Jungkook faces him talking at his shoulder to pull Yoongi's gaze away from Seongmin who already stretching and staring at the both of them a lecherous gleam in his eyes. Yoongi seriously wants to punch him, make him blind in one eye, something because him scaring Jungkook is not allowed because the youngest is theirs and Yoongi does not take lightly to people trying to steal what he considers his.

"No, Hyung, you can't punch him," It comes out exasperated and Yoongi only shrugs a frown overtaking his features. It's a real shame that Jungkook won't let him it would solve his problem real quick.

Flicking his gaze back to Seongmin he glares lip twisting up into a snarl when the kid smiles at him confidence evident in the way he holds himself and Yoongi abhors it because the kid has nothing to confident about. He has won nothing has not grabbed Jungkook's attention or made him
happy like Yoongi or the rest of his members have.

So Seongmin has nothing he should be smug for and to show him that Yoongi yanks Jungkook down to his height and tugs on his sweater to display Yoongi's bite marks not Seongmin's. His.

Jungkook grabs at his hand whining high in his throat when Yoongi traces over the hickey with his nail. "Hyung, stop please," Jungkook's eyes hood when Yoongi's nail trails up to his neck scrapping the skin softly in lines until it turns red and puckered. "He's staring Yoongi hyung, please, stop."

The soft keen Jungkook gives is what makes him stop. Only Yoongi and his members should hear that not some stranger that does not understand the meaning of don't touch.

Placing his hands on Jungkook's waist, he sets to actually helping the other stretch even as he keeps his gaze locked with the trainees.

When it gets to the point where Yoongi has to place his hands on Jungkook's thigh when he stretches to keep the limb straight Seongmin looks irritated almost defeated and Yoongi smirks because the kid is finally starting to understand that Jungkook is not free, but taken.

His smirk turns into a full fledged grin when Seongmin leaves the practice room lips twisted up in anger hands twitching at his sides.

"Jungkookie, I think your little problem will be solved soon." All Jungkook does is hum mouth falling open when Yoongi kneads the flesh of his thigh.

"Hyung," Seokjin hums turning his head slightly so that Jungkook's knows he is listening the thump of his knife only dampening the sound of Jungkook's voice slightly. "Can you come with me today to deliver the food? I really don't want to go alone."
Jungkook should already know his answer, but the shaky drawl to each word is what makes his mouth open as he agrees and the arms tightening around his waist in gratefulness make him wonder just how bad this has gotten.

Jimin had said that there has been a trainee that couldn't keep his hands to himself, but Jimin gets jealous easy, well the easiest out of all them and has a small habit of blowing such interactions through the roof, but Jungkook tucked against his back and nuzzling his neck in pure unadulterated relief is what makes him think differently. If Jungkook is actually uneasy around this person then there will be problems and Seokjin has no problem with dealing with them completely if he has to.

"Kookie how bad is this situation—and be honest with me." Jungkook hooks his chin over Seokjin's shoulder while one of his hands play with the button of his jeans twisting and turning it every which way so that he can postpone his answer. "If it's as bad as I think it is then just let us deal with it. We won't hurt him just encourage him to leave you alone."

He can feel Jungkook's pout on his neck and the weary sigh that falls from his mouth when Seokjin looks at him from over his shoulder. "You won't hurt him Seokjin hyung," He starts lips searing into the skin of Seokjin's neck with each warm exhale. "But what about the others? Yoongi's already asked me if he could punch the kid and if him getting punched is the way to solve my problem then I'd rather just deal with it. I don't want anyone hurt, Hyung."

Seokjin nods, putting the last top on his stack of tuber ware. And then they are leaving Jungkook tucked against his side as Seokjin cards fingers through the younger hair until he is purring contentedly.

Jimin was right the kid can't keep his hands to himself.

Gritting his teeth Seokjin pulls Jungkook into his lap seething out, "Keep your hands to yourself if you want to keep them!" Right now he's not sure if he actually means the statement, but it becomes more appealing to go through with his threat when Seongmin's hands attempt to travel to Jungkook's thighs when he is distracted.

Snatching it Seokjin curls his fingers into the joint until he gives a whimper and only then does he loosen his grip. He is not one for violence, but Jungkook's is curling into a ball on his lap and Seokjin needs Seongmin to leave them alone since this is bordering on harassment.

"I'm just being friendly." Seongmin protests attempting to wiggle his hand free, but Seokjin just
press down again in warning, waiting for the younger to go limp.

"This is not being friendly. This is breaching someone's boundaries when they clearly do not want you to. Your hand on Jungkook's thigh is not friendly, it is an unwanted advance and you can be punished for your behaviour."

Seokjin is sure that his face is red from anger, but Seongmin needs to see the fucking difference between being friendly and being oppressive and slimy.

When Jungkook whimpers the sound loud and scared Seokjin runs a soothing have down his back as he continues his tirade. "You are bothering Jungkook, even though he does not wish for you too. Your advances are not appreciated by either of us, nor is your constant pleading of innocence. So leave him alone or actions will be taken."

After his speech Seokjin leads Jungkook away fully intent on going through with his threat if Seongmin does not cease his assault. Jungkook or anyone really should not be put through unwanted advances they only cause stress and problems for the people involved.

Namjoon straightens to his full height when Jungkook grips his shoulder a little tighter his fingers shaking as his breath becomes unsteady and harsh. Namjoon knows that he's good at intimidation so hopefully he'll be able to scare off Jungkook's pursuer.

"Hyung." The kid calls all shining teeth and horrible intentions. Namjoon gives him a withering look as he places himself in front of Jungkook becoming a barrier between the two. The kid, or Seongmin as he remembers Jimin raving comes to a halt mere feet before him grin twisting into something horrid and vexed. "Could you move out of the way? I need to speak to Jungkook hyung."

Namjoon gives him a grin full of daggers as his hand anchors on Seongmin's shoulder, applying
pressure as each second passes. "How about no. He doesn't want to speak to you or do much of anything with you if we're being honest."

Seongmin's hand comes up to try and push his off, but Namjoon just tightens his grip to a vice pleased at the muffled curse he receives.

"How do you know that? Hyung, don't let him make decisions for you." Seongmin seems frustrated in both tone and disposition and Namjoon would be lying if he said he didn't like it.

"I'm not making decisions for Jungkook he told me and the rest of our members that he wants nothing to do with you," When Seongmin opens his mouth to protest, but Namjoon cuts him off as he winds a possessive arm around Jungkook's shoulders and nips at his jaw. "And if you still don't understand, then here's something simple; he's taken. As in he's off the market. Not a fish you can catch. Understand?"

Jungkook shuffles back when Seongmin steps forward grimace overtaking his features as Namjoon towers over him malicious intent evident in the way he holds himself and Namjoon will act on it if Seongmin steps forward. Well, that and he and the others will bring up this issue to the ceo and have Seongmin removed from his actions of harassment after this little chat.

"It seems like you're making decisions for him to me, Jungkook hyung hasn't said anything in complaint with the way I treat him." Seongmin looks smug as he says this and his arm is reaching for Jungkook but what makes Namjoon snap and remove his person from their space is when Seongmin says, "I'm sure that he likes me treating him like this. He probably likes being forced into things."

Fuming and nostrils flaring Namjoon allows Jungkook to lead him away and back to their dorm before all of them take their issue to their employer. He is still wound up and wants to punch a wall when they leave because while Seongmin will be released from the company he is still seething at the former trainees accusations. Jungkook does not like being forced into things, does not like being treated like he is less and for anyone to suggest such makes Namjoon's blood boil.

A hand is patting at his arm soothingly. "Everything's fine now Joonie, so don't be mad. We both know that I'm not like what he said, so let's just enjoy the rest of our day?"

A small but sincere smile makes its way into his face as he nods and once they get back to the dorm Namjoon locks their door so that they won't be bothered and sets to making sure Jungkook is okay.
He really hopes that none of his members go through this nor does he wish for this to happen to Jungkook again, since Namjoon is certain that murder will be used as a solution if a situation like this arises again.
Jungkook/Hoseok

Chapter Notes

Requested by taylor-hall1018: CAN I GET A FLUFFY JUNGKOOK/ HOSEOK PLZ! I LOVR YOU KAI!

Jungkook has a very complicated with winter and Hoseok will never let him off easy when the rears its head around.

He just wants to go out for a walk, maybe stop by that dog park along the way, but no, instead he is being straddled on the couch by the one and only, Jung Hoseok. It is over something stupid, it really is.

"Hyung, I don't need it," His voice comes out muffled from being suffocated by Hoseok's shirt, but even as he presses the heels of his hands to Hoseok's shoulders and shoves the only thing he gets is a cheerful laugh and a peck to his cheek (that in no way makes him blush). "So let me up."

Hoseok coos down at Jungkook, amusement twinkling in his eyes. "But, Jungkookie, you're always freezing when you come back."

Jungkook paws at the elders shirt whining when something soft and far too nice smelling—Strawberries, Jungkook is sure, that's what Hoseok always smells like after all—curls around his neck. He does not need Hoseok's admittedly nice smelling scarf, even if it will keep him from getting a cold.

Wiggling Jungkook tries to buck Hoseok off when the elder's hands smooth out the nonexistent creases in Jungkook's jacket. He does not need the damn scarf and he also really wants Hoseok to stop staring at him so affectionately, wants him to stop being so gentle. Jungkook is sure that he doesn't deserve it.

"Hyung," He tries again, hands now pressed to Hoseok's hip as he tries to wedge himself up.
Jungkook succeeds, but finds that now he is nose to nose with Hoseok and able to see that overwhelming affection head on. Jungkook wants to hide because by now he is certain that his face could put a rose to shame with how bright it is. "I really don't need it, so stop worrying and let me go."

A smile spreads across Hoseok's face and his eyes are tracking the growing red of Jungkook's skin like a hawk. It both unnerves Jungkook and excites him.

"Is my Jungkookie embarrassed?" Jungkook groans pressing his scarlet face to Hoseok's shoulder who sounds so utterly pleased that it is unfair. Hoseok does not even realize the effect he has on Jungkook, and it drives the younger crazy. "Is that why you won't wear it? Because you're embarrassed?"

Jungkook can hear the tease in every word and it just makes him bury his head harder against Hoseok's shoulder, hoping that eventually his face will not feel like it is on fire. It is not that he is embarrassed, but it is instead because it is Hoseok's scarf and Jungkook is sure that he would look ecstatic all day if he used it.

Hoseok smells nice and Jungkook knows he would look strange burrowing his face in a mix of soft cotton and the scent of strawberries.

"I'm not embarrassed," Jungkook mumbles, pouting against Hoseok's neck. He hopes that the pink tinge to the elder's cheeks is because of him and not the heater. "But it's yours..."

Hoseok shifts back now sitting on his heels and Jungkook has to force his arms from reaching out and folding over the elder's back. Jungkook almost hates how much Hoseok affects him. It is not fair that a simple smile can make his heart squeeze with affection, it is unfair how a hug from Hoseok makes him curl back into it, makes him feel content and pleased.

Hoseok's hands are cradling his face and Jungkook looks everywhere but at him. Jungkook can't see the easy adoration there, he can't because then he will just keep wishing and wishing for their relationship to maybe one day change.

"It's mine, and?" Hoseok prompts one of his hands now petting Jungkook's fringe in quick lines and the action has Jungkook leaning forward into the touch, almost purring when Hoseok's free hand moves to thumb at his neck.
"...And I don't... I don't," He doesn't know, he just knows that he can't use it. Jungkook knows that if he agrees to use it that he will do something stupid. Curling tight against Hoseok, Jungkook hides, eyes closed. All he wanted was to go for a damn walk, he didn't want all of this.

Hoseok's hand is still petting at his hair and Jungkook wishes that it wasn't. "Y'know you're adorable, Jungkook, but if you don't take the scarf, then I'll just have to be one." Jungkook blinks, not because he is confused, but because that is such a Hoseok thing to say. "So, c'mon, you won't get a cold, and I get to see you blush pink."

Now that is something that confuses him.

"What?" Is all he manages to get out and Hoseok chuckles fondly before nuzzling Jungkook's cheek.

"Your blush, it's cute, sort of like you."

It's cheesy and it does make him blush, but in that moment curled close to Hoseok, Jungkook decides that this is okay. More than okay, really, it's wonderful.
Namjoon has never done this before, let someone stay—in invade—in his personal space, but here he is at his doorstep inviting in a practical stranger. Yet there is this strange heat that runs through his blood and settles fittingly in all his bones when a smile greets him.

He does not understand why it affects him, but just this once Namjoon will allow himself to enjoy a gentle smile formed by vermilion lip and eyes that shine more than a star filled night sky.

"Sir," The younger calls, voice sort of small, quiet, but nonetheless wonderful. Namjoon wonders when that voice too, became so appealing. "Thank you for letting me stay with you. I'll do my best to do all I can to help."

Namjoon waves a hand ushering the other in and he has this sudden strange want of curling his fingers in chestnut hair. "I'm sure you will, Jungkook," That is new too. He has only referred to his workers by name a handful of times—maybe even less. "But for now, follow me to your new quarters."

Namjoon desperately wants to ignore how his ears flame at the gracious grin Jungkook sends him, fingers twiddling as he offers a quiet, thank you, Sir, Namjoon wants to hear his given name instead of Sir, but Namjoon can't ask that, won't ask Jungkook to call him by name. His pride will not allow him to.

Jungkook has this spring to his step that Namjoon can't help but find endearing as they traverse the halls of his home. As much as Namjoon wants to fight the already enamoured thoughts running
through his head he can, at least admit to himself, that Jungkook is cute with his doe eyes that seem as though they could swallow him whole, Jungkook, Namjoon will only admit to silence, is cute.

When they reach Jungkook's new quarters Namjoon could never have believed that someone could appear so overjoyed by only a bed and a bare closet, but Jungkook, he is.

He turns to Namjoon and says, "Thank you, Sir, I've never had a room to myself before!" The way the words come out is still soft, but they have this blitheness to them that makes Namjoon's heart constrict oh so uncomfortably in his chest.

When he leaves with a curt nod, he tries to block out Jungkook's whispered, "And everything's new too." He does not want to focus on how those words just seem so wrong.

Days pass before Namjoon sees Jungkook or really the majority of his staff. He hired Jungkook on an almost whimsical decision, he needed a gardener and Jungkook was always working in the florist shop that Namjoon always visits. He doesn't fully understand why he did it, but it felt right.

And now as he reads on the veranda he finds that he can't regret his decision because there Jungkook is fond tilt to his lips as he tends to flora of all kinds. Namjoon finds him more stunning than the vibrant life surrounding him and finds that he also does not regret that thought.

When the younger gazes up at Namjoon an absolutely dear tilt to his lips as his eyes crinkle in happiness Namjoon feels that familiar heat settle under his skin. It only grows when Jungkook waves him over and Namjoon feels out of his element surrounded by tulips, magnolias, and all things nature. He has always been clumsy, so being enclosed by roots and stems Namjoon can only dread what is to come.

"Sir, would you like to plant your own?" Jungkook is fidgeting hands gripping his knees as he gnaws on his lip, looking to Namjoon so shy and hesitant that he feels apologetic for coming over. Though the light dust of pink staining Jungkook's face is such a beautiful shade.
"I-don't, I've never...” Namjoon is unused to struggling with words, with struggling on how to talk to Jungkook. He has never stumbled over his words, nor been so uncertain of himself, yet he oddly does not dislike it. "I've never done this before."

When he flicks his eyes away Namjoon almost missed the way Jungkook's expression turns fond. Namjoon thinks he might like that look more than he does Jungkook's shy smile.

The laugh Jungkook gives sounding like wind chimes and harps it makes him flush bright, but somehow Namjoon knows that Jungkook is not mocking him. He is only proven correct when Jungkook coaxes him down to rest on the ground next to him as a calloused but still gentle hand leads Namjoon to trace out where he wishes to plant something. A flower maybe? Or possibly something else?

"It's not too difficult," Jungkook starts, eyes hooding as he digs a little space in the soil to bury the bulb and Namjoon wonders how such a movement can seem so tender. "I'm sure if you tried it that you could do it."

Namjoon remembers very little of his agreement far too enraptured with the smile that blooms across Jungkook's features and he in that moment just wants to lean forward and kiss the side of Jungkook's crinkling eyes.

He finds himself out on the veranda much more often after that interaction and as days turn into weeks and then to months Namjoon starts realizing that he enjoys the little gatherings in the garden, finds them wonderful even. It gives him a place to breath and not worry, about the stress of the world and Jungkook he never fails to brighten up Namjoon's day.

And maybe that is why Namjoon decided that it is okay to let Jungkook into his personal space, or further in than he already is. It is fine as long as it is only Jungkook.

"Y'know," Jungkook says, voice sort of sad, sort of nostalgic as he sits on the edge of Namjoon's bed feet kicking lightly and Namjoon had this want of just wrapping the other in his arms. "This is the first time I've ever been able to have anything new and keep it. And I know you might not think that it matters much, Sir, but I really appreciate it—being able to consider something as my own."
There is this tiny frown forming on Jungkook's face and Namjoon doesn't think, has no forethought before he curls a tentative arm around Jungkook's shoulders and squeezes. It earns him a smile, soft and brittle and Namjoon's heart lurches uncomfortably.

"Hey, Jungkook," He swallows, listening to the little hum Jungkook gives to show he is paying attention, one of his hands crinkled in the hem of his shirt. Looking down at Jungkook, who looks comfortable and treats him with a familiarity that he has always craved, Namjoon decides that his pride does not matter. "I know this won't help, but, call me, Namjoon," He feels the younger nod all gentle movements and hesitant limbs and then Jungkook is curling against him nosing at his shoulder. "And I would like to be considered yours if you would be considered mine."

He feels more than sees heat spread across Jungkook's face as he gives a nod, pressing a soft, hesitant peck to Namjoon's jaw as his arms circle the elder's neck.

Namjoon likes this, he really does and maybe, just maybe he likes the pleased little noise Jungkook gives when he leans down to peck his flaming cheek.

He is unused to many things, but Namjoon is sure that with a little time he could grow used to not understanding everything. Especially if Jungkook is there to brighten up his day.
The conversations Jungkook usually has at around four o'clock in the night are dumb and spurred from the overtaking fatigue of the day.

This conversation on this night is not, and all he want to do is hide somewhere far away and cry.

It starts with Yoongi prompting the question, "What do you think you're worth?" And his mind goes blank because of all the things he does not wish to talk about this is one of them.

And now after that little innocent question Jungkook shifts in his bed and curls his knees up to his chest. He has never considered himself worth much, too shy to ever give his own ideas or criticisms, still awkward and not able to express much.

Making his voice small just above a whisper he says, "Nothing. Nothing at all."

Jungkook hopes that Yoongi was not able to hear him, hopes that he won't have to deal with how he sees himself so late in the night. Jungkook doesn't think he could even if he had to.

He shifts again presses as close to the wall as he can before burrowing under his blanket since at least under a fortress of cloth Jungkook can be blind to the world, can be hidden from the way he knows Yoongi is looking at him with pity. At least in a cocoon Jungkook can block out the he's not good enough's, and the he thinks he's too good to interact with us.
He does not think that, never has and he knows that the comments are not true, but they still hurt.

Under his fortress of blankets Jungkook can hear Yoongi move from the other side of the room as his feet pad against the floor and as he creeps closer and closer Jungkook can soon hear each steady and warm inhale or exhale of breathe. He wonders what he must look like—Weak? Pathetic? Like he has lost his way?—as he hides away.

The bed dips and Yoongi, he is not good at physical touch a little to awkward struggles with how to seem open like he utterly and truly cares, but Jungkook appreciates the elder trying anyway.

Yoongi does not lie near Jungkook just sits himself on the edge of the younger's bed hands in his lap but he is solid and secure as he waits for Jungkook to break himself away from his cocoon to instead rest near Yoongi's hip. Only then does Yoongi let a hand fall as steady and gentle as he can make it to run fingers through silk strands until Jungkook smiles, eyes and nose crinkling up, he does this until the younger nudges his hand softly to show that he will soon drift off into sleep happy and secure.

Then when Yoongi is certain that Jungkook is in the comforting escape of sleep does he tuck his body close to Jungkook's own wrap arms around the younger's waist and then with all the care he has in his body he says, "You're worth the world to me, Jungkook."

The younger will never hear the words and Yoongi is aware of this but he just can't say them and strike down all of Jungkook's worries and fears when the younger is awake. Too uncertain if it will help in any way or possibly make things worse.

Squeezing Jungkook's waist he hooks his chin over a bony shoulder and twines his legs with Jungkook humming low in his throat until the younger's shoulders lose all their tension.

Only then does Yoongi allow himself to sleep curled tight and comfortable around Jungkook's frame.
Chapter Notes

Requested by Anonymous: Hi! First I want to say that I love your fics so much ;A; I love Jungkook-centric fics and so I get really excited whenever I see that you have posted! <3 I also wanted to submit a prompt if possible~ I was wondering if you could write a wolf/hybrid au where Jungkook is the pack's lil pup and he gets kidnapped by a rival pack? He could be his current age or younger ;; Thank you so much!

There is this tiny, almost imperceptible doleful keen echoing around the house in rhythmic sequences going from drawn out in a high pitch to low quick noises and Seokjin is certain that he is the only one that can hear it. Slipping out from under his comforter to step on the unforgiving cold floor, he shuffles his way out of the room quiet as he can be so that Yoongi is not disturbed. The younger has always had a dreadful time falling asleep and Seokjin does not wish to wake him because of that.

Rubbing the sleep from his eyes Seokjin teeters, his way down the shadow curtained hallway, ears flicking in alertness when the keen is followed by scratching against the floor. This is normal for Seokjin to awaken to, but as much as he wishes to rush to his pups aid he can't, all it would do is frighten Jungkook further. The youngest, Seokjin has realized thinks that he is in trouble when any of them rush to him when he gets like this.

As Seokjin steps closer and closer to Jungkook's room the need to snarl builds in him as the younger's keens become more fervent, borderline terrified. The noise Seokjin is sure would cause a commotion if any of the others heard since Jungkook whining or displeased in any way sets them on edge until the need to make whatever it is distressing him disappears.

He has never believed they would be affected in such a way when Jungkook looking so fragile and tiny joined their pack. People had warned him that change would happen, that all of them would be more attuned to a pups needs and emotional state. Seokjin can now confidently say that all of those people were right.

Seokjin doesn't even realize that he is rumbling low and soothing in his throat until the keening becomes less and less often, only to be replaced with a hesitant whimper, low and hardly above a whisper, but Seokjin knows what it means. Jungkook, their pup so so lost and naive does not know
that Seokjin is attempting to comfort him. Seokjin is accustomed to that too, helping Jungkook understand that they are only trying to help or soothe him. The youngest has never had a pack before, so he does not understand how to act or what some actions mean.

"Jungkookie," Seokjin whispers, voice smooth with only a hint of a growl to it. He receives a high whine instead of words and nails stick out from under the door attempting to reach him and Seokjin smiles eyes turning fond. "Just give Hyung, a minute, okay? Everything will be fine soon."

His hand curls around the knob of Jungkook's door and his mind is screaming at him to rush, to comfort, to cosset and Seokjin wants to, but he has to do this at a pace that will not scare Jungkook. It opens with a quick click and before Seokjin can even walk in a smaller body is curling close to his own as soft hair tickles his cheek when Jungkook tucks under his chin.

Seokjin has to force away the urge to rumble loud and pleased when the pup presses closer and closer until there is no space between them, and his arms circle Seokjin's waist as his hands grip at the elder's shirt. The action makes happiness swell in Seokjin's chest because it is very rare that Jungkook allows touch, but it also makes him grimace. The only reason Jungkook is letting Seokjin so close is because he is scared.

Sinking down onto the floor, back digging into the door Seokjin stokes a hand over Jungkook's back as he noses at the younger's cheek. Jungkook just wiggles into his lap sniffling, tail resting on Seokjin's ankle quivering almost like Jungkook is scared of touching him with it.

All of these reactions Seokjin knows are caused by nightmares that slip through Jungkook's mind when he is most vulnerable. Seokjin has never asked what the nightmares are of, it wouldn't be right. He thinks he would be pushing past his already limited boundaries.

"Jungkook," The younger shifts again stuffing his face near the column of Seokjin's neck and inhales, the sound similar to a shudder as though Jungkook cannot breathe in enough air to keep himself stable. Seokjin takes the chance to curl his free have around the younger's back to pet at the small of his back. "Do you want me to stay with you?"

Jungkook does not agree or disagree for a growing number of minutes until he nods, hesitant as his fingers grip tighter and Seokjin lets himself over the pup's form as well as he can before blanketing Jungkook with pheromones. The younger may not realize that he calms down when bathed in pheromones, but Seokjin does and if it helps Jungkook calm down then he would do anything.

The younger's body slumps against him fully but he is still tense, still rearing from whatever haunts him.
"Hyung I.I," Seokjin exhales relieved when Jungkook talks instead of whimpering or keening it means that he is starting to differentiate fantasy from reality. Nosing at Jungkook arm Seokjin prompts him to continue. "I want the alpha, please, Seokjin hyung."

He knows the specific alpha from their pack that Jungkook wants and his body is shouting at him to obey, to bring him to Jimin, but he can't and he can't take him to Namjoon either. Neither of them are home and the only alpha left is Yoongi, but Jungkook, he hasn't had time to warm up to Yoongi so Seokjin can't take him to who he wants.

Seokjin cradles Jungkook's face and almost gives a whine of his own when the younger's ears press flat to his skull, doe eyes gleaming with pearls of water. "Oh, pup, I can't do that—no no don't cry please?"

Seokjin leans down shushing the boy in his arms as warm liquid drops onto his shirt making the fabric stick to him like a second skin.

"Please, Seokjin hyung, please." The last choked out and desperate please is what makes him go blank as his body just runs on the instinct of protect, care, help.

All he knows is that Jungkook is tucked to his side secure and warm, but distressed as he leads the younger to his shared room with Yoongi. This Seokjin thinks can go two ways, Jungkook will be safe with the only alpha left in the house, or the both of them will have to wait until Jimin or Namjoon return.

Yoongi growls deep in his throat when Seokjin's scent tickles his senses. It is not that he dislikes the elder, but he has not had a decent amount of sleep in days and Seokjin will not deprive him of that.
The scent creeps closer, but now it is disappearing a new mix of cinnamon and maple replacing it, and then once his brain starts functioning, Yoongi ceases his growling now only focused on the anxiety and fear rolling off Jungkook in waves.

The pup rarely comes to Yoongi for comfort always too shy to ever reach out to him, but now the pup is here somewhere close to his bed looking at him, Yoongi is sure. Flicking his eyes open he finds watering eyes and lips turned down in a pout and Yoongi forgets all about his sleep deprivation far too focused on coaxing Jungkook into the comforting softness of his bed.

He does not have to do much before Jungkook is plastering himself to Yoongi's front hands tentatively wrapping around the elder.

All Yoongi does is run his hands down Jungkook's back, his knuckles pressing to each bone of Jungkook's spine until the younger's eyes close on a flutter breathing deep and rhythmic. He does not know why Jungkook was brought to him, but Yoongi is fine with it. It may not seem like he is fond of the younger, but he is, immensely so.

And if there is something Yoongi can expect tomorrow it would be Jungkook wanting to be near him the whole day and he is fine with that too, all he has to do tomorrow is buy more film. Yoongi will admit only to himself that it will be new, being with Jungkook all day after what he can only assume is the younger's recurring nightmares. Normally Jungkook would stick to Jimin all day if he had a nightmare they room together so Jimin is accustomed to Jungkook's habits.

Taking one last look at Jungkook's now peaceful features Yoongi smiles all soft affection and warmth before he lets sleep drag him under.

Hours pass and Yoongi is not sure how it happened, but he lost Jungkook, or he hopes he merely lost the pup

He had just gone down an aisle to look for film as Jungkook stated wide eyed, almost like a deer up at a collection of pens, brushes, just art supplies of all kinds. And Yoongi had just turned his back for a minute, only to find that when he turned back around the younger was gone.

"Jungkook," He says, voice tinged with cautiousness as he looks around the store. It is bare and very few people are out at this time. "Stop playing games and come out of hiding."
Yoongi shouldn't have brought the younger here it is not his usual supply store it is instead just someplace he decided to enter because it was closer to their apartment, but even when they had walked in Yoongi knew this place was bad.

"Pup," He growls teeth snapping together in worry as he searched the store film clenched in his hand. Yoongi fucking hopes that this is a horribly times joke since the only thing on the news lately has been people disappearing. He does not want to see Jungkook's name added to that list. "Stop this game so that we can leave.

Yoongi has now made his way all over the store and it is all but empty with a lone cashier and Yoongi doesn't think, the film falls from his fingers as he takes off out of the store and down the street yelling gravelly seeming more animal than human.

His lungs burn as he runs and Yoongi barely notices the stinging pain of skin turning to fur nor does he notice any of the people on the sidewalk looking at him in interest their ears flicking as he dashes past them. Yoongi needs to find Jungkook, he needs and needs and needs. Buildings turn into blurs as he sprints only stopping to scent the air and whine high in his throat when Jungkook's scent does not greet him.

It has to happen today of all days when the rest of his pack is returning from a business deal.

Tucking his tail between his legs Yoongi whines one last time praying for a response before he pads his way back home, strips of cloth attached to his flank.

There has already been a startling amount of odd things Jimin has witnessed since returning home. Seokjin is nervous, ears flat to his skull as his tail twitches and Jimin knows the elder hardly looks so nervous. Looking down the hallway, he expects to see Namjoon and Hoseok standing with a disgruntled Yoongi and a clingy Jungkook, who hangs onto anyone or anything when tired. He finds neither of those two, only Namjoon and Hoseok looking confused and when he turns back to Seokjin the eldest is being teased by Taehyung.
Leaning into the couch, he rest his chin on his hand, waiting for the others to settle down somewhere in the room. It is a very odd thing for Yoongi not to be home, even odder still is that Jungkook is not home either.

"So," Jimin starts, teeth clicking in irritation as his tail thumps on the leather if the couch. Seokjin is still sitting across from him a tiny smile on his face. "Where's Yoongi and the pup?"

He does not mean for the words to come out harsh, but Jimin has not been home in a while, almost all of them haven't had the comfort of home and Jimin knows that all he wants is a lazy day with everyone present.

A mournful whine is what interrupts Seokjin's answer and before Jimin can blink the beta is at the door, letting Yoongi slip in with his head down. Jimin has never seen the eldest alpha like this, the Yoongi he is accustomed to seeing is blunt, almost apathetic, but now he is curled on the floor paws pressed to his snout.

When Namjoon passes him a coat Yoongi's fur starts to gradually disappear and bones give a deafening crack as they shift in size and place and Jimin is aware of how painful that is, so for Yoongi to not react to it in any way means he is focused on something else entirely.

"I lost him," Is the first thing that falls from Yoongi's mouth and Jimin's blood runs cold. The elder is smothered in Jungkook's scent so it is easy to piece together who Yoongi is talking about.

"What do you mean you lost him?"

Yoongi just looks at him face strained as his ears and tail flick in wariness. Jimin can't help but narrow his eyes at the movement. "I lost, Jungkook."

Jimin is not certain who stops him from lunging at the elder his mind is plagued with horrible ideas.

"How the fuck did you lose him?" The arms around him tighten as his voice raises and Jimin gives a snarl. He admits that he has a temper, but normally he has better control of it.
Yoongi bares his teeth and Jimin snarls again, this time louder, deeper and when he attempts to lunge again he hears Namjoon grunt.

Seokjin comes between them and Jimin wants to growl at him too, because he let Yoongi lose Jungkook, their packs youngest, Jimin's fucking charge. Their youngest, that hasn't presented yet, who is still in that awkward stage of feral and civil. Seokjin let Yoongi fucking lose him.

"Jimin, calm down so we can talk this through." That is Namjoon, who is older than him, stronger too, has more authority so when a hand squeezes at the back of his neck Jimin falls limp.

No one gets to talk when a phone rings loud distant and Jimin thinks they don't have time for this, they don't have time for Hoseok to retrieve the damn phone. They need to find their pack-mate.

It's Jungkook's phone. That is the first thing Hoseok realizes. It is cracked around the sides, has tiny scratch marks on the glass, but he can see the caller ID clearly. It is Yugyeom, and while it is not unusual for the beta to call Jungkook, Hoseok is not sure how to tell the younger that Jungkook is not home without causing a crisis.

He settles on bringing the phone to the living room and handing it to Seokjin with a simple, "You're the eldest, help."

After that, he dashes to Namjoon's side to help in holding down a currently limp Jimin. The youngest alpha will not stay limp long Hoseok knows this for a fact. When he gets wound up, he does not stay down.

Seokjin lets his thumb swipe across the screen and Hoseok leans forward when bears an almost breathless sounding Yugyeom.
"Um, which of Jungkook's hyungs is this?" Hoseok topples forward from how hesitant Yugyeom sounds simply because he knows the younger is known for being snarky instead of demure. Although when it comes to their youngest, most people do have to be cautious with what they say.

"All of them." Is Seokjin's reply and Hoseok can't help but snort at Yugyeom's whispered, *dammit* moving away from the couch, he leans on Seokjin's shoulder so he can hear better.

"So, um, Jungkook," All around him Hoseok can hear an almost simultaneous inhale of air and Jimin is the loudest sounding angry but hopeful. Sometimes Hoseok forgets how attached he is to Jungkook, all of them are but Jimin he has a different level of attachment. "He's over at our apartment.

Across from him Jimin growls out, "You're the one that took him? Yoongi hyung how did you not see Yugyeom?" It is not anger only puzzled and Yugyeom gives a shaky laugh before he continues.

"A-Anyway, Jungkook's over here and I just wanted to tell you guys before you freaked out." There is a quiet voice calling for him in the background and Hoseok is certain it is Jungkook from the eligible call of, *Gyeomie what are you doing?*

The call ends after that and Hoseok takes the chance to gaze around the room. Everyone seems calmer Jimin is no longer attempting to break out if Namjoon's hold and Yoongi seems back to his usual self with a fond smile on his face.

When Hoseok looks to where Taehyung is standing he is greeted by an impish grin and an ecstatically wagging tail as he says, "So when are we going to steal Jungkookie back?"

It takes less than a second for Jimin to break free from Namjoon's hold to instead join Taehyung with a grin of his own. With a shake of his head Hoseok joins them and slips an arm over each of their shoulders.

It is not long before the rest of their pack agrees with varying levels of mischief and worry shining in their eyes.

Hoseok is sure that a few of his pack-mates are plotting to scare both Yugyeom and Jungkook, but he could definitely be wrong.
Namjoon grumbles as he rifles through his pocket for the spare key Jackson had given to him as a gift. He has never been one to overreact when any of his pack is upset, but now he wants to just like the rest of them. Ever since Jungkook joined them it has been harder to not snarl at strangers when they get too close, harder to ignore the urge to curl tight around Jungkook to make sure he is safe, that no one can reach him.

He knows why it has been harder to control himself, for all of them to control themselves. It is instincts feral and overwhelming, all of it because they now have a pup, someone that hasn't presented, but still exudes pheromones that signal the need for help and care. However, Namjoon knows that Jungkook does not need protection even if they give him that too. Their pup is stubborn and shy, but he can hold his own if he needs to.

The lock gives a click and Namjoon pulls himself away from his thoughts to instead let a warm smile curl on his features as he steps through the apartment door.

The apparent currently only had two very prevalent scents. One is Yugyeom's while the other is Jungkook's and Namjoon could never hope to stop the way his ears twitch in alertness when he hears Jungkook giggle happy and pleased. Namjoon had forced all the others to stay at their apartment not as a punishment, but because it would only cause a panic. Jimin despite saying he was calm was still seething Namjoon could smell it and that would only cause stress for their youngest since Jungkook does not cope well when people are angry.

Namjoon gives an uncertain rumble when Jungkook's scent all but disappears. When he walks into the living room, the sight makes him want to smile just as it makes him want to snarl not because the sight is anything bad, but because Yugyeom is not pack and seeing Jungkook rest against the others chest as legs cage him just seems so wrong. It is petty and Namjoon knows it so instead of letting his displeasure be known he just sneaks behind the two.

Letting his hand fall to fluff Jungkook's hair, he allows Yugyeom to tilt his head back and growl before speaking.
"Jungkook, I've come to retrieve you." Jungkook pouts eyes widening as his ears flick down as he pleads up at Namjoon non-verbally while still curling against Yugyeom's frame. "You can visit Yugyeom later, but for now just come home."

Jungkook shakes his head as he burrows it in Yugyeom's jacket collar despite the beta's coaxing, *Jungkookie just listen to him, okay? We can meet up later.* Namjoon appreciates the prodding since it gets Jungkook to agree if hesitantly. The younger has always been find of Yugyeom he is one of the few people around Jungkook's age that the younger is comfortable with.

Namjoon motions for Jungkook to wait for him by the door after he nuzzles the younger affectionately. Once he is certain Jungkook is out of his hearing range Namjoon turns to Yugyeom who has a sheepish tilt to his lips. "Next time you want him to come over just ask don't kidnap him alright?"

Yugyeom just nods, still looking sheepish so with a wave Namjoon leaves and slips his arm around Jungkook's shoulder when they exit the apartment.

Jungkook shuffles pressing close to Namjoon's side as he mumbles diverging light pink dusting his cheeks. Nudging him Namjoon asks him to speak louder. The younger's tail taps at Namjoon's hip and he can't help but ruffle Jungkook's hair to calm him down. "Are they mad at me? For not telling them I left?"

Namjoon sighs at the question because it is both right and wrong to say the others are mad at Jungkook.

"No, they're not angry with you," is what he starts with and Jungkook gives this pleased little sound of relief that has Namjoon laughing before he squeezes Jungkook's shoulders to let the younger lean on him as they walk. "Just frustrated and worried."

"Oh, I'm sorry." Is the soft apologetic reply he gets. "No one argued, did they?" Of course that would be something Jungkook would ask.

Namjoon thinks that maybe just this once he can lie. "No, no there was no arguing, but Jimin, he was really looking forward to you welcoming is home."

Jungkook just nuzzles his shoulder, but Namjoon can still see his pleased blush.
Taehyung is up and out of his seat as soon as the door opens, revealing both Namjoon and Jungkook. Dragging the both of them inside, he pulls Jungkook into his lap as he sits on the couch and noses at the younger's neck as Namjoon ruffles his hair before leaving.

Almost everyone has left the living room to do anything that will help get rid of stress.

He feels the couch dip as Jimin settles next to him and Jungkook. Taehyung had expected the other to do so. It has been days since most of them have been home and in Taehyung's opinion, it has been too long since he was last able to do this and by Jungkook leaning into his hug Taehyung is sure that Jungkook has kissed it too.

Jimin gives a whine as he tugs on Jungkook's shirt to try and tempt the younger to pay attention to him and Taehyung flashes him a triumphant grin when Jungkook stays where he is. Taehyung understands why Jimin is trying to get Jungkook to go to him, the alpha is the one Jungkook is closest to, so after being away for a few days Jimin wants to cuddle him.

"Jungkookie," Taehyung calls petting the younger's ears until he is smiling and curled in Taehyung's hold. Jimin runs fingers through Jungkook's hair cooing, did you miss us?

"Hmm," Is what Jungkook gives craning into their touch and Taehyung hears Jimin giggle before he noses Jungkook's shoulder whispering out the words, we missed you pup and it makes Jungkook sigh as he leans toward Jimin. "Yeah, I missed you all. Home didn't feel like home with all of you gone."

Taehyung smiles at that even as he nudges Jimin off the couch earning a grumble from the elder. Twisting, he pulls Jungkook onto the couch completely before resting his head on Jungkook's as he hums until Jungkook throws arms around him and settles down for a nap tucked close to Taehyung's side.
Taehyung does not like leaving home for work, but what he comes back to will always be worth it.
Requested by Anonymous: Hi ummm i dnt know if u still take prompts for the kookie jar but i wanted to submit mine. I really liked the pront for the last chap but could u pls make another one thats more suspense?? Can u make a fic where kookie is their baby ( it could be anything u want a new born vamp, a wolf pup, or even just baby kookie from a gang) and he gets kidnapped and tortured by the rival gang so the hyungs have to rescue him?? could it be a sugakookie and kookie gets anxiety or panic attacks? PTSD and all

Warnings(If any of this upsets you, you are better off not reading this): Blood, body horror, temporary death, mention of PTSD symptoms, anxiety, blood drinking.

There is copper on his tongue thick, heavy, it is blood, he knows this, but it doesn't taste right. Jungkook is unaware of if it his own or someone else's he can't tell, but it burns and it burns. He wants to scream, claw, free himself from sliver cuffs and piercing cross.

Jungkook feels the grip in his hair tighten then loosen. It is a game he has figured out the hunter enjoys toying with him, grips and grip until Jungkook gives a hiss he always receives a, *Oh little one aren't you supposed to be tougher than this?* and a new mark on his body for his resistance. He dislikes when the hunter calls him little one that is what Yoongi calls him. When Jungkook stays quiet the hunter leaves with a huff, sometimes if the hunter is tired of hearing him whine from starvation Jungkook gets fed.

He can't see anything there has been leather around his eyes for as long as he has been wherever he is. Jungkook hates it, he feels vulnerable like he actually is just a fledgling instead of something people fear.

The hunter has crouched down to look at him Jungkook knows this by the whiff of trees greeting his nose and the quick tug to his hair that forces him to look up. "It's an absolute joy watching your
coven scramble around like mice.”

Jungkook wants to snarl at the mention of his coven. If the hunter lays a fucking hand on any of them, he will kill him. His ire earns a laugh sounding almost amused if not derisive. Jungkook doesn't like that either how the hunter toys with him, never considers him as a threat.

A gloved hand pats at his cheek in short patronizing bursts and Jungkook bares his teeth as well as he can. He wonders if the hunter will taste as sour and rotten as he seems.

The hand grips at his jaw and Jungkook chokes on the blood in his mouth. The hunter sniffs displeased as though he is personally offended by Jungkook's reaction. "Now now let's have none of that," The hand is tilting his head back craning it until Jungkook has brick scraping against his skull. "This is the only thing you'll have for a few weeks, so swallow."

Jungkook doesn't want to he doesn't want to succumb to the hunter, but he's starving and the fingers are crushing the bone until there is a booming snap. He gurgles the blood attempting to scream and it feels sticky and warm in his throat. The hunter is chuckling and Jungkook is certain he has a smile on his face as he watches Jungkook struggle.

He hates how the liquid makes his body buzz with need, that he has to receive sustenance from a hunter. Jungkook wants to tear the other apart show him that he is not this docile little creature out of chains, but he can't. The hunter has all of the control in this situation and Jungkook can't do anything.

His jaw aches as he speaks, but Jungkook forces it to move and it will take a week to heal, for the bone to resist but he doesn't care he needs to do something. "F-Fuck you,"

It earns him a dagger to his shoulder and it stings as blood bubbles to the surface. It is like everything else and Jungkook grins when the hunter twists the blade through his skin until the hilt presses cold on his skin.
He will have a mark Jungkook knows this, but he is smug from riling the hunter up with a simple insult. Jungkook is also proud of himself for not showing how much pain he is experiencing.

The hunter clicks his tongue as he pulls out the blade slow and teasing before scraping it across Jungkook's arm. The silver tip almost has Jungkook curling as his skin fizzes the scent of burning skin attacking his senses.

"You really should behave," The hunter says tone giddy as he moves the dagger from Jungkook's arm to his sternum. It presses lightly on the skin and Jungkook inhales sharply willing his body to stay still. He has always wonder why the hunter has kept him alive for so long, but now with silver on his chest he hopes he will live. Jungkook abhors how timid it makes him. "Not every hunter is as forgiving as I am. The next time you try this little one your head will be on the floor of your covens doorsteps."

Jungkook lurches forward with an ugly snarl falling from his lips and the dagger digs but he doesn't feel it. The hunter will not go near his coven Jungkook will make sure of it.

Once he snaps his teeth Jungkook finds himself on his side, dagger teasing at his throat as the hunter forces him down. The floor is muggy and unwelcoming and as Jungkook wiggles, kicking and bucking, anything he can to get the hunter off of him the scent of blood permeates throughout the room.

It is his blood and Jungkook feels his fangs break the skin on his bottom lip. "Oh little one you must think I'm kidding?" The dagger drags over his skin, leaving a line of red the drips down his chest like a curtain. "You're not the monster here, I am."

The blood is freezing, feels like tar on his skin and Jungkook gives an involuntary whimper as the hunter taps at his jugular. He is weak, so much weaker than he had ever envisioned himself to be and Jungkook hates it. He wants and wants and wants to be something different, but he can't. He has no control in this situation has no fucking idea how to get out of this place.

Jungkook is not as strong as anyone in his coven. Has not reached his hundredth year and he wants to, but the hunter is going to slit his throat and leave him to dry.
"You're such a pretty bloodsucker too, little one," The hunter coos mockingly and Jungkook gives another whimper. His claws are not sharp like Jimin's so he can't break his restraints, he is not cunning like Namjoon so he can't trick the hunter. Jungkook has no specialty, he has not learned one yet. "Shame that you won't behave. I really wanted to keep you around as bait."

Jungkook twists his head falling limp, he doesn't want to do this, but if it will let him live longer than Jungkook will throw away his pride. It will show how weak, he truly is, but he will live longer even if he has to act tame, like an obedient little pet.

"No, no," The words feel like ash in his mouth and Jungkook does not want to go through with this. The hunter stills above him and his hand is patting a Jungkook's cheek again almost fond, almost sincere, but Jungkook knows it is not. "I'll behave. I'll tell you where they are."

Jungkook won't not really he can't betray his coven. They take care of him so Jungkook can't and will never do that to them.

The hunter shifts above him the dagger is moved to skate over his ribs tracing over each individual bone and Jungkook could never stop the shudder he gives. Fear is racing through his body like a drug and he just wants to live a little longer.

"Go on, little one. No need to be shy," The hunter sounds so pleased at Jungkook's obedience that it makes him want to curl. He wants someone he knows, that is all Jungkook wants. He wants to be near Taehyung, who reassures him that none of them are monsters, or Seokjin who always tries to make him smile. Jungkook wants to be near Yoongi, or Hoseok, or Namjoon. "Tell me where your coven stays."

He screws his eyes shut under the leather as he whines and the hunter skips the dagger up to his arm as a warning. Exhaling Jungkook hopes that the hunter will not figure out that he is not telling the whole truth.

"My coven, they feed on villagers from the north." It is not a complete lie his coven visits the
village to the north, but only during winter months. They have to move from village to village when people start becoming suspicious.

The hunter sits him up straight before he leaves and once Jungkook is sure the hunter is utterly and truly gone he wails despondent and apologetic. He wonders if any members of his coven knows where he is, if they can hear him cry. Jungkook both hopes that they can and can't since he wants to be home safe and secure but he doesn't want them caught.

Falling forward Jungkook bites at his lip until blood pools into his mouth. It is something he does to distract himself from the more horrid thoughts running through his head.

Jungkook does not know how much time has passed, but the hunter has returned. His footsteps thunder against the floor and Jungkook is able to inhale air one last time before a hand is crushing his windpipe.

He jerks muscle clenching and Jungkook does not need air to live, but his body remembers the feeling of not being able to, it remembers how death feels. His lungs erupt into what feels like flames as the hand tightens and tightens until all Jungkook can give is unintelligible squeaks.

His eyes water as the hunter taunts him, forcing his head forward then back to slam it on the red specked brick behind Jungkook. "I think you need a lesson on what is and is not allowed," He sees spots as his head slams into brick. "You will not lie, little one," Jungkook's eyes water and they spill down his cheeks. His head meets cement again. "You will answer me truthfully when I ask you something."
Jungkook can't breathe, can't see. His skull feels as though it is about to explode, but the words keep going and he wonders what will kill him first the wall or asphyxiation? Either way Jungkook does not want his body to repair itself after this.

His body falls slack and Jungkook heats nothing feels nothing his body has shut down in a pseudo-death. Jungkook is uncertain how long he will be like this unable to do anything speak listen see.

Jungkook is swallowed in unwanted silence for a time and he tried counting, but he stopped after a day. He forgets how long his body takes to fix itself. It is not a time that Jungkook enjoys, it allows his thought to run rabid, lets his mind whisper that he is not cared for, that his coven left him for dead. He does not like those thoughts they always lead to something even more detrimental.

When Jungkook is able to hear the hunter is asking the same question over and over voice rough and mixed with something Jungkook can't quite recognize.

"Are you awake now?" Jungkook grunts, flinching away from the hand patting at his cheek. He can feel a searing pain when he attempts to shift and it makes him cry out. "Good and little one, that pain you feel, it is because you lied."

He whimpers trying to curl his legs up, but now he can't even move those there are cuffs around his ankles. The hunter lets out a huff of air and to Jungkook it sounds amused. He can hear the hunter pull something along the floor a chair, he thinks, but Jungkook could be wrong.

"Why don't we try this again little one?" The hunter is in front of him tracing a nail along the cut around his throat and Jungkook screws his eyes shut. He doesn't want to be here anymore. He wants his coven not torture. Jungkook does not want to go through his death again, not being able to breathe was a horrible way to go. "Tell me the truth little one. You don't want to go through your death again, do you?"

"I don't know where they are," Is what he chokes out and the hunter presses down on his scar until a bloom of red dips on his finger. It is trailed up to Jungkook's mouth and he doesn't want it, doesn't want the hunter's hands near him, on him. "My coven they move around. A-And I don't know where they are.
The hunter gives a hum. "I don't think you should lie to me again, little one. It never ends well for you," Jungkook bites down on his lips when his fangs show themselves sharp and deadly, yet he has done nothing with them. "Or are you doing this because you like making games out of death?"

"No—" The finger is shoved into his mouth and Jungkook gives a muffled keen as he forces himself not to swallow. He is so so hungry and he needs, but Jungkook can't do this. He wants Yoongi, the elder would know how to deal with this.

The finger falls from his mouth and Jungkook snarls when it moves to yank at his hair.

"We found your coven little one," He stills teeth flashing as the hunter chuckles in amusement and the sound is low, dark, malicious. Jungkook wants his throat on the floor. "You're a rather small group. And you know what the funny thing is?" No, he doesn't and he doesn't want to find out. "They haven't realized just how close their dear fledgling is."

Jungkook wants to ask what the hunter means, but when fingers press over scar tissue he can't. It feels like hundreds of needles digging into his skin and Jungkook wants to do is wail.

"Pathetic really," The hunter says, tone bored as he scrapes something warm down Jungkook's throat. "And I'm really starting to wonder if you're worth keeping around.

More time has passed, but this time Jungkook's knows it has been a month. The hunter had said so when he returned livid and volatile in his movements and speech.
The hunter is still in the room and Jungkook has been through hell. His body aches at every joint from how the hunter had tossed him like a rag-doll. There are lashes carved all over his skin, but the worst ones are on the inside of his wrist bubbling red and Jungkook can only imagine how irritated they look.

He does not know what set the hunter off, but Jungkook is not attempting to figure him out anymore. There is this dull but thundering noise from the hall and Jungkook inhales weakly when the hunter curses. Those hands are back in his hair, yanking him to the ground and Jungkook gives a broken whine.

The noise is louder now and it sounds familiar. The hunter is fumbling with something his movements are hurried, rushed, uncoordinated and Jungkook can smell his fear. It makes him smile if only in vindictiveness because the fucker finally understands how he feels.

There is a slam and Jungkook curls in on himself as best as he can with his restraints. He can hear claws dragging on cement and the sound should not frighten him, but it does, it sounds so much like the hunter's dagger. He doesn't like it. With a quiet whimper Jungkook listens to the hunter taunt the newcomer, but it is no longer mocking since he sounds frightened.

The taunting is replaced with a strangled yell and Jungkook curls tighter inhaling deeply so that he doesn't think of the spray of crimson on his cheek. The hunter is still alive, Jungkook can hear the palpitating of his heart. There is a drag of metal and Jungkook has to strain his ears when the hunter whimpers.

It is because the newcomer tears at his skin, Jungkook can hear the way skin rips like butter, can smell the tempting drops of blood and he wants it.

The newcomer strides close to him and Jungkook only gives a hesitant whine because he doesn't know if it is friend foe or a complete stranger. Their hand smooths over his hair, then down his cheek and Jungkook can feel it swipe at the blood on his cheek. It is being pushed into his mouth and Jungkook doesn't struggle just laps at it.
"Little one," Jungkook knows that voice, it is Yoongi with his lazy drawl and soft touch. He rumbles in his chest, pleased and attempts to shift his position so that he may nose at Yoongi's wrist. The elder just pulls him up until he is sitting straight and Jungkook wants to rush forward and hide against him. "Everything's fine now so just follow me."

Yoongi is pulling him into his lap and Jungkook has to force down the need to flinch when his hands tug on the leather around his eyes. They remind Jungkook of the hunter even though he knows it is Yoongi and Yoongi takes care of him.

When the leather and cuffs are off Jungkook has to blink everything is blurry for a few moments but Yoongi is nosing at his neck kissing the scars until they don't sting at every touch. The hunter is across from them writhing on the floor and Jungkook knows that Yoongi caused it.

"He starved you," Yoongi points out tone dry, but Jungkook can hear the malice in the words. The elder is helping him stand and leads him to the hunter. Jungkook can't help it, he whimpers high in his throat when he finally sees the man and makes Yoongi snarl his fangs bares for all the world to see. "It's okay Jungkook, he can't do anything to you now. I won't let him, so enjoy."

Jungkook doesn't notice when his eyes glaze over in hunger, but Yoongi does and the hunter is sitting upright as Jungkook feeds. It is messy and slow but Yoongi will not mind the blood on his coat, he can't mind when Jungkook is finally safe. He knows the younger will not be fine for a while, that all of this will take time to fully deal with, but that's okay Yoongi and the rest of their coven will help.

Jungkook's claws are digging into the hunters shoulder relishing in the choked out whines and convulsing body underneath him. There is a hand running down his back and Jungkook lets the hunter fall when Yoongi tugs him to his chest. Nuzzling the elder, he allows Yoongi to lead him away.

"Did he make all those scars, Jungkook?" Yoongi's voice is soothing and Jungkook just hums his agreement all his anxiety disappearing.

"He choked me, Hyung," Yoongi hisses and Jungkook remembers the hand around his throat, squeezing tighter and tighter until he felt nothing. It was different from his original death, but
Jungkook still does not like it. "And I thought that none of you cared anymore, that I would be left for dead."

The elder is pulling him close and Jungkook becomes pliant as he listens to Yoongi whisper out that they would never, that someone would always come find him. And maybe Jungkook needs that now more than he will ever admit.

Their home is coming in sight and Jungkook tucks under Yoongi's arm when he sees Namjoon and Seokjin battered and seething. He wonders if they are angry. If they are it will be because of him.

"They're not," Yoongi reassures and Jungkook nods, not entirely believing him. Both Namjoon and Seokjin look at them, but when Yoongi hisses at them, they stay away and Jungkook sort of wishes they didn't. "No one is angry with you."

"But I couldn't do anyth—"

"No one is angry with you, Jungkook." Yoongi is tugging him past Hoseok and Jimin with a snarl and they also stay away. Jungkook feels something twist in his stomach he doesn't like this. The idea of being left alone in his room does not sit well with Jungkook he doesn't want to be alone.

When Taehyung catches sight of them Jungkook can't help but smile when the elder tries to hug him, but Yoongi does not look pleased in any way.

"Taehyung, leave us." It is something in Yoongi's voice that make him listen because Taehyung for all the years Jungkook has known him adore pushing at Yoongi buttons. So for him to just listen is very strange.

They are in Yoongi's room and before Jungkook can blink he is on the elder bed crushed in hug. Yoongi's breathing is irregular, a mix of sharp and easy inhales or exhales and Jungkook just wraps his arms around the elder as his fangs scrap comfortably along the ball of his shoulder.
"Hyung, I'm sorry," Yoongi shakes his head tucking him close and Jungkook leaves a kiss on his jaw smiling softly when the elder rumbles happy. "Please don't be angry."

"I'm not angry," Yoongi pulls him close kissing his scars again and Jungkook lets his eyes close. With Yoongi he knows that nightmares will not plague him, with Yoongi he has nothing to fear. "I thought I was too late. We all thought we were too late."

Jungkook just squeezes him tight and lets Yoongi cradle him. He wants to stay like this for a while, his coven is safe, but Yoongi has always and will always be the person he is safest with.
Requested by Anonymous: I freaking Love the Vamp au, Can you please write part2 in which the members try to handle the effects of Jungkook's torture and are so possessive and protective of him after the accident, But Yoongi is literally glued to him 24/7 and doesn't let anyone in the pack near Jungkook without his approval or him watching, As for the outsiders they are not allowed to even look at him, but It's understandable since Kook went through a lot and he's a beautiful young vamp who gets a lot of unwanted attention

Warning(s): Blood drinking

Yoongi as a rule detests gatherings. All they bring is long buried feuds and unwanted interactions. He has to bring his whole coven to gatherings something he very much does not wish to do never has appreciated that little law. More important than his dislike is that one member of his coven will not cope with having to interact with others so quickly.

Not enough time has passed none of them have been able to fully heal, but Jungkook is the worst off. Scars still litter his skin silver is embedded in his body and Yoongi has payed witness to the younger's nightmares, fears, weaknesses and he knows that Jungkook is not ready to interact with society again.

Yoongi can't change laws he is older than most yes, but he does not hold that much sway or power over the elder's of their kind. The gathering is in a month and that is not enough time for anyone. Jungkook relives events at the slightest mention of hunters a topic with much popularity at gatherings and Yoongi is certain that his coven will be pressed to speak about the incident.

Tearing his gaze away from the invitation he lets it flutter down to his desk as he watches the steady rise and fall of Jungkook's chest. He has not let the fledgling out of his sight, he doesn't wish to there are far too many detrimental possibilities that can happen if he leaves the younger alone.

Jungkook has showed an adamant hatred for being alone after being retrieved and maybe it is just that change that has kept Yoongi near and looming. Or as he knows the truth, it is also because he does not wish to leave the fledgling. Yoongi has always had a strange attachment to the younger,
but it has never made him act out in rage or annoyance. That of course has changed now since even
the slightest jerk or whine Jungkook gives has him taunt and alert.

It is not just him acting like this all of his coven has been more on edge since the encounter. They
are just as quick to react to Jungkook's bouts of distress if not more so.

Prowling over to where the fledgling lays Yoongi ghosts a finger over the swell of his cheek,
smiling softly when Jungkook unconsciously leans into his touch. Soon one of the others will be in
their room to feed the fledgling and if there is something Yoongi looks forward to it is that. They
have not been able to bring Jungkook into the village again wary of the outcomes it may bring so
instead one of them feeds their fledgling.

Yoongi never leaves even though he knows that feeding is a private matter, he can't bring himself
to leave Jungkook's side, even though he is with someone safe, familiar, competent. Something
crawls at his throat angry and malicious whenever he attempts to leave Jungkook by himself or
with one of the other members.

Thumbing at Jungkook's bottom lip, he listens for the footsteps outside of his door. The sound is
controlled, but heavy stride quick yet composed and all Yoongi does is sigh before he settles close
to Jungkook's side.

The knock comes soft, hesitant and Yoongi smirks. All of them try to be so quiet in case Jungkook
is asleep, many of them himself included, enjoy waking their youngest up before they feed him.
When sleep has control of Jungkook he is more trusting easier to care for, he lets them handle him
with all the gentleness they still have in their bodies. Something he usually dislikes, always saying,
*I don't need to be coddled, Hyung.*

It's a lie, they all know it, but they let Jungkook act like he doesn't want to be cared for. He always
comes to them in times of need.

"You may enter," He keeps his voice smooth not hint of ire or wariness expressed. The knob gives
a click sounding almost like coins clinking on a table and Jungkook shifts at the sound hands
flexing. Shushing him Yoongi regards Seokjin's form with lazy interest. "You're wearing white."

Seokjin lets something far too graceful to be called a smile shift his features and Yoongi blinks up
at him not at all affected. The elder may ensorcell mortals and weaker members of their kind with
his features, but Yoongi is aware it is all a ploy.
The elder toys with the collar of his shirt the material sheer yet elegant in a way Yoongi could never care for. Seokjin has always been about elegance and the control it gives him over others, he enjoys the adoration he receives. However, for him to wear it even as he feeds the fledgling is something Yoongi can only consider asinine. Jungkook is a messy eater, so Seokjin's garb will end up in ruins.

"I am." Seokjin agrees easily, steps lighter than a feather as he slinks to the other side of the bed dragging a gentle caress down Jungkook's side. Yoongi watches the youngest stretch limbs soft from sleep and Seokjin cards fingers through his hair flattening the disarrayed strands. "Jungkookie, time to wake up. You're starving aren't you?"

Yoongi will always find the way Seokjin treats their youngest amusing. No matter how often Jungkook protests the eldest treats him like he is still human all fragile bone and soft skin. Jungkook is swaying forward, gripping at Seokjin arms to keep himself upright and Yoongi has this need to press close to his back and hold him.

He shoves that down too. "Don't make a mess of our bed."

Seokjin hums the sound sweet as he lets Jungkook rest against him and starts undoing the button of his shirt. Their youngest blinks before leaning forward to start nipping at the column of Seokjin's neck and it is impossible for Yoongi to forget how often fledglings need sustenance or how much they need, Jungkook in particular becomes needy impatient when hungry, he bites at Seokjin's neck until the other grips at his neck in warning. Yoongi does nothing but hiss in warning to make sure the other does not reach for Jungkook's hair. That was how they used to get him to behave, but now they have to be careful with how they grab and where lest they wish to witness Jungkook fall into a shuddering mess.

Seokjin ignores him focused on getting Jungkook to sit still. Moving next to them Yoongi trails a nail from Jungkook's neck all the way down his spine only to pause and tap on his hip. The youngest shivers latching onto Seokjin's neck as soon as the eldest lets him and Yoongi just gives Seokjin a knowing look when blood stains his clothing.

"You wore it on purpose." Seokjin smirks fangs digging into his lip and Yoongi is in no way against throwing the eldest across the room if he attempts his usual tricks. All the eldest does is tilt his head and thumb at Jungkook's wrist.

"You want him to be full don't you?" Jungkook keens high and needy when Seokjin shifts and it
makes both of them freeze. "Oh, Jungkookie, none of that. Hyung isn't going anywhere."

Yoongi watches Seokjin swallow looking at Jungkook's throat and he snarls. The eldest will not feed off of him so long as Yoongi is in the room, maybe if the circumstances were different he wouldn't mind, but right now with the little progress they have made, Seokjin will not destroy all of that.

Jungkook is curling closer in Seokjin hold his eyes closed and Yoongi can see his lips stained bright and tempting. Seokjin is looking at them too, but before the eldest can lean down and take it Yoongi grabs at him.

The youngest is tucked between them and when he hides against Yoongi's chest it ebbs away some of his ire. Seokjin is grinning eyes glazed but he isn't moving just looking down at Jungkook fondly.

When one of his hands cradle Jungkook's face Yoongi taps a warning on Seokjin's sternum. He is ignored once more in favour of drawing a thin line of red on Jungkook's face. "Dear one," Seokjin's voice is silk and Jungkook tints pink at the endearment. All of them call him something, but Seokjin solemnly uses his. "Will you allow me to have a taste?"

Yoongi snaps his teeth, hands twitching where they are crinkled in Seokjin's stained garb. He can't do anything but wait and see if Jungkook agrees or shies away. If he agrees, then it will be something Yoongi considers a step in the right direction. It has been so long since Jungkook has indulged any of them for this specific pleasure.

Jungkook bites at his lip, eyes wide and a flash of fear shines before it is replaced with something Yoongi can't quite place.

"Y-yes." Seokjin's eyes hood as he leans down to kiss at Jungkook's cheek. It is a small amount, but it is all Seokjin needs before he is straightening his posture and moving to leave with a stroke to Jungkook's cheek.

Yoongi watches him go. Once the door closes once more he looks over Jungkook. The younger's are still stained shining with liquid so with a sigh Yoongi wipes at it with his thumb.

Jungkook lets him eyes cast down and Yoongi leans down to nose at the branching scar on his chest. He knows the fledgling is uncertain if that was okay and Yoongi needs to fix that. "It's
“Alright, little one, what you allowed Seokjin to do is normal.” Jungkook sinks into his hold comfortable and trusting.

“I know,” Jungkook replies fangs ticking Yoongi’s shoulder. “I used to let everyone do it. But I’m scared, Hyung, I’m scared that it is all going to end with me hurt again.”

Yoongi lays on his side rubbing at the younger’s back. “You trust us, don’t you? I won’t let anyone do anything you don’t want.”

It’s the truth and when Jungkook smiles against his neck Yoongi takes it as an agreement.

There is a week left until the gathering and Yoongi has been trying to get everyone together so that he may explain what they are and are not to do. Much of it Yoongi knows will be him repeating, *do not let your emotions or attachments get the better of you* he can already foresee the disagreement before he speaks. It will be difficult for all of them to ignore propositions and offers for betrothal it always is but this year it will be worse.

There are a myriad of reasons as to why Yoongi hates having to bring his entire coven but the biggest reason is because of the various suitors of either gender Jungkook always seems to have.

Yoongi is sure that because of recent events at least one member of his coven will end up in a brawl with one of Jungkook’s suitors.

Locking gazes with Hoseok he motions for the other to settle near their youngest who as of now looks uncertain at the announcement, it does not help that he is sitting alone with no one to calm him. And Yoongi understands why they are processing his announcement.
Hoseok is sitting on his knees distracting Jungkook with soft hands, warm words, and quick bites to his arms as Yoongi talks. It makes the younger uncurl from his ball to instead tuck to Hoseok's front and cling.

It does not take long for Hoseok to have Jungkook in his lap so that Yoongi can see the both of them and Hoseok can be annoyed with the elder's need to know the their youngest is fine with everything that he wasn't pressured into something. Hoseok can't be annoyed because he does the same thing.

Leaning down Hoseok watches as Yoongi's gaze turns piercing once he drags teeth along the indent of Jungkook's shoulder. Next to him Taehyung shifts to drape himself over Jungkook's lap and Yoongi is glowering at them to make sure they do nothing unwanted.

Hoseok won't he cares too much to bring more damage to Jungkook's psyche and Taehyung would, never could never do anything the fledgling wouldn't like. It would tear him apart from the inside out all Taehyung is doing is comforting Jungkook the only way he knows how to.

Wrapping his arms around Jungkook he waits until Yoongi calms down before speaking in a soft whisper. "Don't worry so much, you'll have us with you."

Jungkook nods and Hoseok rests his chin on the younger's shoulder amusement shining in his eyes as he watches Taehyung nuzzle Jungkook's stomach until the youngest is squirming.

When he looks back up Yoongi is still giving them a look but Hoseok just grins. There is something Yoongi has to realize soon or this situation will only get worse. He is not the only one trying to help and being suspicious of every move or word will only cause their fledgling to hide and shy away from all of them.

Taehyung is pressing one of his fingers down on one of Jungkook's fangs watching a red bloom for and Hoseok can help but let his gaze drag downward.

"Taehyung," Jungkook is leaning into Hoseok's chest, mouth a flat line as he stares at Taehyung's finger. This used to be a normal thing. Jungkook sitting in his lap as Taehyung tempted the youngest to eat. This is the first time that Jungkook's has allowed them to do so after after everything that happened. "I don't want any."
Taehyung hums dipping the finger into his mouth to stop the bleeding and then leans forward to nip at Jungkook's jaw playfully. While the other distracts their fledgling and coaxes him out of Hoseok's hold the eldest of the trio is concentrating on the words coming out of Yoongi's mouth.

"Seokjin and I will be conversing with the elders to decide on how to deal with the band of guilds to the west," His gaze sweeps over all of them and Hoseok has to withhold a chuckle when Yoongi's eyes narrow on Jimin. Jimin struggles with staying civil at gathering always so eager to start something if another of their kind insinuates anything negative about his coven. "The rest of you will not let your tempers get the best of you. And Namjoon you will be in charge of tending to our youngest."

Hoseok turns to find Namjoon smiling dimples prominent and he is certain that everyone except their fledgling knows the actual meaning of Yoongi's instructions. Keep the unwanted away.

He drags his gaze from Namjoon to Jungkook then back. Namjoon he knows, knew Jungkook before he died. He is the only one in their coven that knew their fledgling before death and Hoseok can only imagine how much elation the other is feeling from being able to deter suitors. Namjoon has on multiple occasions expressed his distaste for them so Hoseok is certain that the younger is going to use this opportunity to touch and threaten as much as he can.

Blocking out everything else, every warning Yoongi has to offer, he moves close to Taehyung who has Jungkook pressed flush to his chest. Ruffling Taehyung's hair, he uses his free hand to poke at Jungkook's cheek.

The youngest offers him a smile and Hoseok just knows that if it appears on Jungkook's face at the gathering then Namjoon will have his work cut out for him.

Slipping an arm around them both Hoseok kneads at Jungkook's shoulder with a gossamer touch doing his best to keep his fingers away from still healing skin. Jungkook has always healed slowly and Hoseok has never exactly decided on why. Sometimes he thinks it is because he is still young years away from a hundred while other times, he believes it is because Jungkook naturally heals at a slower rate.

And Hoseok hates to admit it—all of them do—but it does make Jungkook more fragile when compared to the majority of their kind.

Because of that especially now with him still recovering all them have to pay closer attention to
what is around them and Jungkook. And it's not because any of them think that he can't defend himself because Jungkook *can* but it is not a risk any of them want to take.

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Yoongi and Seokjin have been dragged away along with others to discuss possible solutions.

Namjoon sits on one of the many couches spread throughout the expanse of the gathering hall. Jungkook is nestled against his side under his arm resting and Namjoon moves his hand to stroke his cheek affectionately.

All around them in bundles are vampires with flutes of crimson in the hands. The lights above make it impossible to hide anywhere in the room. Chatter and banter echoes off the walls and booms through Namjoon's ears, the majority sneaking glances at him and his fledgling as whispers of, *that's Yoongi's coven isn't it?* or *the youngling next to him what happened to him?* and the occasional variation of, *they're the ones that encountered those hunters.*

Namjoon wants them all to quiet down. All their jabbering is distressing his fledgling something he has a prominent and well known loathing for.

Leaning down to where Jungkook is attempting to become one with his side, he noses at Jungkook's jaw. "Ignore them," The younger nods a slow shaky movement that has Namjoon wanting to snarl. The younger shouldn't have to hear all this. "They know nothing about what truly happened."

Another nod and then Jungkook is twisting to hide against his neck. It is not unwelcome, but it is something very different from how Jungkook reacts to situations like these.

Normally the younger ignores everything until he is alone with one of them so that he can let everything out. Now, however Jungkook is actively seeking reassurance and comfort. It makes his body ache just as it makes him think, that soon things will fix themselves, that everything will be fine eventually.
When Jungkook settles leaning into his form Namjoon cradles the back of his head cautiously. When Jungkook does not react in fear he cards fingers through midnight strands. It is familiar. Progress.

Out of the corner of his eye Namjoon spies Jimin sauntering through waves of bodies head held high, confident a constant alertness in the way he holds himself. The smaller comes to a rest before them and when Namjoon tilts his head for Jimin to sit the other smirks fangs gleaming.

If he looks close enough Namjoon is certain there is a spot of red on Jimin's shirt collar.

He waits for the younger to cage Jungkook in before speaking his voice a low rumble. "Who riled you up, Jimin?"

Jungkook shifts against him turning to give Jimin a smile and the other reaches out his arm and tugs the youngest to his side. Namjoon lets him simply because Jimin will calm down and cooperate with Jungkook near him.

Jimin says nothing, just keeps Jungkook anchored to his side, but Namjoon can see the clench of the younger's jaw. Standing Namjoon grabs a flute for himself and Jungkook and then another for Jimin.

The other covens are still murmuring among themselves, except now it is a mix of, are any of them already bonded? There fledgling is he of age? Has Yoongi's coven ever agreed to a proposal? Namjoon has an even larger distaste for questions like those than the ones that cause his fledgling distress. These questions itch at his skin like a burn and Namjoon is not up to playing nice at this gathering. He is certain that Jimin is not either.

Slinking back to the duo he finds Jimin glowering over Jungkook's shoulder irritation evident in waves. When Namjoon follows the others gaze, he finds a gaggle of vampires far younger than himself younger than Jimin even.

They strut close and Namjoon decides that standing is a far better idea than sitting. He hears a shuffle of clothing and then Jimin cooing, Don't worry, Jungkookie, Hyung is here. And Namjoon too.
There is a dull growl to Jimin's voice, but it gets the shifting to stop, but even then as Jungkook quiets down effectively keeping Jimin in place Namjoon knows that the younger will get physical if he has to.

Straightening to his full height Namjoon passes the glasses to Jimin who for the time gives one to Jungkook to distract both himself and the younger.

"Younglings," Namjoon acknowledges becoming a barrier between the group and his coven. They will not inch any closer as long as Namjoon does not allow it. "What do you require."

He will be polite, offer what he can to those younger than himself. It is rude to do otherwise they're society runs off of those older teaching those that are younger whether they be fledglings or not.

"Him." The tallest points hair a blazing read and Namjoon knows he is pointing at Jungkook. "What happened to him?" Some of his worry ebbs but when the youngling smirks and opens his mouth sarcasm and acid dripping from his words Namjoon feels claws prick skin. "You didn't do your job did you? You let your fledgling get hurt."

Namjoon feels the sticky bloom of blood on his nails and he reaches an arm out when he Jimin moves to stand Jungkook latched to his side shivering. All of this is just going to make Jungkook relapse into a panicked state.

Keeping his voice even Namjoon asks them again, even though Jimin is stewing with repressed rage. "What is it that you require? If all you are here for is to ridicule, then leave."

Another speaks up padding close to where Jimin is arm outstretched and reaching for Jungkook's cheek. Jimin hisses out a warning curling an arm tight around the younger. "Really the both of you are too fragile to be around such a brutish coven," Her heels click as she leans into Jungkook's personal space and that is the last straw. "Your fledgling deserves a coven that will care for him not lea—"

Jimin hand is wrapped around her throat and Namjoon tucks Jungkook behind him as the others encircle them.

Looking over their heads he notices Hoseok making his way over Yoongi not far behind him a wretched snarl twisting his features. Others are staring some parting as soon as they catch sight of
Yoongi and sometimes Namjoon forgets the amount of influence the elder has when compared to most.

Jungkook is whimpering behind him, claws sinking through the material of his suit like butter. The sound makes him tense because if Jungkook stays here surrounded by all of this he will turn into a mess. A mess that will cause a riot as he or Yoongi—just someone from their coven attempts to lead him away.

Their fledgling is not weak in anyway, but he is not *stable* as of now.

Yoongi is the calm before the storm all ease and languidly moving despite the displeasure he is expressing. Jimin drops the vampire in his hold onto the floor before prowling to Jungkook's side Hoseok doing the same as Yoongi's shoes click against the floor. A damning rhythm.

"We have all come here for a *civil* and *serene* night," His tone is anything but calm as he seethes and Namjoon feels a vindictive joy when the younglings creep back. If he is tight in his prediction then Yoongi will announce their departure soon. "Yet, here I find a group of ignorant, greenhorn younglings threatening *my* coven. *My* fledgling."

Namjoon looks around there is no one speaking except no noise other than Yoongi's words and now finally Jungkook is starting to calm down. He finds Taehyung and Seokjin soon after Yoongi starts encroaching on the tallest younglings space.

They complete their circle and now Jungkook is pulling on his sleeve a silent request to leave but Namjoon can't. He can't until Yoongi allows them to.

"Not only are you disrupting a meeting concerning your safety, but you have attempted to tempt part of my coven away from me."

Stealing members of a coven could be consider a crime in their society. Covens grow together, take on the duty of teaching and raising together. Attempting to break that dynamic in turn breaks stability. It is not allowed.

Yoongi stalks closer fingers digging into the skin of the tallest younglings chest right where his heart is. "You must realize that I can punish you for this. I can kill you with no consequences because you tried to tempt people that are not yours."
It is true Namjoon has threatened the same once when Jungkook was younger naive to how their society worked.

Yoongi drags the youngling down to hiss something into his ear skin turning pallid. Yoongi walks away after that squeezing through their circle to tuck Jungkook to his side, fingers curling possessively on the younger's waist. The rest of the follow in a line tense and taunt in case any other coven tries anything.

"Hyung," Jungkook whispers and Yoongi's head turns to his direction ire slipping away to worry. "Can we go home?"

"Yeah, yeah," Yoongi breathes tugging Jungkook flush to his side nails drawing circles on his back. "We can go home. And all of us will stay together this time."

Jungkook nods even though his body is still rigid, still on the edge of possibly falling into a memory that will never leave him completely.

This is over though Namjoon is confident that all of them can help their fledgling. Eventually Jungkook will heal, but only with time and support and reassurance. They can always and will always give him that.
Jungkook/Jimin

Chapter Notes

Requested by Anonymous: Hei, Can you please write something based on this? confidenceatitsfinest (.tumblr (.com /post/ 146224153035/ artjoon-jikook-mafia-au-requested-by Thank you <3

I do have permission to write this from both @artjoon and @confidenceatitsfinest on tumble.

Jimin's crazy, he has to be at this point. After all what heir takes in a runt off the streets? Especially if said runt stole his damn gun holster.

He clenches his hands in his lap knowing that the boy beside him could definitely be slaughtered if his idea does not appeal to the current boss, his father. He's not certain why he grabbed the little thief by the shoddy collar of his shirt dragged him back to the car and ordered him to get in with a, "You work for me now."

Jimin at the time didn't think that the kid would listen because who the hell would listen to someone that they just met? Or well met wouldn't be the right term, but Jimin's going to go with it.

"Kid," The boy hunches in on himself chin still jutting out in defiance, but it does very little to convince Jimin that the other is anything but a terrified kid. "Your name what is it?"

The kid ignores him for a minute fingers wriggling between a cut in his sleeve. Jimin is fine with waiting when it comes to things he wants. This is no different.
Finally, after an all consuming silence the boy speaks voice small, cracked, almost haunted. Jimin relates to that he really does because he has done and witnessed things that would make most grown men cry. "Jeon Jungkook."

He hums. If Jimin wants this to work, then he's going to have to get the kid to trust him and quick. It's not as hard as it sounds really Jimin was raised in a deceptive household, so he gets people understand how they tick and what they want.

Jimin is certain that Jungkook just wants something monetary. It's the only reason Jimin can think of as to why a kid would chance stealing a holster.

"What if I offered you a chance?" Jungkook tilts his head doe eyes and a mouth parted in confusion greet him. Jimin wants to keep that it would be a welcome change from the constant sneers and jibs. Innocence is something Jimin would like to keep just once.

Jungkook swallows fingers digging into the seat underneath him and Jimin is pleased to find wariness hidden in those chocolate pools of his. It means that Jungkook is not stupid, that he will not blindly trust anyone or anything. "What sort of chance?"

Jimin smirks his youthful face seeming to take on characteristics of a snake. Dipping his hand into his pocket, he pulls out a wad of cash and tosses it in the boy's lap. The reaction is not quite what he expects.

Jungkook flinches like it burned him, face contorting in a wretched terror. "I don't want your dirty money!"

His movement reveals a long line of crescents down his sides covering an inked bar code and Jimin is intelligent, quick to put things together. Jungkook young as he is, was or still is a child prostitute.

It is not uncommon Jimin knows this, but still technically being a child himself the idea of that lifestyle has always disturbed him. Probably always will.
Jimin can however use this to his advantage. Leaning forward to grab the other boy by his shoulder Jimin forces Jungkook to sit flat again. "It's not dirty money," It is, but not from what Jungkook believes it to be from. "And I'm not offering you a chance to work like that."

Jungkook has a grimace on his face as he moves a hand up to push at Jimin's own shoulder. The pale wrist that makes contact has a ring of broken metal and Jimin knows what it is. It's the broken cuff of a police standard handcuff.

Smiling at it Jimin says, "I can get that off you," Jungkook looks at it something like hope flashing in his eyes. Jimin just needs to edge the younger a little more to get what he wants. "And I can offer you work that doesn't require you to sell yourself, but only if you agree to work for me."

He can see the shift from hesitance to confidence in Jungkook's face and Jimin knows the others answer.

When Jungkook nods Jimin rests the wrist over his leg and feels around in his pocket for his lock kit. As he works on the lock Jimin focuses on the others breathing how it is quiet, nearly not there at all and he can work with that. He can work with Jungkook mould him into something to be trifled with.

As he works Jimin can't help but notice that Jungkook stares at everything in fascination. Whether it be Jimin's coat, the back of his seat or outside the window at blurring buildings and people.

That is what Jimin wants to keep and it's strange, he knows, to want to keep the innocence of an individual that has already experienced so much.

After the cuff comes off Jimin runs a finger over raw skin soothing it and he can feel the rigidity of Jungkook's limb but he doesn't care. Right now Jimin wants to file all he can about the other, learn how he reacts, what he is okay with. It will help in the long run when he teaches Jungkook all he will need as his subordinate.
The car comes to a stop and it's easy, simple, almost instinct for Jimin to wrap a hand around Jungkook’s other hand and lead the other boy forward.

The surprised release of air beside him makes Jimin grin and turn to find Jungkook staring up, up, and up attempting to take in the entity of the estate. He pulls the other along a languid movement to his step no noise at all and Jungkook makes absolutely no noise either. Jimin already knows what he is going to groom the other to be.

When they are outside of his father's study one of his guards letting them slip in Jimin feels the soft push of Jungkook pressing closer to his side.

He lets the younger do it with no complaint, it will allow Jungkook to see him as someone trustworthy. Though if Jimin is being honest to himself, he also let's the younger, so close because he wants to be a barrier.

His father turns to them glasses bridged on his nose an amused tilt to his mouth. Jimin squeezes Jungkook's wrist when he tries to look away. The other had to look his father in the eye if Jimin wants this to work out.

"Jimin," His father greets a gracious nod of his head and Jimin tries to think of a time when his father ever treated him like a real son instead of s business partner. "I see you've brought a... child with you."

He doesn't agree just tugs Jungkook forward and smiles when the other holds his head up. Leaving him to stand Jimin moves to his father's side and has the older his holster. There are lines from Jungkook's nails when Jimin wrestled with him on the street.

"I want him to work for me." His father raises a brow mocking, but he listens a knowing glint in his eye. "He has agreed now all we need is your permission."
His father chuckles deep and dry beckoning Jungkook closer and Jimin’s stomach flips with apprehension.

All his father will do is inspect the other ask him question that Jimin wishes he could instead because his father is blunt even with children. Throughout the inspection Jungkook keeps his eyes forward, chin up, and doesn't change his facial expression.

When it ends Jimin exhales sharp and low waiting for his father to allow them to leave. His dismissing comes moments after Jimin moves back to Jungkook's side and as soon as the words come his hand is around Jungkook's wrist and they are leaving.

The first place Jimin thinks of taking the younger is the training room, but with one quick glance at Jungkook’s attire, he decides that is in no way an intelligent idea.

So instead Jimin leads him through the halls if the estate and into his room. Soon Jungkook will have his own, but for now Jimin will have to share.

"Your father... he is very different." Jimin grunts agreeing even as he sifts through his drawer for something that might fit the other.

When he gives Jungkook new clothes to change into he asks, "It doesn't bother you does it? Or the fact that you'll be harming people for a living?"

All Jungkook gives him is this cracked little smile that somehow still shows the fire in his eyes, and the shine of his teeth. Jimin thinks that as the years pass he will never get tired of it.
Jungkook is standing before him pleased smile on his face as blood drips from his hands, head, just from him into Jimin's pristine carpet. None of it is the younger's Jimin knows this Jungkook is exceptional at his job so very solemnly does he return home with wounds.

Sighing, he cradles Jungkook's face, eyes hooding when Jungkook's grin turns softer, similar to a child's and Jimin thumbs at his mouth. He has always been gentle with the younger and Jimin is not certain why, but he thinks it has to do with the way Jungkook does everything he can to make Jimin happy. Though it is more than just returning a favour.

Other times, he believes it is because he wants to be gentle with Jungkook. Treasure the younger the only way he knows how by offering a sense of normality to their fucked up lives.

Letting Jungkook nuzzle into his neck despite all the blood Jimin holds him a hand slipping into the others pocket. His hand closes on the sticky handle of Jungkook's gun and Jimin shushes him when he whines.

Jungkook has never appreciated being without a weapon of some kind and that's Jimin's fault. He taught the younger that an individual without a weapon was weak, that it is far easier to dispose of them if they have nothing to protect themselves with.

Emptying the clip into his pocket Jimin tosses the stained gun onto his bed. It will run crimson, but Jimin can't worry about that right now. Jungkook is reaching for the gun, eyes wide and frantic as he looks down at Jimin.

Patting his cheek Jimin starts leading him away. "Hey, none of that you're safe with me Jungkook, you know that don't you?"
Jungkook is stubborn after hits paranoid too, but Jimin has learned how to deal with these situations. All he needs to do is treat Jungkook like normal offer him an exit from the demons in his head. Sometimes it's difficult to get Jungkook to listen because even after everything Jimin has never fully been able to help the other get rid of fear. He can't train that out of the other doesn't want to.

Arm tight around Jungkook's waist, he leads the younger to the bath. Jimin doesn't do this for anyone else, he doesn't let the water run until it is perfect, doesn't squeeze anyone else's hand until the tension melts away. The only person Jimin does this for is Jungkook and he won't lie to himself, it's because he wants to do this for the younger.

Standing, he shucks off Jungkook's suit jacket and places it in the hamper. His shirt, slacks, and shoes follow soon after and Jungkook is only standing in his boxers.

Jimin never strips Jungkook of those when he does this, it never seems right to.

Easing the younger into the water, he watches Jungkook dunk himself before grabbing three bottles. Jimin encourages this behaviour of Jungkook's him acting younger when they are alone simply because he was the one that stole the last bits of Jungkook's childhood away.

Pouring the smallest amount out of the smallest bottle into the bath Jimin pulls up his sleeve to swirl the solution. Jungkook watches, eyes shining and Jimin leans his head on the side of the bath his free hand tracing the outline of Jungkook's face.

"You do know that you're safe with me don't you, dear one?" Jimin always has to be reassured that Jungkook does trust that he is safe with Jimin.

Jungkook hums leaning into his hand eyes fluttering and Jimin grabs one of his hands and drags his nail over the skin. When Jungkook hisses Jimin stops to instead grimace once all the dry blood on his hand falls away.
The balls of his knuckles are split raw and angry. Kissing each finger Jimin turns to leave blocking out Jungkook's frightened, "Hyung, don't go, I'm sorry."

They both have attachment problems Jimin is aware of this, but Jungkook is far worse than he is. He becomes frightened of being left behind, but Jimin had to leave him to grab the medical kit from his room.

When Jimin was teaching the younger the both of them at some point became inseparable and Jimin thinks that is more his doing than Jungkook's. He had never wanted Jungkook near any of the other recruits simply because Jimin would use them like fodder if Jungkook was ever in trouble. He didn't want Jungkook to get attached to anyone else and then mourn when Jimin fed them to the wolves.

Once he returns Jungkook's head is hooked over his knees, eyes downcast and no smile twitching on his lips. Slinking near the younger Jimin cards fingers through Jungkook's hair smirking when the younger looks at him immediately.

Settling by him once more Jimin tends to Jungkook hands. "I'm sorry for not telling you."

Jimin just kisses the inside of his wrist when he is done as an answer.

Jungkook is now easing back into contentment hands cupping suds in his hands before lowing on them. Jimin settles behind him shampoo in his hands and combs through Jungkook's once midnight hair.

"Are there any others?" Jungkook shakes his head tilting it back so that he can look Jimin in the eye.

"Hyung, the target told me something." Jimin hums motions for Jungkook to close his eyes so the Jimin can rinse his hair.
He keeps his words soft to hide his worry. Lathering conditioner in his hands Jimin scrapes at Jungkook's scalp teasingly until the younger whines in protest. "What did he tell you, dear one?"

All that greets him is the quiet flow of water and Jungkook's breathing. Jimin doesn't want to have to do anything rash, but if whatever the target told Jungkook disrupts anything of his, well, then Jimin will have to deal with it soon.

Jungkook tilts his back again, brows furrowed and mouth pulled into a pout. Jimin has to resist the need to smooth out the planes of Jungkook's face with his fingers until the younger no longer looks so lost.

"He said that you are using everyone. That you are using me." Jimin smiles at the words, he's going to have rats to hunt down tonight. "That's not true is it?"

Jimin pats the younger's cheek in reassurance. He may use others, but he has never used Jungkook and he doesn't plan to.

Smoothing a hand through Jungkook's hair one last time Jimin turns away as the younger's stands to grab a towel. Once Jungkook is swaddled in it everything except his feet hidden Jimin leads him to his room.

They still share clothing and again, it is more his fault than Jungkook's. Grabbing the gun from his bed Jimin puts it on his desk before he digs through his closet.

Jungkook is standing next to him looking small and understanding something Jimin is grateful for. He doesn't think he could deal with Jungkook being suspicious of him now.

Turning around as Jungkook he traces his hand along the barrel of the gun. Jimin thinks that it is
only fitting that he deals with the rats with the weapon of the one they were attempting to lie to. Jungkook curls into his side when he is dressed wet strands tickling Jimin's neck. Leaving the gun he rests Jungkook on the bed and stays next to the younger until he is certain that he is asleep.

Standing Jimin leaves the estate gun in his pocket, jacket draped over his form. There is a reason as to why very few people tease at Jimin's temper.

Slipping into his car the smell of leather greeting him Jimin makes his way to the outskirts of the city. He will have to make this trip quick lest Jungkook wake and find him gone.

Lights go from illuminating yellow to malicious reds the farther he travels. The gun in his pocket, weighs heavy on his mind when he steps out of the car.

This is a neighbourhood he knows well, has visited here often with Jungkook. The younger had somehow found himself some of Jimin's other subordinates. Jimin had liked them well enough, they got the job done when they needed to. However, for them to attempt to lie is something Jimin can't ignore.

He has been aware of this groups plans for a while. They've been planning a coup for little over a few months. Jimin had turned a blind eye finding their attempts amusing. Now, though, with them attempting to get Jungkook involved he has to take action.

There are only a few of them that reside on this street and for Jimin that is better than dealing with them all at once. He wants to see them scramble, see them try and figure out where they went wrong.

Sneaking through the back Jimin pads through the house. The is only one person that lives here and Jimin will take great joy in seeing him gone. After all, if you dispose of the ringleader first the rest will scatter.

Clicking the safety off Jimin drags a nail along the tip of the barrel. He can hear the others low,
harsh breaths ricocheting around the house in irregular booms. Lifting the gun out of his pocket Jimin raises it until it hovers just above the other head.

For him this has always been easy. Cupping his hands Jimin toys with the trigger as he inhales. It is easy to kill someone when you see as an object. Steadying his grip Jimin pulls a loud pop echoing off the walls. Blood isn't blood unless you see it as such, a body isn't a body unless you respect it.

Ignoring the brain matter on his person Jimin leaves safety back on gun tucked back in his pockets. He will have to shower as soon as he returns. After Jungkook leaves on another assignment Jimin will set to work on disposing of the rest.

They shouldn't have tried to involve Jungkook in this. If they had just gone through with their plan and taken their eventual failure with grace, then Jimin may have let them live, but now he has no choice in the matter.

The rumble of his car blocks out the rest of his thoughts as Jimin returns home. There is so much to plan and Jimin is sure that he can deal with all the traitors within a month. He may even save the last one for Jungkook if he thinks the younger can handle it.
Namjoon sighs the sound heavy, strained and entirely tired. He has the latest shift of the night and it's not that stressful, but as the night becomes dull with a never changing sway of bodies and drinkers. The only thing he has to look forward to is the performer of the night.

His eyes skate to the stage even as he continuous cleaning a glass. It is high above the crowd to prevent any wandering hands and excited individuals. Though if anyone is successful in getting to the stage guards are by the stairs alert and ready to dispose of them.

Namjoon always finds himself looking to the stage when nights are slow. It does not matter what form of entertainment is being offered he enjoys the distraction it gives him.

However, tonight he has someone to look forward to. Not because it is one of the more racy events, though he will admit that he finds the dancer appealing, but besides that Namjoon has an odd fascination for dancers.

He is clumsy detrimentally so and has never had that much control over his limbs. So for Namjoon having a front row seat for such a display intrigues him. The specific dancer of the night is just an added bonus.

Or well, not a bonus as Namjoon wishes he could consider the other. Jungkook he has found after
being allowed to interact with the younger holds him on an invisible leash. Namjoon has no doubt in his mind that Jungkook does not even realize.

The rag gives a squeak when he moves too quickly at turning the glass and Namjoon breaks away from the dimming stage lights. There are still no new patrons, but soon he knows there will be. Jungkook’s shows always being in the most revenue. It both fascinates and worries Namjoon.

Glancing at his watch Namjoon heaves out air, annoyed and a tad disappointed. An old friend of his was supposed to arrive around an hour ago, but he really should have expected the other to be late. His friends never was known for being punctual.

The lights cover the entering of the establishment in a haze as the first line of performers start. They are not any that Namjoon is familiar with or remotely interested in. So instead he looks for any regulars around the building.

Technically the individuals he is looking for are only, regulars on the nights Jungkook performs and Namjoon can’t blame them for that. Jungkook just has something that draws people in when compared to the other performers.

The first regular Namjoon notices is still at the end the bar, nursing a glass in his hand the other being used to prop his chin. He lets a knowing grin form when the other heaves a sigh, hunching over the bar, eyes tearing away from the stage. He knows that it is Park Jimin, who in public is the perfectly groomed son ready to take over his father's company.

That is true, he supposes, but Jimin is much more than a pretty face and eloquent words. The heir is also all snark and ridged shoulders.

Strolling to the end of the bar Namjoon passes the younger a new glass while he looks to the stage side. He finds neither of the people he wishes to see.

"How’s the night been so far, Jimin?" The younger grunts into his glass downing it all in one go.
Namjoon can't be impressed by that though the drink was diluted. Can't have a scandal on their hands can they?

He taps his fingers against wood gaze alternating between Jimin, the stage, and his watch. At this point Namjoon expects his old friend, Yoongi to show up just before closing the older has done so before. A new line of dancers emerge, but still none of them are Jungkook.

"Do you know when he's performing?" Jimin's tone is clipped and precise not at all disturbed by his drinking. Honestly Namjoon is not sure of the hours Jungkook performs it is always different, the only thing that stays constant is the days he works.

If Namjoon has to guess he would say that Jungkook will be the closing act of the night. If the younger doesn't perform first, then he is almost always the closing act.

Shrugging his shoulders Namjoon pours a glass for himself. "No idea haven't heard anything from Hoseok either."

Hoseok despite what most, of the patrons believe is not a bouncer. He is a security guard and the way Namjoon figured this out was during his first week of work. The older had been leaning against the stage wall expression fond and once he moved to try and take Jungkook to the back room Namjoon had cut in.

At that time Namjoon knew no one so he worried that it wasn't allowed. Now of course he knows that Hoseok constantly being near Jungkook is both a job and something he likes.

Jimin looks at the stage again expression bored. The business man has only shown a slip of a smile when Jungkook performs and Namjoon has always been curious as to why. All he knows about Jimin besides the normal is that he is generally the biggest payer of most nights, and often tries to buy Jungkook a drink. Hoseok never allows him to.

"Doesn't Jungkook have a theme for tonight?" The question is innocent enough but Namjoon's ears
burn read. Jungkook is known for having specific costumes or sets on some nights. Some are innocent or as innocent as a strip show can be while others are less so.

Shaking his head Namjoon leaves for just a moment to fulfill and order. In all honesty has heard nothing of Jungkook having theme tonight though that would explain he didn't perform first. Namjoon has never witnessed the younger getting ready for those stages, but Hoseok always says they take forever or as he exactly put it, I'm not allowed near Jungkookie at all for hours. I'm can't even walk him to the stage!

How offended Hoseok sounds when he talks about about those stages never fails to amuse Namjoon.

Returning to the other utmost end of the bar, he hums when the next performer takes the stage. Jimin is still exuding boredom, mouth pulled down into a frown as his fingers scratch at the wood of the bar.

Namjoon checks his watch again finding it to almost be one in the morning. There is still a long list of performers before Jungkook might perform.

Scanning over the crowd again, he finds the last two regulars he interacts with often. He doesn't know them any better than Jimin really, but they laze at the bar when the night starts to calm. The older of the two is Seokjin a polite guy, if a little awkward, sputters his way through crowds. The younger one Taehyung is a bit of an oddball, has a thing for game references and Namjoon considers him a tad too energetic at times.

They're nice company even with all their quirks and Namjoon prefers them to no one at the bar at all.

If there is one thing Namjoon does know about each and every regular it would be their favourite themes Jungkook has done. Or on an innocent scale it would be the drink each one gravitates to. He knows both Hoseok's and Jungkook's too, though the day he reveals either one's is the day Hoseok kills him.
Resting on a stool Namjoon listens to the songs playing all around him watching out for the few individuals he knows along with looking at the club door. If Yoongi has a shitty reason for being so late then Namjoon is going to curse the older out.

Another few hours pass before Yoongi arrives and Namjoon is still stationed at the bar roping Jimin into a conversation every great while. Even Seokjin and Taehyung have popped into to talk to him, though never for long.

"Joon," Yoongi calls, voice raspy, disposition exuding constant fatigue and Namjoon has the need to just curse him out right then and there. "I got the gig and next week I'm performing here."

Namjoon lowers his hand as he processes Yoongi's words. It is impossible to not know how important getting that gig was for Yoongi the man dropped out of college to pursue his passion. So for him to be able to perform in an actual concert hall is a dream come true. As for Yoongi performing at his workplace that us something Namjoon is just now hearing.

Clapping his hand on Yoongi's shoulder, he smiles, proud and ecstatic. The both of them have always used music to get away from the world because it gave them a way to be themselves in vague or immediate messages.

"I'm proud of you, Yoongi hyung," Namjoon is he truly is. "Though I am curious as to how you got a gig here?"

Yoongi is no longer looking at him, but up at the stage mouth parted slightly. Namjoon forgot that this would be the older's first time seeing such performances. He has only invited Yoongi to come to his workplace when Jungkook is not performing. Yoongi may be someone Namjoon trusts inexplicably, but the other still never knew that his work place sometimes has strippers.

And it's not that Yoongi anything against that kind of work, but Namjoon has learned to be cautious of what he talks about when it comes to his workplace.
"Joon, who is that?" Namjoon smirks eyes crinkling as he follows Jungkook saunter up the stage stairs. The real show is about to begin.

"Oh, him?" The music has changed to something fast, thumping, almost sensual and Namjoon thinks it mixes well with what Jungkook is dressed in. He is completely covered in light pastels a cotton button-up shirt, white shorts that end far above the knee, striped knee-high stockings, and to top it all off suspenders pulling snug on his shoulders. Namjoon finds him absolutely enthralling. "That's Jungkook one of the regular performers."

He switches between gauging the changes in Yoongi's expression, how it goes from cautious and wary to intrigued, as his eyes narrow to predatory slits and letting is eyes capture each and every movement that Jungkook makes graceful and sinuous.

The younger is dragging his fingers around the pole as he strides around, it head tucked to his chest with a shy smile. A faux-innocence at its finest.

It is something Jungkook has mastered. He has a perfect balance of playfulness and naivety.

He flits a quick glance to all his regular patrons their expressions going from variations of amusement to ravenous. Namjoon would never dare say that he wasn't like the rest of them. He was raised not to lie.

"Does he perform often?" Yoongi's voice is a low steady murmur and Namjoon can see his hand twitch.

Jungkook has a leg curled around metal as he spins lifting himself up with an arch free hand toying at the top of his stockings. He tugs it off slow and hesitant as he spins hair falling into his eyes.

"He works on a schedule if that's what you're asking," Yoongi hums hand holding his chin as he
shifts in his seat. Namjoon stands beside him watching as the first stocking floats to the ground. "Why?"

Namjoon can't help it, he bites at his lip a low growl bubbling in his throat when Jungkook trails a hand up to his shirt teasing at the buttons.

He is not the only one fixated on Jungkook all around him settled on stools are individuals men, women, Jungkook's regulars all of them are watching transfixed. Namjoon only spies Hoseok after Jungkook pops three buttons silky skin, revealing itself when the dancer flips himself on the pole revealing an outline of stomach muscle.

Hoseok is already collecting tips a sunny grin on his features, but as soon as someone flutters too close the stage Hoseok changes. It is something Namjoon has become accustomed to seeing.

The patron is gripped by her shoulder and Hoseok always keep his handling soft but firm because he never wished to hurt anyone unless he is forced to. He ushers her away from the stage with a coaxing smile even as his eye flicker all about. Hoseok is never caught off guard during his shifts or Namjoon has never seen him caught off guard.

Jungkook's shirt is only held up his suspenders the sleeves all but falling off his shoulders. Namjoon has always found the younger's ability to keep himself steady admirable. He is not ignorant of how much muscle and control it takes to keep oneself upright while still contorting into different poses.

"Just curious is all." Namjoon blinks turning back to Yoongi who looks all but enraptured with Jungkook.

"What?"

"I'm just curious about how often Jungkook works here."
"Hmm," Is all he gives. Namjoon has no doubt that any possible conversation Yoongi and he may have will be after Jungkook leaves the stage. The is just something about him that drags people in and frankly Namjoon doesn't want to figure out what it is.

The suspenders fall with a twist of Jungkook's fingers and they sway at his hips. It's not that Namjoon is not pleased with the display of clear skin and defined muscle because he is, but his eyes focus in on one area.

Just on the edge of where Jungkook's clavicle dips is a vibrant attention seeking bloom of red. Namjoon knows who gave it to Jungkook just as he knows there is a matching mark on Jungkook's right shoulder.

If there is something Namjoon is pleased to be a part of it would be Jungkook and Hoseok's dynamic. They're not in a relationship per se, but they do have something and he is only included on solemn occasions. One of those marks is Hoseok's while the other is his.

At the end of the bar, he hears a stool screech and without even looking up, he knows it is Jimin, the younger never was patient. Namjoon follows his confident stride with an amused tilt to his lips. The businessman will not get what he wants; Hoseok rarely shares.

"Hyung," He turns away from Jimin and Hoseok to instead pay attention to Seokjin and Taehyung. The older of the two has a dusty spread of vermilion branching across his nose while Taehyung only has a boxy smile body thrumming with excitement. "You really shouldn't be embarrassed by this now. We've been coming to see him perform for months."

Namjoon can say that's true the two of them strolled in a little over five months ago. Taehyung had been exuberant blending in with the throngs of people even with his bouts of game trivia. His friend, Seokjin was just as awkward then as he is now the only difference being that he doesn't look like he is about to faint.

He looks to stage one more to find those white shorts slipping off as Jungkook grins cheekily
tongue licking at his bottom lip. He is still clothed. Jungkook does not do full nudity, though his boxers tight as they are really do nothing to preserve his modesty.

"But... but it's just so different, Taehyung," Seokjin squeaks eyes fixated on the planes of Jungkook's stomach even as his hands hide his face. "I don't know how to interact with people or not, seem overbearing even in this place.

Taehyung just slaps him on the back. Namjoon decides that watching the stage will be far more entertaining

Hoseok slips the remaining tips into his pocket before rushing to the side of the stage. Jungkook despite doing this for extra cash actually does not enjoy having his body on display and if Hoseok is being honest, he doesn't like it either, he doesn't appreciate any catcalls or yells when the younger goes on stage but he has to put up with them.

Coat in hand Hoseok smiles as fond and welcoming as he can if only to offer the most amount of reassurance that he can while still in the public eye. Jungkook seems to glide off the stage and into his hold demure only around few yet to the crowd he is still an eminent individual still available for the throng of people to vie for.

Swaddling the younger in soft fur Hoseok curls an arm comfortably around Jungkook's shoulders. He gets a face a nuzzle to his jaw for the action. "Do you want to stay out for a while or do you want to go home?"

Jungkook's face is heated when compared to his own and Hoseok runs fingers through the
younger's hair. This is his Jungkook an appealing concoction of bashfulness and subtle submission while still offering up bouts of brazenness. Hoseok loves all parts of Jungkook's personality, but he has a soft spot for when the younger is pliant or clingy.

"Can..." Hoseok can feel Jungkook's Adam's apple bob against his shoulder and it does very little except make him hyper-aware of the eyelashes brushing his skin, of the plush lips mouthing at his neck. When Jungkook nests close like this it has always been a difficult task for Hoseok to abstain from lathering the other in affection. "Can we talk to Joonie? I want to know if he saw them."

Hoseok hums kissing the curve of Jungkook's shoulder where his mark is making the younger shiver in his grip. The fur of Jungkook's coat tickles his cheek when the other hides under his chin. He enjoys the influence he has over Jungkook how he can make the younger shy from just a few words or well placed bites and strokes.

"Some of your regulars are at the bar. Do you still want to go?" Jungkook nods chin pressing softly on his skin and Hoseok lets the other lean into his side as they walk to the bar.

He has learned to tolerate some of Jungkook's regulars while others he looks upon fondly or with disdain. However, if there is something Hoseok abhors it is that many of them attempt to touch Jungkook, which they can but Hoseok still dislikes it.

As they stride to the bar Hoseok is not surprised to see heads swirl toward them expressions excited. Leaning his head on Jungkook's he tightens his hold on the younger. Pulling to coat tighter on Jungkook's form Hoseok bites at Jungkook's ear. "You're going to have to sit on my lap."

Jungkook's flushes hissing out a, *Hyung, I can sit by myself!* as he hits Hoseok's shoulder. All he does is smile and hike Jungkook into his knee once they reach the bar. Jungkook despite how much he will pout later rests against Hoseok head lolled on the older's shoulder.

Namjoon prowls up to them eyes dark as they drag over Jungkook's front appreciatively. It makes Jungkook smile, lips quirking up to reveal an overbite that has earned him the nickname bunny. He tightens an around Jungkook's waist as Namjoon leans to ruffle the younger's hair and he is allowed to do that, he is one of the few people that Hoseok is fine with touching Jungkook. The
others around them are not and right now Hoseok can feel eyes piercing into his and Jungkook's forms.

"Did you see it Joonie?" Jungkook asks even when knows the answer making Hoseok huff out a laugh as he hooks his chin over the younger's shoulder.

Namjoon nods passing them both a glass and Hoseok grins up at him before kissing Jungkook's neck. "Yeah, I saw it. I'm sure all of the patrons did."

Jungkook flushes at that ducking his head into the fur collar of his coat to hide. Hoseok smooths a finger over his cheek, watching as Namjoon refills glass after glass of alcohol. The air around them smells like fruit and nature instead of tarnished wood and sweaty bodies and Hoseok will admit that he likes this smell more than the one that normally greets them.

Looking around Hoseok finds Jimin and he knows the guy is not rude in any way, but he harbours a slight dislike for the other because of how often he asks if he can buy Jungkook something. Hoseok wouldn't let the businessman buy the younger anything even if the establishment's rules permitted such.

Next are two other regulars that Hoseok's can say he is fond of. He doesn't talk to them often, but on the few occasions when Jungkook wants to sit at the bar once his shoe ends Hoseok invites them for a chat. They tend to keep their hands to themselves, something Hoseok appreciates and more often than not Jungkook ends up beaming when they are near.

Then of course, there is Namjoon and someone new at the right end of the bar. Namjoon has a privilege that Hoseok could never have foreseen, the bartender is very much involved with Jungkook and he, but only because Jungkook wants him to be and is not because Hoseok doesn't find Namjoon attractive, he does, but even still he does not enjoy sharing.

Hell Jungkook and he aren't even exclusive, but Hoseok likes to think that the thing they have is better than any of the others' flings. Namjoon became involved with them days after he worried if Hoseok was supposed to take Jungkook to the back rooms. That little encounter had led to a sleepy and content Jungkook resting stop him asking if they could include Namjoon every once in a great while. Hoseok had agreed, obviously.
"Namjoon." The younger raises a brow stopping his conversation with the newcomer briefly to move toward Hoseok to hear better. He tries to ignore the way Jungkook wiggles off his lap to press as close to Namjoon's front as the bar will allow him to. Hoseok has no doubt that the younger is offering a proposition to join them later. "Who's the newcomer? His first time here?"

"No, Yoongi's come here before," Namjoon's voice is a low rumble as his fingers press on the small of Jungkook's back gentle yet firm. When the younger shifts his coat falling on one side Namjoon lifts it back to its rightful place even as he speaks. "I've never invited him to come when Jungkook performs though."

He hums patting Jungkook's thigh softly when the younger settles in his lap again. Jungkook is staring at Yoongi eyes bright, curious and Hoseok can practically hear the questions forming in his head.

When the coat opens up again Hoseok sighs, forcefully gripping it closed with his hand, smiling down at Jungkook when he giggles. "Why? Does he find this sort of work strange?"

Hoseok has never cared if people saw this kind of work as moral or immoral, that's their business and their reasons, but he is curious at to why this is the first time Namjoon has invited his friend on a night when Jungkook works.

Jungkook slides off his knee and Hoseok lets him when he heads to where Taehyung and Seokjin sit. They have never done anything that breaches Jungkook's comfort zone, so he does not have to worry about them. And if Jimin joins them well he won't try anything. Jimin's a decent guy and while he is very interested in Jungkook he won't do anything, Hoseok is sure.

"No Yoongi's okay with it." Namjoon smooths his hair back, glancing at his friend then to Hoseok before finally waving the other over. Yoongi strides over eyes narrowed and shoulders squared. It's sort of amusing really.

Placing his hands on his knees Hoseok nods his head in greeting and gets one in return along with
what might either be a horrible attempt at a smile or a grimace.

"How did you like the show?" He hears Namjoon heaves out air and to Hoseok's ears it is tinged with amusement. "Considering it's your first time seeing one?"

Yoongi turns to where Jungkook is sitting practically perched on the bar counter legs swing as he speaks. Hoseok has to force himself to keep on a smile when a tongue licks at a bottom lip as Yoongi’s voice drips with appreciation the more he speaks. "He's very flexible isn't he? Even with clothes as tight as the ones he was wearing. Is he always like that?"

Namjoon grips at Yoongi's shoulder only earning a smirk for his efforts and Hoseok wishes he had never asked.

"Did you like the show or not?" Hoseok knows he sounds irritable, but he doesn't want to hear about how flexible Jungkook is, he doesn't want to have to shove down the growing green monster in his throat because of comments that make his blood boil.

Yoongi shrugs off Namjoon's hand still looking at Jungkook eyes trailing up the younger's legs really any skin that the oversized coat doesn't protect. The thing is that Hoseok doesn't know if Yoongi is doing this on purpose or if he really is just speaking his mind.

"It's was good," Is what Yoongi starts with, hand digging into his pocket and Hoseok blinks when the hand returns with a wad of paper. "Tell him that it was interesting for me."

He doesn't nod just takes the money and stuffs it into his pocket. Yoongi turns away from him to instead speak to Namjoon who at this point looks like he needs more than just one drink. Hoseok doesn't blame him.

"Yoongi hyung, you mentioned that you would be performing here next week right?" Hoseok scowls as he listens, hoping that it's not on one if the days Jungkook performed. "When?"
Yoongi hums motioning for a refill before he speaks eyes not settled on either Namjoon or Hoseok. "Two days. A Monday and then that same Friday."

Hoseok groans quiet and displeased in his throat as he motions for Namjoon to give him something stronger. That's two days that Hoseok will see Yoongi in the back rooms as other performers get ready. He is certain that on one of those days he is going to threaten Yoongi if he says anything.

"When are you scheduled?"

"Opening for Monday and then I think the third act on Friday." That's not too bad, so long as Yoongi doesn't return to the back rooms after he is finished.

He hears Namjoon hum low and pleased around his own glass and it is not alcohol when he works it is rare for Namjoon to drink anything except water.

Looking away from the duo he settles in watching Jungkook interact with the others around the bar. He smiles when Seokjin, awkward sputtering Seokjin pulls Jungkook’s coat tight at the collar so that it doesn't fall.

It's strange how quick Seokjin goes from reserved yet caring to snarky with only hints of care. If Hoseok had to choose a favourite out of Jungkook's regulars it would be him, simply because Seokjin makes sure to take care of Jungkook when Hoseok is not near. He appreciates it really he does.

Staying in his seat Hoseok thinks that it is fine to let Jungkook interact with others for a little longer.
The fur under his palm is soft but as Seokjin looks at Jungkook he wonders if his skin is softer. Next to him Taehyung is bursting at the seams talking about a new game he recommends Jungkook should try. That's always been a passion Taehyung has had, mention a game or a title of a series and he goes off at a mile-a-minute Seokjin has always found it sort of endearing.

On the other side of him is Jimin and Seokjin has only talked to the younger a few times. He has figured out that while Jimin is polite like he is on camera. he is also not against dropping verbal jabs when given the chance.

And Seokjin well he had never in his life thought that he would end up becoming a regular for a stripper that is in all actuality is sweet as can be if a little shy. Seokjin relates to that he does, but for completely different reasons. He is just very awkward from being homeschooled and constantly being told that he has to be the best if he ever wants to get anywhere in life. He doesn't think Jungkook’s reason for being shy is the same, but he still knows what it's like.

"Uh Jungkook?" The younger turns toward him face a cotton pink and Seokjin is not sure if it is because of the alcohol or Jimin’s comment about offering him a modelling job. It doesn't matter Seokjin would like the colour regardless. "Could you, uh, move a little closer? Your coat it'll fall if you move any further."

"Huh?" His mouth drops into a pout once he realizes that his coat is starting to slip off his frame despite Seokjin doing his best to keep it closed.

Seokjin doesn't expect the younger to just settle in his lap, hair tickling his cheek, arm around his waist. When he squeaks Jungkook looks up at him eyes bright and worried. "Why did you sit in my lap?"
Jungkook's brows furrow as he looks from Seokjin to Hoseok then back to Seokjin and then it finally clicks in Seokjin's mind. "Am I not supposed to? Hoseok hyung says it's easier to keep it closed when I sit with him. Or should I sit with Jimin or Taehyung?"

He starts to move and before Seokjin even realizes what he is doing his hand is curled around Jungkook's waist forcing him to stay still. Seokjin has no doubt that his face is a cherry. It has to be since Jungkook is sitting in his lap only dressed in boxers and a very large coat not only that, but if Seokjin looks down he gets an eyeful of skin. It is not good for his heart.

Inhaling Seokjin ignores Taehyung's encouraging smile because, of course, his roommate would see this as an opportunity for Seokjin to get over his shyness. He doesn't even bother looking at Jimin's expression already knowing it will be a scowl.

"No, no, it's okay," Seokjin isn't sure if it's more to reassure Jungkook or himself, slipping his free arm around Jungkook's waist he eases the younger back down. "It's fine. And it is easier if you're closer."

Hoseok is going to murder him Seokjin just knows he will.

Jungkook wiggles slightly so that he has room to grip at Seokjin knee as he leans forward to once again listen to Jimin and Taehyung talk.

"Jimin hyung, what did you mean by wanting to hire me?" He spares a glance in Hoseok's direction the man is smirking lazily as he looks only at Jungkook. Seokjin has always wondered what they are if they involved with one another in some way. "Would Hoseok hyung still be able to come with me?"

Jimin smooths out his suit a charming grin on his face as he nods and Seokjin has to push down the urge to pull Jungkook flush to his front when Jimin leans in close. He wonders if this how Hoseok feels around all of them, if he constantly just wants to keep Jungkook close.
"Yeah, he could. And I want to offer you a job as a model." Jungkook tucks against Seokjin, the fur of his collar tickling his cheeks making him seem smaller than he really is. Next to him Taehyung is toying with the ends of Jungkook's coat almost resting on the younger's shoulder.

"What would I have to do?" Jungkook's voice is small hesitant and Seokjin can't ignore how Jungkook's fingers grip at his knee in nervousness.

Seokjin doesn't mean to but he blocks everything out once Jungkook's nail accidentally along his thigh. Jerking against the younger's back, he grips Jungkook's wrist as gently as he can and moves it. It earns him a confused look and Seokjin just smiles.

Once he relaxes again Seokjin is able to tune back into the conversation. The have moved onto Taehyung's specialty and Jungkook looks sheepish as Taehyung turns to him mouth a flat line and eyes wide. "What do you mean you and Hoseok don't play games together? Do you guys at least play on your phones?"

Jungkook shakes his head, scratching at his cheek and Seokjin notices there is a tiny little scar. He sort wants to trace it with his nail, though he is sure that Jungkook wouldn't let him.

"Nope Hoseok and I don't have a lot of time for games." Taehyung makes a noise similar to a dying deer and Seokjin is sure that his roommate looks physically offended at the words. "On the days we have off we just sleep in really."

"But... but, how? You don't get bored or anything?" Taehyung's voice has increased in pitch and as Seokjin looks between the three he can see Jimin trying to hide his laugh behind a hand, feel Jungkook's shoulders bounce as he smiles and Taehyung is leaning forward mouth open in a dramatic gasp. Sometimes Seokjin forgets that Taehyung is known for his dramatics. After living with him for years Seokjin had grown accustomed to it.

Jungkook moves, tapping at his arm and Seokjin removes it to instead grip at his stool. "No, not really. When we get bored we got outside or just do something together," Jungkook is easing out their circle and with a, "I have to admit that just playing games does sound fun." Over his shoulder.
Seokjin watches him pass to Hoseok's side and pull in the older's sleeve. Hoseok straightens up and fixes Jungkook's coat looking as though he wants to burn the thing for how much it keeps falling. Seokjin could actually see Hoseok doing that in all honesty.

Namjoon strides back over to them no longer dressed in the establishments uniform and Seokjin takes a second to look at the clock only to read four in the morning. Namjoon's shifts had ended just a few minutes ago.

Taehyung is slumping against his side whining about wanting to go home, but Seokjin blocks him out for just a little bit. As he watches the trio stand Jungkook leans into Namjoon's side and it makes him wonder if the younger will do that to anyone. He had done it to Seokjin so chances are that Jungkook would.

Namjoon ruffles the youngest's hair dimples prominent even as Jungkook swats at his hand and Hoseok has an arm wrapped around Jungkook's waist, but that is normal Hoseok has always done that.

The strange thing is that Seokjin had never seen all three leave at the same time. Even more so is that when he and Taehyung move to leave, he catches a glimpse of Hoseok biting at Jungkook's shoulder the same one where that mark was.

Odd enough Seokjin finds that it does not surprise him in the least to see such. Something about Jungkook and Hoseok has always been different their dynamics, the easy touching, just everything about them was different from a normal relationship.

"Hyung," Taehyung calls pinching his hip and Seokjin gives a jerk head tilting to look up at the younger. "Let's go. Namjoon hyung's shift is over so let's go."

The younger is pulling him along and Seokjin lets him thinking of everything from tonight. At least now he has partly figured out why Hoseok acts like a miffed lover when any gets too close to Jungkook.
It doesn't explain Namjoon's involvement with either of them though, and Seokjin knows it is wrong, but he wants to find out what Namjoon's role is. It is not exactly normal and as far as Seokjin remembers Hoseok had never expressed interest in sharing in any way, shape, or form.

"Seokjin hyung, earth to Seokjin. Is anyone there?" He blinks, looking away from the trip to instead smile up at Taehyung who actually looks concerned.

"Sorry. I was just thinking about something."

Taehyung snorts his pace now slower as he eases the door open for them to leave. "Yeah, I could tell."

Once they are outside Taehyung just looks at the lights as Seokjin thinks.

It will be a while he is sure before he understands everything going on between the three, but it just gives them a reason to visit more often.
It is not often that two groups are crammed into one apartment. However, when it comes to Namjoon's and Jaebum's roommates anything is possible. So having fourteen bodies in a single room and still having everyone comfortable is just something the both of them have worked out through the years. It was difficult and tedious, but no one has limbs hitting them in the face anymore.

If there is one single tiny little almost insignificant thing that bothers most of them from this arrangement it would be how the youngests would just separate themselves. And that's fine it is Namjoon isn't bothered by it neither is Jaebum, none of them are but it just happens so often.

"Jaebum-ah, why is it that whenever all of you come over that Yugyeom steals away Jungkook?" Seokjin's words are fond and so is his gaze warm too with amusement shining in his depths.

Jaebum sighs, legs crossed, Jackson resting his head on the older's thigh while he watches the two youngest joke around. This is normal Jungkook and Yugyeom entering their own little world when around the other.

Closest to them is Jimin and Bambam attempting to get them to join everyone else. They fail, they always do and Jaebum wonders if it would just be easier to pull them by their collars. Seokjin would kill him and if not Seokjin then Jinyoung.
"They really only interact with each other, I guess? Yugyeom has Bambam and Jungkook has Jimin and Taehyung, but they're not the same age." Yugyeom has mentioned to him a few times that he likes the freedom he has around Jungkook that he can talk to the other casually and without worry.

There is a thump against the carpeted floor and Jaebum doesn't even have to look up to know who is on the floor. The half-shriek, half-groan is so distinctly Bambam that it is impossible not to know.

After the yelp Jaebum's eyes twitch because what follows it could only be described as animals set loose in the city. It starts with Taehyung cackling from where he is resting on Namjoon thighs, that of course only earns him a kick to the shin courtesy of Bambam. After that it's a brawl.

He looks on with disinterest as Taehyung is roped into attempting to drag the youngest away from the couch. And really Jaebum can't help but find their efforts amusing.

Yugyeom is attached to Jungkook's back even as the other three latch onto his shirt. When Jungkook shifts in the others hold to pop his head above Yugyeom's shoulder it ceases the assault only briefly. "Hyungs, stop pulling on Gyeomie's shirt, it'll rip," The others' hands don't remove themselves and Jaebum can see Yugyeom's shoulders bouncing in amusement. "And then, Jaebum hyung will murder all of us."

Their hands drop like fire was sprinkled over their skin. Five sets of eyes turn toward him and Jaebum can't help but smirk narrowing his eyes in a faux-threat. It is not long before their efforts stop completely, allowing Jungkook and Yugyeom to continue talking about whatever.

It is when the two start giggling, a mix of high and low bursts of sound, that everyone across from them shifts in their seats. Soon, Jaebum knows, the two will grow louder. They always do almost like clockwork and it always ends with Yugyeom sprawled flat on his back leather of the couch hugging him as Jungkook rests on top of him.

"What do you think they talk about that makes them laugh so much?" That is Jimin, perched on the side of the couch, leaning against Seokjin's shoulder as the older plays with his hair.
Jaebum's never thought of what, he's sure that none of them have. Whenever all of them gather there are a multitude of conversations going on allowing no one the chance to focus on anything except on what is happening then.

To the left of him is Jinyoung and the scoff Jaebum hears has him smiling. The sound is both fond and exasperated, Jaebum suspects the younger mastered that mix of emotions through having to deal with all of them. Jinyoung, unlike most of them, is an expert at being subtle when he picks fun or lathers a comment with sarcasm.

"How weird all of us are." That is definitely something both Yugyeom and Jungkook would do, in fact Jaebum is sure that is how their friendship started and then flourished. "And if it's not that then they're planning on how to try and tease us without getting punished."

Jaebum looks to Seokjin only to find the man smiling, pleased with the possible explanation, Namjoon has a very similar expression when he looks to the younger.

Sighing Jaebum nudges Jackson off his leg when needles start pricking it. Jackson grumbles, unusually quiet from lack of sleep, but he stumbles to his feet be flops down on both Youngjae and Mark.

"Or," Yoongi cuts in phone grasped between his hands as he types, the light click of his keyboard almost being drowned out by the maknaes' laughter. "They could just be talking about normal things like normal people?"

It is Hoseok that perks up after that back digging into the bone of Yoongi's knee. "Maybe? But knowing them, it's probably not something normal."

Jaebum looks away from the conversation at hand when what sounds like a shoe slams on the floor. He is close because it is Yugyeom's shoe, but both of his feet are touching the floor as Jungkook sits on one of his thighs, the other's hands pinching Yugyeom's cheeks.
Sometimes Jaebum forgets how easily Yugyeom's face can colour. Pale skin tints pink as Jungkook crawls over him playing with his hair and just teasing in general. And Jaebum knows he is petty for thinking that Yugyeom should only be embarrassed by them—his hyungs—but he can't help it. It is something Jaebum is accustomed to, always being one of the perpetrators for Yugyeom's face turning scarlet.

It is the same for Jungkook and his hyungs, it's just how all of them work.

"Gyeom-ah's never like that with us." Jackson voice is, sleep heavy and slurred but still holds his normal level of boisterousness.

Jaebum's uncertain as to if it was Mark or Youngjae that smacked Jackson, it really doesn't matter because the smallest of three is soon on his feet pulling at Youngjae's cheeks cooing similar to how Jungkook is. "Our, Gyeom-ah, never lets us do this, does he, Youngjae?"

He almost pities the oldest of the maknae line, but then Jaebum realizes that he can't because Youngjae is blocking the assault with his hands, as Mark grins at the display.

Jaebum will never be able to see anyone he lives with as normal. When he turns to look at Namjoon's expression, it is strained as his fingers massage between his eyes. Jaebum follows his gaze only to wish he hadn't, since they're on the floor slinking closer to the two youngest is Jimin making an assortment of strange motions with his hands at Taehyung and Bambam.

Every time all of them get together soon or later each group gets jealous that their specific youngest doesn't pay attention to them. Sighing Jaebum gives up on trying to figure out what anyone is talking about, he especially stops paying attention to Yugyeom and Jungkook, which he will admit is always a difficult feat.

Leaning into the plush leather of the couch Jaebum watches everything unfold with a fond gleam in his eyes.
Jungkook/Seokjin

Chapter Notes

Requested by Anonymous: Can I request a fanfic of domestic Jinkook (jin being top) where they're cuddle and soft the morning after :))

Seokjin strokes a finger over Jungkook's cheek smiling fondly when the younger's eyelashes flutter as he leans into the touch. He can still feel the sting of Jungkook's nails on his back but Seokjin doesn't mind it. They are just a wonderful reminder of what they have together.

Jungkook's hair is ruffled with some parts sticking flat to his skin while other parts are clumped together, yet another reminder of last night. Tucking close to the younger, Seokjin smooths his fingers through tangles until Jungkook's hair is neat and his fingers meet no resistance.

He looks at the clock, a grin blooming on his face, blinding and gentle when he sees a blinking six. They have more than enough time to just laze in bed before separating for work.

Pressing a kiss to Jungkook's cheeks, he laughs at the mumbled, "Hyung, 't's to early."

Jungkook's arms wrap around him abs then hair is forced under his chin as Jungkook snuggles to his chest hiding his face from the world. After knowing Jungkook for years and then dating him for even more Seokjin knows just the way to get Jungkook up without a fuss.

"You always say that, Jungkookie." He gets a grumble and a soft nip on the shoulder for his words. Sighing Seokjin wraps his own arms around Jungkook and lifts the younger so that Jungkook is sleeping on his chest.

He taps Jungkook nose and cheeks with a finger laughing at the little whine Jungkook gives. "Hyung, that tickles."

Seokjin leaves forward to press a kiss to Jungkook's nose as he hands move to rest along Jungkook's back. Bare skin arches into his touch and Seokjin's face is pink from the loud moan of appreciation Jungkook gives when he kneads his hands over the younger's back.

"Well, seems like you're enjoying yourself already." Jungkook hides his face again the tips if his ears able to put candles to shame. Seokjin won't lie this what he looks forward to in the morning, Jungkook and him being able to act like themselves in the privacy of their home. No one is around to make Jungkook feel like he has to be something he is not and Seokjin can take care of the other without any judging looks.

"I like your hands, Hyung." Jungkook admits and that has come out of Jungkook's mouth before, but it never fails to make Seokjin heart swell in happiness. "They're soft, large and I don't know, I just like them."

"What about me?" Seokjin teases one of his hands now cupping Jungkook's face. "Don't you like me?"
Jungkook giggles his head cocking to the side on Seokjin's chest and it gives him a perfect view of the string of red and purple around Jungkook's neck. "Well I like you well enough to stay despite your puns."

"Don't be a brat."

Jungkook grins still sleep soft and the. The younger is leaning up to kiss Seokjin on the mouth. It is quick and soft but Seokjin loves it. "But I'm your brat though"

"Yeah," He laughs, kissing Jungkook's eyespots as the younger's stretches his arms so that he can play with Seokjin's hair. "You are my brat."

Jungkook hums pleased and the sound runs through Seokjin like a bullet. "Love you, Hyung."

"I know," He smiles down at the other glad to know that his face is not the only pink one. "And I love you too."
This whole being a decent human being thing—it's difficult. Or well not difficult per se but Namjoon sees no appeal in everything being simple and mundane. He is not allowed to plan for every situation, calculate for what can and 'will' go wrong.

Namjoon he used to be considered a modern day villain. He never used capes or vibrant suits, he's not a cartoon. Instead Namjoon was a swindler he was good at—'is' still good at it—too. Everything's changed though he has to stay away from the bigger projects stick with the small street acts and contracts. It's not by choice of course but Namjoon is in no way ignorant to how the city is changing.

It's a waiting game is all. Namjoon can wait he has to.

That's something Namjoon is good at, waiting. He learned to be good at it, exceptional really, his work requires him to be patient. It will help in the long run. Patience allows him to stay calm to come up with spur of the moment solutions. Patience is something Namjoon needs.

Patience however will not help him in this situation. As in dealing with his new flatmate.

The kid's decent enough or at least Namjoon considers him as such. Jungkook, his flatmate is also very trusting, it had been the cause of much of his worry and that's why Namjoon considers being a decent person is difficult. He doesn't know how to deal with Jungkook and his too welcoming personality and never ending reassurance. Namjoon has never dealt with that before so all of it is just so surreal.

And maybe in a small part of his body Namjoon can admit that he enjoys the break from having to focus on a new target. Jungkook welcomes every time he returns all wide smiles, crinkled eyes and all of the younger just screams 'innocent'. It doesn't help that Jungkook seems so much smaller than him.

He can admit that now too, as he shuffles through their apartment door, handle of the door biting into his skin from how unforgivingly cold it's been. Namjoon has returned from one of his smaller acts a wallet full of cash in his left pocket.

Namjoon may not be able to deal with people on an overly personal level, but he can at least help with rent, and it doesn't help him understand Jungkook at all or why the other always looks so
surprised when they have plenty of money left over.

Sighing he closes the door with his heel and decides to keep on his jacket. It's far too cold to go without it today. Soon he is shuffling into the living room and heading for his designated corner.

"Welcome back, Hyung!" Namjoon lets a hesitant smile curl on his face. He is not used to any of 'this'—feeling like he belongs—so he wonders sometimes when he is alone if he is doing anything right. Namjoon thinks so, certainly not as well as a normal individual but he is coping with this acceptance well enough in his opinion. "How was work?"

Namjoon stands in the middle of the living room shuffling from foot to foot as Jungkook slips into the room. He is smiling bright and pleased. Namjoon has never figured out what makes the younger so cheerful.

"Slow," He grunts before sitting at his desk hand automatically reaching for notebook. Jungkook does not know what his real job is and it worries him that one day he will slip up and the younger will figure everything out. That has never sat well with him abs Namjoon doesn't understand why. "And extremely unimpressive."

Jungkook hums moving to stand near Namjoon the cotton of his blue sweater brushing Namjoon's cheek. Well it's not Jungkook really it's his but Namjoon has gotten past caring if the other steals them. They always end right back up in his closet clean.

"My classes were about the same," Jungkook comments and Namjoon does his best to keep his flinch minimal when the younger leans on him. This has been a new development, Jungkook used to be hesitant with any sort of affection, but now he lounges on Namjoon like it the most normal thing in he world; it still confuses Namjoon. "But today we got to work with a live model."

He stays quiet afraid that if he speaks up the only thing that will come out is a squeak. Namjoon is not used to any of this. He has never been actively sought out for attention or advice, yet here Jungkook is doing just that most days.

"And that's good?" He doesn't now much about Jungkook's major or really what a live model is used for, but Jungkook sounds happy so it has to be something interesting.

Jungkook's face twists up his nose twitching as his eyes crinkle and Namjoon breaks into a smile. He realizes seconds later that it was on purpose when Jungkook pokes at one of his dimples cooing.

"I love your smile," Is what flows from Jungkook's mouth like song just for him and Namjoon freezes ears burning red. He will blame on the cold later, but now he is flustered and doesn't know how to respond to this—him a con-man doesn't know how to respond to a damn compliment. "I wish you would more often, it's really nice. A lot like you, Hyung."

The smile drops of his face when Jungkook turns around. Namjoon is not a good man and he is torn between letting Jungkook continuing to believe differently because it lets Namjoon out of a box he crafted to hide away from the world. Abs then he wants Jungkook to know the truth about him so that he won't get hurt and Namjoon doesn't know 'why' he cares but he does and he does t want to stop caring. Jungkook had given him a lightness he hasn't had in years.

Jungkook crashes on the couch remote in hand as he curls into a tiny little ball. Namjoon starts writing as soon as the tv blares to life and blocks out all the other noise in their apartment.

He twists the pen between his fingers once before he starts listing all that he has to do for his next
scheme to work. There are times when he wants to quit and do something normal but he never can. Desk jobs just sing do it for him.

Namjoon likes the constant thinking that cons give him, they keep him strung up and allow him to think freely. It lets tests him and his ability to get out of a pinch.

Namjoon doesn't notice how much time passes until Jungkook calls for him and he sees the the sun is long gone.

Dinner is never silent and usually it's his fault, Jungkook lets Namjoon rant until he has nothing left to rage about and Namjoon feels flattered at how Jungkook gives him his undivided attention no matter the topic. However today their conversation takes a strange turn.

"Hey, Kook-ah," Jungkook looks up pausing in his chewing and Namjoon grins at the sparkle in the younger's eyes. "What if was a criminal? Would you still trust me?"

This when compared to most of their topics is different. Of course he has questioned Jungkook on his morals and ideas but it has never been direct like this question.

Jungkook hums hands resting on the table and Namjoon bites the inside of his cheek. Wide, naïve and beautiful eyes stare into his and for once Namjoon feels nervous with them on him.

"You wouldn't be a criminal," Jungkook starts slow as though Namjoon is the child here. "You couldn't be, so I would still trust you."

Namjoon grips at his hair with a sigh. "No, no if I 'was' a criminal—and no saying that I can't be, would you still trust me?"

The response is immediate and outs Namjoon's heart in his throat. "Of course, because you wouldn't be bad."

"That's a little odd isn't it?"

Jungkook cocks his head to the side hair falling at the movement and Namjoon has always compared it to a curtain. "How so?"

He props his chin in one of his hands will the other grips at his pants leg. He shouldn't be continuing this it will Mage no sense to him because Jungkook baffles him. "Well if I was a criminal-" And he is."Wouldn't that automatically make me bad?"

"No," Jungkook says and Namjoon geeks out of the loop, totally and utterly lost. "Not every criminal is bad. Some people do bad things for good reasons, others do bad things because they have to, but not every criminal is bad. Joonie hyung I thought you would be one if the people that believed that?"

Namjoon looks down at the table biting his lip. He's not a good person he doesn't do what he does for good reasons or because he forced to. Namjoon cons people because he enjoys doing it.

"Yeah," Namjoon says, tone uncertain and resigned. "Plenty of people think that about me."

"What about me then? What if I was a criminal?"

Namjoon smiles showing off his teeth as he ruffles Jungkook's hair in amusement. Jungkook couldn't be a criminal, though Namjoon is sure that in a different world where he was, well the cops would key him free as soon as he blinked those big and expressions me eyes at them.
I would trust you," Jungkook grins shyly hiding his face in his hands. "Simply because you would need all the help you can get."

"Hyung!" Jungkook whines now pouting and Namjoon ignores him in favour of cleaning his plate and leaving.

All of this is surreal to him but Namjoon likes it. He does. And someday he will figure out how to appreciate it fully and give Jungkook that same trust the other gives him.

Someday.
Jungkook shifts onto his side with a groan one of his hands thrashing about to keep his roommate away. It is night out, and while that is to be expected since he is enrolled in night classes in a human-supernatural co-ed college, Jungkook wishes to laze in bed for the rest of the night.

Ever since he started taking night classes his schedule for about everything has been tossed out the window.

Taehyung, his roommate and the first vampire Jungkook interacted with on campus grounds has taken it upon himself to be Jungkook's personal alarm.

It works out sometimes and Taehyung has to do very little of anything to get Jungkook out of bed, however, other times it takes more than a little prodding. Like today, for instance.

Jungkook tucks his legs to his chest with a shiver. His blankets —taken by Taehyung—are no longer protecting his body from the dual assault of the natural weather and Taehyung's fluttering touch.
"Kookie," Taehyung coos laying flat on Jungkook's frame, limbs freezing almost as if snowflakes sit under his skin when compared to the younger's. Jungkook has learned plenty after rooming with a vampire, them constantly embodying winter is just one thing he has learned. He whines when Taehyung noses his cheek, if the other wasn't so cold Jungkook would be giggling at the feeling. "It's time to get up."

Taehyung laughs free and playful, his fangs visible as Jungkook shoves a hand in his face mumbling his disagreement. "No, Hyung, it's too early."

Jungkook feels Taehyung nip at his palm the sudden warmth that follows the action makes him sigh pleased and content. When Taehyung grins he can feel it form against his skin. Jungkook will never admit it aloud, but he enjoys the surge of heat that comes with being bitten in any way.

It is a normal reaction from humans, something makes his blood rush and buzz in a dance that Jungkook will never be able to get tired of.

Taehyung continues nipping down Jungkook's arm, small bites coming one after the other, the breathy pleased sigh falling from Jungkook's cherry mouth spurs him on. Their friendship is an anomaly to most humans and supernatural outside of this college, since both are supposed to be wary of one another, yet Jungkook only feels contentment and affection when he is near Taehyung.

Fear is ingrained in each species from stories long told, but the thing is, Jungkook has learned to see past them and instead be pleasantly surprised.

Taehyung is strong, terrifyingly so and Jungkook knows this, the other could snap him like a twig and yet Taehyung doesn't. Taehyung is goofy, falls into his own world and Jungkook adores him. Or he does when the older is not waking him up for class.

"You have to wake up," A hand is on the small of his back and Jungkook giggles squirming when Taehyung taps his fingers over his skin. Jungkook is never cooperative in the morning, but somehow Taehyung always gets him up. "If you don't then I can't walk you to class." Taehyung's voice has a hint of a growl by the end of his sentence, almost like he is against Jungkook waking alone. It makes Jungkook's stomach flip.
That is something Jungkook has learned about Taehyung in particular; he insists on walking Jungkook to his classes whenever he can. Jungkook appreciates it, he can hardly function after he wakes up so having Taehyung near him is a blessing.

He tucks closer to Taehyung's form yawning as the older sits him up. It is impossible not to notice the hand tangled in his hair, stroking lightly in long lines.

Blinking away the last vestiges of sleep from his eyes and stretching to rid it from his limbs, Jungkook flushes pink once he realizes how close Taehyung is.

His roommate is attractive, and Jungkook blames it on both Taehyung's heritage and personality. Sunlight strands cradle Taehyung's face and mocha eyes bore into his own with an unwavering heat that never fails to make Jungkook squirm. It is unfair how much Taehyung affects him, and while Jungkook has come to terms with his attraction, those of the supernatural kind will always ruin him. They enrapture him and never give him a chance to get used to their beauty.

Taehyung pats Jungkook's thigh with a teasing grin as his gaze travels over the expanse of skin. Jungkook watches as the older's Adam's apple bobs, a flush spreading from his face down to his neck. Jungkook thinks might wear shorts today.

Sucking on his bottom lip Jungkook tucks his head against his chest to hide. "I-I should get dressed then." He shuffles over to his closet head down and eyes pinned to the floor. Jungkook never sees the predatory glint in Taehyung's eyes.

He ignores the way Taehyung tracks his form as he gathers clothes to change into. A plain button up, blue faded shorts, and his go to shoes: a pair of timberlands.

After a year of rooming with the other Jungkook has grown accustomed to dressing in front of Taehyung. However, he never found a way to force away his blush, but Jungkook likes to think it stems from his shyness. When Taehyung presses flush to his back Jungkook squeaks, his hands falling away from the first button of his shirt.
Taehyung's breathe is warm on his ear and Jungkook's body runs hot when teeth scrape of the crook of his neck. "Can I do it for you?"

His head falls in agreement wine hair bouncing with the movement and Jungkook swallows when one of Taehyung's fingers brush over his skin. It is still below a humans body temperature, but when compared to before it is not as deathly freezing.

Taehyung noses Jungkook's pulse point as he works listening to the rush of blood along with the steady thump of nervousness that Jungkook's heart gives as he skims his finger over flesh. To him, Jungkook has always tasted and smelled divine, and that is part of the reason he stays so close to the younger. The other reasons tie back to him not wishing to share with anyone except his coven.

Jungkook steps out of Taehyung's hold once the older finishes, his heart is hammering in his chest threatening to burst. Being so close to Taehyung for an extended period of time makes him want to let Taehyung call the shots and that frightens him. Jungkook is fine with what he and Taehyung have and he doesn't want to mess it up by falling limp in the older's hold and not be able to explain why.

Clearing his throat Jungkook grabs his bag and slings it over his shoulder before grinning up at Taehyung. An arm settles across his shoulders, squeezing lightly as Taehyung tugs him out of their dorm room.

As they cross the campus Taehyung's hand drops lower until it can cup Jungkook's hip. Jungkook pays no mind to the action and Taehyung tucks him closer, glowering at the students that stare at either him or Jungkook.

"Don't you have to work on a project with, Seokjin hyung later?" Taehyung blinks glare melting into fondness as he nods giving the younger his undivided attention. Jungkook snickers into his hand at Taehyung's confusion. The older has forgotten all about their projects topic. "And isn't it on the subject of witches?"
"Well, yeah, why—oh." Jungkook's eyes and nose crinkle up as Taehyung's expression shifts to horror. Seokjin, the oldest vampire in Taehyung's coven and as Jungkook has come to know is very adamant in protecting witches reputations. "Jungkookie, you have to save me later. Call me or him or hell just come over. Just please 'please' help me!"

Dashing away from the other Jungkook cackles tossing a quick, "Maybe, Hyung." Over his shoulder as he enters the safety of his class.

Jungkook may adore Taehyung to bits, but even he is hesitant to get between Seokjin and his passions—he likes his life very much, thank you. Though if he can't call or divert Seokjin's attention directly he can maybe, call Taehyung and ask him to help with something. It will be a lie, but Seokjin will let him leave without a fuss because he will be unaware of their ploy. Or Jungkook's can hope so.

Jungkook's hand is still cramping even after he leaves class. He may love to draw, but his hands hate him for it.

Leaving the building Jungkook makes his way to the only decent coffee shop on campus. The reason it is decent—really the best and most beautiful place Jungkook's wallet has ever been—is because it is the only place open twenty-four hours everyday and doesn't jack up prices to the point where his bank account weeps.

He blinks in surprise when it is his turn to order and all he can force out of his mouth is, "Hoseok hyung? Since when do you work here?"
Hoseok beams at him only for his lips to shift into a smirk as he glances at the clock. "About two weeks ago? And after you get your coffee just wait for me, okay?"

Jungkook just nods, still baffled because he comes here almost every day and still never noticed Hoseok. With a nervous twitch to his lips Jungkook rambles off his order shying away from Hoseok's gaze. All throughout his stammering Hoseok pins him down with hooded eyes and a sensuous tint to his tone.

Once a styrofoam cup is cradled in his hands Jungkook rests at one of the many scattered and desolate tables. Most students, unlike him, are still cuddled up in bed toasty and comfortable, however the few like him are here or there in the quad or at a table like himself.

It takes more than a handful of minutes and several sips of coffee for Hoseok to make his appearance from the back of the shop. A leather jacket folded over one of his arms being the only visible difference in his attire. With a shy smile and a wave of one of his hands Jungkook rises to his feet an arm around him almost instantly.

He is pulled under Hoseok's arm and into a far warmer side than Taehyung's as the older strides outside a relieved huff of air breaking free from his mouth.

"So," Hoseok simpers expression twisting from quiet satisfaction to a predator with a meal as his fingers play with the collar of Jungkook's shirt. "Why don't you treat me to a bite?"

Uncertain if Hoseok is serious or teasing Jungkook stills under the other's arm, eyes flicking from Hoseok's coy smirk to his fingers, which are now smoothing over Jungkook's skin in little patterns.

"Uh, I don't know, Hyung," Hoseok hums prompting him to continue as the older eases him back into motion. "I don't think that's a very good idea."

It is not that Jungkook is against someone feeding off him—Jungkook can count how many times Taehyung has—but he reacts in a way that Jungkook is not proud of himself for. He can only run
away so many times before someone questions why he is so sensitive to touch during and after being made a meal of.

Of course his reaction is only made worse by being around people that Jungkook knows, respects, but unfortunately finds bewitching. Although Jungkook also blames his squirming on how the people coddle him after they are finished drinking from him.

"Why? Is it because we're in a public area?" Hoseok, wonderful, considerate Hoseok is only making this worse. If they are in public then Jungkook can stop the other from letting his hands roam. Which Hoseok does do despite his vehement disagreements.

Jungkook shakes his head a rekindled burn to his face. Practically everyone in Taehyung's coven has fed from him, whether it be in privacy or in public. It is a relatively acceptable thing to do on campus in public areas so long as both individuals involved stay decent. However Jungkook only allowed it because he had a definite way to keep his responses at bay.

"It's not because of that," He says quiet and shy, a finger hooking through one of Hoseok's belt loops. The older will never tell Jungkook, but he finds the human impossibly adorable when he tries to hide his embarrassment; or just tries to hide in general.

"Then what can I do to make you more comfortable with this?"

That's the thing, Hoseok can't do anything to make him comfortable because Jungkook doesn't want to embarrass himself. He is not always capable of holding back his reactions when someone feeds off him and that terrifies Jungkook. Because what if a noise slips when Hoseok is on him? Mortification and definite awkwardness from both parties. Or that's the only thing Jungkook can imagine happening with anyone besides Taehyung.

With Taehyung he can be loud and clingy because the other will never tease him, but with others Jungkook has to hide his face, bite down on his lip in an effort to stay silent, and keep his hands to himself so that he doesn't end up plastered to someone's side.
"Is it because you're afraid of freaking me out?" Jungkook whispers his affirmation into Hoseok's arm throat all too dry. How he reacts isn't normal or Jungkook doesn't think it is. No other humans he knows struggle with staying composed. "Oh, Kookie, don't worry. It's cute that you try so hard to keep everything hidden."

Hoseok's hand is on the small of his back, gentle yet firm in his leading even as Jungkook tries to argue. "It's not, Hyung! No one else struggles with this like me."

Hoseok makes a sound in his throat and Jungkook thinks it is a purr. Jungkook whines high and unabashed when Hoseok nips at the back of his neck purr still rumbling in his throat. That is where Jungkook is the most sensitive and when Hoseok continues to tease the area Jungkook's legs almost buckle.

"See, it's cute," Hoseok chuckles voice dripping with affection and something that makes Jungkook's stomach tighten. "And you know me so you know I wouldn't lie to you."

Jungkook playfully shoves the other away, eyes glazing over as Hoseok's fingers knead at his neck. Maybe it would be okay to Hoseok see him come undone?

"I'll let you feed off me," His voice wavers as Hoseok nuzzles his cheek, a flash of cold making his skin prickle. Hoseok is sort of similar to a cat in Jungkook opinion, when he gets what he wants, he lathers people with affection and boundaries become nonexistent. "But the deals off if you do anything that makes me uncomfortable."

"Fine," Hoseok agrees excitement evident in the way his eyes light up like stars and how he pets Jungkook's neck with languid and careful strokes. "But you have to let me hear all those pretty little noises of yours."

Jungkook huffs embarrassed at how casual the other is saying something like that. His embarrassment is not from Hoseok calling the sounds that slip from him cute.
"So where do you want to do this, Hyung?" Jungkook is so not doing this in public now.

"We both know that you don't want other students to hear you so all I can offer of my dorm room." Jungkook sucks his bottom lip between his teeth unaware of the eyes watching him. If he agrees to go to Hoseok's room, he will probably end up borrowing one of the older's shirts. A shirt stained with blood is about as comfortable as it sounds.

All it takes is Jungkook nodding before Hoseok is grinning against his shoulder beyond pleased with Jungkook's decision. The dorms is where Jungkook feels most at ease when Taehyung or other vampires he knows ask him for this specific favour.

He is not certain when it became a somewhat normal thing for people he knows to just ask him for this. Now, though he can't complain, he has no reason to, besides his personal problem. Every supernatural that has asked him for something was decent and without salacious intent. They treated him the way he wished to be treated and whenever he was uncomfortable with something they stopped as soon as he mentioned his hesitance.

Jungkook is not the only human that does this. Many of the on campus student help each other, whether it be from a werewolf wanting someone to rub their ears, a witch that wants a gathering partner or what Jungkook does, give vampire sustenance. It is something that happened once the student body was comfortable with one another.

Hoseok ushers Jungkook into his room with a gentle, "Tell me if you want me to stop." And that is what rips Jungkook from his thoughts.

The older settles Jungkook on his bed, hands making quick work of the first few buttons of Jungkook's shirt until he can slip it down the younger's arms. Jungkook squirms as Hoseok leans into to mouth at his jaw, fangs scraping the skin.

His face heats up when Hoseok grabs a fistful of his hair to tilt his head.
Jungkook screws his eyes shut as Hoseok creates a hot line down his neck. His mouth opens to let out a needy keen when a mouth latches to his shoulder.

"You would be so stunning dressed in red, Jungkook." Is whispered just under his ear, into the skin if his neck as Hoseok nips tiny lines of cherry. "Sounding so sweet and needy as I leave marks around your neck. You like that, don't you? Having a necklace of red pearls."

Jungkook hides his face in the collar of Hoseok's shirt, a low groan bubbling from his throat as he grips at Hoseok's shirt. He won't admit it aloud, but he does like the idea as strange as it sounds.

Hoseok swats at Jungkook's thigh with a growl, tugging Jungkook away by his hair. It is not strong enough to hurt, but Jungkook enjoys the feeling of being pulled away. "None of that, Jungkook, you have to let me hear everything."

Hoseok returns to lapping at Jungkook's neck when the younger leans back, face aflame, with his bottom lip red and plump from being bitten. Jungkook whines arching up when a hand presses on his back.

There is a buzz rushing through his body, making it impossible to think and his body feels like a furnace, heat growing with Hoseok alternating from drinking from him to leaving searing trails of kisses along his neck and jaw. Jungkook wonders if what he is feeling can be considered a high.

"See, Jungkook it's okay for you to be loud." A kiss to his cheek, short and sweet. "I for one think it's adorable. Normally, you're so quiet that I can't help but want to hear more." A scrape of teeth on his shoulder. "You've been so good for me, Jungkook. So, so good."

His hands flex, pawing at Hoseok's shirt at the words. Jungkook's face is dusted rose, his hair ruffled from the brief grip of Hoseok's hand, and in all honesty Hoseok has the urge to just keep Jungkook. Except Jungkook is not some dog he can keep, Jungkook is a human that goes to his college, has his own classes and to Hoseok's—any many others—delight is almost always willing to fulfill a favour.
As Jungkook puffs out air beneath him, eyes glazed over and looking utterly inviting, Hoseok smiles. He has always known that the younger is loud; Jungkook may like to believe he is good at being quiet, but it could never be further from the truth. Petting Jungkook's cheek, he pulls the other into his lap, withholding his pleased groan when the younger shifts on his thigh with a keen.

He won't do anything while Jungkook is like this; it's beyond indecent to attempt to take advantage of a human while they are overstimulated. That's why most vampires or other supernatural creatures try to make humans comfortable after certain activities. It is the only way they can help besides more carnal acts.

Listening to the erratic pulse of Jungkook's blood, Hoseok places one hand over Jungkook's chest, humming with each pump while his other hand cradles Jungkook's face. He is aware of their drastic difference in temperature and that normally Jungkook wouldn't lean into his fingers like a desperate kitten.

"Jungkookie," A muffled sigh is all he gets in acknowledgement. "I have to take off your shirt, it's no longer clean. Is it okay if I do that?"

He will do nothing that Jungkook doesn't allow. If the younger doesn't respond, then Hoseok won't let him go to class, a hazy and frankly confused Jungkook is not a safe Jungkook.

"Mhm," Jungkook exhales against his neck, forehead bumping his shoulder in allowance.

As gentle as he can, Hoseok peels off Jungkook's shirt to throw it into a hamper. Coaxing away the younger's arms, he lets Jungkook curl up in the middle of his bed, watching fondly as the human nuzzles his pillow like a cat. Jungkook always becomes touchy after being fed from.

Creeping to his closet, Hoseok grabs one of his oversized shirts; Jungkook has an unexplainable affection for clothing that swallows his frame.

Sitting on the edge of his bed once more, he fixes Jungkook's hair so that it is flat instead of sticking
"Hyung," He stills, head falling so he can look Jungkook in the eyes. "You won't tell anyone, will you?"

Hoseok grins reassuring the other with a resounding, "I won't say anything as long as you don't want me to." It's the truth, Hoseok is not keen on doing anything that will make Jungkook shy away from him in distrust.

The smile Jungkook gives him would set his heart off into a deafening pump if it still worked. So instead Hoseok of a dull thud, his skin heats up just the slightest bit. "Thanks, Hyung. It means a lot."

He ruffles Jungkook's hair curling around the younger once he looks at the clock one last time. The younger has a few hours until his next class, so he can stay here for a little longer before getting dressed and leaving.

Jungkook is in a daze throughout his next class and even when he leaves it. His head is cloudy, still focused on his favour for Hoseok.
He never notices that his feet have drug him to the campus library with its high almost chapel like ceiling and bookcases stacked with books upon books. There aren't enough shelves to hold them all, pitiful as it is.

Books are placed on tables and counters too, making the building homely in an odd sort of way. Like a stereotypical wizard's castle or that's how Jungkook has always seen it.

He blinks into focus when an arm curls around his waist and pulls him down into a lap. Jungkook about kicks his legs to free himself eyes flickering to looming silver moon in the sky.

"Calm the fuck down, it's just me." Jungkook's heart falls back into place thudding in his chest as he realizes that he is in Yoongi's lap. Which now as Jungkook actually pays attention is not at all a good thing.

Yoongi rests his head on the space between his shoulder blades cheek cool on Jungkook's still flushed skin. "Uh, Hyung could you please let me up?"

He is ignored as Yoongi's teeth snap together in amusement. "Your skin is pink," He says without any confusion only smug understanding. The bastard; he's going to make Jungkook squirm in his lap from embarrassment. "And you smell like, Hoseok. Would you like to explain why?"

Yoongi smirks into the skin of Jungkook's neck, his hands cupping Jungkook's thighs, each one earning attention from a single hand. It makes Jungkook whine and tucks under the older's chin as best he can. They both know that Yoongi knows the reason, but Yoongi wants to hear Jungkook say it. Wants to hear the human admit that someone from his coven asked for something. He never enjoyed having to share Jungkook with vampires outside his coven.

"It wasn't anything vulgar." Jungkook mumbles turning to hide his face in his shoulder.
Yoongi chuckles, the sound ricocheting through Jungkook's bones like he is harp that only Yoongi knows how to play. "We both know that. But I still want to know why you're flushed crimson."

He sucks on his bottom lip tuning out the nails skating over his thighs and knees; those are part of the reason he is back to being a blushing Mess. It deserves the capital, Jungkook just knows that if Yoongi does anything more than he will be choking back a whimper.

"He asked me for a favour," Yoongi hums chin on his shoulder. The fingers stop teasing at his skin and Jungkook takes the opportunity to breathe without fear of it becoming a pleased sigh. "That's all."

A leg is wedged between his own, jogging rhythmically as Yoongi hums, his eyelashes tickling Jungkook's cheek. "And Hoseok was the first person to ask you for something today?"

"Well, yeah," Jungkook says eyes narrowing as his lip lifts to one side in confusion. Yoongi closes his eyes falling limp against Jungkook's back at the answer. That is wonderful news, Hoseok was the first person to ask anything today, meaning that few will try and ask again. After all Yoongi and his coven have a sort of claim on the human. "Who else would ask me for something so early?"

"It's happened before." Yoongi snorts out a mischievous gleam in his eyes and a predatory smirk gracing his lips. Jungkook sees neither focused on keeping he breathing smoothed and not hitched as Yoongi trails a finger on the inside of his thigh.

Swallowing, he taps at the older's wrists a silent request for Yoongi to stop. The older moves his hands up to Jungkook's waist, rubbing the younger's side apologetically. Yoongi may have a habit of teasing, but he will always stop if someone wishes him to.

Sighing Jungkook leans forward to test his head on a table. He can't think of Yoongi or his hands—Yoongi's hands move too much, stroke and pet in a way that should be illegal and Jungkook hates how it affects him—neither will let him calm down right now. His next class is in more than a few hours away so he has nothing to do except wander around campus or stay with Yoongi. And while staying with Yoongi would be the obvious choice he is still sensitive from Hoseok drinking from him so Yoongi is only making that worse.
"I don't think you should let anyone else feed on you for a while, Jungkook."

"I know," He agrees quiet and voice steadier when compared to before. Yoongi shifts against his back teeth dragging a white line down his neck, it is Yoongi's way of seeing just how much Jungkook will react. When he shivers, head lolling to the side Yoongi's mouth twitches in displeasure. Maybe Jungkook shouldn't be messed with for more than just a few hours? "And I won't let anyone ask me for anything. I'll be a good for you—"

He finishes with a stammer cutting off his sentence once he realizes what he said. Yoongi nuzzles Jungkook's neck beyond pleased with the words, but he doesn't want to mortify Jungkook any further than the human did himself.

Or a little wouldn't hurt. "Is that how, Hoseok got you like this? By telling you that you were good, Jungkook?"

Okay, yeah Jungkook chokes backs a whimper. He is officially a Mess. Jungkook sort of despises how being told he is good causes him to react. It is so not fair.

"You suck, Yoongi hyung." Yoongi just bites at his jaw whispering, *not my fault he was telling the truth.*

He bolts out of Yoongi’s lap like it is his job and internally screams, while on the outside, his face is a volcano of almost every signal shade of red, turning darker and darker the closer it get to his throat. Jungkook refuses to acknowledge that he enjoyed Yoongi telling him that he was good in a roundabout way. It does nothing but cause him problems, many of which consist of him wanting to curl into a ball until someone orders him to do something. Not at all a wonderful thing.

Fucking Yoongi and his fucking teasing. One day Jungkook is going to return all the vampires teasing in full.
He runs into Seokjin of all people. Which shouldn't have happened because Taehyung is supposed to be working on a project with the older.

And it's not that Jungkook meant to run into the older but after storming away with a blush that Jungkook could consider permanent he collided head first with Seokjin's shoulder.

Rubbing at his head with a pout Jungkook whines. Not only is his face a fire, but now his head will be a different shade of red. "Hyung, what are you doing out here? Aren't you and Taehyung supposed to be working in your project."

That Jungkook soon realizes was not the right thing to ask. Seokjin's expression shifts from slight concern to an increasingly darkening scowl and exasperated eyes that narrow into slits. It's takes only a moment for Jungkook to think back on his words, decipher what earned this reaction from Seokjin and then blinking Jungkook curses Taehyung for running away.

Seokjin's hands clench and release for seconds at a time and Jungkook is so not helping Taehyung out of a potential murder. The vampire will live so long as Seokjin doesn't use anything silver.

"You wouldn't perhaps know where he is, Jungkook?" Seokjin's tone and disposition break into something just a little softer when he hunches in on himself shaking his head.

Playing with the sleeve of his borrowed shirt Jungkook lets Seokjin's hand curl around his hip, a
thumb stroking over the band of his shorts in lazy lines. This is something Seokjin does when irked—he latches onto people in an attempt to anchor himself. Often Jungkook finds he is the go to anchor because many of his friends believe he is the best at playing placater.

"Hyung," Jungkook starts leaning his head on Seokjin's shoulder. Seokjin smiles, a brief crack in his irritation and then it returns. Although the vampire will admit that it helps having Jungkook close, the human is fragile when compared to himself and others so it helps him calm down. Well, that and Seokjin detests others looking at the younger, it is easier to keep others away if Jungkook is near him, less of a chance of anyone asking the human for a favour. "I know this project is important to you—and that the subject is very personal for you—but I honestly have no idea where Taehyung is."

It's the truth Taehyung hasn't called him or anything so Jungkook has no idea where the older is. Now he just needs Seokjin to believe him or figure out a way to distract the older.

Seokjin nods against his hair nuzzling the strands and grins when he notices Hoseok's own scent mingled with the humans. It is faint now, but it is there and Seokjin calms down. Tugging Jungkook after him Seokjin heads toward a relatively private area on campus. Trees stretch above their heads reaching for the clouds and each individual one is close to the next offering a minuscule opening to spy on them.

Seokjin has taken Jungkook here before. Pulling the human down beside him, he lets Jungkook's sides. "I know you don't like me saying this, but I don't like how so many people ask to feed off you."

He knows he shouldn't bring this up, but Seokjin can't focus on Taehyung and his project with irritation bubbling up inside him. This topic is no better really, but with it he can keep Jungkook's attention on him while keeping the younger away from anyone else.

Jungkook sighs, hands in his lap as Seokjin legs, his own roam over arms and legs. It is feather light, gentle and Jungkook can't hide his appreciation. This is something the older has brought up before and Jungkook should be able to ignore it by now, but the truth is he can't.

"It's nothing bad, Hyung. It's no different from Hoseok or you asking to." Seokjin's lips press to his
shoulder the curve of his frown a reminder of the older's opinion.

"You were ours first though," Jungkook chuckles patting Seokjin's knee in comfort. He remembers being a freshman in college terrified of his roommate and avoiding anyone that ever asked to drink from him. That changed of course after Seokjin eased him into the idea and at first he had been hesitant to let anyone else drink from him, but then he let Seokjin's coven and now he's fine with anyone asking. "You never worried about missing classes because it was just us and no one had to ask if you were tired, Jungkook. Don't you miss that?"

Jungkook's head falls in a nod his eyes closing. He does miss that, more than he would ever like to admit. Not having to force himself to go to class or stay inside when he physically can't anymore. Jungkook misses that, but people do still look out for him after they ask him for something, they just never forced him to take care of himself like Seokjin and the rest of his coven.

"You have no idea how much I do."

Seokjin presses a kiss just under his ear, fingers gripping his jaw and Jungkook allows the older to continue down his neck, teeth tickling his skin on the last one, and then the weight of Seokjin's chin rests on his shoulder. "Then let's go back to that. We both know that no one would mind."

He sighs, a shiver raking through his body as Seokjin's nails taps at his side tracing names into his skin. That is something Seokjin used to do when he fed, but now Jungkook is uncertain as to why he does it.

"That's the thing, Hyung." Seokjin growls into his neck already displeased despite Jungkook not finishing his sentence. Seokjin is tired of sharing, tired of having his covers claim challenged every day. He wants Jungkook to only let them mark him. And Seokjin is aware of his possessive streak and that it will one day cause a problem but he has stopped caring. "I miss that, yes, but I don't want to go back to it. I'm happy with helping vampires, witches, anyone."

Seokjin pulls him tighter, mouth pressed to his neck and Jungkook knows the older will do nothing without permission. "They don't care about you like us though, I know they don't. They didn't when you were a freshman, we're the ones that made you comfortable, Jungkook not them."
It's a lie they both know that. Seokjin and his coven were just the first to reach out is all. A werewolf, one Jungkook is still close to had actually attempted to adopt him once, always saying that anyone can be part of a pack even if they aren't the same. Back then though he was still shy and wary of what that would bring, so Seokjin and his coven were the first to rope him in.

"You shouldn't lie, Hyung. Plenty of people tried to make me and all the other students comfortable, you guys were just the first to succeed with me." Seokjin's teeth snap at his words his other hand wrapping with Jungkook's. He still just wants his little one back is all. "That doesn't change anything though, I still care about all of you like you care about me so can't you just be happy with that?"

No, Seokjin can't and he knows he should be but he can't. None if them can really, they can lie and say they are, but none of them are happy with sharing.

He keeps Jungkook near him for a little longer tracing out the last name on Jungkook's side, it is his own and as he writes each letter with his nail Jungkook sinks into his hold. "Jimin wants to see you."

"Why?"

Seokjin shrugs his nail leaving Jungkook's side with one last fond swipe. "Just said he wanted to try something he read about, and asked me to relay the message. Oh and he'll be in his dorm."

"And Namjoon? Will he be there too?" Seokjin smiles into his neck mouthing a, maybe into his flesh and Jungkook blushes when tongue and fangs tease at his pulse point.

Tapping at Seokjin's arms in a request to be let go Jungkook smiles as he waves goodbye. He hasn't seen either Jimin or Namjoon in a while, both are hardly in their room do Jungkook can't just go knock and expect to be let inside. Although Jimin reading is amusing to him, that is usually Namjoon's hobby.
It takes only one very light knock on Jimin's door before he is being dragged inside and sat down on the older's bed. This in and of itself is not strange but the older rolling up his sleeves and reaching to undo his buttons is.

Smacking the older's have away Jungkook tugs down his sleeves with a scowl despite Jimin's annoyed, don't do that. Jimin shouldn't just mess with with his clothing. "Could we backtrack a little so that I know why you just attempted to undress me?"

So maybe it wasn't that bad, but Jungkook would still like to be asked for permission before something is removed from his body.

Jimin blinks mouth pursing and Jungkook raises a brow. "I already explained what I was doing."

"Um, no, no you didn't," Jimin's hand flicks hair away from his eyes as he talks and Jungkook bites down on his lip when the older's eyes flick to it. If there is one thing Jungkook dislikes about Jimin it would be how his stare makes him shy and flushed. It never wavers and Jungkook swears that Jimin's eyes darken with something that can never be classified as innocent. "So I would really appreciate one."

One of Jimin's hands is on his thigh tapping every few seconds and Jungkook tucks his head to his chest so that he is not forced to look Jimin in the eyes. "Did Seokjin hyung at least tell you that I've been reading something?"
"Yeah," Jimin hums pleased and his thumb swipes over the material of his shorts. "But he didn't say what."

"That's good." Jungkook shies away, his back hitting the wall when Jimin's thumb swoops down to touch his inner thigh. It is soft and slow but it sends a jolt of heat up his spine and he doesn't know why. "I never told anyone except, Namjoon what I was reading."

Jimin's head is resting on his knee cap looking up at him with a grin and Jungkook's stomach flips. "What about now? Can you tell me what you were reading?"

"Sure, it was to help you after all." Jungkook can feel Jimin's eyes on his form tracing each line and curve of his body. It should disturb him, but he has gotten used to Jimin staring. "But wait until later."

"Well can you at least tell me how it's supposed to help?"

Jimin hums again, this time deep a growl tinting the noise and Jungkook's fingers twitch as the older nuzzles his stomach. If this is part of the whole trying to help him, Jungkook wants it to stop. All it will end up doing is out him on a bed twitching and biting on the inside of his cheek so that Jimin can't hear him.

"You're always stressed so I thought I would try and find a way to help you," Jimin starts his hands slipping under Jungkook's shirt to knead the younger's sides. Jimin knows it is not the most conventional way to help the younger, but he still wants to try; he is trying to get one if two reactions after all. One is to get Jungkook to relax the other is make him blush and squirm. Either way Jimin will be pleased with himself. "And so I started reading about the human body. And I wanted to see if I could help you relax by trying out all that I learned."

"And what was it that you learned?"

Jimin flushes a light dusty pink that tells Jungkook that this whole thing is going to be less than
innocent. "I, well if you touch certain parts of the body, it's supposed to make the person relax."

Sighing, he motions for Jimin to remove himself so that Jungkook can pull his legs to his chest. "And why do you think I would be okay with this, Jimin?"

His question is ignored and Jungkook has to look away from Jimin biting his lip a fang flushing it red. "Can I just try? I'll stop as soon as you tell me to."

Jungkook searches Jimin's face for any hint of deception, when he finds no he lets his head tilt into a nod. Jimin beams up at him hands back on his thighs. "I have to roll up your shorts a little more, is that okay?"

This is by far the strangest way anyone has attempted to help him with agree. Jungkook does nod, though eyes screwing shut as Jimin eases up the fabric. "Hey, I won't do anything bad. I just want to help you, Jungkookie."

He inhales deeply as Jimin's fingers trace in the inside of his thigh. "And how is this going to do anything except make me—"

His mouth closes as Jimin's fingers reach under his knee tracing the skin and oh does Jungkook understand now. It's weird, but it feels oddly nice. It is nothing except a quick stroke and yet Jungkook feels like melting. "See, Jungkookie? It helps!"

Jungkook's eyes flutter closed and his hands twist in Jimin's sheets. He barely feels Jimin's teeth on his thigh biting lightly in both a teasing an soothing matter. It shouldn't make him feel relaxed or safe, but it does and Jungkook forgets to worry about being loud when a moan falls from his mouth.

The sound is not only from pleasure, but also from an enjoyment that Jungkook can't quitename. It is not sexual in nature, but it is intimate in a way that Jungkook finds he can appreciate.
"Open your eyes, Jungkook I want you to see me." Jimin nips at the indent of his knee and Jungkook eyes only open halfway still hooded over. Jimin smiles up at him in reassurance a silent promise that he won't do anything Jungkook doesn't want. "This is still okay, right? You're not uncomfortable?"

Not trusting himself to speak clearly Jungkook shakes his head, fingers curling when Jimin trails bites up to his stomach. His legs quiver as the older lathers his sides with soft bites of teeth and swipes of fingers.

He is able to keep his eyes open as Jimin motions for him to lift his leg. The older drags a finger down the skin until it brushes the fabric of his shorts. Mewling he forces himself to stay still when Jimin kisses the bend of his leg. Jungkook is sure his body is running hot and that his face is more than the usual delicate pink.

Jungkook is unable to keep his eyes from closing in bliss when Jimin switches to his other leg. He never hears the door open.

However, he does hear the quiet, almost breathy, "What the fuck, Jimin?" It makes his eyes snap open as mortification grows in him like a weed. There is only one other person with a key card for this room and that's Namjoon. "How long have you been doing this? I told you that you should only do it for a few minutes."

Jimin keeps him where he sits one hand on his waist the other still on his thigh and Jungkook wants to hide. His shorts are tighter than they used to be and god Jungkook feels like horrible human being for it happening. "I have only done this for a few minutes, Namjoon. And I wasn't going to do anything to him."

A large hand cups his shoulder and Jungkook hides in Namjoon's chest with a whimper. "No, no Jungkook you're fine, this is normal. Jimin should have stopped as soon as he noticed."

Jimin nuzzles his thigh as an apology and Jungkook's leg twitches. "I was going to, Hyung, but it
was the first time in forever that, Jungkook's been stress free. I just wanted to help."

He hears Namjoon sigh near his ear and can still feel Jimin near his legs except the older's hands are cradling his sides the absence of heat welcome and working to calm him down.

Namjoon smooths a hand down his arm the cold seeping into his body faster than any sort of heat could. A mouth presses just under his jaw and Jungkook swallows, the chuckle Namjoon gives, deep and familiar, helping him focus on other things.

"Jimin could you leave us for a while?"

"But, Hyung, I can help." Namjoon stares Jimin down a scowl on his face. He is not in the mood to try and reason with the younger vampire, right now he needs to calm the youngest in the room down, and while he knows Jimin's intentions are good the younger will just wind Jungkook up again.

"Jimin, leave."

The younger vampire huffs and then Jungkook feels the older ruffle his hair a sincere, "I'm really sorry, Jungkookie I just wanted to help." Meeting his ears.

After Jimin leaves Namjoon is carding hands through his hair and Jungkook leans into it far too warm to dislike the constant chill to Namjoon's limbs. "Did it actually help, Jungkook?"

He stays silent for a few minutes longer, licking his lips before he speaks. "It did," He waves a hand below his waist an remorseful tinge to his words. "But I'm sorry that happened."

Namjoon shifts closer, letting him burrow his head in the older's chest. "I told you that's normal so
don't apologize. I'm just happy that this actually helped you, since Jimin and I have been hesitant to try this."

Jungkook hums inhaling sharply when one of Namjoon's hands peel down the legs of his shorts so that they age once again their original length. "It was different, Hyung...but not unwanted."

His clothes don't feel as suffocating and Jungkook takes the chance to shift into Namjoon's thighs. When the older does nothing he circles his arms around Namjoon do that he won't fall back. "That's good, neither of us wanted this to be something to would harm you or make you uncomfortable in any way."

Namjoon tucks Jungkook under his chin as his hands drag down the younger's back, tapping his nails on each bone of Jungkook's spine.

Jungkook lets one of his arms fall down to Namjoon's waist as he curls against the taller a content sigh falling from his lips. Namjoon straightens out the rest of Jungkook's clothing as the younger slowly shifts into a more stable position.

When Namjoon stops running a hand down his back Jungkook noses the older's neck in thanks. "Could you thank, Jimin for me later?"

Namjoon hums, eyes closing in fake contemplation and Jungkook huffs in amusement used to the older's teasing. "Yeah, I could do that for you."

Namjoon ease Jungkook up until the younger is completely seated in his lap before leaving back so that his back meets the cotton of Jimin's bed.

"Jungkook," The younger taps his arm in acknowledgement. "Do you think you would let Jimin or I try this again? You said it helped so maybe we could try it again?"
Jungkook moves from under namjoon's chin so that he can look the older in the eyes, grinning. "Maybe, but only if you stop before this happens again."

All Namjoon does is chuckle before answering. "Maybe. Sometimes you're too entertaining to stop." Jungkook whines hiding his face again as it turns pink. "I'm just kidding, Jungkook. We will tell you next time."

Namjoon's hands rest on the small of Jungkook's back when the younger nods. Both of them know that the younger is not going to his last class.

And really, neither can find it within themselves to care
Jungkook/Namjoon

Chapter Notes

Requested by Anonymous: Hello! I really like your story and the fact that you wrote namkook! Can i request a highschool au namkook? Thank you!

Warnings: Bullying, External Homophobia

Jungkook closes his locker with more force than necessary but he is annoyed and running on about three hours of sleep so he really can't find it within himself to care.

"Well no need to try and kill it, Jungkook." Some of the tension falls from his shoulders when he hears Namjoon's voice close to his ear.

Jungkook can imagine the older's grin teasing and fond as he looks from Jungkook to the locker. He also already knows what will come out of Namjoon's mouth next.

"What pissed you off to the point you had to take it out on that poor locker?" Bingo. One word right after the other and Jungkook shrugs one shoulder. Namjoon sighs an arm settling across the length of the younger's back. "Are they going on about what happened last week."

His cheeks burn as he hides his head in the curve of Namjoon's shoulder. Jungkook is gay and really Namjoon seems to be the only person fine with that. So of course with that behind him Jungkook had taken a chance and attempted to ask to ask out the student he has had a crush on since he was a freshman.

Needless to say it didn't turn out the way he wished.

"If they continue messing with you, Jungkook I could deal with them?" Namjoon tugs him into the
courtyard before setting him down on one of the scattered tables. It is lunch now and Jungkook just
doesn't want to be left alone.

"No, I'm fine—it's just I'm so tired of it all." Namjoon pets his hair and Jungkook knows why, it is
the most sure-fire way to get him to smile. "But thanks for the offer anyway."

Namjoon laughs the sound like tinkling bells to Jungkook's ears and he has to turn away when the
older's gaze searches for his own. Jungkook will never admit it, but he's had a crush on Namjoon
for years, too. A horrid and constantly embarrassing crush that's only goal in life is to make
Jungkook trip over his own feet whenever Namjoon smiles, or laughs, or acts Namjoon-Like;
meaning ever day of Jungkook's life is full hazards.

He will never tell Namjoon about his crush because that will no doubt ruin their friendship
something Jungkook desperately wants to avoid. Namjoon is the only person that doesn't spend
every moment of his life ridiculing Jungkook, or trying to make him 'normal'.

Pulling his legs to his chest Jungkook's lips purse into a frown as he scratches the red paint off the
table with his nail.

"Hyung," Namjoon hums, arm still on Jungkook's shoulder, his fingers tapping a tune only he can
hear. "Do you think I'll ever someone that like me for being me?"

"Yeah," Namjoon says so much conviction and warmth is his tone that it sort of makes Jungkook
want to cry. "You will. I'm sure if it."

Jungkook doesn't realize that he's already found someone like that, but that's okay Namjoon doesn't
mind. He just wants to make the younger happy.
You would think that notes being stuffed in a locker would stop being a thing. Yeah, how about no.

Jungkook watches as notes scrawled with slurs fall to the ground by his feet. The words ricochet in his head like a bullet. He bites down on his lip so hard he thinks it will bleed. That's fine all the pain in the world is fine so long as he doesn't show how much it affects him.

Forcing a grin on his face Jungkook scoops the messages into his hand and throws them away. Those people don't matter to him so their words shouldn't hurt him.

If Jungkook hides his pain, then eventually they will stop. Or he can continue to hope so.

It takes him all of five seconds to slam against Namjoon's chest and cling to the older as soon as he enters the classroom. Jungkook can show weakness with the older right now. No one else is in the room and Jungkook needs some kind of optimism

Namjoon strokes a hand down his back slow yet firm, the heat from his palm already shoving away Jungkook's negative thoughts. "What did they do?"

The words are soft and Jungkook knows the other will never force him to talk. He always ends up telling Namjoon because the other deserves his honesty. "Notes in my locker," Jungkook pauses gnawing on his lip in nervousness, and then slower voice wavering he adds, "Again."
Namjoon's expression changes and while Jungkook's knows the displeasure is not directed at him, he can't help but shrink in on himself. The older rubs at his shoulders in an apology a gentle smile forming on Namjoon's lips and it is one that Namjoon reserves just for Jungkook.

"Jungkook," He starts forcing the younger to look him in the eye. "Did you save any? You can't let this continue, okay?"

"I know." Is all Jungkook mumbles as Namjoon goes on about possibly yelling the principle. Except Jungkook can't do that, it will only make everything worse. The words and actions against him will grow worse and worse until he is reduced to nothing.

Namjoon pulls Jungkook flush to his front and tilts the younger's head up. "The next time this happens save everything and then come straight to me. We'll deal with this together."

Jungkook nods unsure if he will follow Namjoon's directions or take the cowards way out.

On the other hand Namjoon's mind is made up. The next time this happens 'he is getting involved'.

The next and last time Jungkook is ridiculed Namjoon decks the guy who started everything in the face.
Jungkook stares fixated on the way the other student head slams on concrete. Namjoon's other hand is twined with his own and Jungkook is hearing every word coming out of Namjoon's mouth but he just can't process it.

The older drags him away after his display and speech on how it will happen to the next person that tries anything against Jungkook. It stuns him because as far as Jungkook was aware Namjoon considered himself a pacifist.

"Hyung...I, you—" He is never given the chance to formulate an intelligent sentence as Namjoon's mouth slots against his own all kinds of desperate and terrified.

Jungkook doesn't remember closing his eyes throughout any of that quick but fervent action, but here he is finding his eyes fluttering open.

"Namjoon, why?" Is the only thing Jungkook can force out mind mixed with a bliss that he's never experienced along with an all consuming puzzlement.

"I'm so tired of all of this—of you dealing with this on your own and not letting me doing anything to help," Namjoon's hands cradle his face with a tenderness that has always been there, but Jungkook is just start to realize that it is there. "You don't have to ask if there's someone out there for you or if someone cares. Because I do and I've been waiting for years, Jungkook."

Jungkook doesn't remember running away, away from Namjoon, from school, he doesn't remember doing it but he knows it happened. And he knows that he is terrified.

He misses the way Namjoon smiles at his fleeing form no malice found in it, only warmth and his eyes hold only patience.

Namjoon's heart doesn't break, he won't allow it to. If Jungkook will let him, he will still be the
More than fear twists in his belly as Jungkook shuffles up to Namjoon. He ran away from the older so, he is expecting Namjoon to want nothing to do with him.

Swallowing Jungkook forces down all the anxiety that has welled up inside him. "I'm sorry for yesterday, Hyung. It was rude of me and I understand if you want nothing to do with me."

Namjoon sighs before ruffling Jungkook's hair, a smile on his face so bright that Jungkook can feel his face light up. "I still meant what I said. If you would give me a chance then neither of us would have to deal with this on our own."

Jungkook's eyes flick from Namjoon to the floor.

"Even if you don't want to date me—and I'm fine with that—I'll still be there for you if you need me." Leaning close to the older Jungkook nods pressing a chaste kiss to Namjoon's cheek before hiding his face against a table.

All he gets is an amused chuckle and a hand caressing his cheek. Jungkook is not naive enough to think that now that they are dating that all the comments and slurs will stop, but one day they will hurt less until eventually they don't bother him at all.

"Hey, Jungkook?" He turns his head a shy smile on his face as Namjoon holds up a bag of notes.
"Why don’t we get them to stop?“
Requested by Anonymous: Can I request for Jinkook where Jin is the mafia boss and Jungkook is his boyfriend who's just a normal school boy. Jin decides to take him to his gang's usual hang out place and Jungkook looks so out of place that other gang groups would crowd on him and touch him (like touch his cheeks and hair or thighs but not groping) and Jin got angry and got into a fight so Kookie took him to Seokjin's motel room to fix his wounds (can it be smut? If not it's kay :D also bottom Jungkook) thanks!

This is my first attempt at real smut(How does one even smut?), so I would appreciate any constructive criticism if anyone has any to give.

Seokjin expected many things when he took Jungkook, his boy of three years, to his groups go to joint. It's the just a few blocks down from Jungkook's college. Seokjin and his group never stay out in the open long it often, so whenever they gather it is only lasts for a while before all of them rent a room.

The majority of what Seokjin expected to happen when he introduced Jungkook to everyone is the resounding question of, Why the fuck is he dating you? Because his group is full of little shits that Seokjin constantly has to put back into their place. He has never cared if it is meant as a joke, Seokjin does not fuck around in meetings.

Of course, his expectations are shot and then burned in a fire when Jungkook tucks his head to his chest, smiling shy and utterly adorable in his eyes. Seokjin has always admired Jungkook's seamless transition from confident and headstrong to demure and hesitant.

"Hyung," Jimin calls scrambling to sit next to Jungkook who blushes scarlet at the sudden attention. Seokjin sighs nodding to signal that he is listening, his eyes narrowing as Jimin pokes Jungkook’s cheek with an almost childish grin. "What's his name?"
Jungkook’s hands wring in the hem of his sweater, the pastel pink one that Seokjin bought for him. He watches on a tilt to his lip, Jungkook doesn't seem uncomfortable, just uncertain so he won't interfere.

Sitting down Seokjin crosses his leg over the other movement controlled and oozing out restrained havoc. He is not a boss for any silly reason, he could kill everyone in the room if he wished to. "This," He waves a hand in Jungkook's direction grin full of malice when everyone's eyes settle on his form. At least Jungkook is not being forced into the spotlight. "Is Jeon Jungkook."

Jimin giggles the sound low and teasing as he pets Jungkook's cheek. "His skin is soft. Have you ever been in a fight, Jungkookie?"

Soon Taehyung, Jimin's partner in crime is settling on Jungkook's other side, agreeing with the older as soon as he plays with Jungkook's fingers.

Seokjin watches on a snarl growing in his face. He is well aware that his men will not do anything indecent to anyone that doesn't allow it, but Jungkook is 'his' boy and Seokjin does not appreciate all the touching. The other reason Seokjin appreciates none of this is because there are other groups that do not have such inhibitions.

Jungkook hides his head, hair bouncing as Hoseok, his resident gun smuggler, plays with it twirling strands with his fingers. "I've never been in a fight before." And then after Taehyung asks about guns he adds, "And no one has ever taught me how to use one."

Seokjin hears a coo come from all three of them as Jimin turns toward him. "He's such a greenhorn, Hyung. Can we keep him?"

His eyes twitch at the question and his fingers dig into the leather of his seat. Out of the corner of his eye Seokjin spies Namjoon and Yoongi conversing with another group, attempting to persuade them to stay away. This is one of the things Seokjin's wished he had expected; Jungkook drawing the interest of other groups.
His own group Seokjin can deal with (even if he doesn't wish to), but if anyone else attempts to put their slimy mitts on his boy then Seokjin is committing murder.

Letting his gaze roam back to Jungkook, he smiles in reassurance as the younger looks to him eyes wide and mouth parted in confusion. Seokjin has to admit seeing anyone from his group treat Jungkook like porcelain makes his heart sweep with pride. At least his men know how to be decent and not let their hands stray.

Hoseok's chin is tucked in Jungkook's hair as his arms wind around the younger's front, as he attempts to coax Jungkook into letting him play with the younger's hand. Taehyung and Jimin are still poking Jungkook's skin and fingers, laughing as the younger pouts between them skin flushing a brighter shade of red as the seconds pass.

Seokjin still finds him beautiful like this shy and soft as people attempt to lather him with compliments and affection. He knows the other is not accustomed to any of this, but if Jungkook plans to associate himself with Seokjin then this will be something he must grow used to with Seokjin's group.

When Namjoon and Yoongi return, they are not smiling and Seokjin straightens in his seat. "So, what do they want?"

"Ah, about that," Namjoon says easing out the conversation. When Seokjin narrows his eyes Yoongi steps before him.

"They want to see him."

Seokjin grits his teeth, voice strained. "And why would they want that?"
Yoongi’s eyes flit from him to Jungkook an almost fond twitch to his mouth and Seokjin shoves down the need to rip it off. "He's new, doesn't seem like he belongs here. So do tell me, Seokjin why wouldn't someone wish to interact with something they can't have?"

Seokjin glares down at the floorboards fingers tapping on his knees. "Jungkook, could you come here for a moment."

Three noises of displeasure rise up when Jungkook removes himself from the couch so that he may instead shuffle up to Seokjin face still a dusty pink and smile all too precious.

Cupping the younger's face Seokjin bumps their heads together so that Jungkook will be the only person to hear him. "Some people would like to meet you, would you be okay with that"

Jungkook hesitates sucking his bottom lip between his teeth before slowly he nods. Playing with the hair on the back of Jungkook's neck Seokjin continues. "A few of them may touch you like Jimin or Taehyung. Do you think you can deal with that?"

Jungkook nods once more his voice quiet as he speaks. "I can do it because you're here, Hyung. You won't let anything bad happen to me."

He leans forward, pressing a kiss to the corner of Jungkook's mouth. Tilting away Seokjin lets Jungkook return to the couch, but not before squeezing Jungkook wrist as a promise.

Once Jungkook is back on the couch, the trio that once marvelled over him now move to stand in a circle like the rest of Seokjin's group. A group of soldiers ready to interfere if anything happens, Seokjin thinks he has trained them all well.

He keeps his gaze locked on Jungkook as his first acquaintance strolls over, one of her hands—that Seokjin knows can wrap around Jungkook throat if she wished to—tilting Jungkook's chin up so that he looks into her eyes.
Park Minah, she has a gentle countenance when compared to others, but that in no way means she commands any less respect than anyone else in the room. Seokjin has seen her cripple men and women twice her size without so much as breaking a sweat. Needless to say he is not pleased with her being so close to Jungkook.

"He's a tiny thing isn't he, Seokjin?" Her tone is not mocking in any way, but Seokjin takes it as such. Jungkook's lips twitch shyly and Minah giggles with amusement her free hand coming up to move hair out of his eyes. "You should have introduced him sooner. After all, it's not often all us meet someone new."

Jungkook blinks at him and Seokjin is hit with how the younger is trusting him, without any fear or hesitance and Seokjin is certain that if it comes down to it heads will roll.

He pulls on his cufflinks eyes fond as he sees the curl of pink on Jungkook's face. Pretty, his boy is far too pretty. "I like to keep my secrets, Minah. He is one of them."

Minah's lips slip to something graceful, but dangerous and one of her fingers twine in Jungkook's hair. His boy is doing so well. Jungkook is sitting with his body turned in Seokjin's direction, but he is respectful to Minah all the while. Jungkook is doing well, so so well.

Yet acid still builds in his throat as her hands play with Jungkook's hair. It is not groping in any way and Jungkook does not seem uncomfortable, but Seokjin abhors him being touched by anyone else. Intentions innocent or salacious it will never matter.

They continue their conversation and Seokjin suspected that while Minah may very well be curious about Jungkook, her ultimate reason for speaking to him is for a business deal.

It is almost impossible to keep his full attention on the building contract between them as Minah strikes Jungkook's hair like he is a kitten, but Seokjin gets it done. Even though by the end of it his hands are clenched, his smile is tight and he is sure he will not be put up with anyone else petting Jungkook.
Unfortunately, that is exactly what he gets once Nam Duri makes his presence known. He is one of the Seokjin's main suppliers, and while Duri is of the respectable sort his hands do wander, though never with malicious intent. The man will never touch anyone without consent because of The Incident from three almost four years ago.

He greets Seokjin first, and then introduces himself to Jungkook a charming smile on his young face. "May I?"

Duri is gesturing to Jungkook’s hand and Seokjin withholds a grimace, this is normal for the younger man it is how he greets everyone. However, this particular time Seokjin wishes he wouldn't.

Jungkook tilts his head, looking at Seokjin for reassurance only offering his hand when his boyfriend nods his consent. A blush creeps onto Jungkook ears as Duri kisses his palm and Seokjin's teeth grind.

"If you are done with formalities why don't we move along." His words come out as an order and out of the corner of his eye Seokjin finds his men moving closer, aware of his ire.

Duri sits beside Jungkook yet another whispered, "May I?" As he asks to rest his palm on Jungkook's thigh. His boy looks at him, eyes flicking about in unease and Seokjin shakes his head no.

With that their conversation starts and at first it flows like water with minuscule interruptions. Until Seokjin notices that Duri's hand is on Jungkook's thigh petting. He is not certain if it just that or the way Duri's other hand pats Jungkook's cheek while the one of his thigh traces skin that has him up and wrenching the man away by the collar of his shirt.

Seokjin has never considered himself an impulsive man, however, there is a first time for everything.
Their scuffle can’t be considered small once both their men get involved. Seokjin thinks he should appreciate how his men jumped in without any hesitance, but he can’t—not with the image of fingers on Jungkook’s skin; fingers that are ‘not his’.

A drum pounds in his ears as Duri’s skull clashes with concrete. A ring catches on the flesh of his cheek and Seokjin snarls, nails returning the favour. Somehow they end up in the middle of the bar Duri’s hands attempting to curl around his neck while he fists a hand in the younger’s shirt to lift then slam the other down. A rhythm begins after Duri’s hands fall limp.

Thump after thump greets him as bone meets the floor. Seokjin has no qualms with murder or the reason being something like this, but he freezes once Jungkook pulls at his shirt shouting—or maybe crying? He can’t tell.

He follows the hands grabbing at him pliantly leaning into the hand that cups his jaw when they are outside. Jungkook’s hand is warm and soft and Seokjin wonders why the younger stays with him. He is no doubt a mess right now with blood on his lip and nose, cuts stretching over his cheeks and neck. Jungkook really deserves better than him.

Jungkook kisses the other side of his jaw quick and so fleeting that Seokjin wants the younger to do it again. "Let’s just go home, Hyung." Is whispered into his skin just as warm as Jungkook himself. "We’ll get you cleaned up, and...and then..."

Jungkook’s voice tapers off words becoming shaky, almost croaked out. Seokjin grips Jungkook’s hand with his own, his eyes fluttering shut. "Okay, okay, let’s go home. Just me and you."

So they walk, shoulder to shoulder Jungkook’s head resting on Seokjin’s. His apartment is only a few more blocks away, but to him it feels like eternity, he would be fine it it really was too.

The first thing Jungkook does when they walk through the door is lead him to their room a gentle smile on his face as he orders Seokjin to stay. Seokjin listens, sighing loud and tired fingers popping the buttons of his shirt. He will clean it in the morning.
Once Jungkook pads back in, arms wrapped around his medical kit Seokjin can't hope to hide his appreciative smile. The younger crouches before him touch lighter than a feather. Seokjin stops himself from flinching when the first burn of alcohol reaches his skin. Jungkook will not laugh at him for flinching yet Seokjin can't help but force the reaction away; he never wishes to seen weak.

When Jungkook moves to his hands Seokjin swoops down to nuzzle his boy's face, peppering tiny kisses on his eyelids and mouth. Jungkook hums at his actions, but stays focused on his task. That's okay Seokjin can wait, it's what he's best at.

Jungkook finishes wrapping one hand and moves onto the other a flush creeping on his face. Seokjin grins into his neck, his wrapped hand coming up to stroke through Jungkook's ink strands. "Mine,"

"Yours." Jungkook agrees tilting his head down so that Seokjin's mouth slots against his own. It is messy yet tender; controlled, but free. Seokjin loves kissing Jungkook.

He shouldn't be doing this. Not after a fight, but he needs this—needs to know that Jungkook still trusts him enough after his scuffle.

Jungkook rises with him, chasing after Seokjin as the older pulls him into a lap by his arms. Seokjin never hurts him and always asks before they do anything further. Hands glide under his sweater caressing the skin and Jungkook coils close to the heat of Seokjin's body.

The hand in Jungkook's hair snakes down to his spine and then lower, fitting itself under soft material and pressing like a missing puzzle piece on the small of Jungkook's back.

When Seokjin moves away to bite at his neck Jungkook pecks each cut on the older's face. The older rumbles pleased and soon his hand is tugging at the band of Jungkook's shorts. "You're so needy, Jungkook." One of Seokjin's hands move to palm at the front of Jungkook's shorts, thumb flicking over the growing stain earning a low groan from the younger. "Already hard and leaking. But that's what makes you so beautiful, only I make you like this don't I, baby?"
Jungkook mewls into his neck nodding afraid that his voice will break. "You want more? Can Hyung give you more?"

Seokjin is always so so gentle and sometimes it's not fair because Jungkook just wants the older to be rough with him, but he's fine with being taken care of. When he nods once more Seokjin stretches out an arm to ruffle through their draw. The low hum he gives and the popping of a cap makes Jungkook shudder.

Soon his shorts are on the floor as Seokjin grinds up against him just as hard and pulsing. Fingers tap at his thighs and Jungkook rises, so that Seokjin can pull his shorts down and off in one smooth movement, the pads of his fingers skating over the inside of Jungkook's thigh.

As Seokjin talks one of his fingers tease at Jungkook's entrance the cold lube making it twitch. "You're so good for me, Jungkook."

Jungkook's hands grip at Seokjin's shoulders after two fingers are in, groaning high and needy in his throat and falling to meet each curl and press of Seokjin's fingers. Soon his sweater is off, thrown on the floor, Seokjin's mouth closing on one of his nipples, teasing the bud with his tongue until it is soft and rose. A third finger joins the others as Jungkook meets each push.

The younger is all but hissing into Seokjin's neck when the older removes them. It had felt so 'nice' and the older had taken that away from him. "Oh, hush now, Jungkook. Something better will be there soon."

He busies himself with grinding down on Seokjin thighs sobbing when a firm hand closes around his cock the renting sound of a zipper meeting his ears. "H-Hyung, please, just let me-" A squeeze and Jungkook moans into the older's skin, trying to fuck himself into Seokjin's hand.

While he is distracted Seokjin lathers lube over his cock, stroking until he is certain the younger will be able to take him without much pain. Jungkook has always been impatient with sex, and Seokjin likes to think it is because he is so much more sensitive, never lasts as long as him without
Sheathing himself Seokjin gives an appreciative growl, his once free hand cupping Jungkook's waist as he meets the younger's bouncing with sharp thrusts. Jungkook whimpers near the column of his throat delirious with something finally in him and Seokjin finds if more adorable than anything. Jungkook's face flushes an even deeper red and his mouth falls open in a quiet whine as Seokjin starts stroking him again.

"Just let me take care of you, Jungkook." The younger's nails dig into his shoulder blades as he flicks his wrist and swipes his thumb over the younger's sensitive head, thrusts reaching Jungkook's sweet spot every time. "After all, you already took care of me didn't you, baby?"

Jungkook croaks out a breaking, "Yes!" In between his cursing, walls clenching around him warm, tight, and like they were made to take Seokjin.

His hips stutter up, becoming more rushed and Jungkook whines at the loss of delirious pleasure, only to choke out a groan when Seokjin moves to his chest, thumb teasing at the previously ignored bud.

Their breaths mingle as Jungkook buries his face into Seokjin's neck, a loud whimper wrenched from his mouth as ropes of white coat both his and Seokjin's stomach. Seokjin follows soon after as Jungkook clenches down on him one last time sending him over the edge with a guttural hiss.

Seokjin pets through sweat soaked hair quiet praise from his lips. His shoulders sting, but cleaning Jungkook up and making him comfortable is far more important than that. Jungkook snuggles into his form skin slick and pink when Seokjin eases him off. Settling his boy on their bed Seokjin kisses his cheek before going to grab a towel.

Jungkook, his beautiful Jungkook may deserve more than him, but Seokjin is happy if Jungkook is happy. However the next time he brings Jungkook to that bar no one is going to set so much as a finger on him.
"Whose idea was this again?" Yoongi bites out sarcastically wiping powder off his face and out of his hair.

Let's bake a cake Jungkook had said. It would be fun he said. Except now the both of them are doused in powder—although, Yoongi will admit that seeing the younger sprinkled with white is doing nothing good for his imagination; especially the dots of white on Jungkook's lips—and still have nothing to show for their efforts.

Jungkook shuffles from foot to foot, his locks moving with each sway and as much as Yoongi doesn't wish to admit it, he can't stay annoyed with the younger often. "M sorry, Yoongi hyung, I just really wanted to try this with you."

He can see the start of a pout on Jungkook's face as the younger tilts his head. Sighing he ruffles Jungkook's hair only grimacing when flour sticks itself between his fingers. Yoongi has never appreciated foreign substances making themselves at home on his skin.

When Jungkook looks at him with a wobbly lip and equally pitiful eyes Yoongi's mask breaks. He can't be mad at this, Jungkook has wanted to do something with him, it's not Jungkook's fault that their kitchen became a war zone. He had helped with that after all.

"Why don't we clean up first? And then we'll talk about what we're going to do next?" Jungkook nods the flour stuck to his eyelashes a distraction Yoongi does not appreciate at all. It draws too much of his attention away from Jungkook's eye, or rather just from Jungkook himself.

"Okay, Hyung." It comes out quite and apologetic and Yoongi curls an already flour covered arm around a flour covered waist to tug Jungkook upstairs.

Their carpet is going to be a hell to clean; Yoongi is not at all looking forward to that adventure.
As soon as they have extra clothing and a bath running Yoongi's ire melts away while a gleeful smile tilts on Jungkook's lips.

Yoongi starts a countdown in his head, he's known Jungkook for years now so he's quite confident in what to expect in five or so minutes. It will more than likely be about what they're going to do about dinner—considering their attempt was a fiasco.

While he waits Yoongi goes to Jungkook's aid by helping the younger wash out the flour in his hair. The strands are not sticky as they are clumped together, yet Yoongi still finds the action of carding fingers through the younger's hair soothing.

"Hyung," Jungkook speaks up right as five minutes pass and Yoongi hums, fingers uncurling from Jungkook's hair. "What do you want to get for dinner? Considering our attempt was a catastrophe."

He shrugs, chin booking over a now clean but still boney shoulder. "I'm fine with anything really."

Jungkook snorts hitting his ankle playfully. "You're such wonderful help. Really you are."

Yoongi smiles in the curve of Jungkook's shoulder kissing it once before retreating. "I know," The huff Jungkook gives tells him that the exhale was followed by an eye roll. "But how about we go get lamb skewers?"

Jungkook's head tilts back to rest in his chest and Yoongi is greeted with a bright smile teeth showing and pinks flushed pink. And of course Jungkook's eyes sparkle at any mention of food, but right now they seem brighter, almost like stars.

"Can we really, Hyung?" The excitement in Jungkook's voice would make it impossible to say no.

"Yeah," Yoongi says eyes fond and grin even more so. "We can."
Namjoon has an odd fondness for both his soulmate and his mark.

He has never been the most extroverted person, nor the most talkative, or well he could be on certain subjects, but most of his hobbies were considered boring. Still Namjoon never expected his first soulmate mark to appear in school—hadn't even noticed when it inked itself on his skin.

Most consider finding their soulmate some magical and easy feat. It's not. Namjoon's appeared in his drama class, where a multitude of the students shout over each other in order to get the idea in the air.

Namjoon was sitting near the front book in his lap paying little to no attention to the passing conversations around him. By the middle if the year he's learned to tune out the repetitive yells of, "Why do we have to do Hamlet?" Or "Can't we try something different this time? Improv exercises maybe?"

And really Namjoon should have been paying attention to what was going on around him because soon enough he would be sorted into a group for the activity of the day. Not only that, but among those shouting students was the one that caused the cursive to form on his arm curling up to his elbow. Except too engrossed in his book Namjoon took no notice of it.
His head jerks up only when the teacher shouts appointing numbers to forty something kids in the auditorium. Namjoon's own number had been five.

Sighing and marking his page Namjoon slips his book back into his bag before making his way toward the other fives.

His group is smaller than the rest an even four unlike the other groups of five or more. Namjoon is thankful for the tiny amount of people in his group, less of a hassle to control.

Looking at the other three students Namjoon drags a hand through his hair. He's going to have to start off with introduction. And that's normal in this class when brainstorming for ideas or as the teacher says, *So that all of you will get along.*

Namjoon has considered that an impossible feat—there will *always* be people that just can't stand each other.

"Kim Namjoon," Silence greets him. Lips twitching up Namjoon continues. "And I guess we'll be working together for the week."

That earns a scoff from one of two girls in his group. "Yeah, on the same project every year."

All he does is shrug, not at all caring about her frustration. Namjoon may not be good at acting, but he likes the class well enough, he's learned about myths and actors that probably never would have learned about in any other way.

Turning away from her Namjoon puts on a warm grin as he looks to the last two people in his group. Both are rather willowy but Namjoon can see a slight pink on the boy's face.
"Name?" The boy's eyes widen as Namjoon points at him and be really tries not to notice how deep they are. He fails. Namjoon's eyes look from the other's eyes up to his hair and then down to his hands a swirl of letters catching his attention.

The boy has a soulmate.

Namjoon continues to stare transfixed on the lettering even as the other answers him voice quiet, hesitant with a tinge of what sounds like wariness. "Jeon Jungkook, and could you please stop staring?"

He snaps his eyes back up to Jungkook's face smiling apologetically. It's impossible for him not to feel smug at how the other's face paints a richer red at his smile.

After that introduction go smoothly and so does the groups conversation. Except Namjoon finds himself looking at Jungkook's mark more and more often as the class goes on.

It in turn makes Jungkook curl his arm in his lap a permanent pout on his lips and Namjoon wonders when he started considering it cute. He attempts to keep his attention elsewhere, but he always ends up looking at Jungkook.

Once the class ends Namjoon is not sure what compelled him to grab Jungkook by the arm, bolt for his bag and then leave, but he does all of that. Of course, pulling Jungkook is not an easy task, the younger digs his heels into the floor tugging away from him.

Namjoon wonders if this could be called kidnapping? It takes maybe more than a handful of minutes for him to reach one of his hiding areas, places where he goes for peace and quiet.

Jungkook gives a huff when they stop all while attempting to wrench his arm out of namjoon's
hold. "Y'know, this is harassment! I could get you expelled for this."

Namjoon rolls his eyes, snickering at the frustrated release of air Jungkook gives. The younger is bluffing and they both know it. Jungkook, he has learned in only an hour does not share his problems with strangers.

"I just want to see it."

"Why?" Jungkook scoffs brows furrowing in puzzlement. "You have one so just look at yours."

"I don't—"

"You do." Namjoon freezes as Jungkook yanks on his arm pulling it so that the both of them can see the ink on his skin. "See? So just look at yours and—oh fuck."

Namjoon's gaze flicks back to Jungkook his stomach twisting at the way the others face falls. He looks back to his arm and then back at Jungkook. "You said this?"

"I-I can't, you can't be my soulmate," Namjoon won't acknowledge how much those words hurt. He is aware of how some people don't wish for a soulmate and maybe that's what Jungkook was hoping for. And Namjoon himself has always been indifferent to having one. "I already have one."

Jungkook's voice gets watery at the end and Namjoon reaches for his hand looking for his name. It's not there, only the crooked scrawl of, you don't have to smile if you don't want to.

Namjoon lets it fall without a word before wiping the water at the corner of Jungkook's eyes. He's not interested in a relationship never has been, but Namjoon is interested in figuring this out—and possibly gaining a companion out of it.
"Hey, don't cry, okay?" Jungkook gives a hesitant nod eyes screwing shut in an attempt to keep any tears from falling. "We'll figure this out."

He waits until Jungkook calms down before asking any questions. The both of them can figure this out later, when they actually have time. "Your soulmate, what are they like?"

"He," Namjoon tilts his head to the side a coaxing grin on his face as Jungkook's expression brightens. "My soulmate's a guy, and he's wonderful. He always tells me that it's okay to be sad sometimes—that I don't have to bottle everything up."

"So he takes care of you?" Namjoon's not certain how they ended up crumpled next to a wall or how Jungkook ended up in his lap, head tucked against his shoulder.

"Yeah," Jungkook laughs out eyelashes tickling namjoon's skin. "He always makes sure I'm okay, and tries to cheer me up when I'm down."

This becomes normal. Namjoon hunts Jungkook down no matter where his is on campus, they head to the library power through texts and somehow Namjoon ends up asking about Jungkook's soulmate, whose name he found out just a few weeks ago is Kim Taehyung.

They are in the library when he finally asks if Jungkook would mind introducing him.

"Why?" He asks, voice a mix between excitement and hesitance. "How would that help us?"

"It won't," Jungkook's lips purse and his eyes narrow, but Namjoon can see the fondness in his eyes. Although Jungkook thinks he is good at hiding his emotions he's really not. "But don't you think it would be better if your first soulmate met your other one?"
Jungkook bites on his bottom lip, eyes falling to gaze at the table. "What if Taehyung doesn't like you?"

He shrugs reaching out a have to ruffle Jungkook's hair, Namjoon is not the one that needs to be protected, Jungkook is. And while the younger may not agree with him, Namjoon won't care. "Well then he won't like me, it's not a big deal, Jungkook."

"Yes it is!" Jungkook's cheeks puff out and Namjoon shakes his head. "I want you two to get along so it does matter."

"Well, there's only one way for us to see if he'll approve of me or not."

"God, Namjoon he's my soulmate not my boyfriend."

"Close enough."

The best way to describe what Taehyung is feeling right now would be neutral. He is not against meeting the person Jungkook has been talking about, but he is also not enthusiastic about it.

Jungkook's hand is clammy in his own and Taehyung bumps their heads together, breaking the
other from whatever he was thinking about. "Stop worrying so much. If you think he is worth introducing then that's good enough for me."

His words, earn him a thankful smile and crinkled eyes, something Taehyung has openly admitted that he finds adorable. "It's just I'm nervous and I really hope the both of you will get along, Taehyung."

Patting Jungkook's cheek, he goes back to looking out for Jungkook's newest soulmate. And again that is something Taehyung is neutral to. He is fine with Jungkook having multiple soulmates, it would help really, because sometimes Taehyung can't help Jungkook and maybe someone else could.

"Why did you wait so long, Jungkook?" The younger hums letting go of Taehyung's to wipe the sweat on his jeans.

"I don't know." Jungkook admits looking toward the ground, lips tilting down. Chuckling Taehyung pinches one of his cheeks until Jungkook is swatting at his hand with a giggle. "I think I was worried that I wasn't doing the right thing, or just scared, maybe?"

All he does is nod before he is being tugged along gaze fixed on the smile blooming bright on Jungkook's mouth. Looking to where Jungkook is heading Taehyung lets a grin slip onto his face.

Whoever makes Jungkook smile like this is worth trying to get to know.

Jungkook comes to a stop and Taehyung curls their hands together once more. He knows that Jungkook likes having something to hold onto when nervous.

"Namjoon Hyung, this is Taehyung," Namjoon grins expression open and welcoming. Taehyung sticks out a hand making sure to check Jungkook's expression when Namjoon grabs it. The younger looks pleased a tiny smile matching with an equally light blush.
“Jungkook talk about you all the time,” Namjoon says, tilting his head in Jungkook’s direction and Taehyung doesn’t even hide how pleased he is. “And I would like to hope only good things have been said about me.”

He nods his head, tugging Jungkook forward so he can sling arm over the younger’s shoulders. “All he talks about nowadays. Jungkook says you look out for him at college, help him with some of his classes, too.”

If this ends up being true, then Taehyung will not have to worry as much. He is not able to be around Jungkook all the time or really as often as he would like to be, so having someone else around to help make sure Jungkook is okay would be welcome.

“That’s because he does help me, Hyung. Don’t you, Namjoon?” Jungkook is bouncing on the balls of his feet as he waits for an answer and Taehyung’s opinion of Namjoon is as good as it will get.

“I only help you with understanding scripts, Jungkook. And that’s not much, considering you’re pretty good at figuring them out on your own.”

Taehyung’s grin grows bigger as the two continue their conversation. Namjoon will be good for Jungkook, Taehyung knows he will.

“Hey, Jungkook didn’t you want to grab a few things today?” Jungkook’s eyes sparkle as he nods.

“You’ll come with me, right?”

Taehyung nods. He would never be able to say no to Jungkook especially if he asked with wide, trusting eyes and an all too bright smile. “Yeah, we will. I just need to talk to, Namjoon for a few minutes and then we'll make our way inside.”
Jungkook spares them one last look before walking into the bookstore he always asks Taehyung to go to with him. Now Jungkook can still go with someone even if he isn't in town.

"Namjoon," He waits for the other to look at him before continuing. Taehyung is not trying to scare or threaten the man off and he hopes Namjoon understands that. "I would appreciate it if you would continue to stick around, but if you do anything to hurt him I can't promise that things will end well for you."

All Namjoon does is smile, teeth gleaming and eyes closed. "I know and I expect the same from you."

Seokjin grins up at both Jungkook and Namjoon from across the bar.

"So you're the one, Jungkook's be going on about lately?" In Seokjin's opinion Namjoon is decent enough, or seems that way. Jungkook only offers praise after praise when he talks about the man after all. "Wonderful to finally meet you in person."

Namjoon offers up a grin as Jungkook sits chin balanced on one of his hands and Seokjin is not bothered by the eyes tracing his features. It is something Jungkook has always done.

"Same for you." Is all Namjoon gives almost all of his attention focused on Jungkook and Seokjin smiles to himself. He has no doubt that Namjoon will fit well with their group.
"To celebrate your netting you want anything? It's on the house." He ignores Jungkook's warning, Seokjin hyung, you know we have class tomorrow, Seokjin won't change the tradition of offering those of age a drink if Jungkook introduces them.

Namjoon shakes his head seating himself on the stool beside Jungkook and lets the younger loop their fingers together. Seokjin can't help but smile at it fondness apparent in both his eyes and soon to be grin. Plenty of people think it is strange how Jungkook just holds hands with him or anyone else in their group, but Seokjin just finds it endearing.

"Hey, Seokjin hyung is Yoongi hyung still here or did he leave already?" Jungkook's free hand taps at the bar rhythmically and he motions toward Yoongi's office.

"He's still here, but he might be busy so come right back if he is." Jungkook nods obediently fingers untangling with namjoon's as he jumps down from his chair. "And if he's not, then warn him of your new friend."

Jungkook just hums slipping behind the bar to reach Yoongi office. Seokjin can already tell that the younger will stay in Yoongi's office, even if there is work to do. It's just how Jungkook is and since he hasn't seen Yoongi for a while it'll be a task to get him to give the other space.

"Y'know, I think Jungkook likes you," Namjoon comments playing with a coaster and Seokjin could never hope to hide his cackle. Jungkook like him? How about no. "Or he seems to anyway, with all the staring."

"Then I could say the same for you or even Taehyung," Namjoon wrinkles his nose at the thought and Seokjin traces a finger over the words around his wrist, you're really pretty. Jungkook had been dead tired when Seokjin first met him and at the time the words hasn't meant much to him, but now they do. "But I won't because he doesn't like any of us, Namjoon. Not in the way you seem to think at least."

"Then why does he look at you like you hung the moon?" The expression on namjoon's face can't
be called a frown since it's not sad or disappointed in any way just very baffled.

"Haven't you ever looked at someone like that?" Namjoon's hand moves to cover the cursive on his arm and Seokjin grins, his point proven.

"That's different," Namjoon grunts eyes downcast, thumb tracing over each letter on his arm.

"How so? Staring is staring after all."

"I do it because I think people are attractive not because I'm interested in them." Seokjin raises a brow a mocking quirk to his lips.

"And you think, Jungkook is interested in me?" He tries to keep the mirth out of tone only to fail. Namjoon has so much to learn about their little soulmate. "You couldn't be farther from the truth."

Namjoon sighs changing the subject. "Fine I'm wrong, but if you wouldn't mind me asking what is your relationship with, Jungkook?"

"I'm his soulmate just like you and Taehyung."

"Jungkook said Taehyung was his only soulmate before I can along so why did he lie?"

Seokjin's eyes fall into a hood as he heaves out a sigh. "He didn't lie to you, Namjoon. The rest of the people you met are also his soulmates, we just haven't told him."

Namjoon's face scrunches up and his fingers dig into his arm. "Why haven't you told him?" If
Seokjin and whoever else is Jungkook's soulmate too why would they hide it?

Seokjin's disposition turns melancholic, his smile looking brittle and his eyes wet. "How did he react when he found out you were also his soulmate?" Jungkook had freaked out and oh does Namjoon feel stupid. "The first one he met was Taehyung and it's not normal to have more than one soulmate is it? So we just thought it would be better to lie."

"What about now, though? He has both me and Taehyung so shouldn't the rest of you tell him?"

"No," Seokjin starts words thick with emotion. "We just want him happy and revealing that now after years won't make him happy. So it's just better if we continue as is and help him when he needs it."

Namjoon doesn't agree with that. Lying to Jungkook isn't going to protect him or help him through life.

Yoongi has Jungkook in his lap while he works when his office door opens. Snarl twisting his features Yoongi glares at the papers on his desk with enough passion to send the devil running. "Don't bitch at me, Seokjin hyung. I'm almost done so, give me a damn minute."

Jungkook giggles in his lap tugging on the sleeve of his suit and Yoongi grunts patting his thigh. "Don't be a brat, Jungkook. And if you wouldn't mind do me a favour and distract Seokjin so that I can work."
"But, Yoongi hyung, that's not, Seokjin hyung." His pen freezes as he takes a moment to process Jungkook's words.

Turning to the door Yoongi points a finger and then opens his mouth to prove his point. "Jungkook, that's Seokjin. You remember Seokjin still tall, makes to many pun jokes, wears pink every Saturday."

Jungkook shakes his head, eyes rolling and Yoongi gives him a flat look, because really, since when did Jungkook start rolling his eyes? "That's not Seokjin, look."

Yoongi humours him and looks at the door only to be proven wrong. "Why the fuck are you in my office?"

"That's Namjoon," Jungkook pipes up sounding beyond fond. "So try not to scare him off, Yoongi Hyung."

He bares his teeth in a playful manner before motioning for Namjoon to close the door. "Seokjin send you back here or did you come here on your own?"

Namjoon shrugs one shoulder and Yoongi growls when Jungkook slips off his lap nudging him in the rib accidentally. The younger is so lucky that Yoongi has a soft spot for him. "Both. I wanted to check up on, Jungkook so Seokjin told me to come in here."

Yoongi gives a sigh of relief. At least Namjoon wasn't sent as a pseudo-messenger.

Out of the corner of his eyes Yoongi watches as Jungkook settles next to Namjoon still laughing. "I am curious about something though."
"What?" Yoongi starts working again, glancing over document after document as he waits for namjoon's answer.

"How did the three of you meet?" He hears Jungkook shift and looks up briefly to find his soulmate grabbing at namjoon's hand.

Going back to work Yoongi inhales before answering. This isn't something he has time for, but he really doesn't care. "Jungkook and Seokjin met when this place first opened. Jungkook was tired and Seokjin ended up helping him home."

Namjoon hums turning to Jungkook with a lopsided smile, and all he gets in return is a shrug. "So how did you and Jungkook meet?"

Yoongi pauses. "Ask, Jungkook." Jungkook always likes talking about their meeting and it's a little strange, a little cliché, but Yoongi has to admit that he likes it just as much as the younger. Or he likes it minus one specific part.

Jungkook shuffles from foot to foot, free hand twisting on the hem of his shirt. "Yoongi lost his wallet," He tunes out namjoon's snort, it was the first and last time he lost the damn thing. "I found it, and well our first meeting wasn't the nicest."

"What do you mean?"

Jungkook opens his mouth only for Yoongi to cut in. "Don't say anything, Jungkook. We don't need your friend thinking I'm a horrible human being, so go help Seokjin while we have a chat."

Jungkook pouts but listens. Namjoon watches as the door clicks shut and he almost misses what Yoongi says. "I don't like the mark I left on him. The one on the back of his neck, that one's mine."
Namjoon has never looked for anyone else's marks, after seeing Taehyung's it felt like he was prying if he did. "What did you say to him?"

"Your the fucker that took my wallet. Not a wonderful first impression is it?" Namjoon says nothing, just, watches Yong heave out a sigh, heavy and like he has nothing left to give. "Seokjin almost skinned me alive when I said that."

"And what did Jungkook say in return?" Yoongi stands, walking up to him and works of his jacket the whole time. There on the Yoongi's shoulder inked in an irritated script is, I'm not the fucker that stole your wallet, I'm the fucker that found it.

A laugh bubbles from his chest and Namjoon catches Yoongi's smile. "You curse quite a bit don't you? I wonder how Jungkook hasn't picked up on it."

"Yeah, yeah, I do," Yoongi's lip twitches up even more as he speaks and Namjoon can understand why Jungkook is attached to Yoongi. "As for why Jungkook hasn't picked up on my habit, all I can say is—Seokjin has a swear jar."

"And I'm guessing both you and Seokjin worked together to make sure he doesn't curse as much as you?"

"Something like that." Yoongi waves a hand as he goes back to his desk and Namjoon shakes his head in amusement. So far he's learned the each of Jungkook's other soulmates are as interesting as they come. "Oh, and here is some advice for when you meet Hoseok and Jimin, don't try and separate them from, Jungkook. You'll just fail."
Hoseok is sprawled across Jungkook's lap while Jimin pets Jungkook's hair, who much to Namjoon's amusement leans into the touch like a kitten.

Looking at the both of them Namjoon wonders if it would really be as hard to take Jungkook away from them as Yoongi warned him. It doesn't seem like it would, he has height over the both of them and Jimin had seemed nice enough when he opened the door.

Of course he only seemed nice once he caught sight of Jungkook and Hoseok only acknowledged him once.

"You should have brought, Taehyung along too, Jungkook." Hoseok twists around as he says this and soon he is seated on Jungkook's other side an arm tossed over Jungkook's shoulders. "It's been forever since Jimin and I have seen him."

Jungkook fidgets in place and Jimin ruffles his hair until he receives a tiny smile. "Maybe next time? But anyway, this is, Namjoon hyung. He's my other soulmate and both Taehyung and I like him, so I thought it would be a good idea to introduce him to everyone else."

As soon as Jungkook is done speaking Namjoon feels two sets of eyes judging him. One harsher than the other. Namjoon can't help but wonder why they're so hostile.

"And how did that turn out?" Namjoon turns his head as Hoseok speaks up voice sleep heavy and eyes still cloudy. Maybe that was why the man payed him so little attention?

"Oh, um Seokjin hyung and Yoongi hyung like him, too!" Namjoon's lips twitch up as Jungkook talks about his other unknown soulmates. The younger physically brightens up as he talks about them and Namjoon is fascinated with each change of Jungkook's expression or tone. "And since they like him I thought why not introduce him to you two? Or was that not a good idea?"
Jungkook's previously jubilant expression falls with his last question and Namjoon is up and tugging Jungkook into his lap paying no mind to Jimin's or Hoseok's miffed postures.

"What have we talked about you second guessing yourself?" Jungkook pouts, his fingers playing with the fabric of Jimin's jeans.

"That I shouldn't do it because I'll just stress myself out." Namjoon hums his chin hooking in Jungkook's shoulder. This has become normal since a few months ago.

Jungkook despite how he comes off to most people craves touch and it's never anything intrusive, he just wants to be hugged by someone or hold hands with someone. Namjoon doesn't mind doing it and as he has noticed neither do any of Jungkook's other soulmates.

"I guess you're not too bad," Hoseok speaks up after Jungkook makes himself comfortable, now playing with Jimin's hands instead of his jeans. "Since you make Jungkook happy."

"Namjoon always makes me happy. Namjoon grins at the worlds pleased that he can do at least that. "All of you guys do."

Jimin traces a nail along the inside of Jungkook's hand. "We try our best because you do the same for all of us."

Jungkook nods, mouth shifting into a large, sunny grin and Namjoon more than understands why all of them want to protect Jungkook. He's been doing it in his own way like everyone else, after all.
Jungkook/Everyone

Chapter Notes

Requested by Anonymous: seeing kookie in a bunny costume makes me want to read how the hyungs react to him in it and how they probably fawn over him- could you write sth about this? <3

Jungkook burrows his head into his knees in hopes that it will hide how red it is. They gave him a bunny costume to dance in. By itself, it wouldn't be mortifying except for a few moments, but he has to dance in it with his Hyungs around. Can the floor just open up and swallow him?

Jungkook is very aware that 'bunny' is a nickname fans have given him, but isn't this taking it a bit far? Jimin or Taehyung will tease him or even worse the older members will.

Putting his hands on his cheeks Jungkook sighs in contentment when the difference in temperature takes away some of the pink to his face. "You can do this, Jeon Jungkook. You just have to stay in this for a few minutes."

Uncurling from his self formed ball Jungkook makes his way to where his Hyungs are standing with a pout. They still have maybe half an hour before the broadcast starts and Jungkook is so not looking forward to the wait.

Jimin notices him first and Jungkook gives a tiny smile before biting at his bottom lip. He takes a step back when Jimin's own grin turns mischievous.

"Kookie, our little bunny," Jimin coos head hardly visible in his own costume. "The costume really fits you."
His face heats up when five pairs of eyes turn toward him and Jimin. Scoffing he pushes Jimin's shoulder. "It does not fit me, Hyung! This is embarrassing."

Soon Taehyung joins Jimin in teasing him, patting at his cheeks or just cooing at him. Jungkook will not admit that he enjoys their cooing because he doesn't. He doesn't appreciate it even if he is smiling.

Even Hoseok joins them by draping himself on Jungkook's back and playing with Jungkook's costume covered hands. "You're adorable, Jungkookie. So just let your Hyungs say so, it's not often we see you in a rabbit costume."

Jungkook hides his face in Taehyung's shoulder a whine falling from his mouth. He's not cute, just embarrassed and his Hyungs are not helping in the least. Looking over Taehyung's shoulder, he turns to Yoongi and Namjoon. "Yoongi hyung, tell them I'm not cute."

Jungkook knows he sounds petulant, but this is different from their normal teasing—it doesn't help that each comment makes his skin light up like a candle.

Yoongi chuckles, looking to Namjoon who's smile is bright and all too endearing. They don't help him at all, in fact, they make the situation worse by joining the already large circle and throwing arms over his shoulders and around his waist. With a groan, he turns to his last hope, his oldest Hyung, Seokjin will surely save him from the rest of them.

"Seokjin hyung," He makes his voice soft, pleading and widens his eyes as he searches for the eldest. Seokjin always helps him when he needs it, so this time should be no different. "Get them to stop, please?"

Seokjin's grin is brighter than Hoseok's and Jungkook's expression deflates when the oldest shakes his head before joining everyone else. "No can do, Kookie. You're too cute not to tease today."
Groaning Jungkook gives up, blush growing as someone's hand slips under the head of his costume to fluff his hair. And now that he thinks about it that actually sounds nice...so maybe it's not as bad as Jungkook thinks it is. That still doesn't mean he likes being coddled.
Taehyung's lungs burn as he dashes down the soaked streets. He's been waiting and waiting for a moment when he can slip away from his roommates so that he can help the person he's seen day after day shivering in alleyways.

That's not to say that Taehyung thinks he's a saintly individual for doing this, but this something that has been bugging him for weeks on end and he just needs to do something about. Taehyung is uncertain of what exactly he will do to help, but he will do something.

His shoes skid on the concrete as he slips into the last alleyway he saw the person. Chest heaving Taehyung creeps in further eyes peeled for the boy he always sees. He can only imagine how waterlogged the person is, considering they don't have a roof over their head—or anything really.

Taehyung swallows, throat arid and scratchy after finding him. It's not a human like he has expect, but is instead one of those hybrids he sees on tv all the time.

"H-Hey," The boy makes no move, not even a twitch and Taehyung steps closer, hands fluttering about in nervousness. Taehyung doesn't know how to deal with this kind of situation. "Can you hear me?" Still nothing.
Blinking rapidly Taehyung smooths the boy's hood back so that both ears are free and his face is no longer shadowed. Pretty, the boy is pretty. He shoves the thought away as soon as it makes itself known, Taehyung has no time to admire the other's features.

Curling an arm under the others knees and around his back Taehyung staggers to his feet. Not because the boy is heavy, but because he assumed so and lifted him far too quickly. "Sorry about this, but I really need to get you somewhere warm."

Taehyung is aware that the other can't hear him, but he continues talking anyway. He does it so he something else to focus on instead of the chilled body in his arms. Neither his Hyungs or he have ever owned a hybrid, but the general consensus of owning one is that they live better lives; there aren't supposed to be on the streets.

Water still drops onto his frame as he makes his way back to his Hyungs and Taehyung knows they probably won't be ecstatic about his plan, but he has to try. And it they won't have to care for the hybrid long—just until he okay again, healthy and warm.

Taehyung is sure that won't be too much to ask. Of course, this task will be made much easier if Seokjin, the eldest of their group and the only other person besides himself interested in hybrids agrees. Or well, not interested in, but Seokjin likes taking care of people, so a hybrid would be right up his alley.

Shifting Taehyung tucks the hybrid closer to his front, a tiny, almost amused grin forming on his lips when the hybrid's head lolls to rest on his shoulder. The boy is pretty, so very pretty with a doll face and raven ears sprouting from equally raven locks. He can't help but wonder why the hybrid has no tag or indicator of ownership. Taehyung is sure that if he had a hybrid like this he would want to keep them safe.

"You're not gonna have to sleep in alleys anymore, okay? My Hyungs and I were going to fix you."
The hybrid shifts, his eyelashes tickling Taehyung's neck. He quickens his pace when he catches sight of one of his roommates. It's Seokjin.

Coming to a pause a few yards away Taehyung bites at his lip. What if Seokjin doesn't agree? He can't take care of the boy by himself. Shaking his head to rid himself of such negative thoughts
Taehyung shouts to catch Seokjin's attention.

The older swivels in his direction an expression of relief overtaking him and Taehyung feels just the slightest bit of remorse for running off without telling anyone.

"Taehyung, how could you just run off? We were looking for you—"

"I know, Hyung, I know, but you really need to listen to me." He knows it has rude to cut the other off, but Taehyung needs Seokjin to listen to him so he can explain why. Lifting the boy up so he is not slouching, ears bouncing at the movement Taehyung continues. "I know what you're going to say, I can't just go around picking up random people, but he needs help, Hyung. And it doesn't have to be for long, but we need to help him."

Seokjin holds up a hand, silencing him and Taehyung smooths a hand down the hybrids side in comfort when he shivers. "Taehyung, we can't just take people in you know this."

"But Hyung, I can't just leave him. And you've always wanted a hybrid so can't we just keep him around for a little while?" Seokjin's eyes flick to the boy in Taehyung's arms and he wants to help, but they don't have the room or money to house a hybrid. "Or I'll do everything but can't he stay with us?"

God Seokjin wishes he wasn't so easy, just as he wishes he didn't have such a bleeding heart. Nodding, he takes the boy from Taehyung's arms. "As soon as he's okay, you have to find his owner."

"I will." Taehyung sticks close to Seokjin's side, gripping the unconscious boy's hand as they walk. "Are we going to find the others first or are we going home?"

He watches as Seokjin's eyes close a sigh falling from his mouth like a winter breeze; deep and heavy. "No, we'll tell them later. I'll give them all a call after we sort of all of this out."
Tilting his head with a hum Taehyung squeezes the hybrids hand in comfort. He has no idea of how long the hybrid will stay unconscious, but he can't help but hope that it won't be long.

"Hyung, what if he doesn't wake up?" Seokjin makes a displeased noise in his throat, Taehyung considers it close to a growl.

"Don't say that. He'll wake up, Taehyung we just have to wait." He doesn't nod just links his hand with the hybrids.

Taehyung doesn't want to think of that as a possibility, but real life is a bitch and sometimes he expects the worst. Sending the hybrid a gentle smile Taehyung vows that if the other wakes up his first goal will be to make the other smile or laugh. That's something he's good at—making others laugh.

When Seokjin wakes up a week after his roommates unofficial adoption of a rabbit hybrid and he doesn't expect to find the boy awake.

However, as he walks into the living room that is exactly what he finds, along with Taehyung who is trying his hardest to coax the boy away from the utmost right of the couch. Sighing, he strides over to the duo and nudges Taehyung out of the way, ignoring his indignant, rude, Hyung.

The hybrid is curled into a little ball both his ears and cottontail twitch from fear. Falling to his knees Seokjin rests his chin on the fabric of the couch, one of his hands stretching out. "You're a
small thing, aren't you?"

The hybrid's nose twitches in annoyance, his eyes narrowing into slits as his ears flop. "I'm—I'm not small." He mumbles lips tugged in a pout and Seokjin's lips twitch up. "You're just a giant."

Seokjin feels Taehyung crouch next him oblivious to how the hybrid leans his way. It's sort of cute in a way, how the hybrid considers Taehyung safe despite just meeting him. But then again when compared to himself the rabbit interacted with Taehyung first.

He chuckles, fingers tapping near the hybrid's feet. "If I'm a giant I wonder what, Namjoon will be?" The boy tilts his head, raven ears following the movement and Seokjin's grin turns fond. "You're hungry, aren't you?"

The boy blushes pink tucking against his knees and Seokjin hears more than sees Taehyung coo. Rising to his knees, he moves a deliberately slow pace, if there is one thing he knows to be true about rabbit hybrids is that they are notoriously skittish. Offering his hand Seokjin motions for Taehyung to head for the kitchen. "And what should we call you? Considering I don't think you'll be happy being referred to as 'rabbit.'"

The boy hesitates, eyes shining with insecurity and lip swollen red from being gnawed on. One of his hands venture up to grab Seokjin's own, the grip light bordering flighty. Easing the other off the couch Seokjin waits for an answer to at least one of his questions.

"Jungkook," Is the first thing that falls from the other's mouth and Seokjin smokes down at him. "That's what my last owner named me. And I don't want to bother you about the food."

He raises a brow, his contentment sucked right away with those words. "You're not bothering us in any way, Jungkook. If you're hungry you're hungry."

Jungkook shrinks in on himself with a quiet whine and Seokjin apologizes. Apparently Taehyung picked up a hybrid that wasn't treated as they should be. "I'm sorry."
"Don't be sorry about it, there's nothing to apologize for. But anyway you're hungry, right? So do you have anything in mind that you want?" Jungkook's eyes flit about looking everywhere but Seokjin. His other hand twists in Seokjin's shirt and then he nods quick and uncertain.

"Could I just look?" Seokjin leads him along not bothered in the least when Jungkook tucks close to his side, ears tickling his neck. All of them are going to have to work together if they want to actually help Jungkook.

Taehyung is already at the table when they enter the room and Seokjin lets a warm smile slip onto his face when he sees Jungkook brighten up at the sight of the other. Nudging the rabbit Seokjin keeps his voice warm. "Do you wants to start with something small, maybe?"

Jungkook's nose twitches as his ears bounce and Seokjin wants coo at the other. "D-Do you have any vegetables? Or anything similar to some?" Jungkook fidgets as he asks and Seokjin nods once before ushering him to sit at the table next to Taehyung.

It is not long before Seokjin hears a shuffle of fabric and Taehyung falling to keep his voice at a whisper as he talks to Jungkook. Fond grin still in place he sets to gathering a few things he believes the hybrid will enjoy, and he's not being stereotypical by grabbing carrots. As he chops all the he grabbed Seokjin pays mind to the not at all subtle conversation going on behind him.

“You'll like. Seokjin hyung's cooking. He always makes everything taste good, and don't be scared to ask for things, Jungkook we just want you comfortable.” Taehyung continues on a mile a minute and he hears Jungkook giggle carefree and completely amused.

Or the hybrid sounds happy for a few moments before his words convey how uncertain, he is about all of this. “But I don't even know you, and you don't know me, so why are you doing this? It's not like I'm worth keeping around, all I do i bring trouble.” The last part comes out harsh and self-depreciating. Seokjin's grip tightens around the handle of his knife.

“Why do you think that? And it doesn't matter that we don't know each other, you needed help and
we're not just going to leave someone that needs help. Jungkook.”

Seokjin strains his ears to hear Jungkook's mumbles reply only for his heart to squeeze. “My last owner, he said all I brought was trouble. And it was true,” Here Jungkook's words start to hitch and Seokjin is sure that Taehyung has an arm tossed over the other's shoulders. “All I did was make things hard for him. That's the only reason I was thrown out because I couldn't do what he wanted me to do. And it wasn't anything hard, but I couldn't do it and he would get angry and frustrated and it was my fault.”

Seokjin decides right then and there that Taehyung doesn't have to find Jungkook's owner. He knows it will take some time for everyone to adjust, but changes always take time, just as Seokjin knows that it will take all of their combined effort to help. Not just with how skittish Jungkook is, but also because none of them really know how to care for a hybrid and that's okay they can learn.

Namjoon huffs out an amused noise at the sight before him. It's been around two or so months since Taehyung brought home Jungkook and while Namjoon had once been neutral about Jungkook living with them, he is now beyond fond of the younger. The sight of him curled up with Taehyung in the older's bed only makes the boy more endearing.

Out of all of them Jungkook latched onto Taehyung the quickest and this has become normal. Not that Jungkook doesn't sneak into anyone else's bed, but more often than not Namjoon finds him with Taehyung and he is sure that he will never minds—it makes his task of waking the hybrid easier if he doesn't have to search for Jungkook.

Nudging the younger's shoulder Namjoon's grin branches across his face until teeth are trying to break through. The small whine Jungkook gave was adorable and Namjoon can't help but crack a smile. Curling his fingers around Jungkook's bicep he shakes, receiving more whines and a set of bleary eyes looking up at him in confusion. Easing Jungkook out of both Taehyung's arms and the
bed Namjoon lets him cling to his front.

As soon as he stands Jungkook tucks his head under Namjoon's chin with a quiet noise of content his black ears caressing Namjoon's cheek. Jungkook will never admit it aloud, but Namjoon knows just how clingy the younger can get when sleep controls his actions. Jungkook tucks closer to his front fingers plucking at Namjoon's shirt as he attempts to rid himself of the last hold sleep has on him.

“You didn't forget what we were supposed to do today did you, Kook-ah?” Jungkook burrows his face into Namjoon's shirt collar with a muffled, no and the word comes out gentle, soft, and tiny in a way that makes Namjoon want to coo—something he never does. “Then what are we doing today?”

Jungkook still clings to him even as Namjoon sits him on down on his bed. Fluffing soft hair out of Jungkook's eyes Namjoon uses one hand to coax Jungkook's hands away from his person, the younger can't sleep right now they have something important to do. Jungkook sways once he rises from the bed to grab something for the younger to change into.

“Kook-ah, I'm waiting.” It's a simple reminder and really Namjoon knows how much Jungkook needs them in the morning hours.

He hears Jungkook flop back with a sleep heavy, “Hyung said that we're supposed to get, uh, a uh —“ Namjoon can just imagine Jungkook's face screwing u in confusion, nose twitching and mouth tugged in a precious pout. “...A gift? We're supposed to get, Tae a gift!”

All Namjoon does is nod as he turns around mirth shining in his orbs as he takes in the proud grin on Jungkook's face, smoothing a finger over one of Jungkook's ears he chuckles at the pink that dusts the younger's cheeks. “That we are and before you start worrying, Taehyung will love anything you get him, Jungkook.”

Leaning forward, he taps Jungkook's chin when they younger starts to protest. Namjoon can't believe how oblivious Jungkook is to how much Taehyung—how much all of them—adores him, so Jungkook shouldn't worry about getting Taehyung the wrong gift. He couldn't give Taehyung a wrong gift even if he tried, that is something Namjoon is sure of.
Jungkook gives a shrug instead of speaking and Namjoon averts his eyes as the other changes. “I guess, but I want to get him something that I know he'll love, Namjoon.”

Once Namjoon is sure that Jungkook is dressed, he bundles the younger in his arms and lifts him up grinning at the tiny squeak he gets. “And I'm trying to tell you that, Taehyung will love absolutely anything you get him. So don't worry so much.”

Jungkook huffs in his arms, but Namjoon ignores him in favour of carrying him out into the living room, there they are greeted by the sight of both Seokjin and Jimin attempting to find a place to hide their own gifts. Namjoon only gives them a quick wave since Jungkook is struggling in his hold as a silent request to be put down.

He only grants that request once they are outside and Jungkook can pout all he wants, but the both of them know that as soon as he was put on the ground both Jimin and Seokjin would have swooped him away. Which today cannot happen because they still need to get their own gifts.

“Namjoon hyung, I wanted to talk to Seokjin and Jiminie.” The words are coupled with a pout and Namjoon chuckles leading him down the street.

“I know, Kook-ah, but we don't have time today. When we get back you can talk and help all you want.” Hiding Jungkook against his side Namjoon knows the younger is not annoyed with him by the way Jungkook leans on his shoulder.

“Isn't Yoongi hyung also looking for something today?”

“Huh, oh yeah, he is. Maybe we'll see him?” Jungkook nods and tucks closer shrinking away from the crowd as they walk and Namjoon moves his arm down to Jungkook's waist anchoring him to his side. Jungkook does not like crowds and Namjoon is not opposed to offering comfort when Jungkook wants or needs it.
“What do you think, Yoongi hyung will get, Tae?” Namjoon shrugs one shoulder. He really couldn't say. Yoongi is by far the most imaginative with his gifts and Namjoon actually doesn't want to think of what he will give Taehyung this year.

“I really couldn't tell you.” Jungkook rolls his eyes and Namjoon taps his waist in a playful warning, only to let a smile bloom on his face when Jungkook ducks his head with an apology.

Yoongi isn't at all surprised that Jungkook drapes himself in his lap as soon as he and Namjoon return. He had finished his last minute shopping about an hour ago and he has to say that he's rather proud of his gift this year.

Jungkook’s ears tickle his own and Yoongi blows on one of them as he hooks his chin in Jungkook’s hair. “You guys are so lucky that, Taehyung decided to sleep in today.: Jungkook just hums playing with his fingers and Yoongi taps as his stomach.

“S not out fault that the sidewalk became a stampede.” Yoongi chuckles a the small bite to Jungkook’s words. Squeezing the younger’s middle he smooths his hands over the front of Jungkook’s coat as the other wiggles in his lap. “I got to see what an actual pet store is like though, Yoongi. Do you think Seokjin will let us get a dog?”

He moves down to rest his head on Jungkook's shoulder, smiling against the juncture of the younger's neck. Only Jungkook would ask to get a real pet. “We already have one. His name is, Taehyung and he likes hugging people.: 
Jungkook swats at his thigh and Yoongi brings up a hand to pet Jungkook's ears until the other is boneless in his hold. It's rather easy to make Jungkook pliant and petting his ears just makes it even easier. When Jungkook sinks down so that his legs stretch out at an angle Yoongi shakes his head, hair teasing at the back of Jungkook's neck.

“You know that's not what I meant, Hyung.” Jungkook's eyes are closed and his ears are dropping as he becomes more and more comfortable and Yoongi shrugs pressing a kiss to Jungkook's neck.

“So did you and Namjoon have any trouble while you were out?” As much as none of them wish to admit it Jungkook gets unwanted attention for being a hybrid and that attention is only made worse with him seeming like an easy target which Jungkook isn't, but he's shy and tends to hide away from others.

However when Namjoon or himself goes with Jungkook advances dwindle down to almost nonexistent, but on rare occasions they happen and Yoongi wants to be certain that nothing happened to Jungkook or Namjoon.

"No," Jungkook gives a pleased kilt to his voice as Yoongi moves and hand to the start of his spine and kneads it. It's one of Jungkook's more apparent weak spots and Yoongi could lie and say he never messes with it, but he feels like being honest with himself. "Everything went smoothly today. No one tried to separate us and Namjoon kept people from touching either of us."

He heaves out a sigh of relief, reassuring Jungkook he is fine when the other looks at him in worry. "That's good," It really is. When Jungkook can go out with them and not be terrified is always good. "And I you never told me what you and Namjoon ended up buying?"

Jungkook tilts his head back a mischievous smile curling on his lips as he gives a wink, while one of his hands come up to pay Yoongi's cheek. Sometimes Yoongi wishes Jungkook didn't realize how much he lets the other get away with things. "That's a secret, Hyung, so just wait until Taehyung gets up."

No seeing any point in arguing Yoongi nods a tiny curl to his mouth as he falls into a nap.
It's not that Jimin is a kill-joy, everyone in their apartment knows this—he'll he's usually apart of the mayhem that is Jungkook and Taehyung—but Jimin thinks that pulling the two away from the cake is just. The two of them will not just ravage the circular sweet before any of them, birthday boy's wish or not. Besides that Jungkook's not allowed to have too many sweets, so Taehyung shouldn't encourage the younger to try and sneak a piece.

"Didn't Seokjin hyung and I make it clear that you have to wait?" Taehyung hums as he wraps his arm tight around Jungkook's middle, a fake attempt to act like he's thinking about his actions.

Jungkook looks at him ears twitching and Taehyung grins, bright and winning before they chorus their reply, sounding younger than Jimin should be used to but isn't. Whenever the two get together they go from grown men to children and sometimes it's endearing...other times it's not. "No, Jiminie!"

Casting them a flat look Jimin drags them away by their wrists. He could try to separate Jungkook and Taehyung, but as soon as he turns around they will be attached at the hip again. "And Jungkook, Seokjin told you that sweets aren't good for you."

It won't kill Jungkook, but after having the hybrid around all of them have done their research and there are just some things hybrids can't eat, like dog hybrids shouldn't ingest chocolate because it makes them sick, but they still do because it won't kill them.

He hears Taehyung scoff at his words and Jimin can't hide the grin that forms on his face at the other's words. "It's just for today, Jiminie. Can't Jungkook have some? Just for today?"
The reason he grins is because Jimin can picture Taehyung's face contorting up into what he and Jungkook fondly refer to the Bulldogs face. Most times Jimin folds to Taehyung's whims when the other makes said face, not because it is cute—despite how much the actual dogs are—but because it never falls to mans him laugh, and Taehyung knows it is easier to get people to agree with him if they are laughing.

"You have to ask, Seokjin hyung. We don't want another week of, Jungkook being sick again," Taehyung huffs and Jimin hears a giggle break from Jungkook's mouth at the noise. He knows Taehyung means well, but after dealing with a sick Jungkook none of them want to see the hybrid like that again. "And I know you want him to try some, but I also know that you don't want Jungkook not being able to get out of bed without crying."

Both of them fall silent for a moment and then Jungkook speaks up voice resigned, but accepting and Jimin just wants to bundle him up. "I don't want to go through that either, Taehyung, but thanks for trying to include me in stealing your cake."

Taehyung grumbles his complaint, but Jimin knows the other is in the same boat as the rest of them. He is protective of Jungkook just like the rest of them, whether it be Jungkook's physical or mental being, and it doesn't matter if the protectiveness is shown subtlety or overtly.

"Next year we should get a cake that, Jungkook can eat, too."

Jimin laughs, pushing the duo onto the couch and leaves to join Seokjin in the kitchen. "I'll relay your message to, Seokjin."
Hoseok finds Jungkookie balled up in his bed with his hands over his ears, face contorted in pain.

Striding over the younger Hoseok slips into the bed and pillows his head with one of his arms keeping his voice low as he threads fingers through Jungkook's hair. "I know you have a headache, but I think you should know that, Taehyung liked it. Practically squeaked in joy when he saw it."

Jungkook groans burrowing against Hoseok's front, his pout pressing on the skin of Hoseok's collar bone. "It was just a sweater," The words are bashful, and Hoseok can feel the heat building under Jungkook's skin. He's never been very successful at hiding how proud he is when people tell him he's done something well, or buys something that makes someone happy. "But thanks, Hoseok."

Hoseok taps a nail in Jungkook's cheek before smoothing out the unruly hairs on the hybrids head, making sure to pet the younger's ears, Jungkook will never admit it, but he likes when people pet his ears. "It was more than a sweater, Jungkookie. You got, Taehyung a sweater with a pug on it. We all know how much, Taehyung likes dogs, so you did good."

Jungkook gives a quiet pleased hum as he tucks his legs up to his body and curls next to Hoseok's body. "I'm just happy he ended up liking it."

Smoothing a hand down Jungkook's back Hoseok rests the tips of his fingers near the small of the other's back and draws nonsensical figures. "He would've loved anything you got him, Jungkookie."

Jungkook's laugh vibrates through him and it's warm, content, jubilant and Hoseok wonders if the smile on his face will break the skin. "That's, what, Namjoon told me earlier."

After that Jungkook falls silent and tucks under Hoseok's chin finally able to concentrate and lets sleep take him.
When the younger's chest rises and falls in a rhythm Hoseok presses a kiss to his forehead and makes no move to remove himself from Jungkook's side. "He's right. Whether it's Taehyung or someone else, we would love whatever you gave us." He knows Jungkook won't hear him, but that's okay, there are some things Jungkook doesn't need to hear because he already knows.
Jungkook/Everyone

Chapter Notes

Requested by Anonymous: Can I request an au where Jungkook is a Bunny!hybrid and he is in constant little space? And his owners are the rest of Bangtan. Thank you

Note: I didn't just include Jungkook in little space I also included parts of the caregiver/little dynmic.

Jungkook curls his fingers in one of Taehyung's belt loops as they walk around the mall. He tucks himself close to the older's side, his free hand wrapped around a small button-eyed cream bunny. It helps Jungkook stay calm when he feels surrounded—and he definitely feels surrounded.

"Hyung, how much longer will we be here?" Jungkook keeps his voice soft as he asks, raven ears twitching when Taehyung rubs them. With a giggle he hides his pink face in Taehyung's shoulder.

Taehyung's touch is light as he leads Jungkook along. Jungkook is already a shy hybrid, but when near crowds it becomes far more apparent. "Soon, Kookie. And if you're good we might be able to get you a new book."

A pleased hum bubbles from Jungkook's throat and the vibrations tickle pleasantly on Taehyung's skin, although that could also be from the heat radiating from Jungkook's cheeks. The hybrid shifts resting the crown of his head on the expanse of Taehyung's shoulder, and a tiny yawn makes its way out of Jungkook's throat. It is early and Jungkook is unaccustomed to being up behind the sun. "Do you think, Seokjin hyung will colour with me?"

Taehyung grins down at the rabbit while one of his hands reach out to curl around Jungkook's wrist. It's the holiday season, so that explains why so many people are out. He and Jungkook are supposed to do their own shopping—which they do plan on doing—so they can stock up for the coming mayhem that is last minute shopping.

Of course they don't have to do that first 'and' Taehyung is known for being Jungkook's most lenient caregiver, or really owner, but considering the relationship all of them prefer caregivers. So instead Taehyung has decided to take Jungkook out to get a few things for him before their actual holiday hell purchases. However, Jungkook will only get something if he behaves and listens,
since even though Taehyung is lenient there are still rules that have to be followed. All of them have rules and all of them are to make sure that Jungkook is able to do the best he can.

"Jungkookie," Jungkook's eyes flutter and his mouth tugs into a grin as he acknowledges Taehyung with a soft, yes, Tae? squeezing Jungkook's hand, he continues. "Do you remember what you're supposed to do when we're inside?"

An ear flicks his cheek as Jungkook gives a proud little drop of his head, voice raising just slightly in pitch and Taehyung has to stop himself from cooing. Right now he can't coddle Jungkook...or not yet at least. "I have to ask, Tae if I can go down another aisle so that you know where I am."

Jungkook bounces on the heels of his feet, fluffy chestnut hair flopping over his eyes as his lips spread into a cheery grin, his eyes shining. Ruffling the other's hair Taehyung releases a low chuckle. "That and what else, Jungkook? Remember, there are two rules."

The hybrid's cheeks puff out and his lips purse as he attempts to recall. Smoothing a hand through Jungkook's hair Taehyung encourages him. "You remember this, it was Seokjin hyung's first rule. You have to do what, when you find something?" It's a rather simple rule, but Seokjin wanted Jungkook to realize that he will not get everything he asks for, and so far it's worked.

"I...I have to ask, Tae if I can get it, and if he says no I will listen?" Taehyung leans down to press a chaste kiss to Jungkook's forehead.

"If you do both of those things, Jungkook you'll be a good boy." Jungkook physically brightens at the words good boy and his skin paints a darker pink when Taehyung taps a nail on his cheek. All Jungkook really wants is to do his best.

Jungkook's brows knit for just a moment as he thinks and Taehyung continues leading him through the mall, making no move to rush the other. He knows that Jungkook is hesitant to ask certain things even even if he is aware of what is expected and that Taehyung will never tease him.

The younger's nose wrinkles up as his mouth opens words falling out hesitant yet hopeful. "So if I'm good we might be able to get a book and Seokjin hyung will play with me?"

Petting Jungkook's hair Taehyung jerks his head in agreement, voice confident as he comes to a stop and taps at Jungkook's nose. He gets a giggle in return, high and adorable like chimes. "I can't promise that, Kookie," Taehyung earns a pout at those words, but it melts away into a toothy smile
when Taehyung rubs one of Jungkook's ears. "But if you're good I'll colour with you when we get home, okay? We can even grab a blanket to curl up with."

Arms wrap around his neck and Jungkook burrows his face in Taehyung's shirt, ears, soft against the older's skin and as Taehyung looks over Jungkook's shoulder he sees a tiny cottontail twitch in joy.

Chuckling, he coaxes Jungkook away from his front. "You promise, Tae? You'll really do that with me!"

Jungkook's eyes are wide, bright and trusting, but Taehyung thinks his smile is more so with how cute almost nonexistent dimples makes themselves visible. "Yeah, I will, but remember you have to be good, Jungkook."

"Uh huh!" Fingers twine with his own and Jungkook seems as though he's about to bolt before calming down and rubbing his cheek on Taehyung's arm. "I'm sorry, Taehyung."

With a sigh Taehyung shakes his head and ushers Jungkook inside the store. Jungkook only uses their whole name—besides Seokjin, who Jungkook always behaves with. Taehyung is sure the oldest is Jungkook's favourite caregiver—when he thinks he has done something wrong.

"No, no, it's okay, Jungkook. I know you're excited, so just warn me next time, okay?" Jungkook nods his hair sticking to the fabric of Taehyung's clothing as he gives an apologetic, still sorry.

Jungkook presses close to his side as soon as they enter the bookstore and Taehyung kneads at his hand in comfort. The hybrid leans into the touch while also turning his face to hide it with Taehyung's arm.

Even with how early it is there are already crowds of people in the store. Jungkook tugs on the hem of Taehyung's shirt, casting shy glances at a table stacked with books and stuffed creatures. The hybrids silent question is clear to him, will you go with me?

It is easy to coax Jungkook out of his pitiful yet still endearing attempt at hiding. Getting the hybrid to venture from his side? Less so.

"Words, Jungkook you have to talk to me." Jungkook tucks his chin to his chest and plays with the
arms of his stuffed toy. Taehyung hadn't noticed it before, but the majority of its body is hidden in
the front pocket of Jungkook's jeans, only the head and arms peeking out.

The younger shuffles in place looking up at Taehyung through his lashes with a small pout and his
voice is small—fragile even. "Tae, will you go with me? I don't want to go alone..." Then after a
moment voice quieter than it was last he adds, "There are so many people."

Gripping Jungkook's hand, he passes the younger a warm smile. "Of course, but you have to talk to
me, Jungkook. I won't always be able to understand."

Jungkook gives a quick nod before once again moving to Taehyung side, lips stretching up the
closer they move to the table. There are other adults some of them with children, some not, and
that's good because they can get a book and maybe a stuffed animal without any suspicion.

Leaning close to Jungkook's ear he whispers out his question and gives Jungkook's hand another
squeeze to show that he is here if Jungkook needs him. "Which one do you want, Kookie?"

Jungkook's eyes are sparkling as he looks at the assortment of items and Taehyung wishes he could
get the other everything, but he can't because he knows that spoiling Jungkook too much will make
him expect this every time they go out. But god does Taehyung wishes he could just so he could
see this childish sparkle in Jungkook's eyes all the time.

One of Jungkook's hands twitch and soon he is lifting one up as gentle as he can a bright smile
overtaking his face as his eyes crinkle up. "Could we get this one, Tae? It reminds me of, Hobi."

It's a lion with a sun bright mane and blue button eyes. Taehyung can see why it made Jungkook
think if Hoseok. The older is bright and always trying to make others smile.

At his nod Jungkook bumps their heads together in thanks. "What about a book, Jungkookie? Do
you want one?"

All he gets is a tiny hum and then Jungkook is squeezing his hand a bashful smile on his face.
"You should pick it, Tae. Since you said you would colour with me."

Taehyung presses another kiss to Jungkook's head before scanning the books looking for one he
just knows that Jungkook will adore. He settles on the one with dogs playing on the cover and
hears Jungkook squeak in excitement as his hands reach for it. "This one then."

Easing the two items out of Jungkook's hands, they get in line and Taehyung doesn't mind how Jungkook hides behind him, smiling back at both children and adults. Soon they will be home, warm, safe and together with everyone else.

Jimin releases a weary sigh as he climbs the stairs up to his and his roommates apartment. He would have taken the elevator, and really wishes he could because he's on the verge of falling asleep, but he couldn't because the things out of commission until the building gets it repaired.

Placing his hand on the railing Jimin thinks of all of them moved from their old apartment into this new one. Their old one was nice, decent had everything they needed, but that was before they had gotten Jungkook—not to say that Jungkook is high maintenance, they just didn't have the room.

This new apartment of theirs is better than nice, it's wonderful and located on a nice street, a tad expensive, but the majority of them have well paying jobs, with the exception of Seokjin who has more than a well paying one so they get by. Of course the biggest change after moving here after having Jungkook for a few years was that the hybrid officially has his own room.

Thinking of the rabbit brings a tired but fond tilt to his lips. Jungkook, he had been ecstatic about having his own room, and had chatted about it to all of them. But most of all he was was happy because now he can keep things organized as Seokjin asked of him—as all of them asked—and Jimin knows the hybrid just wants someone to acknowledge how he's improving. Which they all do.

Finally reaching the floor that their apartment, is on Jimin digs through his pocket and gives a quiet hum when he grabs the key to the apartment. Carding fingers through his hair Jimin jimmies the knob. "Bed, my wonderful bed, I'm almost there."

Jimin plans to stride right to his room and face plant bit the sheets. Or that was supposed to be the
plan until the first thing that greeted him is Jungkook curled up the couch. Jungkook curled up on the couch in a baby blue shirt and Hoseok's jogging pants with a book almost falling from his fingertips.

Passing a look at the clock Jimin about curses when he sees a blinking twelve. Jungkook shouldn't be tucked up in the couch with his head craned in an awkward angle.

Padding up to the hybrid Jimin cups Jungkook's face with one hand and runs the other through soft hair. Shaking the rabbit Jimin waits for Jungkook's eyes to flutter open, no doubt confused and still tired. "Baby, why are you out here so late? Wasn't, Seokjin hyung supposed to have you in bed a few hours ago, Jungkook?"

"Hmm," Is the first thing that Jungkook gives him and Jimin tilts Jungkook's head up only for his expression to turn utterly fond when Jungkook yawns a welcoming smile on his lips. "I was waitin' for you, Jiminie." The words come out slow and slurred, but Jimin finds it adorable.

"Oh, Kookie you can't do this," Jungkook's head lolls into a tilt and Jimin curls an arm under the taller's legs and then the other around Jungkook's shoulders. He can stay up a little later for Jungkook, the hybrid is worth so much to him. "You know it's not good to sleep on the couch. And why did you leave your room after, Seokjin put you to bed?"

That's one of their rules, Jungkook goes to bed at the same time every night except on the weekends because they want him to get the rest he needs.

"'M sorry," Jungkook's ears flop in front of his eyes and Jimin huffs amused even as he carries Jungkook to his room, that book of his on his stomach. "I just wanted to see you come home safe," He hides his face in the fabric of Jimin's shirt to stifle a yawn. "And earlier you promised to read me another chapter."

Jimin had done that, hadn't he? At breakfast Jungkook had asked him if he would read another chapter tonight and man does Jimin feel horrible. Jungkook stayed up because of him, broke a rule because of 'him'.

Arms curl tighter around his neck and Jimin looks down to give Jungkook snuggling against his shirt, a pleased noise forming in the back of his throat. Swallowing, he moves hair out of Jungkook's eyes, feeling horrible for planning to just tuck Jungkook in and leave. No promised story or anything.
That plan is abolished as soon as Jungkook leans in his chest a tired little grin on his face as he says, "I'm happy I waited. I got to see, Jiminnie come home safe."

Once he reaches Jungkook's room Jimin eases Jungkook into the bed and presses a kiss to the hybrids cheek, getting a slurred, *no, Jiminnie! Don't leave.*

Jungkook remembers all of their routines so to see him so against the kiss shows how displeased he is with Jimin leaving so early.

The younger's hand curls around his wrist and Jungkook gives this pitiful little whine that has Jimin breaking and god it's not *fair* how much affects him. Sitting on the edge of the bed Jimin pets Jungkook's ears until the younger quiets down and only then does he motion for the book in Jungkook's lap.

Jungkook pouts reluctant to give it up and Jimin knows that the younger, thinks he is taking the book so that he will fall asleep. How wrong his baby is.

"Kookie, where did we leave off last?" Jungkook's eyes widen and his grin returns in full force shining and adorable with his bunny teeth on full display.

Soon Jungkook is curling up next to him, pointing at the page and Jimin knocks their heads together before he curls an arm around Jungkook's shoulder and starts reading.

Jimin has always been the best at being dramatic when he reads so it's never been a very difficult task for him to entertain Jungkook. The rabbit listens to him with rapt attention lips quirking or falling depending on the scene and sometimes Jimin wishes he could read longer, but it's late enough and Jungkook will be more than clingy in the morning at this point.

Closing the book when Jungkook nods off Jimin eases himself out of the bed and makes sure that Jungkook is sufficiently covered before he walks to his room.

He both does and does not pity whoever has to get Jungkook up tomorrow. The hybrid will be clingy and needy all morning, which in a way is good because he will be at his most pliant. But this is also bad because Jungkook will be this way until he rests. Or that's what normally happens.
Namjoon doesn't bother knocking before entering Jungkook's room. He already knows the younger will be asleep.

Crouching near the bed he plays with one of Jungkook's ears until the other whines and turns over. "Kook-ah, it's time to wake up."

The ear, he is playing with flicks between his fingers and Jungkook gives a high whine as he tries to curl into a cocoon. With a sigh Namjoon rises and pats Jungkook's hair before lifting the younger until he is sitting up. Jungkook's head lolls to the left and his mouth is open even as he continues to sleep.

"C'mon, Kook-ah, it's time to get up," Jungkook's brows furrow as he speaks and Namjoon lets a small grin fit itself on his face before he tilts Jungkook's head so that it is now resting on his shoulder. "You want to see everyone before they leave don't you?"

"No, cold," is mumbled into his sleeve as Jungkook nuzzles the fabric seeking warmth. Rubbing his hand down Jungkook's arm Namjoon laughs, finding the way Jungkook's nose scrunches up cute. "Stay here, Joonie."

Shaking his head Namjoon taps at the line of Jungkook's jaw until the hybrid pries an eye open, the rich colour reminding Namjoon of coffee or even chocolate.

"You know I can't do that, Jungkook." Jungkook's fingers curl over his turtleneck and it's a soft gossamer touch that Namjoon never would have noticed if he wasn't looking down at the other. It's another silent request for him to stay, but Namjoon can't, even though he wants to, he has to get Jungkook up and ready. "But I know something that will make you happy."

Jungkook's head lifts so the hybrid can look Namjoon in the eyes and there is this tiny inquisitive smile branching over his features as his eyes shine in interest. "What, Joonie?"

Shifting so that the both of them are on the side of the bed Namjoon strokes a hand over
Jungkook's disheveled strands. Still the hybrid looks at him expectantly hand Namjoon keeps his voice low, a whisper almost like he's telling Jungkook a secret. That's something Jungkook loves—people telling him secrets even when they really are not. "Seokjin hyung, is the one taking you to work today. So don't you want to look nice and awake before you go?"

Jungkook lets out a pleased noise and soon he is standing tugging Namjoon toward the closet. It's not often Seokjin is the one that takes him to work.

"Joonie," Jungkook fidgets in front of the closet doors voice small yet eager. "Would you help me choose what would make, Seokjin happy?"

"Of course, Kook-ah." Jungkook is only a few centimetres shorter than him, but when he hugs Namjoon he seems so much tinier.

Bringing Jungkook away from his front Namjoon leans down to rest their foreheads together and is pleased to see a light red on Jungkook's cheeks from the close proximity. The rabbit was always shy so having one of them so close always flusters him.

Motioning for Jungkook to stay in place Namjoon opens the closet and searches through it. He knows Jungkook owns more than a few handful of sweaters, considering many of them were bought by all of them, so that will be something Jungkook will like; Jungkook always liked having clothing that drapes over his frame, says it helps him feel small.

As for what will no doubt please Seokjin would be light or pastel colours. It's not that the older dislikes bright or flashy colours because he does and wears them on numerous occasions, but Namjoon knows—all of them know. Seokjin coos over Jungkook rather often—that he prefers softer shades on Jungkook.

Satisfied with his choices Namjoon moves away from the closet and lays everything out on Jungkook's bed. "Jungkook is this fine?"

He hears Jungkook pad up until he is pressed to Namjoon's back and murmuring his agreement.

As Jungkook moves to stand in front of him Namjoon coaxes him sit on the bed. Jungkook giggles and Namjoon cracks a playful smile, he won't lie he's always the most eager to help Jungkook dress and that's not to say all of them aren't, but Namjoon enjoys doing it simply because Jungkook trusts him enough to allow him to do this.
It is not long before Namjoon has Jungkook dressed in a large blush turtleneck, faded blue jeans and a black beanie. It's still freezing outside so Namjoon thought why not give him a hat? Although as he looks at Jungkook and sees the hybrid wiggles his fingers Namjoon wonders if he should grab the younger gloves.

"Thank you, Joonie!" Jungkook nuzzles under his chin as he says this and Namjoon wraps their hands together before leading the younger into the kitchen.

The scent of breakfast reaches them before they even enter the room and Namjoon has to tuck Jungkook near his side so that Hoseok can't swipe him away and no doubt cradle his face. "Hoseok, where is, Seokjin hyung?"

Hoseok grumbles and Jungkook lets out a giggle next to Namjoon's shoulder, the noise makes the other perk up immediately and coo up at the rabbit. "He's waiting for you two. And don't worry about grabbing anything for, Jungkook, Seokjin hyung already grabbed everything important."

Meaning a stuffed animal, a few colouring books and a pack of markers or colouring pencils.

Nodding his head in acknowledgement Namjoon ushers Jungkook into the kitchen and lets him rush up to Seokjin with a grin.

The duo won't head to out Seokjin's workplace, yet their eldest has strict rules when it comes to meals and while all of them listen Seokjin is just a tad more strict with Jungkook. So he will make sure the hybrid actually eats something before leaving.

Striding up beside them Namjoon watches as Seokjin motions for Jungkook to sit at the table next to Jimin and eat. "I'm guessing you picked out his clothes, Namjoon?" There is a teasing lilt to Seokjin's words and Namjoon just smiles at him before directing his attention back to Jungkook. "He looks nice so thanks."

"Just don't let him run off like last time, Hyung. Your secretary might not let us have him back." The first and last time Seokjin let Jungkook explore without him the eldest's secretary had found Jungkook and wanted to keep him.

"I won't. He'll be with me all day and if he does see Jungkook I won't let Hakyeon have him." The words come out playfully but Namjoon hears the conviction behind them.
Seokjin grips Jungkook's hand as they walk into the building and casts the younger a fond look when Jungkook lets out an excited, *Hyung it got bigger!* and the hat Namjoon had put on Jungkook's head is stuffed safely in a bag.

His company has gone through a few renovations since Jungkook's last visit so while most of the time they will be in his office Seokjin still plans on showing Jungkook everything that has changed.

"It has," He agrees not at all bothered when Jungkook tries to mould into his side. Many of his staff is walking around folders in their arms and while many of them pass welcoming smiles in their direction Jungkook shrinks away only giving a smile or two back.

"There are a lot more people than last time." He nods quickening his pace when Jungkook tries to hide his face. Soon they will be in his office and Jungkook will be able calm down.

Stopping near the elevator Seokjin presses the button and waits. "You remember, Hakyeon don't you?"

Jungkook's fear dissipates as he beams, voice pitching slightly. "Yeah, that Hyung was nice. Last time he gave me a candy, Seokjin hyung." The hybrid pauses and then continues tone apologetic. "But I ran off without your permission last time, Seokjin hyung. I won't do that this time, I promise."

Seokjin cradles Jungkook's face only after they are in the elevator with the doors closed. "I know, Jungkookie. You'll be good so I forgive you."

Jungkook leans into his hands with a content keen and nuzzles one of Seokjin's wrists. Using one of his hands to pet Jungkook's head and ears Seokjin takes the bag Jungkook was carrying with the other.
He didn't want the younger to carry it, but Jungkook insisted on it because he wanted to help or in his own words, *Seokjin hyung does so much for me so I want to do it today!*

The bag isn't heavy so Seokjin isn't concerned that Jungkook will hurt himself if he drops it. Moving the hand not holding the bag down Seokjin leads Jungkook out of the elevator and up to his secretary's desk.

"Good morning, Hakyeon-ssi." Jungkook gives a small wave after he finishes speaking and Seokjin sees a bright smile bloom on Hakyeon's face. The man has two hybrids of his own, but even though they are not like Jungkook, Seokjin knows that Hakyeon treats Jungkook like he does his own.

"Morning, Seokjin-ssi. And I see you brought, Jungkook-ssi with you today." Jungkook tucks behind him and Seokjin nods while pressing the palm of his hand on Jungkook's back to usher him into view.

"Jungkook, what do we say when people greet us?" It may seem like he is being pushy or demanding, but Seokjin has figured out that it's better to ease Jungkook out of his comfort zone with small prods instead of chucking him out completely.

Jungkook shuffles for just a moment before nodding his head in Hakyeon's direction a smile on his face. "Good morning, Hakyeon-ssi."

Hakyeon passes him another smile before turning his attention back to Seokjin. "You have a meeting at five with, Mr. Park. Would you like me to cancel or will I be watching your ward?"

Looking down at the hybrid staring up him expectantly Seokjin decides he can postpone his meeting for another day; it has been so long since it has just been him and Jungkook.

"Reschedule it for tomorrow." Seokjin tries and fails to keep his pleased smile hidden when Jungkook gives an exuberant, really, Hyung you're going to be with me all day? Jungkook really is too endearing and Seokjin would probably give him the works if he was able to.

Hakyeon gives him a knowing look and nods. Leading Jungkook into his office Seokjin sets the bag he was holding onto the ply other table beside his desk notions for Jungkook to sit.
"I see that, Taehyung got you a new book, Jungkook." Jungkook's head falls in an eager agreement and Seokjin laughs as he reaches out a hand to tap the younger's nose. This just shows that Jungkook had been good when he was out with Taehyung.

"Tae, said that if I was good he would colour with me, so I did my best because I really, really wanted to colour!" Seokjin taps his fingers on the wood of the table as he listens. It seems as though he won't be working at his desk today, especially if Jungkook keeps that smile of his the whole time.

"I see he kept his promise as well." Seokjin thumbs through a handful or so pages. Dogs. Every page consists of dogs and while some are filled in without any colour outside the lines some have a few outcasts. That's okay, Jungkook doesn't have to be perfect and can colour any way he wants to.

"Uh huh," Jungkook points at the picture Seokjin currently has face up. It's two huskies with the larger curled around the smaller with a bone in its mouth. "Taehyung coloured this one with me and said it reminded him of Hoseok and me."

"I, Jungkook. Hoseok and I." He corrects with a fond grin. Seokjin is the most strict and he knows this, but he wants Jungkook to be the best he can.

Jungkook flushes lightly before repeating his sentence. "Sorry, Seokjin hyung. Tae said it reminded him of Hoseok and I."

"Did you have fun while you were out with, Taehyung?" He moves away from the table to grab a folder from his desk and then moves back.

Jungkook is already filling in a new page before Seokjin sits down. "Yeah, Tae sat by the couch with me and we coloured until, Joonie got home."

Uncapping his pen Seokjin starts looking over the documents in front while continuing his conversation with Jungkook. "And what did, Namjoon do with you?"

Jungkook's nose wrinkles up and his tongue peeks out from his mouth as he focuses on a single area. Seokjin can already hear the rabbits feet thumping on the ground. "Joonie, and I watched cartoons while, Tae cooked. And then Hoseokie came home and then you did."
Seokjin remembers that. All of them had been in the living room watching a movie with Jungkook tucked against Hoseok's side. He also remembers taking Jungkook to bed before all of them and the younger fighting sleep with all he had, rubbing at his eyes and stifling his yawns like Seokjin wouldn't notice. As to why Jungkook never mentioned Yoongi coming home is because the other is out of the country.

"You really didn't want to go to bed, Jungkook," The hybrid tucks his head down a pout now on his face. "You kept saying you wanted to stay up and that you weren't tired."

"I wanted to see, Jiminie hyung come home." Seokjin pets Jungkook's hair when the pout doesn't disappear. He knows all about Jungkook getting back up after the rest of them went to bed Jimin had told him this morning. Now he just has to see if Jungkook will admit it. "And I'm sorry, Hyung, but I went back into the living room to wait."

That's his good boy telling him, he broke a rule, even though Jungkook is aware that Seokjin can punish him.

"I know, Jungkook." The younger's mouth falls open and Seokjin lets him talk.

"Then why didn't you tell me? I hid it until now, Seokjin hyung." He abhors how distressed Jungkook sounds as he says this, but Seokjin will explain everything.

"Oh, Jungkook it's okay." Jungkook's lip wobbles and his eyes turn glassy and sometimes Seokjin forgets just how emotional Jungkook gets when he believes he broken a rule or done anything wrong. "I did this both because I wanted it just to be you and I, but also because I wanted to see if you would tell me you broke a rule. You did good, Jungkook. You admitted to breaking one and told me so you've been good."

"But...I still broke one and, Hyung says that when I break rules, punishments happen." That's true. That has always been true and while his list of rules is not long he still has appropriated punishments, whether it be taking away his and Jimin's storybook or something else.

Moving next to Jungkook he crouched down until Jungkook is at an equal level and pets his hair soothingly. "Since you admitted what you've done wrong, it won't be a lot, Okay?"

"Okay, Seokjin hyung." The words come out reluctant and it’s because Jungkook doesn't like
acknowledging that he's done something wrong because he does try his best to do what all of them ask.

Talking Jungkook's nose with a finger Seokjin waits until Jungkook's lip stops wobbling. "No sweets for a month. I want you in bed every night at the right time and sweets make you hyper."

"What if someone says I can have one?" This is good Jungkook is asking for details and that's good because he learning what is and what is not allowed.

"Tell them I said no." Jungkook's head dips down and Seokjin kisses his brow before confining. "And Jimin will only read you a chapter tonight and then no more until next week."

"No, Seokjin hyung, please?" Jungkook's always been the most childish with him so Seokjin expected Jungkook to become petulant when he mentioned taking this away for a while. "Please don't take away my time with, Jiminnie!"

Fingers curl in the sleeves of his suit and Jungkook shakes his head with a sniffle. "Jungkook, I have to. You stayed up because you wanted to see, Jimin and because you wanted him to read a story. So if you continue to act up it'll be for more than a week."

Jungkook quiets down right after that and Seokjin knows he will continue to pout, but right now he needs Jungkook to realize this is an appropriate punishment.

Sitting across from the hybrid once more Seokjin returns to working with one last thing. "If you can show me that you can behave I might cut the time shorter."

He pretends he doesn't see Jungkook's starry eyed, grateful look. Seokjin is strict, but he is just as easily as swayed as everyone else.
Hoseok creeps up behind the youngest and skates his fingers down the rabbits sides appreciating the surprised squeal Jungkook gives.

"Hyung, no stop, please!" Giggles interrupt each word and Hoseok continues his assault until Jungkook is wheezing against him.

Lately Jungkook has not been as cheerful and Hoseok is aware as to why, Seokjin forbade their little one from having sweets and took away his book so that Jimin couldn't to him for a week. The good thing is though is that the week is almost up. However, Hoseok still wants to see Jungkook smiling as his ears and tail twitch about in jubilation.

"Hey, Kookie would you like to walk around the city with me?" Seokjin had said no sweets, but there was nothing mentioned about any of them not being able to get him a gift or two to cheer Jungkook up.

"Really, Seokie hyung? You would let me come?" Jungkook is out of his seat and tucking his head under Hoseok's chin seeking both affection and reassurance. No one else except him and Jungkook have been home for hours so right now is the perfect time to go out, although he will have to call Seokjin.

"Of course little one, but only if you promise to listen to me, okay? I don't want you running off or getting into any trouble." That's the last thing Hoseok wants to happen when they leave their apartment.

"I promise. I won't leave unless I ask or show you where I want to go. I'll listen, Hyung, promise." Jungkook is practically bouncing as he speaks and Hoseok has to grip his shoulders to get the other to stop. Jungkook looks from Hoseok hands to Hoseok's face and a sheepish expression forms on Jungkook's own. "I'm sorry, Seokie hyung, I just got excited."

"I know, Kookie I know, but for now let's get guy bundled up." He pulls Jungkook to his room and digs through the younger's closet for the thickest jacket he owns.

There's snow on the ground outside so maybe Hoseok should search for boots, too? He knows how fond Jungkook is of playing with snow so maybe he should.

"Seokie hyung do you think we can play in the snow later? Whether it just be you and I or with
everyone else?" As soon as Hoseok turns around he finds Jungkook looking out his window with hopeful eyes and who is Hoseok to take away that joy?

Hooking his chin on Jungkook's shoulder, he drapes the jacket over Jungkook's shoulders. "If that's what you want, but first let's get you out into some boots and your jacket."

Jungkook faces him obediently and Hoseok slips the younger's arms through the sleeves even as Jungkook wiggles away with a giggle of, your fingers are cold, Hyung. The boots go on and then Jungkook trails after Hoseok as they move to his room all the while holding the older's hand.

Jungkook rests on his bed while Hoseok slips on one of his own jackets and laces his boots. "Where would you like to go first, Jungkook the park or the store?"

Jungkook tilts his head a confused sound building in his throat and Hoseok can't hold back his coo when one of Jungkook's ink ears droop into his line of sight. "Why would we be going to the store, Seokie?"

His original plan was to get Jungkook a few more colouring books or even some paint, but if the younger doesn't want that they don't have to go. They can just walk around the city for fun.

"I thought you would like a few more colouring books is all, but if you don't, then that's fine." Jungkook's eyes widen and his mouth parts in surprise and then Hoseok has an armful of Jungkook.

"No, thank you, Hyung. I thought, Seokjin hyung wouldn't let me get any new ones until the week ended.

Rubbing a hand down Jungkook's back Hoseok nuzzles the younger's hair. "No you can still get colouring books. Seokjin would only take that away if you did something really bad so don't worry. And he was only talking about your story book."

Well, at least Hoseok now understands why Jungkook has been hesitant to touch any of his other books. He's been hesitant to finish filling them up because he thought he couldn't get any new ones.

"Cou-Could we maybe get two, Hyung? And then colour a little if we don't play outside?" Jungkook has detached himself from Hoseok's front mood brighter and more carefree when compared to earlier. Hoseok is just happy to see him smiling.
"Yeah, yeah, we can. Maybe, Taehyung or someone else we join us later." Jungkook hugs him once again and then Hoseok tugs the younger outside and into the hallway.

The elevator his still down, but that's okay Hoseok prefers walking with Jungkook. That way he gets to grip Hoseok's hand like it's a lifeline and is not frightened of tucking into Hoseok's side. This way Jungkook is comfortable and not trying to hide, so Hoseok prefers them walking down the halls in the early morning.

Once they reach the lobby Jungkook tucks in on himself becoming small next to Hoseok. The hybrid doesn't speak until they are outside, but even then it's quiet. "Do you think, Seokjin hyung will let Jimin read me a chapter tonight if I give him a picture?"

Hoseok laces their fingers together. "You could try." It probably won't change anything, but Hoseok won't dissuade the other from trying. This could be a lucky day and Seokjin just might allow Jungkook's request. Hoseok really can't predict what will happen.

They are not even halfway to the store when Jungkook tugs on his arm and points at the snow, or more specifically a snowman. "Can we get a closer look, Hyung?"

It's across the street. Hoseok doesn't want to say no, but this time he has to. "How about we make a better one when we come back? Then we can show everyone the snowman you made." Jungkook gives a nod, Hoseok can feel the telltale signs of a pout forming on Jungkook's mouth when the younger rests his head on Hoseok's shoulder.

"Okay," Jungkook mumbles, not pleased with Hoseok's decision, but he will listen because that shows he's obedient. Besides Hoseok said they would make a better one.

Jungkook hums under his breath as they walk and Hoseok is already making a list of what they will need to buy to make a snowman that will make Jungkook smile.
Yoongi is drying his hair when he gets a call. Sitting down on the bed, he swipes his thumb over the screen a small proud smile forming on his face when Jungkook's face pops up on the screen.

He is in someone's lap cuddled to their chest and by the little Yoongi can see he suspects that it's Taehyung. "Why is there snow on your clothes?"

Jungkook flushes lightly and he looks down at his shirt. The person holding him laughs and Yoongi was right, it is Taehyung. "Him and Hoseok played with snow today, but he wanted to call you before he took his bath."

Yoongi's lips quirk up. "Jungkook, what have I told you about staying in dirty or wet clothing?"

The camera shows Jungkook's face again and the younger is gnawing on his bottom lip looking guilty. "That it'll get me sick and that I should just warm and clean myself up before I call, Hyung."

He nods and shifts to grab his towel again to deal it over his shoulders. "And why did I tell you this, Jungkook?" Yoongi has been away for almost a month now and he understands why Jungkook puts everything rise after calling him, but it's not good for him and Yoongi wants him to be healthy.

Jungkook tucks his head against Taehyung's arm only for the older to move the phone so that Yoongi can see the youngest again. When Jungkook unscrews one eye as he mumbles out his answer.

"Louder, Jungkook I can't hear you." Jungkook hides his face with one of his hands now and Yoongi sighs. "If you don't listen, Taehyung will end the call, you don't want that to happen do you?"

All three of them know it's a lie, but it gets Jungkook to nod. He has never liked having to admit that he's gone against any rule no matter how small. And while this is one Jungkook will not be punished for Yoongi is very aware of how much Jungkook dislikes disappointing any of them.

"Because, Yoongi hyung will always answer even if it's late." Yoongi hears Taehyung coo and Jungkook tucks his head to his chin as a hand cards through his hair.
"I have some good news," Yoongi starts, clearing his throat and Jungkook looks at him through the screen expression curious. "I should be home within a week, and then you can tell me all that I've missed."

A bright grin breaks out on Jungkook's face and Taehyung coos for him. "Can I go see you at the airport? Please, Hyung?"

Yoongi closes his eyes and listens to Taehyung tease Jungkook about how eager he is. It's been so long since he's been home and if Yoongi's being completely honest with himself, he just wants to coddle Jungkook. And Yoongi knows that as soon as he is home he will.

"You have to ask, Seokjin hyung first, but I would love to see you there." Yoongi stands setting the phone on the dresser and grabs a shirt as Jungkook continues to talk.

"We missed you, Hyung and I made something for you." Yoongi cracks a grin at that. Jungkook was always creative and Yoongi has appreciated each and every gift Jungkook has made or given him.

"I can't wait to see it." It's the truth and Yoongi casts a look at the time. Soon Jungkook will have to be in bed. Looking at the package on his bed Yoongi says one last thing before Taehyung can end the call. "And I got you guys something, too."

He sees a smile on Jungkook's face before the screen turns to black. It makes is body run hot with affection and Yoongi really can't wait until he's home. Hell at this point he might be home before the week ends.
Sometimes Jimin wonders what is about Jungkook that just makes him lose control, or times like now with Jungkook rocking against him needy and releasing quiet, breathy mewls Jimin finds he doesn't care. Pressing a kiss to Jungkook's jaw he noses the skin before travelling up to nibble at the younger's bottom lip, earning a low whine. His baby always had liked a little pain with his pleasure.

Slotting his mouth against Jungkook's own Jimin trails his hands down the other's sides stroking and scratching until Jungkook is arching against his chest with a pleased groan. Leaning away Jimin's eye hood as he takes in the sight of Jungkook flushes red with glassy eyes and a swollen lip. Beautiful and all of him and him only.

Moving hair out of Jungkook's face he eases the younger until he is on his back whispering praise all the while. “You're doing so good, Jungkook. Letting me take control without a fuss my good, good boy.”

Jungkook's eyes flutter and then a hand is in his hair tugging it. “Call me baby.” Smirking near Jungkook's mouth Jimin presses a kiss before smoothing his hands down Jungkook's side.

Normally Jimin wouldn't comply after being demanded, but Jungkook has been so good for him lately, so Jimin has no reason to refuse. “My baby, you've done so well lately.” The hand falls to cup his neck and Jimin feels Jungkook's heated breathe ghost of her skin in quick bursts. With a dip Jimin has his hands on the expanse of Jungkook's stomach warming the skin while he sucks on the other's lip. “I'm sure you think you deserve a reward?”
Jungkook whines into the kiss bucking up and Jimin moves a hand down to tap his thigh in warning, voice becoming a low growl as he rises enjoying the way Jungkook chases after him. “Please, Jimin, I've been good for you, please?”

It’s the whine that gets him—along with the way Jungkook ruts against his thigh, but Jimin will never admit it. His baby doesn't need to know anymore of his weaknesses—so with another quick peck to Jungkook's jaw and tilts Jungkook's head back and explores what is his. Their relationship is different to say the least. They are not dating, but they are exclusive and Jimin is very aware that Jungkook only comes to him when he is frustrated, but that's perfect. It means that Jimin is the only one that sees Jungkook like this needy, submissive, and so so eager for his touch.

Of course it's not like Jimin would like to share. After Jungkook came to him the other was his and Jimin won't care if Jungkook dates anyone else, but this little agreement of theirs is theirs and theirs alone. If Jungkook ever asks him if he can include anyone else Jimin will say no and Jungkook will listen like the good boy he is because he is Jimin's good boy.

Dragging his tongue over Jungkook's teeth he hears Jungkook keen when he bites. It is loud and pleasant and Jimin would love to hear it each and every day. When Jungkook's chest starts to heave harsh and erratic against his own Jimin lets him breathe while carding his fingers through Jungkook's hair with a silent apology. His last pull had been a tad rougher than the others. “Tell me baby have you let anyone else see you like this?”

It is something he always asks and as Jungkook squirms, nosing at his wrist Jimin cradles his face as he waits for the answer he has been hearing for a year. “No,” It comes out as a whine and Jimin pats Jungkook's thigh in yet another warning. Jungkook will not get impatient with him, Jungkook will wait and answer him, or Jimin will leave him to deal with all of this alone. “Just you, Jimin.”

“That's good,” Jimin comments smoothing a hand over the red skin in apology. His goal is not to hurt Jungkook he just wants the other to listen. “You know I don't like sharing.”

Jungkook nods sucking on the inside of Jimin's wrist and he decides to let the younger do it without complaint. Jimin has sucked enough marks on Jungkook's body that the other should be allowed to show his claim, if just once. Though Jimin would not be against letting Jungkook leave
Once he is sure that Jungkook has enough air in his lungs Jimin returns to ravaging his mouth licking, biting, and sucking at the skin until Jungkook is looping an arm around his neck to anchor Jimin close and Jimin won't lie he smirks into the kiss when the younger does this. Both of them are possessive people Jimin just tends to show it more often than not.

Dragging his hand down the length of Jungkook's waist Jimin starts to head for the younger's belt only for Jungkook to puff out a sharp, *not today*. He listens. If Jungkook doesn't want that tonight then Jimin will not touch him or peel and clothing of his body. Resting the palm of his hand on the curve of Jungkook's hip Jimin breaks the kiss to trail them down Jungkook's neck. “You're similar to a cat, Jimin.”

Just for that comment Jimin scrapes his teeth over Jungkook's Adam's apple relishing in the high moan he gets. Everything he is does is for Jungkook enjoyment even if his baby doesn't believe it to. “Only because you enjoy it.”

All he gets is a hum and with one of his own Jimin tugs the collar of Jungkook's shirt out of the way so he can suck a pretty little pearl on Jungkook's collarbone. That has always been Jimin favourite place to leave marks on Jungkook's body besides the younger's hip. It's intimate and if anyone tries to look hard enough they'll see that Jungkook is his.

Jungkook giggles above him after Jimin presses a kiss to the newly formed mark and sometimes Jimin just likes to focus on how quickly Jungkook goes from mussed up and needy to Jimin's actual dork that that just wants to be hugged and coddled. Both of which Jimin is always ready to provide.

After a year of this—of *them*—Jimin has gotten used to being whatever Jungkook needs in the moment whether it be someone to coo or cosset him or even a partner ready to discipline him if need be. Their relationship is different, but they are happy with it and Jimin really wouldn't have it any other way.

Soft, sweat soaked chestnut hair tucks under his chin and Jimin smooths a hand down Jungkook's back as he hums low in his throat. Jungkook has always liked when he did that, says it helps calms
him so Jimin is not against doing it. “You always take care of me, Jimin.” The words are quiet yet appreciate and Jimin kisses Jungkook's forehead.

“You're worth being taken care of.” Jungkook shoves his shoulder a light flush to his cheeks and Jimin laughs. “Even when you act like a brat.”

Jungkook sighs and his fingers play with the hair at the back of Jimin's neck. “But I'm your brat.”

“Yeah,” Jimin agrees as Jungkook nuzzles his neck eyelashes tickling the skin. Jungkook is his unfairly adorable and needy brat, but Jimin would never change him. “You are my brat.”
There are plenty of things Yoongi expects to come home to. Jungkook sitting on the couch reading, the tv on blaring music, the hum of their damn refrigerator that always fucks Yoongi over because he swears the thing only works for Jungkook. But anyway Yoongi expects plenty of things when he arrives home and wants nothing to do except have dinner, shower, and then have his boyfriend curl up next to his side for the night.

It's their routine, one that both of them are comfortable and satisfied with. The thing is Yoongi comes home to none of this and that's not strange per se it's just that Jungkook usually leaves a note or calls him if he heads out. Yoongi finds neither a note and he is certain that Jungkook didn't call him so yeah, maybe he's just a little worried.

He knows Jungkook can take care of himself probably better than Yoongi can take care of himself, but Jungkook is still fragile even if neither of them wish to admit it. Jungkook is not fragile physically because Yoongi has seen him flip someone two times his size on to their back, he is fragile mentally and he gullible. Too trusting and Yoongi doesn't want anything to happen to him is all.

Walking farther into their apartment Yoongi settles on not worrying and just trusting Jungkook’s decision. Ruffling his hair Yoongi sighs and drops his bag onto their kitchen table. Tomorrow is
the start of the weekend and Yoongi is more than looking forward to having the whole day to himself. Maybe he and Jungkook can go out for once? It would be a welcome change to their usually hectic, no rest, weekend work. And Yoongi knows why both of them stress out so much he works as a photographer and Jungkook is a dance teacher. Stress happens. They push through it.

Shucking off his jacket Yoongi tosses it in the hamper next to their door. A nap sound good about now. Closing his eyes Yoongi twists the knob to their room only to choke on his spit when he opens his eyes again. "What the fuck!"

There on the bed is Jungkook, his wonderful, adorable, and annoying Jungkook. Only Jungkook has ribbon all around his body, thin stripes of baby blue curling over each curve of his body, twisting over his arms like a brand in intricate ties and as Yoongi's gaze drops lower he finds Jungkook in his boxers with that same adorable blue squeezing his thighs and binding his feet together behind him. It is in all honesty that most gorgeous thing Yoongi has ever seen.

Jungkook's eyes flutter open like wings and Yoongi sees a doll, a porcelain doll made just for him. Pinks almost rose lips tug into an inviting smile and Jungkook's raven hair falls in a way that it cradles his face in an almost delicate way. When Jungkook's speaks his words flow with a playful lilt. "Are you happy with your present, Hyung?"

Slinking toward Jungkook's side Yoongi tilts Jungkook's head in his direction and watches in a mix a fascination and pleasure as Jungkook shivers expectant and tempting as he drags his nail along one of the strips. It's silk; soft and comfortable on Jungkook's skin, accentuating all of his features. A fire licks at his belly as Yoongi realizes that all of this is for him and him only.

Jungkook gives this breathy little sigh after Yoongi presses a kiss to his jaw and that is what urges him on to climb onto the bed, cradle Jungkook's face like he is glass and pour how much he adores Jungkook into a kiss.

It is slow and long and Yoongi wants nothing to change as Jungkook noses at the pulse point on his wrist. His beautiful Jungkook is worth the world and maybe one day Yoongi will give it to him. Pressing one last kiss to Jungkook's eyelids Yoongi's words hold all the fondness in the world. "I am more than happy, Jungkook. This is wonderful because it's you and I could never ask for anything better." A dainty pink dusts Jungkook's cheeks and Yoongi finds that it mixes with the blue instead of clashes. Running the pad of his finger around the collar of blur stretching from Jungkook's neck all the way to his hands behind his back Yoongi stops when his finger hits
“Jungkook’s Adam's apple. “I want to keep this the whole time. Do you think we could?”

Jungkook's head dips in agreement and Yoongi smirks. Jungkook is so obedient for him always doing as he asks and Yoongi wants to give all of that back to him. He is going to treat Jungkook like he is the most precious thing in the world—and to Yoongi he is, but now he can show Jungkook.

“Yeah, we can keep it.” Jungkook breathe stutters as Yoongi tugs at one the knots on his arm and it falls quick, painless, easy and so graceful that it's not fair.

Leaning down Yoongi nips at the expanse of skin revealed worshipping it with both words and actions. “My beautiful boy you have no idea how much I adore you,” Another ribbon falls until on the one connecting to Jungkook's neck is left pulled taut and enrapturing as Jungkook's fingers flex. “My porcelain boy, I could just lean you back and make you scream, but I won't.”

Jungkook’s eyes flick toward him shining with trust and his normal eagerness that Yoongi falls in love with all over again. “Why?” It is only one word, but it comes out soft and caressing. All Yoongi does is smile before pulling the first knot on Jungkook's right arm.

The younger's arms flex when Yoongi bites a little mark on each joint. Yoongi trails up until he reaches the curve of Jungkook's shoulders tugging on the ribbon attached to Jungkook's neck and it earns him a please keen. Kissing the indent between Jungkook's shoulder blades Yoongi pulls the first bow on Jungkook's hips. It falls, too, cradling and bunching in Jungkook's lap and as Yoongi peers over Jungkook's shoulder, he is pleased to see the wet patch on Jungkook's boxers. He should enjoy this after all.

Using one hand to pet Jungkook's hair Yoongi uses his free hand to draw patterns along the length of Jungkook's torso. “Because I want you to enjoy this as much as I do.” Jungkook shivers when Yoongi bites at his ear rocking forward only to stop with a whine. Caressing Jungkook's hip and massaging his scalp Yoongi shushes him. “No, that's okay, Jungkook you can move if you want.”

Jungkook shakes his head while he inhales sharply. “No, Yoongi this is about you tonight so I'm letting you do whatever you want.” Well, if that's the case then Yoongi is going to have to do everything. Pressing flush to Jungkook's shoulder Yoongi mouths at Jungkook's neck as his hand
slinks to Jungkook's front so he can cup the the younger. When Jungkook stutters forward Yoongi whispers into his neck, *that's it. Just do as, Hyung asks. It's okay.* Swiping his thumb over the wet patch Yoongi grins as Jungkook moans high and impatient in his throat.

“See, Jungkook this is okay. I want you to enjoy this too, so just listen to, Hyung, okay? Let, Hyung take care of you.” Jungkook gives a throaty whine as Yoongi distracts him by peppering kisses and bites along the line Jungkook's shoulders all while his hand wiggles its way into Jungkook's boxers and strokes the pulsing flesh. It's hot and heavy on his palm and Yoongi feels a surge of pride swell in him because caused this. Squeezing Jungkook's base Yoongi nuzzles the younger's already sweat slick neck. His boyfriend never had the most stamina when it came to sex, but Yoongi never minds. “This feels good doesn't it?”

His boyfriend whines and the grits out a few words before he breaks out into a moan. “But, you aren't enj-enjoying yourself, Yoongi.” Oh, that's where Jungkook is wrong.

Pressing his clothed cock against the curve of his hip Yoongi teases the head of Jungkook's own. “Does this feel like I'm not enjoying myself?” Jungkook voluntarily bucks against him with a his and Yoongi drags the hand in Jungkook's hair down along the line of Jungkook's body, mumbling praise as he pulls on the first line of silk wrapped around Jungkook's legs. Yoongi thinks he rather likes the light line of red forming on Jungkook's left thigh.

Shushing Jungkook when he curses after Yoongi removes his hand from the younger's boxers finger slick pre-cum and makes his way in front of Jungkook to trail a line marks on his thigh. “Do you think you can take me while on your back?” Using his teeth Yoongi gets rid of the last restraint on Jungkook's body sans the one attached to his neck. Yoongi does not wish to Jungkook so if the younger can't do it with the ribbon attached to his neck then Yoongi will remove it.

As he waits for Jungkook's reply he moves one of Jungkook's legs up at an angle so he can mouth at the inner part of Jungkook's thigh earning a grateful purr from the younger. Nipping at the flesh Yoongi uses his free hand to sneak up Jungkook's front to twist a rose bud just begging to be teased. Jungkook jerks and gives a hiss at his first tug and Yoongi makes it up to him by nosing at his torso and kissing each indent of muscle.

As Jungkook breathing evens out and gives a soft, “I can do it and if I have to stop...then balloons. I'll say balloons.” Smiling against Jungkook's stomach, he nods before easing the younger onto his back. If that's what Jungkook wants to use then Yoongi won't stop him.
Settling between both of Jungkook's thighs, he splays one hand on Jungkook's chest and places the other on one of the younger's thighs squeezing the flesh once before sinking down to mouth Jungkook through the material of his boxers. Jungkook arches up and Yoongi pushes him down with a hum. Maybe he should untie Jungkook's hands?

Swiping his tongue over Jungkook's head Yoongi's mouth stretches into a winning smile as Jungkook whines unabashed. “Hyung, please please please take it off!” Hooking his fingers over the hem over the last thing protecting Jungkook's modesty Yoongi stops sucking with a pop and drags the material down and off.

Splaying both hands on Jungkook's hips Yoongi marvels over his boy. Yoongi could litter marks of varying red and blues all over Jungkook's skin and his boy would howl for more, sobbing that it feels wonderful and that he wants more and maybe on a different day Yoongi will leave his claim all over Jungkook's body, but tonight he just wants to worship. “Jungkook, my beautiful, beautiful, Jungkook you have to know how much you mean to me, right? I love every single inch of you.”

Jungkook tilts his head away mouth parted in a silent sigh and Yoongi stretches an arm out so that he can cup the other's jaw and stroke a thumb over the line. There is such a deep red building on Jungkook's face that Yoongi can't help but coo. He taps at Jungkook's jaw as a silent command of, look at me and then those deep doe eyes that Yoongi adores so much are peering down at him with the same adoration.

Sinking down on the younger again Yoongi hollows his cheek as he sucks cupping the underside with his tongue. Jungkook lifts in a pitiful attempt to go deeper and Yoongi takes him from head to base looking through his lashes at the person that will always let Yoongi ruin him.

Rising, he quiets the other before moving to their drawer and grabbing both a condom and lube. Soon he is in the same shape as Jungkook skin slick and red as he slips an arm under Jungkook's back to help him meet each and every one of Yoongi's thrusts. Jungkook whines into his neck a rapid -plea of, more, Hyung please. I've been so so good. Please, Hyung and who is Yoongi to deny his precious boy?

Jungkook sobs into his neck as Yoongi quickens his pace stroking Jungkook in time with each of
his thrusts and the sob that Jungkook gives after they both spill that has Yoongi cradling the younger's face whispering praise after praise and wiping at the sweat that formed on the younger's brow.

Easing out of the other Yoongi first unties Jungkook's hands and lets the ribbon fall from his neck. There is no mark and Yoongi is pleased if he had made a bruise form on Jungkook's neck or wrist because his idea then Yoongi would never forgive himself.

As he cleans the other Yoongi asks the one thing he hasn't been able to figure. “Jungkookie, how did you do this for me? I know you had help and I'm not mad, I just want to know who you asked.”

Jungkook tucks under his chin exhausted but satisfied and for a moment Yoongi thinks the other has fallen asleep until words fall from Jungkook's mouth slurred yet content. “Taehyung, he helped me. I knew he was good at tying ropes so I asked him. Please don't be mad at him, Hyung.”

Kissing Jungkook's forehead Yoongi lets the younger curl up to sleep. “I won't be.” He will in fact have to thank the other later for making it to where Jungkook wouldn't be hurt.
Jungkook/Namjoon Smut

Chapter Notes

Requested by Anonymous: Can I request an au where the pairing is Jungkook/Namjoon. Where Jungkook is a Bunny hybrid and Namjoon is his owner. And Jungkook misbehaves, so Namjoon has to punish him. Then they do it (please write the smut)!!!!! Thank you.

I'm not sure if I can really classify Jungkook as a power bottom in this, but just going to mention it as a maybe.

Jungkook hadn't meant to do anything bad today. He really, really didn't, but...Namjoon had left out The Box and Jungkook just wanted to look. Really, at first he just wanted to look at everything Namjoon kept in it and while he knows what a few of the items are, since they've used a few Jungkook wanted to see everything else. That's not too much to ask is it?

Well, maybe not for anyone else, but that's the thing Namjoon said that was this only thing Jungkook couldn't mess with or there would be consequences and well Jungkook clearly listened to that.

He was just going to take a peek—just one. Or that's what Jungkook kept on telling himself as he rummaged through The Box face blushing red and vulnerable as he places things next to him or drags his fingers over remotes and turns them on giving low pleased hums as they let out a noise. Namjoon has never used anything like these. His owner only used the occasional cock ring when Jungkook tried to be a tease and rope the older away from work, but even then Jungkook liked them because at least then Namjoon would pay him some attention, if just for a little while.

Except now as Jungkook sits on his knees, hand wrapped around a toy—new, he knows, it still has the tag—and stares up at Namjoon with a pitiful wobble of his lip and drooping ears Jungkook knows he fucked up.

Crawling away from his misdeed Jungkook drops the toy from his hand like it burned him and
scrambles onto their bed with a sincere apology falling from his lips. Clenching his hands in the sheets and tucking his chin to his chest Jungkook feels apprehension, or maybe trepidation build up in him. Namjoon is going to angry, so so angry because Jungkook disobeyed him and oddly, he crawls up his spine at the though and Jungkook doesn't understand why.

Listening to the clap of Namjoon's shoes he curls his knees to his chest and sucks his lip between his teeth, forcing himself to stay still when his owner drags an unbelievably gentle finger over his ear and Jungkook sighs in both relief and pleasure. Maybe Namjoon won't be displeased with him? Jungkook hadn't used any of the toys.

“Jungkook, haven't I told you time and time again that you are not to mess with my things?” The words are soft and deceivingly accepting, but Jungkook nods because he still wants to make this up to Namjoon. He can do that by being truthful. The finger drags down to his jaw and soon his head is being tilted up so that he can see the devilish intent in Namjoon's eyes. His owner isn't going to forgive him for this. “Then do tell me why I found you doing the exact thing I told you not to do.”

It's not a question and Jungkook's traces patterns on the white sheets under him, wondering what the best way to go about this would be. He could say the real reason, that he was curious and wanted to see what Namjoon was hiding, but Jungkook is unsure if that will make things worse. Then again Namjoon says that honesty is better than a lie.

“I-I wanted to see everything.” He swallows venturing to look Namjoon in the eyes only to fond dark eyes and an all too interested glint. Shifting, he tugs his sweater down to hide the growing bulge in his pants. Namjoon is the only person that has this effect on him and sometimes—like now—Jungkook abhors it. He shouldn't be interested in what Namjoon can do to him, but oh, maybe his owner would finally pay attention to him. Maybe this could end in his favour? Licking at his lip Jungkook flutters his lashes and watches as the older's gaze drags over him in appraisal until a pleased almost sensuous smirk curls on Namjoon's mouth. “You only use a few things so...so I wanted to see if you had anything else.”

Namjoon glides over to him with a solemn seen grace, that has Jungkook's mouth growing dry and there are long, sinuous, and commanding fingers stroking his hair in slow adoring line. Leaning into the touch Jungkook makes a pleased noise in his throat. He knows that Namjoon will not stay gentles, but Jungkook will enjoy the challenge of reigning him back into doing what he wants. Even though Namjoon is his owner and is the one that does the ruining, Jungkook is the one that controls everything.
The fingers travel close to his neck until they are curling in the hair just above his skin and Jungkook's mouth parts to let out a silent whimper when the older tugs, pulling him down to his knees so that his head is equal with Namjoon's waist. Smiling up at the other with a coy tilt to his lips Jungkook stretches up to nose at the seam close to Namjoon's crotch. He is tugged away before he can do anything else and Jungkook is satisfied with the growl of, your mouth will be used later, for now you will be a good boy.

He will be good, but only because he wants to be and they both know this, but Namjoon likes to have a modicum amount of control before Jungkook stripes it all away. Jungkook's owner is fine with that, though—pleased even. They push and pull and both Jungkook and Namjoon thrive off testing and teasing the other. Namjoon through dominance and Jungkook through subtly. It works out for them both.

With one hand curled in his rabbit's hair Namjoon uses his other one to sear hot lines over the small amount of Jungkook's skin visible and only moves toward the first button of the younger's shirt when Jungkook gives a whine of impatience. Soon Jungkook will get what he wants, however, for now Namjoon plans on making him wait. “You know that bad boys get punished, don't you?”

“Yes,” It comes out breathy and expectant and god Namjoon would never want anything different.

Popping the first button and then the second, third, and fourth he parts Jungkook's shirt to put almost of the other's skin on display. Growling in his throat Namjoon slides his hand over Jungkook's chest and flicks at one rose bed until it unfurls and softens along with the tiny mewls falling from Jungkook's red and kissable mouth.

Focusing on the hybrid and before him Namjoon nudges his box of toys closer as he tugs on Jungkook's right bud, chuckling at the way the younger jerks with a whine, tawny ears bouncing on his head with his arch. Crouching Namjoon mouths at Jungkook's neck and lets his other hand fall to trace the outline of the other's body, inching ever closer to bulge in the younger's pants. Nipping a line from Jungkook's jaw to the juncture of his shoulder, playing with a bud twisting and tugging he eases Jungkook's pants and boxers down until they hook on the head of his cock.

“We can't have you enjoying this too much now can we.” He teases near the shell of Jungkook's ear, earning a high keen as he slides a cock ring down Jungkook's shaft. It's one they use often and Namjoon pumps his little bunny's cock until he earns a shudder and a shaky, Hyung! Still keeping
Jungkook on his knees Namjoon settles on the bed and cradles the younger's face as his voice softens. “You haven't earned that reward yet. How do you think you can earn that privilege, Jungkook?”

As soon as the words are out of his mouth Jungkook surges forward nosing and kitten licking at his clothed member with a fervency. Clicking his tongue Namjoon curls a hand back into Jungkook's hair and pulls the other away. “You will do this right or you will get nothing.”

With that Namjoon lets his grip fall so that he can continue to play with Jungkook's perky buds while his other hand continues to stroke at Jungkook's jaw. Jungkook will have to work for a release and Namjoon is not going to do anything to make it easier for him. The rabbit tucks against his clothes thigh rubbing his cheek against it and Namjoon tries not to focus on the way Jungkook's face is turning an adorable red, creeping down past his neck the closer he moves to his owners zipper.

With a playful sound bursting from his throat Jungkook tugs the zipper down with his teeth, ears, brushing Namjoon's clothed torso and Jungkook just knows that will be the next thing he removes. Once he tugs the zipper as far as it will go he wiggles his tongue into the little crack of Namjoon's jeans and licks a wet strip over the head, relishing in the way Namjoon's body convulses in an attempt to stay stiff. He will have the other wrecked by the end of the night.

Keeping his tongue busy Jungkook pops the button to Namjoon's slacks and slides them down after he makes Namjoon arch up. He gives an appreciative squeeze to Namjoon's thighs along with a flutter of his eyes when Namjoon praises him. Smoothing his fingers over the expanse of soft flesh Jungkook returns to playing with Namjoon through his clothes licking and dragging his tongue along the underside of his owner's cock practically worshipping it all while his hands sneak up underneath Namjoon's shirt to caress the older's skin. Letting them fall Jungkook gives a harsh suck as he pops buttons at a time.

Removing himself from Namjoon's heat he puts on an innocent smile and looks up at the older through his lashes utterly pleased to see Namjoon's plump lips parted to let out beautiful sounds and curses and even better is that Namjoon is tugging at his hair insistently as his thighs quiver. All of this helps Jungkook focus on everything except his weeping and pulsing cock, he will get his reward soon—Namjoon always rewards him, even if he's been bad. “Can I taste you, Namjoon? Have I earned that at least?” It is easy to plead all Jungkook has to do is widen his eyes and make his voice high, if a tad raw as of now. Namjoon will agree and Jungkook will get what he wants.
The groan Namjoon gives is all he needs, so with a smug smirk Jungkook trails kisses along one side of Namjoon's cock, sucking on the tip playfully when he reaches it, and then trails another set of pecks down the other side. There is discharge falling along his thigh a sign of how impatient he is getting.

Hallowing his cheeks Jungkook traces a prominent vein with his tongue and keeps his hands busy by using one to stroke at his own while the other slinks up to cradle Namjoon's jaw, his fingers ghosting over a sweaty brow and then down over a heaving chest. Namjoon lets him, enjoying the contrast of a cool palm over his flushed skin. Swiping his tongue over the slit Jungkook rises and nips up Namjoon's stomach until he is looking the older in the eye. His owner is just about done and Jungkook will get what he wants before he takes the other over the edge. It's only fair after all.

“Can I have my reward now, Namjoon? I've been good haven't I?” Namjoon's hands cup under his arms and Jungkook finds himself in the older's lap nuzzling against a warm body as beautiful fingers stroke his face or tease at his entrance.

When one circles Jungkook's entrance, warm discharge coating it, he shivers as he eases his owner onto his back. This is his show now and Namjoon knows that. Planting a peck to the corner of his owner's mouth Jungkook pushes on the finger curling against his sweet spot with a moan. Rubbing his cock against Namjoon's own Jungkook trails his fingers down toward the ring as he gives the older a pleading look. “Go ahead, Jungkook. You've deserved it.” Namjoon's free hand accompanies his own tugging the black ring off, however Namjoon's thumb swipes over his tip making Jungkook arch as he collects the beads of white that formed.

Placing his thumb on Jungkook's bottom lip Namjoon watches as the younger laps at it unaware to the three fingers stretching him. Sliding himself into Jungkook's tight heat he watches as the rabbit sucks on his fingers like their something sweet and with a quick jab Jungkook gurgles pleased and falls back on him in a silent wish for more. “Hyung, m-more, please—” A hiss interrupts his words and soon Jungkook is sitting up hands splayed on Namjoon's chest possessively while he sinks down or rises, circling and controlling his owner's pace.

Scraping his nails over Namjoon's shoulders, his tail twitches as he meets a particularly harsh thrust and Jungkook watches through glazed eyes as Namjoon grips at his hips caressing his sides in hot lines with his own nails. Namjoon's silver almost moonlight hair is spread out at odd angles with some strands stuck to his forehead, whines and growls spilling from him in tandem with Jungkook's own. “So-So good, Jungkook. Taking me so well, like you were made for me,” Jungkook whines ears touching Namjoon's front as he bends falling on the older's cock in a rush, pleased with how it pulses. “You enjoy...doing this don't you? Misbehaving—i-it something you look forward to doing, isn't it.”
Namjoon wouldn't be wrong and as Jungkook's head falls in an eager nod as he clenches down, heat filling him Namjoon gives a sigh both exasperated and delighted. Thighs quivering Jungkook sobs against Namjoon's shoulder when the older curves up to let him rest on his shoulder while a large hand strokes him to completion, strings of white coating their stomachs and chins. Jungkook can last longer than Namjoon far longer, but with the way his owner twisted his hand and flicked at his head he had no chance. Falling limp on the older's frame he noses along the column of Namjoon's neck mumbling appreciatively, content with how all of this turned.

Whimpering in protest when Namjoon attempts to leave Jungkook latches onto his arm burrowing his head in the older's chest. "No, we can clean up tomorrow."

He earns a low, amused chuckle that still somehow manages to make his shiver. As a hand strokes over his back in apology Jungkook pouts feeling cold when Namjoon leaves the bed. He knows why, of course, Namjoon doesn't like to either Jungkook or himself dirty, so the first this he does after their activities is grab a cloth to clean his bunny up. Jungkook appreciates the care and coddling, but he appreciates after-sex cuddling more. Snuggling into their pillows Jungkook gives a sigh of contentment as his ears and tail twitch. Maybe he should do this more often?

No, Namjoon will show him everything when he wants to. Jungkook won't force him into doing that, besides, he rather likes Namjoon being gentle with him more than anything.
Jungkook/Namjoon Smut

Chapter Notes

Requested by Anonymous: Oh my god! Your written smut is soo good!! Can you please do one for Namkook? Would appreciate if you made Namjoon call Kookie as "baby boy", but please no Dom/sub relationship (we have already enough of those) ;P Thank you! And thank you for all your works so far ♡

Jungkook, sort of, definitely has a praise kink in this.

If there is something Jungkook thrives off it would be praise or just being told that he's done something good. It doesn't matter what it is, but when the words, you've done so well, Jungkook come out of someone's mouth, whether it be his teachers or friends or most importantly Namjoon's mouth it sends a surge of pride through him.

However, there is something he loves even more than being told that he is good, but Jungkook only wants to have it from one person and one person only, and that simple thing he adores being called more than anything is Namjoon's baby boy. He can't pinpoint what it is about Namjoon saying baby, or boy whether they be in the same sentence or not, but Jungkook's knees go weak when his Hyung calls him, his baby or his boy, and Jungkook is sure that the other knows exactly what it does to him.

After all, that's the only reason Namjoon would have Jungkook in his lap, stroking raven hair as he peppers, sweet, warm pecks over the planes of Jungkook's face and eyelids, a low pleased rumble forming in his throat as Jungkook puffs warm air on his neck.

“My baby boy, you always listen to me. You act like I'm the most important thing in the world,” A hand sweeps over Jungkook's hip, tender and caring as Namjoon lets the younger burrow into his chest with an adorable mewl. “And you have no idea how much I would give up, so that my baby boy could have the world.”

Jungkook squirms on Namjoon's thigh, face pink as he noses at the column of the older's neck,
leaving pecks and nips of his own until Namjoon gives an appreciative groan and cups his face.

“I-I just want to be your good boy, Hyung.”

“I know,” The words are followed by a kiss to his brow as fingers tap at his ribs in a rhythm that only Namjoon knows. “I know, baby, and you are my good boy. You have always been my good boy. Don't you know how much I adore you?” Jungkook nods against his shoulder, rushed, sucking a quick mark and Namjoon curls a hand in his hair massaging the younger's scalp. Jungkook is always so good to him, his wonderful baby boy.

Light fingers twist the material of Namjoon's shirt as the younger fucks against his thigh, high pitched whines spilling from a rose mouth as Namjoon urges him on, slipping a hand down to knead at the skin that meets between Jungkook's thigh and ass. “Baby, you're doing so well. Do you think you can finish like this?”

No, he can't. Jungkook wants the older to continue this, but...but if that is what Namjoon wants he can try.

Burrowing his head into Namjoon's shoulder, he shakes his head while simultaneously quieting his whimpers. He finds himself being pulled back as Namjoon's hands settle on his hips caressing up then down in soothing lines and Jungkook whines, he doesn't want to disappoint Namjoon. “N-No, no, Hyung, I can! Please, just let me tr—”

Namjoon is shushing him, one hand now at his cheek thumb circling the skin around his eye in sweet movements and Jungkook feels irrational tears pricking at his eyes. He just wants to make Namjoon proud, but he can't even do that so how can he be the older's good boy? Let alone his baby.

“Oh, no, Jungkookie it's okay. If you can't that's okay, you're not disappointing me,” Namjoon is lying Jungkook knows he is. Curling his fingers until he can feel the skin under the fabric he slides his own cock against Namjoon's own choking on his moan from how good it feels. The hand on his hip tightens and nails scrape at his back in a pet. It feels so so nice and then it is made even better by Namjoon kissing along his jaw, while bucking up to meet him halfway. “I don't want to force you into anything or make you feel like you have to do anything for my approval. You already have it, baby.”
That makes Jungkook's body run hot with both affection and something that makes his heart sing.

Curling close to Namjoon's front he continues to slide against heated flesh, but focuses on the steady, loving, all for him beat of Namjoon's heart. Namjoon swoops down to kiss his cheek, then the tip of his nose before finally—finally—planting on his mouth that steals all his breathe away from how much it shows that Namjoon finds him perfect the way he is.

Somehow, despite how pleased he feels from all of this, tears spill down his cheeks and Namjoon rumbles low and soothing in his throat as he tries to wipe the clear streams away. “I, I just wanted you to be proud of me, Namjoon. I'm sor-sorry.”

The hand on his hip curls around to Jungkook's front to pump the younger's cock, fingers twisting and playing with the head until Jungkook is thrusting up for more friction as Namjoon chuckles near his neck, biting and sucking even as praise falls from plump lips that Jungkook just wants to kiss.

So he does. Leaning down Jungkook squeezes his eyes shut and ruts into the older's hand while he asks for Namjoon to open for him. It is rushed, yet gentle and Namjoon tugs on his bottom lip as Jungkook groans from a squeeze at his base. Out of everything he does with Namjoon the kissing is what he looks forward to the most.

“Baby boy, you're such a wreck, whining and squirming like it is your job,” Namjoon moves up to bite at the shell of his ears and Jungkook bucks up mouth open as he begs. “I love you like this. I adore being the reason your cock is weeping and red. And you're the reason for mine, you're the reason I try, the reason I give so much of myself up—because I want my baby happy and sated.”

He is not certain when Namjoon grabbed the lube or coated his fingers with it, but Jungkook jerks up when cold solution touches him as fingers work him open. Namjoon purrs into his skin all the while brandishing the mark that Jungkook had left like a brand. When Namjoon eases him down the uncomfortable material of a condom is replaced with an all consuming pleasure as he hits Jungkook's prostate with every jab.
It doesn't help that Jungkook can't think about anything except the way Namjoon's hand is milking him or the way the older's growl seems to complement his own shaky whines, Jungkook can't think of anything except how Namjoon makes him belong with a possessive rumble of, *my baby. You're so good for me, begging me for more. I just want to fill my baby boy up until all he can think of is me.*

It shouldn't be the thing that pushes him over the edge, but it does and Jungkook hides his face into Namjoon's shoulder with a pleased whimper. The older's hand continues to milk him through his high making sure he has nothing left to give and then warmth spreads through him as Namjoon follows soon after.

Namjoon doesn't make a move to get up yet and Jungkook cuddles into his chest, face an adorable shade of red and Namjoon kisses him again soft as Jungkook's fingers thread through his hair petting. This is nice and Jungkook gives a content puff before sagging against the older's frame.

He doesn't feel as lost anymore like he has to strive and strive and *strive* for reassurance, that he is going above and beyond, or that he has to push himself to please everyone. Jungkook doesn't have to do any of that for approval. But that doesn't mean he will stop trying to do his best at whatever Namjoon asks him.

“My beautiful boy, don't worry anymore, okay? Just let me take care of you for a little longer.” Jungkook tucks closer to Namjoon's front their heated bodies almost like two puzzle pieces and Jungkook nods, the movement short and still hesitant, but that's okay. Namjoon is okay with helping him because Jungkook is his boy and he just wants the younger happy.
Requested by Anonymous: Hi, can you do another Jungkook centric like the one where he's a fledgling? Or a continuation of that. Please do a lot of Jungkook centric, there is almost no one and you are an incredible writer! Also, what is the other vamp au you did before that one? I can't find it. Thank you!!! <3

Warning: Blood drinking

Jungkook hates how his whole body seems to scream for sustenance, gnawing and clawing up his throat in a desperate plea for food, drink, the lovely crimson that he can't help, but detest. He never wanted this. Not being able to age, he never wanted that nor did he ever want to live off another person. It's just wrong because he used to be human and now he's a monster.

Tucking tighter against the wall a doleful whine falls from his mouth before he sinks his fangs into the skin so that no one in his coven can hear. He doesn't want them to take care of him Jungkook doesn't want any of this. He hardly even knows any of the members of this coven. Digging his head into his knees Jungkook groans as the pain in his stomach grows into an aching need. Forcing himself to stay quiet Jungkook listens to the clip of shoes above him.

None of the older vampires know he is here hiding in the basement, but that is what Jungkook wants. All they will try to do is force him to feed off a human and Jungkook can't do that. He would rather suffer through this than harm a human. Taking in a shaky breathe Jungkook sinks his claws into the wood beside him, if he doesn't think of blood then he will be okay. He will be able to control himself. He has to.

The click of a heel grows ever louder as Jungkook struggles to hide his whines and keens. Chest heaving, he squeezes his eyes shut as the scent of blood, pure, clean, delicious sustenance moves closer. No, no, no he can't end up like them. Jungkook is good he isn't a murder he can't fall victim to hunger.
Jungkook has been hiding for three or so nights now and there is no doubt in his mind that he looks like death kissed him. His head spins when he tries to move and when Jungkook blinks or swallows it sends a sharp sting down his spine. If he can just tide over for a little longer, maybe they will let him leave.

Choking on a whimper as his shoulders square Jungkook sobs into his knees, the pain that was once a dull ache is crawling through his veins, pinching in his stomach and Jungkook doesn't think he will be able to stand it for long. Raking fingers through his hair, mussing it and destroying the style one of the vampires had out it in. Everything Jungkook is wearing is one of theirs and he wants to get rid of it, it just acts as a reminder that he is like them. Jungkook will never be normal again. He will be groomed to be a killer and the thought makes him want to scream.

Too focused on his internal debate Jungkook never hears the lock of the door click nor does he hear the quiet begging of his soon to be victim. However, Jungkook does notice the finger stroking through his hair, gentle and soothing while a sinful voice purrs out something that makes Jungkook's sobs ricochet off the walls. “Pet, it's been so long I'm sure you're starving. So end this little game and eat the meal I took so much time to prepare.”

The fingers stay gentle as they pull his head back and Jungkook's eyes glaze over in hunger as he sees crimson on the fingers attempting to comfort him. It makes him sick. Jungkook is horrible creature and he wants all of this end, but oh, he's so so hungry and there is something heavenly before him. The other vampire's chuckle is a morbid mix of sounding both pleased and horrifying to Jungkook's ears and he only realizes that it is Jimin, the one that fucking did this to him when the older crouches down, a caring smile carved on his lips while his eyes hold an almost proud glint in his eyes when he sees a pink tongue dart out to lick at the blossoms of red that fell on his lips. “Go ahead, pet. Enjoy yourself, it's all for you after all.”

Jungkook's eyes flick from Jimin's face to the sobbing person trapped in the older's other hand. He can't tell what they are man, woman, other. Jungkook's vision has all, but failed him as the only that runs through his head is, food, food, make Sire proud all while his heart squeezes with regret. This isn't what he wants Jimin can't force him to do this, he can't and Jungkook tries to reign himself back, but it's impossible with the way Jimin is encouraging him and only made worse with the insatiable need to feed. His link with Jimin just makes it so much more difficult to think of disobeying because the other is his Sire and while he will never acknowledge that he can't deny how it compels him to do as Jimin says.

He gives one last pitiful whine in an attempt to make Jimin change his mind. He only gets a
charming smirk and Jimin's blood stained thumb slipping into his mouth, pressing insistently on one of his fangs. Jungkook's mind and morals shut off as he lurches forward with a growl and sinks fangs through skin like a knife through butter. His senses are overtaken with the scent of the human beneath him and his ears only catch the delightful inflection of Jimin’s words.

Crying as he drinks, Jungkook curses Jimin to hell using their link as a weapon. He gets nothing but pure affection and pride back and Jungkook will never admit it, but it makes his body shudder in a twisted sort of contentment. The hand not holding up the human sweeps over his back cold yet encouraging and then Jungkook is being yanked back into a sturdy chest, unable to think clearly he hisses, snapping his teeth at Jimin's hand.

“Enough or you'll kill them. We'll get you a new one, pet.” Jungkook dislikes that, too. Being referred to as pet. It makes his stomach churn in agitation because the word is not at all a compliment, but somehow Jimin fits all the affection in the world into it.

Unable to speak with blood in his mouth Jungkook glowers at the hands holding him like he is some gem. Jimin has no right to do this to him, to force him to eat, and then treat him like he is not some monster. Squirming in Jimin's hold, a snarl growing on his face Jungkook swallows the last bit of liquid from his meal. “Let me go, I've finished your damn offering so let me leave.”

Jimin's hands tighten around his waist and Jungkook goes rigid fighting the need to just sink and curl toward his sire and be taken care of. His sire's chin hooks over his shoulder and Jungkook shoves down a purr before it can surface when the other pats his side. “No,” Jimin drawls eyelids falling to hood over his eyes as he takes in the mess his fledgling made. Jungkook will always be a messy eater, but that's fine, he will be there to clean up every meal. “You are my fledgling, so I get to decide when you are done or when you can leave. And right now you are not finished with either.”

“I'm not your anything!” The words bite at his skin, yet Jimin pays them very little mind. Jungkook can throw as many tantrums as he wants, he will still not get his way. Jimin is the one with all the control here and Jungkook will have to learn that soon or there really will be consequences.

He was aware that not everyone took well to being turned, but his fledgling is just using his old human morals as a pitiful defense and Jimin needs to get rid of that. Morals will not help Jungkook survive in this world and the thought of losing his fledgling makes him snarl which in turn makes Jungkook whine. Jungkook is not his first fledgling, but he is the first human Jimin has turned, so
nosing at the younger's—so much younger than him. Millennia of time between their ages and Jimin wants to keep it that way—shoulder in an attempt to soothe Jimin thinks of a way to explain all of this to his rather rebellious fledgling.

“You are mine. You have been mine since I turned you,” He gets a keen for that and he finds it both adorable and infuriating. Jungkook shouldn't be displeased with him, Jimin is an exceptional sire and Jungkook will be the one he keeps. He has done nothing, but provide and protect his fledgling and Jungkook refuses to accept that. Whether it is because the boy was once human is something he is uncertain of. “And I decide when you have had enough, which you haven't, Jungkook. You have hid from all of us and refused to eat even when you were in sight.”

He tries to keep his tone soft, but as Jungkook shakes his head and send him only distress Jimin can't help but let a growl infect his words, nor can he hide his fangs when Jungkook's distress is replaced with fear. Human emotions are strong, even after they are turned and Jimin is torn between appreciating it or hating it.

His fledgling crumples in on himself, shoulders rising and falling as his chest heaves, tears falling from his eyes like crystals and Jimin smooths fingers through his hair and down his sides, uncaring of the drying blood on his skin. Jimin can clean himself and his fledgling up later, right now he has to focus on getting Jungkook to stop crying.

Rumbling low in his throat Jimin coos only to quiet down when Jungkook's mouth opens. He doesn't like what greets him, but at least he now knows why Jungkook has been avoiding all of them “I-I don't want any of this. You aren't my sire—I don't want you to be! You can't...you can't just make me hurt someone. You can't.”

Well aware that Jungkook will not appreciate what is about to come out of his mouth Jimin anchors the other to his front and sends all the adoration he holds through their link. “You have to eat, Jungkook. I know you don't like this or agree with any of it, but you are under my protection now and I won't have you starving yourself.”

“Make me.” It's childish and Jimin just knows that Jungkook is pouting, but what the other doesn't know is that Jimin will make him eat if he has to. His fledgling will not suffer through hunger again, even if Jimin has to force him each and every fucking time Jungkook feeds.
Hell, at this point Jimin is tempted to make his fledgling feed from him. But that would be wrong to do so early, feeding between coven members and their fledgling is only done after a significant time has passed or after trust has fostered between. Letting his fledgling feed from him would act as a bonding experience, but considering this is how Jungkook reacted to drinking from a stranger Jimin is not sure how Jungkook would react to drinking from him.

On one hand it could possibly dispel all of Jungkook's worries and fears, but on the other it could also make everything worse.

Rising to his feet Jimin ignores how Jungkook struggles to break free. “Fine, if this is how you everything to go then the rest of our coven will pay witness.” If there is two things Jimin is certain will come out of Jungkook feeding off him it would be that his fledgling will end up satiated and let down is walls the other thing he is certain of is that the rest of his coven will be pleased with seeing their youngest content.

Tugging Jungkook upstairs as gentle as he can while still keeping his grip unbreakable Jimin shushes the other with a ruffle of his hair. After the younger drinks his fill Jimin will go back to the basement and get rid of the human. But all of that comes after Jungkook.

Easing his fledgling on the couch Jimin cups his face and strokes thumbs over soft skin. His dear fledgling will gather attention as he grows and Jimin intends to keep all his potential suitors at bay. “Pet, it's okay, I'm not going to hurt you, none of us are going to hurt you.”

Jungkook shrinks in on himself when the others start to file in and Jimin swoops down to nuzzle his jaw, a smile gracing his features when Jungkook's breath hitches. Oh, he is definitely going to have to keep Jungkook near when they introduce him to other covens, Jungkook is his and Jimin just knows that others will try to steal him away. That is how their world works after all, the beautiful and strong control everything, in different ways, of course.

There is a pressure on his shoulder and ink strands touching his neck as Jungkook apologizes into his neck worried that he is being punished. Nipping at the younger's shoulder Jimin smirks pleased in the curve of his neck. He could never really punish his fledgling.
Once Jimin is certain that all of his coven has gathered he turns to face them, relishing in the way Jungkook instinctively presses against his back seeking protection. Despite being a human once Jungkook does act like a true vampire and Jimin tilts his head to rest it atop the younger's in both an act of complying with Jungkook's wish while also showing his claim.

“As you have all come to know, Jungkook has refused to eat,” He pauses listening to the murmured agreements and even quieter expressions of distaste about how difficult Jungkook has been. “So I've decided that it would be easier to force him to eat rather than coax him into feeding off the humans.”

Jungkook shifts against him, confusion apparent in waves and Jimin pats his cheek as he scans over the rest of his coven's expressions. Most seem pleased with his choice others are attempting to sneak forward and Jimin allows them to. No one in his coven would willingly harm his fledgling, so he can trust them to do nothing except wait and watch until Jungkook is curled and safe at his side. Only then will Jimin let them close enough to touch.

Looking to his fledgling Jimin lets his fondness show. Jungkook's face is a light pink as he looks everywhere except at Jimin and the older can't help but curl an arm around his waist to pull him close. His fledgling is too adorable for his own good.

Using one hand to rub at Jungkook's skin until the younger is leaning into his touch with a quiet purr Jimin drags one of his nails over the skin near his neck, slicing a clean line that draws Jungkook's attention as soon as a drop of crimson makes itself visible. He is shoved into the side of the couch as Jungkook hovers over him mouth parted, allowing his fangs to be put on display. They are small when compared to his, but they will grow as Jungkook does.

Snaking a hand into Jungkook's hair, he pulls the younger close and shivers as Jungkook kitten licks at the wound in an attempt to get a feel for what he tastes like. Growing impatient Jimin forces him closer with a growl and that is when Jungkook's hands curl into Jimin's suit as his mouth settles over the wound, small sucking noises falling from his lips only to be replaced with a groan. “That's it, Jungkook. Take as much as you need it's okay.”

The younger wiggles between his legs to press closer and Jimin curls a hand over Jungkook's hip just skating his fingers over the small of Jungkook's back until his fledgling mews, eyes fluttering closed in pleasure as he continues to drink Jimin dry. The sounds his fledgling gives are less than innocent, but eventually Jimin will grow used to them as Jungkook feeds off him over the years.
When Jungkook removes himself and sinks against Jimin's frame with a shudder the older stays still only running his hand up and down Jungkook's back. Sparing a glance in his coven's direction Jimin moves his hand up to Jungkook's hair and strokes in long lines.

Taehyung is the closest and Jimin has to fight down the urge to bare his teeth when the younger creeps forward and tries to smooth his hand down Jungkook's back, only to bring it back to his side when Jungkook burrows his face into Jimin's stomach.

“Did, Jungkook drink anything when you finally gave up on waiting for him?” Taehyung's voice is low as he asks, eyes trained on the fledgling's frame and crawling up until he keeps his focus on the line of red on Jungkook's mouth. “And you really should clean him up soon, Jimin. It will do no one any good if our fledgling has blood on his mouth.”

Jimin nods his head, bumping it on Jungkook's own in a sign of affection. He just wants to stay like this for a few minutes longer and then he will pass his—Jungkook maybe be shared by everyone, but he is Jimin's fledgling. Not anyone else's—fledgling off to Seokjin. Their eldest always was the best at getting people to trust him.

Seokjin sighs as he gets everything in order to clean their new youngest. Glancing at the fledgling curled in his sheets Seokjin lets a smile grace his features when the younger's fingers tuck in the sheets with a quiet mumble. Jungkook is soft in a way different from the rest of them. He is not sure if it is because the boy was human or if it is because of something else, but Seokjin likes it.

It is strange, but he enjoys how the younger leans toward him when he comes close, or how Jungkook seems so breakable when compared to everyone else. Resting his chin on his arms
Seokjin traces the fledgling's features with a feather touch, pausing each time Jungkook grumbles. “Someone is just going to try and steal you away one day, I just know it.”

He is not sure how Jimin stumbled upon Jungkook or why the younger decided to turn the younger, but as Jungkook makes a content noise and nuzzles his palm Seokjin can understand how he got so attached.

Sitting beside the fledgling Seokjin wonders how will change now that they have an actual little one in their midst again. Jimin, he suspects will be just as possessive if not more so of Jungkook than any of his previous fledglings, but just as Seokjin expects the to be possessive he also expects Jimin to do more than his best at teaching Jungkook as well as coddling him. Jungkook will probably be coddled by all of them.

Dragging a nail over Jungkook's cheek, he waits until the younger stops mumbling before he cups a cheek. Taehyung will be just as bad as Jimin, since the both of them are like two halves of a whole, where one is you will no doubt find the other, so he will spend the most time with Jungkook besides Jimin himself. As for Hoseok and Namjoon they will take a little more time. Both struggle with fledglings although in different ways. Hoseok tends to let instinct control him and that has frightened many of their fledglings numerous times, so Seokjin hopes the other will no scare Jungkook. And Namjoon, well it is not that he is bad with fledglings, it's just that he doesn't know how to handle them, most fledglings can't control their emotions, so even though their mental link is strongest with their sire the rest of the coven feels and hears everything, too.

When Jungkook's eyes flutter open looking lost and so so frightened Seokjin knows that Yoongi will have the most patience with him, will entertain Jungkook in ways that none of them can.

“It's nice to finally see you awake and healthy again, Jungkook. Do you remember who I am?” Jungkook’s eyes are still glazed over, but Seokjin is okay with that he can use that to his advantage, if Jungkook still feels safe then this will make everything he is in charge smoother.

The fledgling's head tilts and ink covers his his eyes in a lazy wave. Using the hand still on the younger's cheek Seokjin combs the strands back into place. “No, but, Jimin, he did something.”

“He did.” Seokjin agrees staying eye level with Jungkook. The younger's eyes close in a blink and
the movement is slow like he doesn't quite trust Seokjin enough to not try anything. “Your sire fed you and then brought you to me to clean you up.”

Jungkook’s nose scrunches up and Seokjin can’t stop the coo that comes out of his mouth. The sound makes Jungkook flush a light red and curl his arm up to hide his face, and when he speaks up again the words come out muffled. “He's not my sire, but...who are you again?”

Giving an amused huff Seokjin continues to run his thumb over Jungkook's cheek, eyes hooding as the fledgling makes another pleased noise. “He is, Jungkook and I'm, Seokjin the one that gave you clothes to change into the first day you were brought home.”

Does-eyes as deep as the sea light up in recognition and Seokjin finds it endearing as Jungkook sucks his bottom lip between his teeth only to wince when he breaks skin. Swiping his thumb over the wound Seokjin brings it to his mouth, humming at the sweet taste. He wonders how long it will take for Jungkook to be okay with one of them feeding from him.

Jungkook’s eyes stay on his mouth after that and while Seokjin understands it is not out of interest he gives the younger a coy smile anyway, simply because it earns him a deeper blush.

“Wh-Why do you have to clean me?” Rising from his chair Seokjin coaxes Jungkook out of his bed and into the bathroom, feeling needed and trusted when the fledgling grips at his shirt sleeve.

Ruffling the other's hair Seokjin motions for Jungkook to start undressing, only for the fledgling to give a squeak of embarrassment along with a rushed, no, you're crazy! Shaking his head Seokjin leans on the wall and motions at the tub with his head. He will not take advantage of Jungkook despite what the other seems to think. “I'm not going to do anything, dear one, I just need you to get in so I can do what is required of me.”

“Why do you have to be in here? I can clean myself.” Oh, this poor misguided fledgling doesn't understand any sort of bonding experience.
With a shrug Seokjin gives up on explaining and just peels off Jungkook’s coat. He is not removing anything else after that it will just make Jungkook uncomfortable, so gripping the younger's bicep Seokjin nudges Jungkook toward the bath. “I already told that nothing bad will happen, so just listen. I just need you take off the slack and then we'll be good.”

Jungkook looks to him, then the tub before looking down at his slacks. Biting at his lip Jungkook eases them off and stands in just boxers and an undershirt. This is something he did when he was human, just paraded around in his house with shorts and a shirt, but it's unnerving with someone looking at him.

“Now get in.” Seokjin says this with a flick of his wrist and Jungkook slowly dips into the warm water. Closing his eyes, he gives a content noise and then hands are in his hair combing clumped strands into smooth sections and removing the blood from his scalp. “Next time, Jimin gives you a meal make sure he cleans his hands before you let him touch you. Blood is not as easy to clean as one would think.”

He gets a nod, but Seokjin is sure that Jungkook is distracted with something else considering the younger is playing with the water a childish grin on his face.

Reaching for the few things Jimin stocked up on when Jungkook had his hide and seek game Seokjin lathers the product into his hands and runs his fingers through Jungkook's hair. There are two reasons he is doing this for Jungkook, the first is because Jimin wants someone around to keep Jungkook from running off and the second is because he looks the least threatening, although out of all of them he has the most influence out of all of them because of his age.

As Jungkook sinks against the edge of the tub Seokjin pokes at his cheek humming high in his throat when Jungkook giggles. The fledgling is different when he is not terrified and Seokjin admits that he likes seeing Jungkook smiling instead of whimpering and rubbing at his eyes in frustration as he tries to hide his tears.

“Jimin's intention wasn't to scare you,” Jungkook tilts his head back so he can look Seokjin in the eyes and they shine with disbelief almost saying, really? He failed and with a twitch of his lips he rinses the product out of the fledglings hair before continuing, watching how Jungkook tiny fangs play with his lip. The younger will have to learn how to hide his fangs soon or he will constantly have a bloody lip; something none of them will be able to ignore. “He wanted you to feed because he was worried. Jimin, doesn't want you to die and he doesn't wish to harm you, Jungkook.”
The fledgling grumbles and Seokjin moves away from his spot by the tub to grab a towel. After the tub is drained and Jungkook is wrapped head to toe in the towel Seokjin prepared he leaves the younger to get dressed.

Sitting on his bed Seokjin waits for the younger to come out. Jungkook can't really run anywhere considering his bathroom has no windows, none of their personal rooms have any really, the sun doesn't kill them, but it leaves an ugly patch of burned skin that doesn't heal for months at a time. He doesn't want Jungkook to be uncomfortable, but it seems that is how the younger is going to feel for a while and while Seokjin knows that is normal, since very few individuals take to being a part of a coven so well. It's even harder to for a fledgling to understand how a coven works considering they have never been a part of one so Seokjin can only imagine how lost and confused Jungkook is with all of this. Humans have their own morals and customs so switching that to their morals is a slow task.

His head snaps up when the door clicks open and Seokjin snorts as soon as he catches sight of Jungkook. The clothing he had given the fledgling came from Namjoon's closet, however the sleeves of the shirt fall past his hands even as Jungkook pulls on the. The pants fit him fine, but somehow Seokjin thinks the cloths make him look smaller, doll-like even with his large dark eyes, rose lips, and pale skin.

Motioning for the younger to come closer Seokjin grips his hand and settles him on the bed. “They don't fit, Seokjin.” He almost purrs at the way Jungkook says his name, warm and adorable as his mouth purses into a pout.

Leaning his forehead against Jungkook's he watches enthralled as a dust of pink rises to the surface. Jimin had better do his best to keep Jungkook close if they bring him to gatherings. The fledgling is just so easy to flush and Seokjin cradles his face, enjoying the tiny bit of warmth the blush gives Jungkook's skin. “Soon you won't have to borrow anyone's clothing, dear one, but for now we have to work with what we have.”

Seokjin sort of hopes that Jungkook will wear something owned by one of them even after Jimin or someone else either sneaks something or goes to the market at the next gathering.
Yoongi shuffles the papers on his desk in irritation. Jimin is not going to be pleased with the newest letter from the elders. Always questioning when they're going to join for a gathering and Yoongi is sick and tired of it. He can only stand so many inquiries of why they have stopped coming each year. It's a simple reason—a reason they have yet to reveal, but still a simple reason—Jungkook is still not prepared for a gathering.

Sighing into his hands Yoongi almost misses the way his door clicks open. It's Jungkook. The fledgling is the only person to enter his personal space without asking and that Yoongi acknowledges is his fault. All those years ago when Jimin brought the fledgling home Yoongi had offered his room as a haven if Jungkook needed somewhere to hide and get away or if he wanted to get anything off his chest.

Paying no attention to the other Yoongi continues reading through the letters and documents on his desk. Normally he would be up to give Jungkook the attention he wants, but right now he is beyond stressed and needs to think of a way to mention this newest invitation, or rather threat without having his head cut off.

“Yoongi, what are you looking at?” A chin hooks over his shoulder and a mouth presses to his neck, biting softly. It seems as though Jungkook is more in the mood to tear him away from work than anything else.

Grunting, he leans his head back on Jungkook's shoulder and twines one of his hands in the younger's hair, massing the scalp as best he can with the awkward angle. As Jungkook purrs low and content in his throat Yoongi finds his irritation disappearing just as quickly as it came.

As the younger noses at his neck Yoongi relaxes against him. He was lying to himself when he
said he wouldn't give Jungkook the attention he wants; Yoongi always give in to what the younger wants. “Something important, but what do you need, Jungkook?”

“I’ve been thinking.” Yoongi exhales through his nose a bubble of amusement forming in his throat. Every time Jungkook thinks about something it either gets him in trouble or someone else. “And I know this is silly, but why does, Jimin hyung call me pet? I've been with you guys for years and I still haven't figured out why?”

“Oh, little one that should be obvious by now.” He doesn't say it to be mean., but it really should be obvious to their youngest. Jungkook was a very feral fledgling, after all, and Jimin had just called him that because he believed it fit. Well, that is not the entire reason, but that is how most of them came up with their endearments for Jungkook.

Jungkook’s nose wrinkles and Yoongi feels his mouth curve down into a pout, fangs resting on his skin. The younger still hasn't quite figured out how to hide them. “’It's not...and I'm not little.”

He switches their positions so that he can look down on the younger. Jungkook had been so small when Jimin brought him home, so small and so so very fragile. Jungkook was little and fragile and one the day he had sneaked into Yoongi’s room for the first time he had been Yoongi’s little one. Letting his hands hang over Jungkook’s shoulders, he taps at the younger’s stomach and ribs enjoying the way Jungkook squirms at the lightest touch.

“You are little, Jungkook. Your time in this life has been little, you know very little when it concerns our world. So, Jungkook that makes you my little one.” The fledgling gives a huff and tucks his chin to his chest, but Yoongi can see the other's pleased smile. Jungkook can try and lie to himself all he wants Yoongi knows he adores all of their endearment, or now he does at least.

Fingers tap at the wood of his desk without rhythm as Jungkook shifts straightening out his legs until they hit the wall and Yoongi hums as he watches the younger try to hide his face with his free hand. This is another reason that all of them are hesitant to bring Jungkook to a gathering, their fledgling is not the best at accepting or reacting to either compliments or claims. And making a claim is essentially what they would be doing if they introduced him to the rest of society.

“Then what about Jimin? Why does he call me pet? You never explained that.” Yoongi moves to
rest his chin on Jungkook's head and traces patterns into the younger's skin with a nail, earning a shiver when it runs over the skin of Jungkook neck. He was always the most sensitive there.

Slinking down Yoongi mouths at the younger's shoulder thanking whoever brought Jungkook such large clothing. The oversized shirt flows over his frame revealing all the skin above the small of his back and Yoongi struggles with keeping all of his bites above the dip of Jungkook's spine. Pulling away with a lick of the red, he sneaked Yoongi presses a kiss under Jungkook's ear, groaning high in his throat when the younger arches to keep him near. It's silly of the fledgling to do so, since Yoongi will always be near if Jungkook wishes him to be.

Staying at Jungkook neck, he keeps his tone teasing as he drags a nail around the younger's neck. “I already told you, it's obvious, if you're so curious then you should ask you sire. He would be delighted to tell you everything you want to know.”

“I don't want, Jimin to tell me.” The words come out petulant and Yoongi dips back down to suck a pretty pearl on the back of Jungkook's neck, smirk fitting on his face when Jungkook's words rise in pitch. God, Yoongi has always wondered how their fledgling would whine and now he gets to hear it after a few hundred years. “I-I want you to tell me, Yoongi, please? Jimin hyung will only try to...to change the subject.”

Jungkook's voice rises high as Yoongi laps at the wound he just created and his little one sounds so beautiful with his breathy whimpers and sighs. Yoongi thinks he could tease the younger and never get tired. Gripping at the younger's shoulders Yoongi forces Jungkook to stay flat in the chair as he peppers more marks around the younger's neck. A little gift from him to the rest of his coven.

Maybe this is how they should make their claim? Litter their fledgling with bites until he can't stand on his own. Jimin wouldn't be against the idea he is sure, their fledgling's sire would never be opposed to leaving a mark on Jungkook. There are enough on the younger's hips from where Jimin has fed off him to show that.

Of course, they would only do such a public display if Jungkook allowed it.

“What if I don't want to tell you, Jungkook?” He noses along the other's jaw his eyelashes fluttering over soft skin. Jungkook gives a frustrated hiss Yoongi is very aware it is because he is
not getting his way instead of a much more preferable reason.

It is not that any of them are inherently sexual beings, but it is a rather difficult task to not be tempted to tease when they have a very willing individual that they all are fond of, and even worse is that Jungkook makes these precious little sounds that Yoongi would like to put on a record. Though, if any of them asked he is certain that the fledgling wouldn't refuse, though Jimin would murder them if they ever did ask. And, well, Yoongi would like to keep his head.

“But why? I just want to know why, Jimin calls me that.”

“That's something Jimin is known to do. Sighing Yoongi pulls the chair back until there is enough space for him to crouch between Jungkook's legs so that he can cradle the younger's face. “Why do you want to know anyway?” Jungkook is tenacious and Yoongi has come to accept that, but to be stubborn over this is inane and frankly Yoongi doesn't understand why Jungkook is so hung up on it.

Then just ask him.” Jungkook's head lolls back and Yoongi has an eyeful of pink—so pink he is sure they created the colour—lips and imploring mocha eyes.

“I don't want to ask my sire.” It is mumbled and Jungkook tugs his bottom lip between his teeth, rolling it until it is red and becomes a distraction. “Jimin always teases me when I ask.”

That is something Jimin is known to do. Sighing Yoongi pulls the chair back until there is enough space for him to crouch between Jungkook's legs so that he can cradle the younger's face. “Why do you want to know anyway?” Jungkook is tenacious and Yoongi has come to accept that, but to be stubborn over this is inane and frankly Yoongi doesn't understand why Jungkook is so hung up on it.

The other shrugs, one shoulder rising higher than the other and the action makes Jungkook's hair bounce. “I don't know.” He admits eyes downcast and voice soft. His hands have fallen from Yoongi's desk to instead twist in his shirt as his feet tap on the wood floor. “I just want to know why he calls me that instead of something else. Since you and Seokjin and everyone else call me nice things, I want to know why Jimin call me his pet. I'm not a dog, Hyung, so I just want to know why.”

Stroking a finger around each of Jungkook's eyes Yoongi purses his lips into a flat line. Jungkook thinks that Jimin's endearment is more condescending than caring and Yoongi understands why, but the fledgling should know by now that none of them would intentionally hurt him.
“Jungkook do you remember how you acted for you first hundred years?” It was a horrid century, full of Jungkook trying to forcibly cut his link with all of them and it had set Jimin into a rage hissing, and spitting as he tried to force Jungkook to stop. The pain had been hell, with anger, frustration, and loathing digging into them like spikes and all of it was from Jungkook. He had cursed and begged for them to give him back his normal like, asked why they had made him a monster and on the days when they forced him to feed or hunt Jungkook ended up more animal than anything else.

Yoongi never wants to go through that again. Dealing with that for over eighty years was more than he could stand and back then when Jungkook was even more rebellious than he is now they were forced to handle him roughly. Back then Jungkook used to cry when Jimin brought him someone to drink from, he would snap his teeth and snarl when anyone tried to come close and while Jungkook is still hesitant to drink from a human he doesn’t protest with violence. The thing he hated the most, however, was that Jungkook acted so different when they finally managed to get him to calm down, the fledgling was a hellion without anything in his system, but as soon as he some of their blood in him Jungkook turned into a kitten, seeking affection and ready to curl up with the closest person. Yoongi hated it because that is how Jungkook should have always acted around them because they were his coven the were the one that took care of him, but instead they had to fucking struggle for that.

But all of that is in the past now and Jungkook is not as much of a hellion as he once was, now he listens to them, drink when they ask him to. And best of all he comes to them for anything he needs or if he just wants someone to sleep next to.

“I wanted nothing to do with any of you and when I had to eat, I would almost kill people.” A surge of regret runs through his body from their link and Yoongi strokes Jungkook’s sides to show that he is not angry or disappointed.

“And how do some animals or pets act?” This is the thing Yoongi can think of and if Jungkook doesn't understand after this then all he will have to do is ask his sire until he finally cracks.

There is a beat of silence as Jungkook swallows his mouth dry and Yoongi can see the flashes of emotion in the younger's eyes. Jungkook's eyes always were the most expressive thing about him and no matter how much he tried to hide something his eyes always gave him away. “...Some are rabid and don't listen others are docile and obedient.”
Nodding Yoongi drags his tongue over his teeth. “And now, which are you? Feral or obedient?”

“Neither.” All Yoongi does is smile up at the younger pleased with the answer. Jungkook is both of those in reality. He listens when it is required of him, but he is still rebellious and feral in the way he acts or hunts. And Yoongi hopes that will never change.

“So do you understand why, Jimin refers to you as his pet?” There is a faint nod and Yoongi rises motioning for Jungkook to stand. The younger is welcome to stay as long as he wishes, but Yoongi knows he won't. Now that he knows why Jimin calls him that he will either pay his sire a visit, or try to find someone else.

Turning to the documents Yoongi listens to his door click shut before giving the documents yet another quick glance. This is the year that Jungkook will be officially introduced to their society, Yoongi has decided. He will tell the rest of his coven of his choice and will deal with Jimin's vehement disagreements, but it will not change his decision. They will just have to push through this like they do everything else and hope that Jungkook is well received.

He will be. Yoongi is more than certain the fledgling will be well received, the only problem will be his potential suitors.

Taverns, Hoseok believes are the place to go if a vampire wants to rope an easy meal home. Each and every time he heads to a tavern he always comes back with a willing victim.

He is not the most civilized eater so as Hoseok curls one of his hands in the human's hair and tugs
them up on the couch he just knows that blood will stain his clothing. It is a necessary sacrifice to earn his fill, but even he gets tired of having to either get new ones spend half the day to get the stain out.

Tilting the humans head to the Hoseok groans loud and satisfied as thick, warm blood rushes down his throat. The person above him, seizes up, a quiet sigh falling from their mouth and Hoseok swats away their hands when they try to grab at him. Hoseok doesn't do intimate with meals so them touching him is a big no. Humming, he drags his tongue over the wound lapping at the few drops trying to fall down a shoulder. He is nowhere near full and won't be for a while, but Hoseok has always been the kind of person to draw things out.

“None of that. We had an agreement you don't touch me.” The human whines trying to touch him again so with a growl Hoseok bites while digging his nails into skin as a warning, not enough to break anymore skin, but if it comes to that then Hoseok will not be opposed to causing damage.

Eyes glazing over with a rumble in his throat Hoseok barely registers his coven's scent, sweet and all consuming. The only reason Hoseok takes the time to look up from his meal blood on his mouth a welcoming quirk to his lips is because of the surge of anxiety that hits him.

Mouth spreading in a smirk Hoseok motions for the fledgling to come closer while simultaneously keeping the human from reaching for either him or Jungkook. “Have you eaten yet, Jungkook?”

Jungkook blinks mouth curving down in a frown, even as strides closer and reaches to grab the hand offered to him. He hasn't eaten, but he doesn't want to interrupt Hoseok from his feeding. The older will just pass him the human and watch him drink them dry, all while reassuring him that it is okay for him to take his meal.

As Hoseok pulls him onto the couch Jungkook automatically tucks under the older's arm and casts the human a wary glance. He used to be like that, but now Jungkook can hardly remember their morals unlike years ago, he only experiences hesitance instead of fear when faced with drinking or killing a human. They murder his kind just as much so Jungkook has learned that it is either him or them; he is determined to outlast them.

The human is prettier than most. Clear, tanned skin with only a bubble of blood from where
Hoseok created a wound. “No,” Jungkook swipes his tongue over his bottom lip, eyeing the beads of blood drip down skin, unaware of the predatory gleam in Hoseok's eyes. “But this is your meal and I don't want to take that from you.”

A hand smooths over the bumps of his spine until it rests on the base of his neck and resorts to stroking the baby hair on his neck. Hoseok gives a pleased growl when Jungkook's eyes flutter closed in comfort. Normally he knows the fledgling would never let his guard down near a human, but with him near Jungkook is taking a risk, expecting Hoseok to watch out for him—something that sets off a fire in Hoseok's belly. The only reason Jungkook feels safe enough to show his comfort is because Hoseok is near him.

Cheerful grin replacing his smirk Hoseok pulls the younger onto one of his thighs and moves the human to the other. “You won't be taking anything from me, Jungkook,” The fledgling could never take anything from him, simply because Hoseok wouldn't allow him to, so each time Jungkook is given something of theirs it is because they want him to have it. “We could share them if you want.”

The younger shifts curling to fit in the curve of his arm and Hoseok leans forward to nose at the back of Jungkook's neck while his finger busy themselves by playing with Jungkook's hair. Hoseok wouldn't mind sharing with younger, since then Jungkook would be fed and Hoseok would be able to keep him near even after he eats. Jungkook is always the most cooperative after a meal and Hoseok would like to have the younger around for a little longer.

“I don't think that would work out.” Jungkook has a light blush on his face and Hoseok pats his cheek while he grips one of the human's arms and brings it close to Jungkook's mouth murmuring, why? There is not much Hoseok can foresee going wrong, so he is curious to what Jungkook sees wrong about this. While Jungkook has never fed with any of them at the same time it is normal for covens to share meals. “We both know that I get carried away and I don't want to take more than is needed.”

Leaning close to Jungkook's neck Hoseok teases the flesh with his teeth, biting it until there is a tiny, almost imperceptible mark. Of course Jungkook would worry about something like that. “That's fine, Jungkook I can always find myself another willing donor.” Besides, if Jungkook drinks until he is full Hoseok just might be able to feed off the fledgling.

Jungkook opens his mouth and guides the limb closer to his mouth focusing on the unsteady thump
of the human's pulse instead of the ways Hoseok and mouthing at his neck to play with the skin. He is used to the older doing that and while it had disturbed Jungkook in the beginning he has come to enjoy the feeling of teeth scraping over his skin or a mouth peppering pecks over the areas of his body where there would be a pulse if he was still alive.

Touching the pulse with his tongue Jungkook feels it jump and then he breaks skin trusting Hoseok to keep the human from reaching for him. Letting his eyes close once more he hums in pleasure enjoying how the heated liquid jut slides down his throat like a drink. Behind him Hoseok chuckles, one his hands stroking Jungkook's side. “You know I just want you full. You have to take care of yourself, Jungkook and if that means asking if you can join someone when they're feeding then ask.”

His body seems to sing as deep, rich crimson spills into his mouth and Jungkook tightens his grip on the human's wrist when it flexes, tightening up like a string that has been pulled taut. Jungkook could snap their limb like a toy and Hoseok would probably praise him, but he won't even if they touch him. He is against doing more damage than necessary and while he knows that is not how he should treat this situation Jungkook is aware that the human can do very little like this so he is not worried. However, if he was outside or on a hunt, then everything would be different. He couldn't be so at ease, on a hunt, he would have to snap a neck or break bone as soon as he got a chance, but since he is with Hoseok's he doesn't have to; Hoseok will keep him safe.

Watching as the fledgling feeds Hoseok lets his eyelids hood in adoration before bringing the human's other arm close. Out of all seven of them Hoseok knows he is the most feral and Jungkook is a very close second, so licking at the pulse, he grins, showing all of his teeth before sinking his teeth right into a prominent vein. Unlike the fledgling Hoseok can stimulate a human and while he won't unless he wants to lessen the pain Hoseok will hate the day anyone teaches the fledgling how their fangs can act as an aphrodisiac.

Winding his free arm around Jungkook's waist, he tugs the fledgling flush to his front with a purr. The human is whimpering the noise clear as crystal even though Hoseok is distracted with how blissed-out Jungkook looks. Hoseok will never stimulate a human if Jungkook is in the room simply because he doesn't wish for the fledgling to witness how it affect humans. Stroking his thumb over Jungkook's stomach, he listens to the rapidly disappearing pulse of their meal. While he wishes the position were different, more intimate this is something he will settle with for now until Jungkook feeds with him more often.

Pulling away, he growls near Jungkook's ear only to earn a breathy sigh. “Jungkook, stop. I need to return them back to the village.” It's the truth. Hoseok had promised that he wouldn't kill the human if they became his donor for the night and a vampire solemnly goes back on their word.
Jungkook drops the arm with a whine eyes glassy and lips still red. Lifting the hand off the fledgling’s stomach Hoseok wipes at it and lets Jungkook grab at it. The liquid is gone after a few seconds and Hoseok rests the younger on the arm of the couch, his expression turning fond when Jungkook’s head lolls to the side and one of his hands reach for Hoseok. “Don't leave yet, Hyung, please?”

Smiling down at him Hoseok shakes his head and curls his now free arm under the human's legs. “I'll come back soon, Jungkook I promise. So just sit tight for a little bit.”

Jungkook won't wait for him this Hoseok knows, but he knows he can try and convince the younger to stay. As soon as he leaves the house Jungkook will stagger into someone else's room or try to find Jimin so that he can curl up to someone and sleep.

Leaving the room Hoseok listens to the quiet, heated puffs that Jungkook releases. If he doesn't go to someone just to sleep, then he will definitely head to Jimin. When Jungkook drinks, he either ends up tired or touchy. As of now it's the latter, so Hoseok is certain that the fledgling will try to tuck against someone’s side or crawl into their lap hopping to get attention. He will get it because often Jungkook is not touchy so on the days when Jungkook is he is showered with everything he wants. But the reason Hoseok expects the fledgling to go to Jimin or that Jimin will find him is because more often than not Jimin is the one that picks up what mood Jungkook is in, well, that and because Jungkook's link with his sire is strongest so Jimin is usually hit with a wave of need.

Or that is what Jimin tells the rest of them, but Hoseok is sure it is because the younger actively searches for his fledgling when Jungkook does not come to him after a few hours. Of course he could be wrong, but considering how Jimin has searched for Jungkook after the fledgling eats and usually ends up with a lethargic Jungkook in his lap he believes it is the most plausible outcome.
Jungkook staggars into what he believes is Taehyung's room with a whine. His sire is nowhere to be found and Jungkook wants him because Jimin always takes care of him and makes sure that he is safe, that no one can touch him when he is most vulnerable, except his sire isn't home so Jungkook goes to Taehyung. The other smells and treats him just like Jimin does so he is always Jungkook's second choice when he can't find Jimin.

Falling into the older's bed, he tucks his knees to his chest and burrows his face into them with yet another whine this one high and wobbly. If there is something Jungkook has a large dislike for it would be being left alone after a meal. He is not certain when he started disliking being alone after eating, but if he had to guess it would be after Jimin became his main source for nutrition after all his sire refused to leave Jungkook to his own devices after having his full. And Jungkook thinks that is how he grew so accustomed to having someone close after drinking.

Jimin would keep him close even when he was a brat or terrified of what he had done. Jimin had stroked his hair and calmed him down, reassuring him that it's fine and that he wasn't a monster and Jungkook had appreciated that, even back then although he hadn't wanted to admit it.

As for Taehyung he is similar to Jimin, but he is in no way a carbon copy which Jungkook does appreciate. Taehyung treats him just as preciously as his sire, but he lets Jungkook do things that Jimin would reprimand him for. With Taehyung he can whine and allow himself to seek for more attention which his Hyung will always give him. Jimin always got onto him for that saying, it's not good to beg, pet. You get what I can give you and never ask for more.

Crinkling his fingers into a blanket Jungkook listens for Taehyung. The older's steps are distinct because they make noise so Jungkook can always find him if he just listens enough. There is a hum outside the room and Jungkook gives one last whine to get the attention he wants.

Soon Taehyung is plastered to his side, flipping him around so that he can tuck underneath Taehyung's chin. Jungkook doesn't like to admit that he has moments when he lives off attention or touch, but Taehyung knows he does so he gives Jungkook all he wants. “Oh, Jungkookie, don't whine, I'm here now.”

Nails scrape down his back and draw nonsensical lines on his skin, but Jungkook arches into the touch as his hands twist in Taehyung's clothing to anchor him. Pressing closer to the older's body
Jungkook throws one arm around the other's middle. “Hyung, when will, Jimin come back? And please don't leave I don't want to be alone.”

Taehyung gazes down at the fledgling practically becoming one with his side and nuzzles his hair, cupping the back of Jungkook's head with the hand that was just drawing on his back. The fledgling is insane to think that Taehyung would leave him when he is like this. “I'm not going anywhere, Jungkook so don't worry about that and Jiminie is at a council meeting, so he's going to be gone for a while.”

The younger noses at his neck before pressing his cheek to Taehyung's shoulder with a sigh. Jimin is not part of the council, but they call upon him and other heads of covens, packs, or circles to discuss solutions to the slaughtering of their kind and potential treaties.

Treaties, however, never end up happening, but the council tries to speak about them anyway. Jungkook just thinks the elders are crazy hoping for peace in a world that won't allow it.

“I don't like when, Jimin leaves for those meetings, Hyung they always last for days and Jimin cuts our link whenever he goes.” Taehyung just strokes the fledgling's hair letting the younger pout and rant. Jungkook had done that when he was younger or he tried to and it had caused most of them to snarl in rage, now, though when Jimin does it Jungkook only grows despondent and lonely. It is so lonely without Jimin always ready to reassure him or send him a surge of affection. Jungkook feels so empty when their link is closed. “He never answers me, he doesn't let me feel what he feels, Taehyung and I hate it because, Jimin shouldn't hide that from me. I should be able to help him shouldn't I?”

Curling his free hand over Jungkook's hip he pets at the skin visible. “You should, but, Jungkook sometimes there are things you just can't deal with,” Taehyung doesn't add, all the rage, blood lust, or fear you shouldn't have to experience that. Jungkook is still young and naive to everything Jimin or the rest of them experience and none of them want to introduce him to that yet. “And, Jimin he does this to protect you from his emotions.”

“But, Jimin is my sire and he said we grow and feel together. You all said that and right now he is not doing that, Taehyung. He's isolating me and I hate it!” The words are rushed and choked as Jungkook hides in his chest and Taehyung is certain that if he forced Jungkook to look up the younger would be biting on his lip until it bleed so that he doesn't show how much this is affecting him. Their fledgling likes to seem tough and untouchable, but all of them see right through his
façade. In all reality Jungkook is strong, but he does need someone to guide him and teach him and that is their job.

When Jungkook curls his legs up Taehyung curls around him, offering all the comfort he can. “I know, Jungkook, but it's for a reason and one day you'll look back and know that, Jimin was just trying to take care of you.”

“I'm old enough to care for myself.” He chuckles squeezing the younger's middle. Jungkook can believe that all he wants, but he is still a baby. A baby that still has so much to learn before any of them will come to terms with letting him leave the nest without a guardian.

Pulling Jungkook up so that they are eye to eye Taehyung bumps their heads together with a bright grin. “If that's what you want to believe, Jungkookie.”

Jungkook huffs before tucking back under his chin. Their fledgling will never truly be grown in their eyes, but that is normal and Taehyung hopes that Jungkook will never change.

Namjoon keeps a steady grip on Jungkook's wrist as they walk around the market. Seokjin had asked them both to go out and purchase a few things before the next gathering and Namjoon does not want Jungkook to get lost. Since this is the fledgling’s first time in the night market, since they normally just sneak out to the human markets before the sun rears it's damning head.

“Hyung, what did, Seokjin want again? And how come so many people are staring?” Jungkook moulds to his side a nervous twitch to his lips as his eyes flick about in confusion.
Dropping the younger's wrist, he settles his arm around Jungkook's shoulders, snapping his teeth at all the onlookers. Jungkook is new to this part of their life and Namjoon hadn't wanted to bring him, but Seokjin insisted, saying it would be good for Jungkook to go out so that he could grow accustomed to the world outside of the house before his official introduction at the next gathering. Namjoon still thinks that is a horrible decision, but Jimin agreed with Yoongi's choice, so he can't change it in any way.

“Vials, ink, paper, clothing, the likes.” Some of his ire dissipates when Jungkook noses at his shoulder in an attempt to soothe, no doubt able to feel the brunt of the older's irritation. With a quiet sigh Namjoon lowers his voice to show Jungkook that he is no longer bothered with anything, the fledgling shouldn't worry about him anyway, his problems aren't for Jungkook to deal with. “As for why you're getting so many looks is because you're, Jimin's precious fledgling that has been kept hidden for a few hundred years. Wouldn't you want to stare at that too?”

He doesn't mean for the words to come out scathing, but right now Namjoon just wants to hide Jungkook away and hurry him back to the house so that people can't study him like cattle or decide if they want to potentially rouse Jimin's wrath by asking for his fledgling's hand. Namjoon knows for a fucking fact that heads will roll if anyone tries to court Jungkook so soon and he is certain that it won't just be from Jimin's actions.

When Jungkook whimpers hiding his face in Namjoon's shoulder the older can't help but smooth his hand through soft hair as an apology. “How do they know that, Jimin is my sire?”

Pursing his lips in amusement Namjoon pats the younger's hip and earns a giggle. More than just head will roll, they will be boxed and wrapped before being sent back to whoever brought up the idea of courting. “Jungkook, you smell like him—like all of us and I'm walking with you.”

The fledgling gives him a sheepish smile, mouth curling up to show his fangs as his eyes crinkle up. Jungkook is worth so much more than the trouble he brings, but Namjoon hopes the younger does not show anyone outside of their coven that smile or there will be a bloodbath. “Oh, yeah, sorry, Namjoon hyung.”

He just ruffles the younger's hair and tugs him further into the crowd. “It's fine, Jungkook, but stay close to me.” This is the part of the market where all kinds of supernatural beings meet and
Namjoon does not want to have to pry the fledgling away from a group of playful pups or inquisitive witches and warlocks. It is not something he has time for not to mention Jimin will actually try and murder him if he loses Jungkook.

“When you take me to the gathering will so many people be there?” Namjoon can hear the nervous waver in both Jungkook's tone and from their link. Resting his head on the younger's Namjoon gives a stiff nod as they reach the innermost part of the market.

“There will be no packs or circles, but the number of covens that come to see all the new fledgling will be similar to a sea.” Jungkook will not be the only fledgling introduced this gathering and for that Namjoon is thankful because this year the number of fledglings is high so there is less of a chance that Jungkook will be singled out. Or that is what Namjoon wishes to continue to tell himself.

Jimin is well known, all of them are and with Jungkook being Jimin's first fledgling in a few millennium, many covens are going to express more than their fair share of interest in Jungkook and the reason as to why Jimin waited so long to reveal him. Jimin will give them the answers they want and he will keep Jungkook close, but Namjoon knows that as soon as those questions switch to something less innocent Jimin and the rest of Jungkook's coven will change tunes. That is the only thing Namjoon is looking forward to, since it is not often that any of them get to point out why another coven wouldn't be able to provide or care for their youngest as well as they can.

Namjoon can just see the fiasco that gathering will be, so with one last glance at the fledgling at his side Namjoon stops worrying so much. Jungkook is too young to leave the next anyway, so even if Jimin does agree to a courting proposal—which he won't—it will be centuries before Jungkook is of age to go through with that promise.
Jungkook/Yoongi

Chapter Notes

Requested by Anonymous: Hello!, so lately i have this idea of suga receiving kitten jungkook as a gift for Christmas and growing up together, can you please make a fluffly fic about it? c:, sorry if it’s sounds too demanding or rude I’m just very bad at english. PS: thank you for all your fics, I love the way you write

Notes: I made Jungkook a child in this, and there is a second pairing

Snow is clumped in dull mounds all around him, crunching under his boots with every step while his scarf hits his already Rudolph coloured nose when the wind picks up. He will have to get a new coat soon, his is tearing at the ends. It has gone through so much shit with him over the years.

“Fucking snow,” Hissing out the words Yoongi stuffs his hands in his pockets as he struggles through the slush. “It's too damn early for there to be so much.”

It's not really with it being the holiday season and all, but Yoongi has a rather complicated relationship with winter. When he is nestled in his delightfully warm apartment, with coffee in one hand and a blanket and the other Yoongi has no problem with the flurry of snow crystals ghosting over his home. However, right now as he marches from his studio back to his home in the wee hours of the morning with no sleep and water in his boots, well, winter can die for all he cares.

Yoongi is a producer—a good one at that—and his schedule is hectic, with him working days on end without sleep to get songs finished. Usually he doesn't have to walk through the hell that is snow, but his car is in the shop and no taxis are running so he has to.

Marching through fields of white he tucks his nose into the fabric of his scarf, the cotton warmth doing little to warm his chilly face. Groaning Yoongi lets out a puff of air and gives the cloud of condensed air a withering stare. Winter in Seoul, he has learned is not as beautiful as everyone raves, in his fine opinion, it's far more focused on creating human-Popsicles.
As he continues on his way to his apartment Yoongi thinks about how quiet it will be once he returns. He likes the quiet, it lets him think and nothing wakes him up...but some days the complete and under silence annoys him. Yoongi wants his peace and quiet, just not all the time. His two bedroom apartment feels like a ghost town (even with him living in it) and Yoongi could appreciate having something to greet him or anything really. The thing is though is that he currently doesn't have the time to train a pet so he's stuck.

Shoulders sagging and pace, turning sluggish Yoongi wonders about how miserable he looks.

Stopping at a cross-section Yoongi hears a tiny (so tiny it's almost not there) dismal mewl. It stops after a few seconds, then continues. Stop. Continue. Furrowing his brow, Yoongi moves away from the street, unable to block out the sound.

In no way is Yoongi exactly a good Samaritan, so when he tracks the noise only to feel pity well up in him, he doesn't quite think it fits. The mewl echoes as a wail, rising in pitch the closer Yoongi gets. It is a piercing cry and he really doesn't have the time to be intrigued yet he is and his feet seem to have a mind of their own as he continues further down the alleyway.

He finds a box. Frayed at the edges and falling apart from the water seeping into it, but still a box, even though it is in decay. The mewling becomes soft, but somehow it sounds expectant to Yoongi's ears.

God, of course he would stumble upon something as cliche as this. Narrowing his eyes and mouth pressing into a flat line Yoongi crouches front of the box and sees a flick of black but nothing else. "You're loud and I want to go home so stand up."

There is a shuffle and yet another pitiful mewl. "I am, Mister." The box barely reaches Yoongi's hip when he stands, so he realizes that when he stands and sees tiny little ears on this kid he didn't find a normal person. He instead found a minuscule ass hybrid.

Wonderful. Really.
With a sigh, he peers over the side of the box again and comes face to face with eyes that brighten up at Yoongi's appearance with a childish glee. Small triangle ears flick up in joy, while a silky black tail puffs at the tip. All in all the kid is oddly endearing.

Still the hybrid is tiny frighteningly tiny and Yoongi feels something he can't quite name replace his pity. "My mom said that—that if I waited, then she would bring someone to take care of me, since she said she couldn't." Oh great, Yoongi stumbled on a hybrid that's been abandoned. "So...so are you the person that's going to take care of me, Mister? Or did mom come back?" He tries not to focus on how excited the kid sounds.

Small fingers curl over the edge of the box while raven hair pops over the top looking around excitedly before the expression shifts into pregnant disappointment. A tiny mouth falls into a pout and the hybrid's tail droops dejected. Swallowing Yoongi watches the boy shiver when the wind picks up again, the hybrid's clothing, he has noticed is more similar to rags than actual apparel.

"Kid, what's your name?" This is inane and irrational and Yoongi is throwing everything he's ever been taught out the damn window. He's going to bring this kid home with him, despite every warning bell in his body going off.

The hybrid gives a huff after trying to pull himself up and over the side. With a sigh Yoongi hooks his hand under the kid's arms to ease him up and out of his confines and then onto the snow.

Even shivering the child looks at the ground in fascination, tone mystified as a grin overtakes his face. "Mom, called me, Jungkook all the time, but she didn't have ears or a tail—and, Mister what is this stuff?"

Jungkook stares up at him and Yoongi uncurls his scarf to wrap it around Jungkook when the boy shivers again. "Okay, I'm Yoongi and all this whit shi—stuff is snow."

Jungkook nods, hair bouncing with the movement and Yoongi lifts a hand to smooth the stands back into place, only for Jungkook to lean forward and nuzzle the palm of his hand with a giggle. He really does act like a kitten. "You're warm, Yoongi hyung." He doubts that's true. He's freezing.
Yoongi has no clue what to do now. Does he just take the kid home? That's what happens in the movies, but Yoongi doubts that is the best example to follow. “Well, Jungkook, would you be okay with staying with me?”

The boy's eyes sparkle and then Yoongi has a lap full of a scrambling kitten attempting to nuzzle under his chin with a purr. “No. You're warm, Yoongi. I like people that are warm.”

Sad. He found a hybrid that trusts too easily. Yoongi will have to teach him Jungkook not to trust everyone he sees.

With a sigh Yoongi hooks his arms under Jungkook's knees to keep him from falling and then stands, a black tail circling his wrist. Today is going to be a long day he knows it.

Jungkook shifts against him hands playing with the scarf or kneading the material. “Yoongi hyung what is your family like? My old mom, she had a lot of people like me, but they never stayed with us long.”

Yoongi sighs, boots crunching the snow as he walks. To be honest, he doesn't really see his actual family often now, but maybe he can tell Jungkook about his second family. He interacts with them rather often and a few of them will no doubt pop in later tonight, since, it is after all, Christmas. Funny, he thinks finding a kid alone on this holiday. He's not the biggest fan, but that's because Jimin and Hoseok are loud today, more than they usually are, but Yoongi guesses that Jungkook might like it.

He's sort of like an unplanned gift really, one Yoongi can't return, but he doesn't mind.

“My family is a little strange, Jungkook.” The boy looks up at him smiling as he pokes Yoongi's cheek a soft, *uh huh, how?* Falling from his mouth. Rolling his eyes Yoongi increases his pace, he may not know how to take care of a kid, but he knows he doesn't want to increase Jungkook's odds of getting sick. He'll get Seokjin to look him over later. “They're loud and obnoxious and philosophize too much, but they're my family. They've been through a lot with me.”
The child looks down again and over the top of his head Yoongi can see his apartment. Soon he will have to get Jungkook his own things Yoongi's own clothing will only work for so long. "Do you think your family will like me, Yoongi?"

He pets Jungkook's hair earning a giggle and Yoongi can't help but smile a little. He may not be the best person, but Yoongi can learn and he has to do his best now, since he's decided that he is going to take Jungkook in. "They'll adore you, Jungkook. So don't worry."

Jungkook hides against his shoulder and his tail flicks over Yoongi's cheek. It's cold, but Yoongi plans to fix that soon. He'll give Jungkook one of his thicker shirts and try to find pants that will fit him and then he just has to explain to the cat why people are coming over and then finally getting Seokjin's opinion on what he should do.

When they actually arrive at his apartment and Yoongi sets Jungkook down the first thing the child does is run up to the window, tiny shining grin taking over his features. His eyes reflect in the glass and they are just as bright if not more so than his smile.

"Yoongi, it's so pretty!" He giggles as a snowflake taps the glass and Yoongi smiles, his whole body reading fondness. God, he shouldn't adore the kid, so quickly, but he does and Yoongi finds that he doesn't want anything to change.

Striding over Yoongi sits next him on the couch, his hand in Jungkook's hair, slowly petting the strands. The boy is still so cold. "Would you like to play with them tomorrow? When you're warm and properly dressed?"

Jungkook gasps, his head turning to him as fast as a bullet and his smile is this beautiful, innocent, charming that the shows teeth and Yoongi has fallen under. Just like that he knows he won't be able to say no to anything. "Could I, really?"

"Of course kid, but later, for now we need to get you into something warmer."
Jungkook nods climbing down the couch and his fingers—tiny things, like the rest of him—curl around Yoongi's larger ones. Yoongi leads him into his room, as of right now Jungkook will have to borrow some of his older things until he can get the boy his own things.

The kitten looks much too small in the shirt Yoongi gave him, but Jungkook is purring fingers playing with the hem and Yoongi can barely see the shorts he gave the kid. “It smells nice, safe.”

Yoongi doesn't pay much mind to that. Seokjin always talks about hybrids finding comfort in certain smells and that it's normal for them, so instead Yoongi will indulge him if he ever brings up Jungkook liking how thing smell.

Shuffling around the room Yoongi searches for a hair tie, it's not for the kid's actual hair, but to tie the shirt up so Jungkook doesn't look like he's being swallowed by it. Jungkook follows at his heels head tilted to the side, ears flicking in curiousness. The kitten is cute, really cute and Yoongi has no doubt that by the end of the night either Jimin or Hoseok will try to keep him at their own homes. Too bad for them though—Jungkook is his responsibility.

“Hey, Jungkook go wait in the living room while I search for some things,” He gets the smallest, okay, Hyung he thinks he has ever heard back and Yoongi about coos. “I'll be there in a few minutes.” He is still searching for a tie, but not just that. Yoongi still has presents he has to put under his tiny ass pathetic tree for everyone and that will take a little time.

When he comes out of his room, arms stacked full of wrapped goods Yoongi can't help but raise an eyebrow and chuckle at the sight he finds. Jungkook is playing with an ornament. One of the round ones, a bright vermilion and Jungkook is just patting at it like it is yarn.

“Having fun there?” His words come out amused since in all honesty he is.

Jungkook's head shoots up, a bashful tilt of his lips and his ears tucking back showing how embarrassed he is to be caught. He shuffles back, his hands wringing together at his waist and Yoongi shakes his head with a smile. “It was pretty, hyung. I'm sorry.”
Yoongi just chuckles, the sound warm and welcoming. The kid has nothing to worry about, this is fine. Jungkook is fine, he really doesn't mind. “Take it off the tree. It'll be easier to play with then.”

The kitten's eyes sparkle as he stands on his toes to ease the ornament off and into his hands while Yoongi moves presents under the tree. The process goes by quick enough now because every time Yoongi walks into the living room, he finds his kitten on the floor or the couch playing with a plastic ornament—or rather toy.

A few hours pass before Yoongi has everything in place, his part of food being cooked and in general moved things to their rightful places. Crashing on the couch next to the kid Yoongi strokes his ears, thinking about how he should tell the boy about his friends, all while unaware of the boy purring and trying to squeeze against his side because oh Jungkook thinks this feels wonderful. Yoongi doesn't pull at his ears, and his hand is warm, so Jungkook just leans into him.

The only thing that pulls Yoongi out of his thoughts is that Jungkook's tail wraps around his ankle as he purrs, the sound lower as though he is about to fall into slumber against Yoongi. Chuckling Yoongi moves away his hand is greeted by a whine of, no, hyung, please! And Yoongi can't resist the so he puts his hand back.

Getting comfortable Yoongi looks down at the boy. He has an hour before people start to arrive. “Jungkook, I told you about my family right?” He gets a tiny nod, Jungkook nosing under his chin before he does it. “Well, they're coming over later tonight and I don't want you to be scared okay?”

“Okay, Hyung.” It's soft and Yoongi looks down at him to find a determined gleam in Jungkook's eyes and an excited smile.

“Okay, five people will be coming over. Do you think you can handle that?” Another nod, this time slower. “If you feel uncomfortable and want to hide for a little bit tell me. None of them are exactly mean, but they might pull your ears okay, or speak too loud. If that happens, I want you to tell me and I'll try to get them to quiet down, stop.”
Jungkook nods again, looking up at him for anything else. He truly wants Yoongi's family to like him since he likes Yoongi and Yoongi likes them so they can't be bad. “One of my friends is a doctor, kitten, would you be fine if he looked you over later? Made sure you weren't sick or hurt anywhere?”

He shuffles against Yoongi. Jungkook doesn't really know what a doctor is, but he can try. “No, Yoongi I wouldn't mind. You'll be with me, right?”

“Yeah, Jungkook, I'll be with you. So don't worry.” Jungkook grins tucking under Yoongi's chin again and waits until later with his human.

Yoongi pets Jungkook's hair as his last friend, one Jung Hoseok, makes his way in. The kitten is attached to his leg and has been for the last hour since Taehyung and Jimin made him red as a cherry. Yoongi isn't quite sure what they did, but Jungkook won't tell him anything other than small utterances of, pretty, warm, and the occasional called me cute. He is sure it was nothing bad, but still he worries. Yoongi is very aware of those two and their teasing streak and dammit, he is not letting them mortify his kitten, even if it was because of compliments.

“Jungkook, why don't you go sit with Seokjin, you remember him right? He's the doctor I told you about.” The boy pouts tucking closer to his leg with a whine and Yoongi sighs. “Would you like me to go with you?” If that is what Jungkook wants, then Yoongi will go with him.

“Yes please?” It's so tiny and shy that Yoongi would have regardless. Reaching for the child's hand Yoongi leads him along to the couch. Seokjin is nice, tells bad pun jokes, but nice. Jungkook will like him, he thinks.

Waving at the older man Yoongi eases Jungkook on the couch and rubs his ears, watching the boy physically relax at the touch. Looking to his friend he feels Jungkook shift under his hand. “Seokjin this is Jungkook from earlier, I'd like to ask you for advice later, and Jungkook,” The kitten looks up at him, head tilted to the side. “Seokjin's a big softy okay? He won't pull on your ears like Taehyung or Jimin.”

He gets yet another small nod and then Yoongi tells the two he'll be back soon. He just needs to grab a few more things and then this party will actually start and end. So far the people he thinks
Jungkook is most comfortable around is himself, Namjoon (since the man had Jungkook purring after minutes of meeting him), and maybe Seokjin. Hoseok hasn't had time to interact with the kitten and Yoongi isn't sure what to think about Taehyung and Jimin.

When he comes back there is a hat in his hands with all their names sans Jungkook's. It's something of a tradition now. Everyone brings one gift that isn't marked for anyone and they give it to someone random.

He sits next to Jungkook while this happens, watching the child's ears and tail flick with interest at each item. Soon they will get to the actual gifts, but for now Yoongi will settle for letting Jungkook play with the novelty tie Seokjin ended up giving him.

Another hour passes and people are filing out. Jungkook was tucked away in Yoongi's room over thirty minutes ago, so now it's just him and Seokjin sitting on the couch.

Yoongi sighs as he sinks into the leather. “So, what do you think? And should I bring him to the clinic tomorrow?”

Seokjin laughs, this amused sound that never fails to make people smile. “He's fine Yoongi, they adore him—probably more than you.” He punches the older in the arm for that. “But, maybe in a few days, when he is more comfortable. I'm sure that by the morning he won't want to go anywhere except stay with you, he's attached. And you told me earlier you found him right?”

He nods, a huff of air falling from him. It had slipped out a few minutes after Jungkook was in bed and Yoongi both does and does not regret it. “Yeah, he was. I found him in a box...Jungkook said his mom left him there.”

“He's not going to like being left alone, then I think. Or at least he won't like it for a little while. Start him out small okay? Don't just leave him for hours on end and think he'll be fine, do small intervals.” Yoongi nods. He wasn't planning on leaving Jungkook for long until he is sure the child will be okay with it.
“I'll do that, Hyung,” He sits for a minute, thinking of other things he should ask. “Hey, Seokjin, do you know of any stores that just cater to hybrids? Clothing and toys for children and such?” Yoongi doesn't want to have to cut a hole for Jungkook's tail.

“There's a few some blocks down from your studio. You'll find everything you need there, including a place where you can get him a tag if you want.”

Yoongi ends up asking a few more questions before Seokjin heads home. He ends up crashing on the couch, unwilling to walk to his room and possibly wake the child up.

His kitten grows up in what feels like the blink of an eye. One minute he's this tiny little thing that can curl up in Yoongi's lap for a nap or a story and fit on the couch in his studio. The next he's a string bean that Yoongi still adores and wants nothing but happiness for. Jungkook is lanky now at seventeen and still growing, he no longer fits in Yoongi's lap, but he tries and grumbles the whole time before just sprawling out over Yoongi's legs; he takes up the whole couch now. In both their home and Yoongi's studio. He still wears some of Yoongi's bigger clothing except now it isn't quite as large as it once was.

Jungkook has been in school for a few years now and to say that Yoongi is proud would be an understatement. His kitten does his best no matter how much he struggles and that is all that Yoongi could ever ask for. He has a few hobbies, he likes to show Yoongi, the biggest ones being his drawings and dancing.

“Hyung,” They are at their kitchen table right now. It's an early weekend for the both of them and Jungkook is drawing in his sketch pad while Yoongi reads through his schedule for the month. He is still busy, but he makes time for Jungkook as much as he can, so with a hum he looks at the boy. “There's a dance at my school in a few weeks.”

“There is.” He agrees. There was an automated call sent out by the school, students should go at exactly one time, should leave exactly before said time, students with an f shouldn't go, that sort of thing. So Yoongi knows Jungkook has a dance. “Is there someone you want to bring?”

Jungkook pouts and Yoongi already knows the answer. “I don't know if he wants to go. I know I can bring one of our mutual friends since Minah said she would go with me, but I just really want
to go with Gyeomie.”

Chuckling Yoongi pats Jungkook's shoulder. In all honesty, he is fine with Jungkook liking either gender. He leans more towards males Yoongi knows, but if Jungkook is happy and safe than he doesn't mind. “Have you even asked Yugyeom?”

“No,” Jungkook gives a light dust of pink on his face. Yoongi knew about his crush on the Dane before Jungkook knew it himself. The dog is nice to him, makes him laugh and cares for him so Yoongi approves. “What if he thinks it's weird?”

Yoongi shifts closer, slipping an arm around Jungkook's shoulders. “Why would he think it's weird kitten? He likes you and you like him, besides, it's not like anyone else's opinion matters on if you two should be together or not. You two are people just like everyone else.”

So maybe Yoongi gets a little testy about things. He's heard so many people try and try and try to order, what should and shouldn't be allowed. He has gotten tired of it. They have their opinion, he has his, if they can be respectful he will be too, and he tries to teach Jungkook that as well. Or as Seokjin told him to teach the kid, *Kill them with kindness*. Yoongi's not too sure that really works.

Jungkook shrugs, but he has a smile on his face at least. That's good. “Well, Gyeom-ah, doesn't really like things like this and I just don't think he'd want to go is all. Maybe I should just go with Minah.”

“Oh, hell no. You haven't even asked him yet, Kookie. He might want to go with you, but is sitting at home with one of his roommates bemoaning about the same thing as you.”

“Maybe, but do you really think he might say yes, Hyung?”

Yoongi stares at his kitten like, he just asked the dumbest thing he's ever heard. He is very aware that Jungkook has moments where he can be very dense and insecure, but this takes the medal. “Have you even looked at the way, Yugyeom looks at you?”
The Great Dane looks at Jungkook like he just anchored the moon in the sky and painted the stares and honestly Yoongi is debating taking Jungkook to an eye doctor because Yugyeom is just as an obvious messy crush as Jungkook. Except Jungkook seems to flounder just a bit more.

“What do you mean?”

He clicks his tongue against the roof of his mouth. “Get your damn suit on I'm taking you somewhere.”

Jungkook listens, looking at him and Yoongi doesn't care. If Jungkook is going to be shy and possibly never dance with the one guy that has been interested in for fucking years like Jungkook has been interested in him then dammit Yoongi's taking things into his own hands.

It goes well. Sort of.

Or Yoongi thinks it went well since now weeks later Yugyeom is blushing at the foot of the stairs with Jungkook hugging him, a blush of his own on his cheeks.

And yes Yoongi is one of those people that takes pictures for memories. It's Namjoon's fault really not his. The younger bought him a camera, took Jungkook to the beach took pictures Yoongi has continued doing it when his friends can't. Though his favourite picture is probably the ones of Jungkook's first official holiday's.

“Bring him back by nine, kid. You don't want me calling Jaebum do you?”

Yugyeom shakes his head squeaking out a, no, Sir! While Jungkook laughs. They're cute, Yoongi will admit that.
Taehyung and Jimin have friendly rivalries. It's what they do. Never out of true malice, just to have fun, and then of course it went games and sports to getting a mutual friends' attention.

It's nothing violent or crass just subtle touching and jokes and everything is genuine. Their friend, Jeon Jungkook is someone they both have a (admittedly) enormous crush on. So really this whole competition is genuine and they treat Jungkook like a person instead of an object. They won't objectify the younger because of their competition. Jungkook doesn't deserve that.

Jimin has his arm around Jungkook's waist, his chin hooked on the younger's shoulder as they watch Taehyung run. They've already finished their mile a minute earlier.

“Jiminnie hyung, Taehyung has gotten faster hasn't he?” Soon he'll beat us.” It's breathless but jubilant and Jimin can't help but frown against a sweaty shoulder.

Why is Taehyung getting praise if he hasn't even finished? Jimin finished before them both, but Jungkook said nothing about him.

He shifts, pulling Jungkook to sit between his legs while he reclines against a brick wall. “What about me, Jungkookie? Did I improve?” Jimin is not desperate. He just wants a little recognition is all.
Jungkook plays with his fingers, humming. “No, you did, Hyung. Your time is shorter now, I guess your running every morning really did help.”

Preening Jimin smiles down at Jungkook when the other tilts his head back. Tapping the younger's cheek Jimin grins as Taehyung flops onto the floor next to them with a groan. Just because he and Taehyung are prone to rivalries (even with a crush) does not mean they can't get along.

“Hi, Hyung. You feel dead?” The question is followed by a giggle and Jimin watches as Taehyung smacks Jungkook's thigh lightly.

“Don't be a brat. And I'm not dying...just winded.” Taehyung is athletic, but when it comes to sprinting he's done for. “And besides you owe me, Jungkook!”

“Yeah, yeah, our bet,” Jimin grumbles into Jungkook's shoulder as the younger talks. Taehyung's whole bet was based around getting a pseudo-date. “So where are we going then?”

As Jimin frowns over Jungkook's shoulder Taehyung grins triumphantly. “The arcade. I'm going to kick your ass at DDR.”

Taehyung one. Jimin zero.

The date apparently went wonderful. Or that's what Jimin is going to assume since the next day Taehyung is grinning wide and pleased while Jungkook's is a light pink, which really Jimin would be fine with seeing more often.

Of course Jimin isn't one to let this sort of thing bring him down so he waits until lunch. Which is a few hours away, but still Jimin has a plan.
The three of them are outside near the bus loop lounging against a tree. Jungkook is in the middle of them chatting about how Namjoon—another mutual friend—almost set himself on fire with a Bunsen burner.

“Jimin hyung, you don’t understand!” Jungkook is facing him a faint tint to his cheeks because of his exasperation. “We just had to hold the stick over the flame and see if it changed colour. Namjoon hyung, almost caught on fire, just holding it. He's supposed to be the smartest out of all of us, yet he almost became a roasted human...and we didn't even finish the write up.”

Jungkook is pouting, pink mouth tugged down as his eyes look at the ground. Patting the other's knee Jimin gives Taehyung a look after offering Jungkook some of his strawberry parfait in hopes of earning a smile.

Taehyung and him had that same lab and finished it, so really it wouldn't be a problem to help the youngest.

Before Taehyung can steal his chance Jimin grins, eyes crinkling up after he gets Jungkook's attention. “I could help you with the questions later if you want. I had that lab today too.”

Jungkook perks up, eyes shining like tiny stars while his mouth shifts into a smile just the right amount of his pearly whites showing to make him adorable. “Really, Hyung? You wouldn't mind?” It's excited yet hesitant, but Jimin nods, still grinning and then Jungkook tackles him with a cheerful giggle. “Thanks, Jimin! For once I'll be the one with all the answers instead of, Namjoon.”

Jimin laughs looking over Jungkook's head with his hands just resting above Jungkook's waist to keep the younger steady. Taehyung doesn't look disheartened nor irritated, something Jimin is happy about. All his friend does is roll his eyes and hold up a single finger.

“So are you going to walk with me or are you going to ride the bus?” Jungkook smacks his arm playfully, still smiling into Jimin shoulder as he gives a quite grateful, with you, Hyung. The students on my bus are crazy.
Jimin one. Taehyung one.

The weeks continue on like this and it continues to always end in a tie. Taehyung and Jimin aren't disappointed, but they hope that Jungkook eventually notices that at least one of them like him.

It's a Monday and they're all in art. The score is ten to ten.

They've been working with clay for a few weeks now every creation was just brought out of the kiln and both Jimin and Taehyung have already shown their creations to each other and Jungkook (A rose and dog respectively) but the youngest has refused to show them his.

“Kookie, I thought we were friends.” It's a whine and Jimin can't hide his laugh when Taehyung drapes himself over Jungkook's side.

“We are friends, Hyung.” There's a faint blush on Jungkook's skin as he attempts to keep his creation hidden.

Taehyung whines again and Jimin takes the time to add in his two cents. “Well, if we're friends, then you should show us. It's not like we'll laugh at it.”

The blush staining Jungkook's face is brighter now and the both of them coo since it's not often that Jungkook gets embarrassed. Of course their cooing just earns them a distressed noise from the boy.

When the bell rings Jungkook is slipping out and away from them like the devil is on his heels and the both of them blink, not quite sure where the fuck Jungkook was able to get in just a few seconds of time. Sometimes Jimin really hates how fast Jungkook can be when he wants to get out if a situation.
They don't find him in the hall and at the end of the day when both are putting binders in their lockers they stumble upon one of the most cliches things ever.

“So, uh, did you get a clay heart too?” Taehyung brow is raised and Jimin just nods. They've received letters before and gifts from girls and a few males alike, but a clay object is new. “It say anything on it? Since mine is saying to go to the park today.”

Once again, he nods. His had the exact same thing on it, word for word as Taehyung's when they actually took the time to compare them. “...So do you want to go? Just out of curiosity for seeing who it is? And then we can try and let them down gently.” Taehyung shrugs, but starts heading into the direction of the park so with a sigh Jimin follows after him.

It's Jungkook standing under that old fucking willow tree, the three of them used to play on day after day. He's shuffling and his blush is even more appealing than it was last time and at that moment Jimin sort of just wants to pull him into a hug and kiss his cheek. He's sure Taehyung wants to do the same.

Jungkook's stuttering as they get close enough to talk to and he's trying so hard to get the words to form in his mouth, but he can't and it's tearing him apart. He's wanted to tell the two of them that he's liked them for years and thought he could finally work up the courage to speak clearly, but all he manages to get out is a pitiful, “I—so, uh...did you like them?”

It's lame and not at all what he wanted to say, but Jimin and Taehyung are smiling as they wrap him into a hug reassuring him that yes, they liked them and slowly Jungkook finds the ability to speak clearly coming back to him. “I just, I've wanted to tell you for a long time, and I'm so sorry if this makes you uncomfortable I—“

The both of them kiss one of his cheeks and Jungkook melts leaning into them with a giggle. Jungkook is oblivious to them, how they've liked him, how they've acted is because they want his attention, but now that's fine.
“You're so silly, Jungkook.” Taehyung smiles at him cupping his cheek and Jungkook grins shyly, before planting a quick peck to his cheek and then one to Jimin's. Neither are going to admit that they sort of had a competition over him, or at least not yet. They don't want to change this. “So don't worry, alright. We like you too, you big dork.”
There aren't many things that Seokjin and Yoongi share with each other, but with all things there is always an exception.

It had taken quite a bit of talking and more than each's fair share of cursing, but eventually the both of them worked out how to share a person. He was a stripper, one Yoongi had been acquainted with for a while and it was just nights ago when Yoongi finally revealed his name to his partner.

“Jungkook,” He drawls out, one leg crossed over the other as he leans back into his chair. Looking at his hands, he grimaces, this was his last pair of clean gloves. “And before we try anything with him together, you have to go to him alone and see if he'll even take you on as a client.”

Yoongi watches as an amused smirk curls on Seokjin's face. His partner has always been similar to a snake and that does Seokjin well in their line of work. Yoongi is a man for hire and Seokjin is his partner in crime, however, they are affiliated with one single gang when they aren't involved with mercenary work. And since he is of high rank it was a simple task to convince their boss to safeguard where Jungkook works. Yoongi can't have him harmed after all.

Seokjin chuckles the sound low yet charming. “I'm sure we'll have a wonderful time together. No need to worry if, Jungkook will accept me or not.” A frown tugs at Yoongi's lips. Seokjin is always
so smug. “Of course, don't take out your jealousy on me when, Jungkook finds me more entertaining than you.”

Gritting his teeth Yoongi snarls at the older. He may respect Seokjin, but he will not agree with that insinuation. “And if he finds you to be an undesirable snake? What will you do then, Seokjin?”

He doesn't wait for an answer just slips off his stained gloves and strides out of the room. He's going to where Jungkook works and Yoongi can fucking feel Seokjin's smirk on his back even as he leaves. Him and Seokjin have different tastes, but even though Yoongi doesn't wish to admit it, they would be better at entertaining Jungkook together rather than alone.

It's two days after Seokjin goes to Jungkook's establishment—a day after Yoongi's rather impulsive visit—that he brings up his own excursion.

“Jungkook, is very...vocal.” It's casual, warm, said over a cup of coffee and Yoongi does nothing more than nod in agreement. Jungkook really is vocal, doesn't care if he's loud with his words or his noises, something Yoongi actually appreciates. “Very pretty too. Humble and nice, but he made his boundaries know when I told him what I like.” Yoongi can hear the fondness in Seokjin's voice. Jungkook unfortunately has something about him that makes people want to keep him, care for him or a mix of both.

“He always makes boundaries, no matter the price. He is aware of what he can and can't take.” Yoongi hears his partner hum, pleased. Despite Seokjin's need for things to go his way he can appreciate rules. “And, Seokjin lets wait a little longer before the both of us go the same night and offer him our proposition. Let, Jungkook grow used to you. He likes having regulars—likes them even more if they don't just buy him for a show or sex.”

He earns a quite sigh. It is not disappointed only accepting. Seokjin and him may have an odd relationship, but in general they usually respect each other's advice and do their best to do something with it.

“I was thinking about visiting again after tonight's job,” Seokjin smiles at Yoongi passing him a pistol. It's a small hit tonight, neither will have to worry about blood staining them in any way. “It
wasn't going to be for sex or anything. I just want to talk to him.”

“He'll like that. Jungkook, likes when clients treat him like a person instead of an object.” Yoongi slips on his gloves and straightens out his clothes before standing. He has known Jungkook for years, so he has more knowledge on the other than most. So if Seokjin talks to Jungkook and does nothing else the younger will be ecstatic.

With a gentle smile in Yoongi's direction Seokjin takes the lead. The job should be quick.

Seokjin has a hand in Jungkook's hair, playing with the soft strands while the younger lounges in his lap. He has been visiting Jungkook over the course of a couple of weeks, well him and Yoongi have been alternating days, but still Seokjin visits as often as he can.

Right now the both of them are on Jungkook's bed and Seokjin has to admit that sometimes just spending time and talking with Jungkook is more fulfilling than any carnal act.

Moving his hand down to Jungkook's back Seokjin presses his thumb into the skin and moves his thumb in soothing circles, earning a pleased sigh. “That feels wonderful, Seokjin hyung.” When Jungkook leans into his touch Seokjin smiles into his shoulder.

“Good, I just want this to be about you today.” He means it. Lately it has been more about getting to know about Jungkook rather than just his experienced services. Seokjin just wants to pamper him and while he knows that can end in a horrid way he can't find it within himself to care. Besides, if Yoongi can, why can't he? “Though I do wish to speak to you about something.”

Jungkook shifts stretching out on the bed so that he can tuck under Seokjin chin, a dainty and all too devilish smile gracing his features, as one of his hands reach up to tangle in Seokjin's hair. “And what exactly do you want to talk about?” The question is followed by a gentle peck to Seokjin's jaw, that has the older's blood simmering. He can kiss Jungkook later, right now he needs to stay focused.
“I've been thinking about bringing someone with me. Would you be fine with two clients instead of just me?” He gives Jungkook a flirtatious wink that the younger merely rolls his eyes at. Jungkook is so much more than a pretty face and a snarky tongue and Seokjin has come to adore every part of him. It’s easy to understand why Yoongi was so adamant on keeping him hidden; now, though he will be both Yoongi's and his little gem.

The younger shifts in his lap hand falling to rest on his thigh as he gives a one shoulder shrug. “Depends. You know my whole I can reject whomever I wish policy.”

“Yeah, I do, but I think you'll accept him, and if you don't, then I won't bring him again.” It's sincere, Jungkook knows it is; Seokjin has a habit of looking him the eyes when he tells the truth. So Jungkook just nods sinking back against the older.

Jungkook bites at his bottom lip, looking up at the ceiling. With a shaky breath, he opens his mouth. “I would maybe agree, if they are reasonable, but when exactly are you going to bring him?”

The older just smirks, gazing down at him with a mix of fondness and mischief. “Oh, you'll see.” With that Seokjin curls and arm around Jungkook's waist and just enjoys the heat radiating off the younger.

It's three days the both of them wait, but the end results are wonderful.

Jungkook is in Yoongi's lap, nuzzling the older's cheek while a gentle hand caresses at the flesh of his thigh and Seokjin is on the bed watching, a small smirk on his features. It had taken Jungkook no more than a handful of minutes to get over his shock of seeing Yoongi and Seokjin together.

Yoongi's hands skate up his side and then back down before his fingers hook in the hem of his panties. That's what they payed for and Jungkook doesn't mind wearing them, or really any of the items he has on right now.”You're beautiful, Jungkook. Have I told you that?”
It's a warm growl on the column of his neck as Yoongi sucks a warm mark into that skin. Jungkook just mewls, rocking into the other as thumbs circles at the skin of his hip. Yoongi always treats him gently and Jungkook appreciates it, he is slow yet satisfying and maybe Jungkook likes the burn that comes to his skin when Yoongi insults him and the praises him. “Yes, Hyung, but you're beautiful too.”

There's a low chuckle behind them, but Jungkook can't pay Seokjin much mind because one of Yoongi's hand have slipped under his sweater to tug at one of the rose buds on Jungkook's chest, while the other slips into the fabric of Jungkook's underwear to lazily stroke at the younger's base.

He mewls again, louder, eyes slipping closed as Yoongi finds that perfect rhythm of his and Jungkook can feel Seokjin settle close to them, his hands slipping under a lilac sweater to drag nails along the line of Jungkook's back. “Oh, Jungkook you really are insatiable. You need two people to fuck you now is it? I wonder when it went from you only screaming Yoongi to also screaming his.”

The words are followed by a quick nip to his ear and Jungkook arches up when he feels teeth bite at his hip, as Yoongi's pace grows faster. “N-No, I've been good, Yoongi, honest.” It's a breathy whine and Yoongi chuckles as Seokjin slips both hands to Jungkook's front to lift him up and pull him down into his lap, Jungkook's face now directly level with the growing tent in Yoongi's pants.

Fingers snake into his hair, petting in long drawn out lines and Jungkook leans into like a touch starved kitten, bucking up into Seokjin's hand when the older returns to the job Yoongi didn't finish. He's already half hard and it's not fair because they've done hardly anything to him and Jungkook can feel himself becoming a squirmy mess. “You've been a good boy have you? Then I'm sure you'd like a reward?”

Jungkook nods eager to please and he can feel every touch like fire on his skin when Seokjin thumb drags over his skin or his fingers tug at one of the rose buds on his chest. He wants to do well for Yoongi, for Seokjin—for them both. “Please, Hyung? I've been good...ju-just stop teasing, please. I'll be a good boy!” It's desperate because god, that's all Jungkook wants to be good for them. Do as Yoongi asks because Yoongi is so so good to him.

“Then be a dear and suck, Hyung's cock while Seokjin fills you up. Because isn't that what you want? Us to fuck you senseless until you can't focus.” The fingers in his hair tighten and pull him away from Seokjin's lap but Jungkook doesn't care.
His hands scramble to grip at Yoongi's thighs while he mouths the older through the material of his pants, just waiting for the high hiss in Yoongi's throat that tells him he should stop teasing soon. Working the zipper down Jungkook pulls Yoongi pants to his knees, strokes a finger over the bulge before pulling the material down and off and the finally looks up at Yoongi as he takes him in.

It's warm and heavy on his tongue and Jungkook doesn't hear Seokjin move he's focused on pleasing Yoongi because the older is stroking his hair and petting his cheek and saying, *you're our good little slut aren't you. Able to take me so well, my beautiful boy.*

He tucks closer to Yoongi's frame as well as he can hollowing his cheeks to suck just the way likes to earn a pleased groan and a soft purr as the fingers in his hair press at the back of his skull, so that Yoongi can make him take in more. Jungkook hums around him, dragging his tongue along the most prominent vein before teasing at the slit of the head. He practically is a master at forcing away his gag reflex now.

Slowly he is eased onto his knees by Seokjin and Jungkook whines around Yoongi high and needy as warm lube touches his back and then teases at his rim. His hands squeeze at Yoongi's thighs as he moans and tries not to squirm as Seokjin eases fingers into him to stretch him out. Yoongi's grip is loose as Seokjin makes a wreck of the youngest with just his fingers and really its for the best because when Seokjin can finally ease himself into Jungkook's warmth the youngest gives this guttural groan around Yoongi that almost sets him over the edge.

When Jungkook gets distracted almost removing himself from his job of teasing Yoongi because Seokjin is helping him rise and fall in a delicious rhythm that has his bouncing against his stomach Yoongi growls reaching for Jungkook's chin. “None of that, baby. Get your job done and then you can ride Seokjin like the little needy thing you are. If you don't then I'll just fuck that pretty little mouth of yours like the toy people want you to be.”

Yoongi smiles when a blush rises to Jungkook's cheeks as he sinks back down on him, the warmth of his mouth and the swirling of an eager and experienced tongue working Yoongi to completion. He is only harsh with his words because Jungkook likes it, the youngest enjoys being on the receiving end of humiliation, and Yoongi has no problem with saying this to him if it makes Jungkook squirm in need.
Cupping Jungkook's face Yoongi watches as his eyes flutter shut in absolute bliss as he rocks back against Seokjin and hears tiny praise fall from the eldest's mouth, *always so good for me. So responsive and Yoongi's going to be a wreck by the time you're done with him. Our wonderful boy, aren't you're doing so good for us.* Seokjin may not seem like it, but he enjoys things more when his partner does as well, unlike Yoongi who mainly does things simply because his partner enjoys something.

With another low groan from Jungkook after Seokjin hits his prostate Yoongi tugs on Jungkook's hair with a low curse and watches satisfied as Jungkook swallows, removes himself and then nuzzles Yoongi's thigh practically purring. And then of course Yoongi just watches, encouraging the youngest to ride Seokjin.

Jungkook's thighs quiver as he hides his face in the flesh if Yoongi thigh sobbing out in a whine when Seokjin tugs him to completion, ropes of white coating his stomach and part of Yoongi knee. He falls almost boneless as Seokjin's pace increases to follow after him and Yoongi in release after a few more thrusts and when he's done, he kisses the back of Jungkook's neck, deposits him in Yoongi's arms and then eases out to take the condom off and throw it away.

Petting Jungkook's cheek Yoongi lifts up his head to kiss him, warm and slow and meaningful on the mouth. “You were wonderful okay. Seokjin and I adore you,” Jungkook's wraps arms around his neck and Yoongi leads him to the bed, curling against his front to continue to pepper kisses to Jungkook's face while they wait for Seokjin to return with a towel and clothes. “You're beautiful, Jungkook. Perfect and I love you, he loves you and we'll stay here all night if you want us to. We'll pay and take care of you for however long you like, because we want you happy.”

Jungkook nuzzles his shoulder, kissing it. “Please? I don't want to be alone tonight, Yoongi.” He smiles up at the younger. He will never turn Jungkook down, and he always makes sure Jungkook is fine after a session with him, since just because Jungkook can enjoy being humiliated, Yoongi still wants to make sure he's okay.

Seokjin eases Jungkook up first when he comes back and wipes the white off his stomach and keeps an arm around him as he cleans Yoongi. And then right then and there Seokjin leans forward to kiss Yoongi. It's nothing new, they have done this often. But today was different. Usually the both of them switch on and off, but today with Jungkook they didn't and neither are disappointed, but Yoongi lets Seokjin take the lead in the kiss.
It's familiar and loving and despite how much they may bitch to each other and about each other, they really do adore one another.

Jungkook giggles between them, eyes cloudy as he grabs one of each's hands. “You two are nice together. I'm glad Yoongi hyung found someone besides me, that's willing to get to know him.”

Seokjin smiles down at him, pressing a kiss to his hair before doing the same to Yoongi before kissing him on the mouth again. “Yoongi's wonderful, Jungkook. Angry and grumpy, often, but wonderful. I'm happy that you're fine with the both of us though.”

It's three warm bodies on a bed happy and beyond content. “No, you guys are wonderful and if you make, Yoongi hyung happy then I'll always be fine with you—alone or together.”

The two older male curls around Jungkook petting his hair and pressing pecks to his cheeks and it's all to make sure he's okay after their session. And right now Jungkook is happy and will continue to be happy if they visit him as a pair more often. He just wants them happy like they want him happy.
Jungkook/Hoseok

Chapter Notes

Requested by Anonymous: Can you make JungHope fluff? Where they're both walking in the rain and they share an umbrella? I really like your style of writing but was too shy to say... I hope you have a good day and I wish you best!~ ♪ (´▽｀)

Jungkook likes the rain. It's soothing in an odd way, how it sounds as the droplets hit the earth, or the roofs of houses. However, his roommate Hoseok doesn't share his sentiment, or at least not to the same extent.

His hand is gripped around the handle of their umbrella, since he's taller and Hoseok and nestled next to his side, shivering with a smile on his face. “I think, Seokjin hyung can do this himself next time,” He starts, voice soft and sleep heavy. Seokjin had woken them up at the crack of dawn to buy groceries. “There's no need for us to be out in the rain, Jungkookie.”

He nods absentmindedly gaze transfixed on the way the water around them disperses in ripples and then steadies again in a clear pool. It's relaxing. Jungkook sees it as a way of getting over a problem, and that's why he likes the rain. It displaces things and then sets them back in place. What was the saying again? Right as rain, he's always liked that saying.

“Jungkookie?” Hoseok class trying to get the younger's attention. His roommate had just stopped out of nowhere and while Hoseok knows he does that sometimes, he's worried about Jungkook catching a cold in this weather. Since unlike him, Jungkook is only in a baggy t-shirt and shorts, which he's honestly surprised Seokjin didn't hound the youngest for. “We have to go home. We can look at the rain together later, okay?”

Tugging on the younger's hand Hoseok links their fingers together. Jungkook never minds, Hoseok suspects that the youngest male in their flat actually likes the affection even if he won't admit it. “Promise, Hoseok hyung? Will you really watch the rain with me?”
Hoseok smiles back at him, finding wide, innocent and trusting eyes looking at him with a surprised glee. Yoongi's the only one that usually sits with him when it rains, so Hoseok saying he will makes a tentative smile bloom on his face. “Yeah, I will, but first we have to get home and you dried off. And then we'll sit on the balcony with the umbrella. Would you like that, Jungkook?”

“Yeah, Hyung. I really would.” Hoseok grins at him and drops Jungkook's hand to instead curl his arm around Jungkook's shoulders to pull him close.

“Then we'll do that. Seokjin, hyung can yell at us, but don't worry. We'll get to watch the rain together, okay?” He can hear the soft patter of water hitting their umbrella and as Hoseok looks at Jungkook all he sees is a gentle smile on the younger's face when he looks out at the puddle covered streets and dark overhead clouds. “You really like the rain huh?”

He gets a tiny nod, almost like Jungkook can't hear him and is just nodding out of reflex, and then Jungkook speaks. So soft and enraptured with the droplets that Hoseok can't help but find him beautiful. “It sounds really nice. I like sitting by the window sometimes just to listen to it.”

Hoseok squeezes the younger's shoulder before leaning on the one next to his head. The next time it rains he's going to sit with Jungkook and listen too. But today, when they get home, they'll be sitting in it instead of just listening to it. “Does it help you sleep sometimes, Jungkook?”

“Yeah, it's soothing, Hyung...like a lullaby.” He just nods leading Jungkook along. He walks a little slower than earlier so that Jungkook can experience the rain a little longer. Hoseok just wants to keep him smiling is all, so it that means getting a little soaked he can deal with it.
Chapter Notes

Requested by Anonymous: Hi! I really love all of your works they're so well written and the way you view the vampire concept is so unique. I'm positive you're busy, but do you think you could consider continuing off of the last vamp fic where they take Jungkook to the gathering? I feel like it'd be chaos but a good kind of chaos and I'm very intrigued about how you'd portray it all. Thank you!

Also requested by:

Asianbookwork183: Omg I love this series so much!!! It would be great if you continued it and showed us what happens at Jungkook's first gathering. All of your stories in this is amazing actually. Thank you so much for writing!

Anonymous: I'm am really IN LOVE with the vampire!au. Like your writing is superb!!!!!!! I was wondering though. The part about Jungkook trying to cut the link and being feral. Can you write a one shot about that, and Jungkooks first gathering? I'm just in love with it so much!!

Anonymous: Please tell me you are continuing the vamp au!!! It so beautiful.

This is a continuation of chapter twenty-eight

Jungkook rocks on his heels, rubbing the sleep from his eyes as Namjoon measures him. The older vampire had woken him moments ago, lead him to his personal studio and grumbled something about a suit.

He give a quiet yawn, ebony eyelashes shadowing his cheeks in a flutter as his eyes slip shut briefly. “Joonie, can't we do this later?” It comes out small and imploring.

Namjoon looks up from where he's measuring Jungkook's leg with a fond tilt to his mouth. Jungkook has always been the most childish and in hand endearing when just barely awake. The fledgling clings, his voice gets softer and he pouts when he doesn't get his way. Cute most of the rime. Really.
Namjoon's voice is a soothing rumble and Jungkook absentmindedly starts leaning closer to him. “The gathering is in a few days, Kook-ah, if I could you more time I would..” A gentle yet authoritative hand pushes at his hip easing him back to straighten up. “Stand straight, I want to get these right.”

He wants to make this as quick as he can. Jungkook has a tendency to get antsy when forced to stay immobile for too long. So, Namjoon is trying to take the younger's measurements as efficiently as he can.

He doesn't even have to look up to know that Jungkook is reaching for his hair. “I told you to stay still, baby.” It's chastising and Jungkook whines, but he listens hands easing back into their place at his sides.

Smiling pleased Namjoon pats his hip a murmured, good boy falling from his lips. Jungkook responds better with a mix of gentle coaxing and a reward if he listens. It's something all of them picked up over the years, helped calm Jungkook down even when he was younger and stubbornly trying to forcefully sever his link with all of them.

Jungkook's fingers twitch at his sides, a high hum rumbling in his throat like a harp. “How come, Jimin's letting me go now? He used to fight tooth and nail to keep me here.”

The older hums holding the measuring tape in place around with one hand while the other writes the number down. “Jimin, thinks you can deal with it now.”

“I couldn't before?” He sounds disappointed and Namjoon can feel a small bullet of self-doubt through his own link with Jungkook.

“Baby, it's not like that.” Namjoon starts out trying to soothe the fledgling. The younger a fledgling is the harder it is to integrate them into large gatherings, it is too many bonds and individuals at once and Jungkook had never been the most stable fledgling in the first place. “You wouldn't have felt safe surrounded by so many individuals—very few fledglings do so we just wanted to give you
more time, Jungkook.”

Namjoon doesn't make any move to stop Jungkook when the younger's fingers twist into his hair, petting softly as nails drag on Namjoon's scalp in odd self-comfort. Jungkook is prone to touching or curling against them when he worries, and more often than not all of them indulge the youngest; it's impossible not to when Jungkook actively seeks them out.

As he writes down the last measurement Namjoon peers up at the younger through his lashes, eyes warm as something akin to a purr rises in his throat. Slowly he rises, his hands coming up to cradle Jungkook's face, leaning his forehead against Jungkook's as the younger's fingers fall to curl and bunch up the fabric covering Namjoon's shoulders. He keeps his touch soft as he replaces each drop of self-doubt with overflowing affection and acceptance.

He gets a smile, this small, sincere thing that seems to brighten up the room. Jungkook always was the most stunning when he smiled. “Okay, Namjoon. I just didn't want to disappoint anyone, so I'm sorry for thinking that way.”

It's soft and the doubt is gone. Dipping his head down Namjoon presses a quick peck to Jungkook's nose, earning a giggle and he bites lightly at the fledgling's bottom lip.

“You could never disappoint any of us, Jungkook.” It's murmured just a hairsbreadth away and he can feel more than see Jungkook's smile. “We just wanted to make you're ready and because maybe none of us are ready to share you.”

That's always been true. Jimin's the worst by far, but all of them have a rather large possessive streak when it comes to their youngest. Far too pretty for his own good and many of them don't want to deal with desperate and deceiving individuals that may want to strike up a deal to be the betrothed of their fledgling.

The words earn another giggle and it reassures Namjoon that Jungkook appreciates that instead of fears it while also reassuring Jungkook that his coven truly does want to keep him close.
Jungkook's fingers skate down Namjoon's sides to hook in his belt loops as he looks up at Namjoon. They're still close, almost no space between them. Namjoon is sure if their hearts could beat, they would be the same. “I don't want to be shared. I'm yours and all of you are mine. If, Jimin thinks I'm ready I am and I'll have all of you with me anyway—I don't need anyone else.”

His eyes hood and Namjoon hums as he drags the back of his finger over Jungkook's throat in a gentle caress. “You are ours,” He says softly, words dripping with possessiveness. “And I already planned to show that.”

It was just going to be a simple yet elegant choker, small ruffles on the sides with each of their names stitched into a design. He had permission from Jimin to make it now he just needs Jungkook's to wear it.

“How?” It is only one word, but Namjoon can feel and hear every but of eagerness Jungkook puts into it.

Smiling, Namjoon leads the younger back and out of his studio, to instead coax him to sit on Namjoon's bed. His personal studio was made from an old office and Jungkook has been in there often enough to watch Namjoon work that manoeuvring him backwards is an easy task.

“Jimin, allowed me to make you a choker. Simple enough to not draw too much attention, but if someone looks close enough, they would see all of our names. “Namjoon is drawing names into the skin of Jungkook's cheek softly with his nail, enjoying how the younger's eyes flutter shut. “Would you like to wear it at the banquet, baby?”

“Please.” It's breathy and low against the curve of his hand and Namjoon lets a pleased grin grow on his face.

Gentle, and as meaningful as he can make it Namjoon kisses the side of Jungkook's mouth, sharing as much love and patience as he can through their link without it being too much. The only time Namjoon gives him a real kiss if he asks and Jungkook lets him.
“Anything for you, Jungkook.” He means it.

Pulling back Namjoon hears Jungkook give a tiny whine. Shushing him, he pets soft caramel hair. “Namjoon, can you stay here for a little bit instead of working?” It’s imploring and Namjoon has never made a habit of refusing the other.

“Of course, I can stay for a little bit and then I have to start working.”

Jungkook’s head dips in a smooth movement as he coaxes Namjoon to rest on the bed beside him. He smiles as the fledgling uses his thigh to pillow his head, small content noises building in Jungkook’s throat as the older pets his hair.

Namjoon presses his thumb to the corner of Jungkook’s mouth tapping softly and Jungkook giggles nipping at it playfully. His eyelids are already drooping and Namjoon smiles down at him softly. Beautiful. That's how Namjoon would best describe Jungkook and with what he is going to make for the fledgling Namjoon is certain he will draw the most attention—not something he's most appreciative, but he can't get everything he wants; Jungkook will be ethereal yet intimidating, that's what he hopes everyone will think when they see Jungkook. Alone or with his coven.

Slowly he eases Jungkook’s head off his lap and onto an actual pillow before returning to his studio. This is going to be something Namjoon will take more than just pride in.

Jungkook's nervous even as Taehyung grins at him fangs on display as deft fingers play with the choker around his neck.
It's the night of the gathering and Jungkook isn't quite sure what to suspect this is his first one and he is a jittery ball of nerves right now. What if he does something wrong? Or disappointed any of his coven members? Merely thinking about it makes his stomach turn with unease. He doesn't want to be an embarrassment to the rest of his coven.

A large hand cups at his cheek and Jungkook toys with his bottom lip as he looks at Taehyung. “You'll be okay, and don't worry about something that will never happen.”

Sometimes Jungkook forgets that he has a link with everyone and that they can feel his emotions. It's never hard to decipher what they may be so Jungkook lets himself relax at Taehyung's verbal reassurance along with the waves of emotions slipping through their link.

“I'm just...I'm really nervous.” Taehyung smiles at him, resting his head against the younger's and Jungkook can feel face heat up when the older sends torrent after torrent of affection.

“That's okay,” It's steady yet soothing and Taehyung's thumbnail is tracing around around Jungkook's eye in an attempt to soothe the fledgling's worries. “It's your first gathering being nervous is understandable, but you could never disappoint any of us.”

Jungkook leans into the older's touch, eyelids fluttering briefly. “Okay, Taehyung what will all the fledglings have to do for their introductions?”

He finds himself tucked into Taehyung's side the other's lips just ghosting above the skin of his throat before he even finishes his question. Taehyung's always done things like this so Jungkook isn't exactly bothered by the older being so close.

Taehyung nips at him lightly the smile on his face growing when Jungkook's head tilts to the side. “You're going to be with, Jimin for a little while, and if you'll allow it, he's going to drink from you in front of the other guests. A, uh, claim of sorts.”
None of them are eager to share their youngest, but Taehyung knows Jimin is the most reluctant to let anyone else near. So while it won't be all of them leaving marks on Jungkook it will at least be his sire. Taehyung thinks it will be an effective way to deter most of the other vampires interested in the fledgling.

“Do most fledglings do that?” Jungkook’s skin is a light shade of pink that Taehyung can't help, but see as endearing.

Dragging a nail over the outline of Jungkook's jaw Taehyung smile grows larger. “No, but we don't wish for you to be snatched away from us.”

It's the truth and Taehyung could never hope to keep the small flash of possessiveness he feels from Jungkook, honestly, he doesn't think he would even try if he could.

Jungkook nods the movement slow, even as the pink of his face slowly grows brighter. “I-I don't want that either.” Taehyung grins into Jungkook's skin nosing at him pleased. “What if I get nervous and try to cut my link with, Jimin, again?”

A noise bubbles in his chest at the thought. Now when Jungkook tries to sever his link with them it is never because he wants to, rather it is because he is frightened or nervous and doesn't want wish for the rest of them to feel it. It still hurts, of course, Jungkook attempting to sever it, but he never can completely something Taehyung is grateful for. Jungkook wouldn't be as feral as he once was, but it would harm his development more than it would the rest of them.

“You won't.” Taehyung doesn't mean for it to come out as harsh as it does, but Jungkook can't break the link he will only hurt himself and possibly send Jimin or just any of them into a frenzy. “I promise you that you'll be safe. Jimin won't allow anyone to do or say anything and neither will the rest of us.”

It's shaky near Jungkook's ear, but Taehyung needs the younger to understand that they will keep him safe, even in this house of snakes.
Taehyung barely realizes that Jungkook has burrowed against him, face against his neck making his words muffled. “I'm sorry. I do trust all of you, but what happens if something goes wrong and it happens?” Taehyung tries not to focus on how the whine feels like a slap to the face.

Curling an arm around Jungkook's waist Taehyung smooths his unoccupied hand through Jungkook's hair and over his back. Taehyung just wants to hide the fledgling and snarl, _fuck you leave us alone!_ at the elders and other covens that threatened them to come to this gathering.

“Please don't,” Taehyung is pressing his face into Jungkook's hair, sending him reassurance only to get wave after wave of worry back. “Jungkook, please don't hurt yourself or us by doing that.”

He keeps thinking back to when Jungkook was young and frightened—clueless, naive, fragile and _so so very frightened—and would try and break his link without a breather in between attempts. Taehyung doesn't want the fledgling to have to go through being touch starved all over again because he couldn't feel and wouldn't let any of them near so they could fix everything before Jungkook completely broke away from them all.

Jimin had been a fucking _mess_, Taehyung remembers that well. He had gotten aggressive and volatile the closer Jungkook got to breaking his link. God, he remembers Jungkook sobbing and clawing as Jimin curled around him trying to apologize and tell Jungkook that, _no you're not a monster, pet. None of us are monsters, so please stop doing this to yourself and us._ It had been a horrible time in the beginning and Taehyung is sure it wouldn't be as bad now, but it would send all of the including Jungkook into a frenzy for different reasons.

Fingers curl on his belt and Taehyung lifts his head to see Jungkook still looking nervous, but somehow accepting. “I won't—I don't want to hurt any of you like that again.”

He leans down to peck Jungkook's cheek a bloom of reassurance welling up in him that he knows Jungkook will feel. Taehyung can't see the fledgling put himself through all that again; Taehyung doesn't think he could handle seeing Jungkook and the rest of his coven go through that without breaking.

Taehyung is going to make sure that no one makes his coven's fledgling so frightened.
Jimin casts a disdainful look around the room as he motions for Jungkook to settle in his lap.

Circling his arms around his fledgling's waist Jimin noses at the back of Jungkook's neck, smiling at the younger's brief shiver. Honestly, he detests having to feed off Jungkook in front of others outside of his coven—it's a private matter, but it is the most effective way to keep outsiders away. He's going to try and be as subtle as possible and hope that today is one of the days when Jungkook doesn't make noises.

Jimin doesn't want to share any part of Jungkook with anyone outside of his coven. He's young and still naive to so much; Jimin wants to keep his fledgling safe from the wolves surrounding them.

Resting his chin on Jungkook's shoulder, he coos at the soft colour taking over the younger's skin. His fledgling has always been alluring—much like the rest of their kind—however, Jimin has always seen Jungkook as a bit more enthralling than mist if the vampires outside of his coven, but right now with a bright flush, the silk choker around his neck and the suit Namjoon made for him, Jungkook somehow looks softer than usual and Jimin wants to just continue to hold him like he's the most precious thing in the world.

“Don't be so nervous.” Jimin keeps his voice steady, petting Jungkook's sides to calm him down. “You'll be okay. I won't let anyone do anything.”

Jungkook only gives him a soft embarrassed noise in return. Kissing the younger's neck sweetly Jimin starts to fold away the collar of Jungkook's suit keeping his touch fleeing and soft. He can feel the younger shift in his lap, head tilting to the side and Jimin does his best not to react physically to the prick of disease and distress that shoots through him like a bullet.
Rubbing his thumbnail over Jungkook's cheek Jimin treats this situation like normal. He kisses Jungkook's shoulders and nuzzles his skin; Jimin is just as gentle and adoring as usual.

When the younger starts to relax Jimin murmurs into his skin, you're beautiful. My wonderful fledgling, you're doing so well and then grazes his tooth on the smooth expanse of Jungkook's skin. Jungkook shifts again, fingers gripping onto the hand still around his waist while Jimin purrs into his neck, before biting as gentle as he can, enjoying both the tiny sound Jungkook gives along with the taste.

Jimin's eyes the individuals around them a silent warning to stay away while he feeds. At first Jimin hadn't planned on feeding, long, but since he this to be a claim he starts to suck lightly, feeling smug at the small mewl Jungkook gives. His fledgling, Jimin has learned, likes marks.

The rest of his coven keeps interested individuals at bay and Jimin smiles, pleased until he starts listening to the comments about Jungkook.

So pliant. Do you think he's like that for everyone? Jimin growls in his throat, eyes narrowing as he hears more. It's more like seeing a vampire and his blood bag instead of a fledgling and sire. I wonder, do you think they would share him?

He about pulls off to snarl right then and there, but as Jungkook's head falls against his shoulder a tiny blissful smile on his face Jimin starts to calm down.

Jimin noses at Jungkook's neck in apology. He shouldn't be getting so worked up, none of the will ever be able to do this. Jimin and his coven are the only people that are allowed to do this to Jungkook.

He starts to take his time again, petting at Jungkook's stomach and sides. No one else matters right except Jungkook.
Slowly pulling off the wound after drinking for a few moments longer Jimin laps the wound closed. When Jungkook slumps against him Jimin just holds him close and gentle likes he's porcelain. He hadn't meant to, but he took more than originally planned.

Smiling at him Jimin pets Jungkook's hair taking the offered flute from a server before giving it to his fledgling. He plans on letting Jungkook rest a bit before allowing one of the other members of his coven time with Jungkook.

Hoseok grins charmingly as he ropes Jungkook away from Jimin to dance with him instead.

Placing a hand on Jungkook's waist, he starts to lead keeping a watchful eye on everyone around them. As far, they've been able to keep others away, but now Hoseok has to be extra vigilant as he twirls both himself and Jungkook toward the centre of the ballroom.

“How do you like your first gathering?” He beams up at the younger as he asks, keeping an eye on the vampire that's continuously been tracking Jungkook's form since all of them walked through the doors. Hoseok doesn't know who the man is, but he does want to stop him from staring at Jungkook like he's a piece of meat.

At Jungkook's gleeful giggle Hoseok gives him, his full attention even as they waltz. “It was a little uncomfortable at first with everyone staring. But this—this is fun, Hoseok!”

He lets his expression turn fond as he looks up at Jungkook. It was a couple years after Jungkook had finally come to accept his turning that Hoseok had learned how much Jungkook enjoyed dancing.
It's something they do together more often than not now whether it be at home Yoongi playing the piano while they dance he rest of their coven members either watching or joining in. Other times Hoseok will sneak Jungkook into bars with him and let the fledgling loose while he keeps a watchful eye. That's one of Hoseok's favourite things to do—watch Jungkook string a meal for them both home...of course that doesn't mean Hoseok lets their meal touch them more than absolutely necessary.

“That's good,” He hums leaning up to bite playfully at Jungkook's bottom lip with a chuckle. “I'm happy you're enjoying your first gathering The more you come to the less they stare.” Well, really that's a lie, but Hoseok wants to make the rest of the night seem like a fantasy for Jungkook.

Smile still on his face Hoseok leads Jungkook toward the absolute centre of the ballroom. Everyone else can look, but he'd never let any of them touch the younger. As they dance fingers laced tight, hands curled around a shoulder or a hip, shoes clapping on the floor in a rhythm only they know Hoseok continues to entertain Jungkook as well as stare down the vampire with wandering eyes until he snarls and leaves.

When they start to slow down Hoseok leans down to kiss Jungkook's nose beyond enraptured with the giggles he receives. Soon all of them will leave for home, but right now Hoseok is going to focus on keeping that blissfully bright smile on Jungkook's face.

Jungkook clings to Seokjin's back as soon as they reach home and really the older doesn't mind. He really never minds the youngest clinging to him like an overgrown leech. Instead he smiles finding it cute how Jungkook whines nipping at his jaw with a quiet mumble of, I'm hungry and you smell really nice, Seokjin.
Curling an arm around Jungkook's waist, he leads the younger to his room. “So eager tonight. Jimin, must have taken a lot.”

Jungkook only get this clingy and needy when he feels empty after so much is taken from him or if he hasn't fed much at all.

He doesn't even get an answer. As soon as his door is closed the fledgling is on him, pressing him against the bed to squeeze between the older's legs so he can start at removing Seokjin's shirt collar. The fledgling has always been like this. Jungkook gets impatient and latches on without any finesse and often that's what leaves a mess on his face, but Seokjin never minds, none of them do really.

Gripping at the younger's hair Seokjin guides him closer a lazy gleam to his eyes when the door opens. It's just Yoongi. “You're really trying to drink me dry tonight, aren't you.” It comes with a laugh as Seokjin drags his nails over Jungkook's covered back earning a low purr.

When his hand reaches the small of Jungkook's back Seokjin presses him closer. He's always enjoyed being fed off it makes him feel needed, but with Jungkook it's not just about feeling needed. Seokjin just wants to provide for him whenever even if it isn't because he's needed.

Jungkook cleans the wound with a tiny yawn and Seokjin smiles at him fondly before nudging him toward Yoongi. “Why don't you go sleep with, Yoongi? I've got a few more things to do.”

The younger's head dips in an uncoordinated nod before Yoongi's leading him to the bed while Seokjin slips out. Large meals never fail to make Jungkook sleepy.

“You're warm.” Jungkook breathes out quietly tucking under Yoongi's chin as he throws a leg over the older's.

Yoongi hums petting Jungkook's back. Normally he would've offered to help Jungkook out of his clothing and into something more comfortable...but something tells him that Jungkook would just
whine in petulant protest if he offered.

“How did you like it?” Yoongi lowers his voice to a soothing rumble that will help the fledgling fall asleep faster. Yoongi's voice is the one that can lull him to sleep the fastest if he's tired. Something Yoongi's used to his advantage if Jungkook has nightmares.

“It...” He exhales softly curling up as he nuzzles into Yoongi's neck. “It was nice. I enjoyed dancing with, Hoseok the most.”

“Maybe I can play something at the next one for you then.” Yoongi muses softly, something warm building under his skin as he looks at the slumbering fledgling. He's just happy that Jungkook had fun today.
Jungkook/Everyone

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

It's not odd per se how Jungkook and his hyungs discover that they enjoy pet play and when they decide to try it, they learned it was beneficial to decreasing their stress to a manageable level.

Jungkook had heard of the practice before even been curious to read about it once—it was appealing to him even then; it helped that he didn't mind being compared to a rabbit or a puppy. However, Jungkook isn't the one to breach the topic, Seokjin is. It's on purpose and Seokjin has looked into it on his own before too, and just believed that the mindset would help the youngest get away for awhile and let his worries disappear. Even if just for a little bit.

Jungkook is lounging on the older's bed, chin resting on his arm while he flips the pages of his book with his other hand. Light music is playing and Seokjin is at his desk creating a list of necessities they will need to restock soon.

He glances back at the younger often toying with his bottom lip as he wonders if he should mention his idea or not. It's not exactly something he can mention without potentially scaring the other. Yet, here Seokjin is slowly spinning in his chair to face Jungkook with a nervous smile. He clears his throat before he speaks. “Um, Jungkook, may I speak to you about something personal?”

God, he sounds stiff. Seokjin wants this to go as smooth as possible, but he's sure he just set off every single alarm bell in Jungkook's body.

The younger looks up curious, nose wrinkling as he smiles in encouragement and Seokjin finds him adorable. “Oh, sure, Hyung.”

His hands wring together over his lap and Seokjin swallows, a bundle of twitchy nerves. “So I've
been thinking of something that might help you—with stress I mean.”

“Okay, what?” The book is now face down on the bed, page dog-eared.

This is it. The time where Seokjin might fuck everything up and ruin Jungkook's faith and trust in him all because of a few words. Hell realistically this could ruin a lot more than friendship.

“...Ha-Have you ever heard of pet play, Jungkook?”

Silence invades the room as though it's a virus and Seokjin sits nervous—scared is better. Seokjin is fucking scared and he just knows this can only go one of two ways and he simply hopes—in his seat watching a pretty dust of pink climb up Jungkook's skin like a vine before slowly the younger's head dips in a shy nod, caramel bangs falling in front of his eyes like a curtain.

“Yeah,” Jungkook starts the word coming out just as nervous as Seokjin looks. He knows very little about it, but still he knows of it. “I've heard about it before. But, Seokjin what made you think this would help?”

It's not malicious in any way only pure curiosity and Seokjin feels his nervousness disappear replaced with a calm pleasantness. He hasn't ruined and he's thankful for that since all Seokjin what is to help Jungkook.

Moving to sit on the bed beside Jungkook he drags his fingers through silk hair, smiling when Jungkook leans into his touch like a dog seeking attention. It's cute, really. Jungkook's always reminded him of a little puppy. “I just thought it would be able to help take your mind off worrisome things. You're our youngest and you do so good at everything, but you worry so much and I just want to help you get away from that for a while.”

A small noise bubbles in Jungkook's throat as his face heats up. “Thank you, Seokjin hyung, really, I just want to do the best I can and-and,” He pauses for a minute before continuing almost bashful and ashamed and really Seokjin wishes he wouldn't. The younger has no reason to be ashamed. “It
does stress me out sometimes so thank you for looking out for me.”

Seokjin smiles, soft and affectionate as he lets something he's always been too afraid to say flow out of his mouth as normal as he breathes air. “You're such a good boy, Jungkook you really are,” He can hear the younger give a pleased little noise when, good boy falls from his lips and then Jungkook's head is resting on his thigh before he continues speaking. “And I know that might be weird, but would you be willing to try it?”

He gets a soft whine as Jungkook nuzzles into his stomach. “Yeah...I'd be willing to.”

“Oh kay,” His own word comes out breathy in disbelief yet he's thankful as he massages Jungkook's scalp cooing down at Jungkook when he goes limp. “I want you to be as comfortable as possible, so we're going to talk about what you aren't okay with.”

Mocha eyes peer up at him, affection shining in their depths. Jungkook really is adorable. “I—could this be non-sexual?” It comes out hesitant and Seokjin brushes, hair away from Jungkook eyes murmuring a reassuring, of course we'll only do what you're comfortable with which earns a shy smile. “And could I still talk? I don't like the idea of being allowed to even if I have to.”

“Of course. This is about what you are and are not comfortable with. Anything else? I want my good boy as happy as possible.”

Jungkook shivers at the endearment a pleased tilt to his mouth as he tucks against Seokjin. “I like when you call me that, and I can't think of a lot right now, but I don't feel comfortable with bowls either.”

Seokjin nods. “That's okay. If you ever think of anything else tell me.” Jungkook nods against his stomach with a content sigh.

Leaning back against the headboard, he pulls Jungkook up so that the younger can rest on his chest.
Jungkook tucks under Seokjin's chin, a muffled noise coming from him as fingers pet from his hair all the way to down to his back.

Seokjin chuckles, the sound vibrating in his chest and Jungkook thinks it's soothing; like when the rain taps at his window. "You're like one of those large dogs that still think they're small. It's cute."

He can feel the smile that breaks out on Jungkook's face on his skin. "I like the larger ones. They just lie on you and become a personal blanket."

Jungkook's smile grew bigger as he spoke and Seokjin dips down to press a kiss to the crown of Jungkook's head with a murmured, 'you're adorable, Jungkook.' It earns a pleased little giggle as Jungkook noses at the column of Seokjin's throat.

As he looks down at the younger Seokjin wonders if Jungkook would like a collar or if they could ever mention this to the rest of their group. Seokjin knows for a fact that more than half of their group has researched things out of curiosity—including pet play—and announced at least a subtle interest. Of course, while Seokjin knows this, he isn't sure if Jungkook would wish to reveal his own enjoyment of it so soon.

As for the collar he believes Jungkook would look enrapturing. Jungkook always looks stunning with coloured bands around his neck—chokers or otherwise—so him in a dainty little collar with a bell or a tag would be beautiful.

Moving his fingers up to massage at the skin of the back of Jungkook's neck, he smiles when Jungkook goes completely limp with a pleased sound. Yeah, he just knows Jungkook will be coddled even more than normal if they ever include anyone else.

Thinking of all the possibilities of how the rest of the members could help Jungkook, he continues to pet Jungkook's hair, killing the younger into a sense of comfort.

Out of all the members Seokjin is sure Hoseok would be the one Jungkook might be the most
comfortable to tell. Ever since before debut hoseok was the one Jungkook was known to go to if he was feeling down. It's not that Jungkook doesn't trust the rest of them—because he does this Seokjin knows for a fact—but hoseok was the one that made more time the very moment Jungkook showed any sign of being uncomfortable or unsatisfied with his performance.

The younger nuzzles into his stomach interrupting his thoughts. So as Seokjin looks down at Jungkook he knows he just wants the best for Jungkook, whether this stays between just them or not.

It's maybe a month and a half before Jungkook shows any interest in including anyone else and Seokjin is beyond proud of him for mentioning his interest without prompting.

So on a rare day off from their schedules Seokjin rounds everyone up besides Jungkook and the next person he wishes to include.

When the door clicks shut and locks Jungkook feels anxiety well up in himself for a moment before he shuts all that down and reassures himself that this will all go fine. Seokjin had sat him down and explained to him how he thought hoseok might react and it's made Jungkook hopeful for the best.

Inhaling deeply Jungkook tugs down the collar of his shirt to reveal the thin, lacy blue bell collar Seokjin had bought for him once he showed interest in it.

Fingers ghosting over the material of the walls Jungkook comes to a stop before Hoseok's room and gently knocks. "Hoseok, could I come in?"
While he may be hopeful Jungkook has also thought of the worst. Since the plan was to just show hoseok and explain and Jungkook's terrifyingly aware that it's not the best idea, but he's never really discussed this before on his own behalf, so all he can go in with is a hopeful heart.

He wrings his fingers in the hem of his sleeve as he waits. "Huh? Oh, sure, Jungkook the doors unlocked." As usual hoseok sounds exuberant.

Toying with his bottom lip Jungkook eases the door open, the soft chime of his bell now sounding deafening. Heat starts to crawl at his skin when Hoseok goes from opening his mouth to presumably smile to instead stare at Jungkook, eyes fixated on the band around the younger's neck.

Jungkook can see hoseok mouth the words on his tag, Good boy; return to Seokjin, he wants to hide now. The tag is nothing large or attention grabbing and Jungkook had agreed to let Seokjin have it made, except now, it feels more like he's damned himself with it.

He's moving to curl a hand over it to hide it when hoseok speaks up, his words placating a bit of Jungkook's anxiety. "No, it's okay...it looks nice on you."

It's soothing and Jungkook swallows, letting his hand still, too nervous to speak so he appreciates that hoseok isn't rude with his words even though he could be. "Does, Seokjin hyung call you that? It doesn't make you uncomfortable in any way?"

Jungkook shakes his head, a soft noise coming from the quick movement as hoseok smiles patting the side of the bed as an invitation to join him.

A hand settles on his hair, petting in a way that makes a sound akin to a croon build in Jungkook's throat. Hoseok has this odd yet welcomes ability to make Jungkook comfortable.
"I actually like when, Seokjin calls me that." Jungkook rests his head on Hoseok's shoulder as the older hums in acknowledgement. "But sometimes I really want to do something so I know that I 'deserve' it."

Hoseok smiles coaxing Jungkook to splay out oh the bed so he can massage the skin of the younger's back. "Don't worry about that—you're a good boy and you prove that by doing your best." He earns a low embarrassed whine as Jungkook attempts to hide his face against Hoseok's thigh, while deft fingers tap at his spine through his shirt. "Can I lift it up, Jungkook?"

A small encouraging noise makes hoseok smile and curl his fingers under the hem of Jungkook's shirt, dragging it up until half of Jungkook's back is on display.

He smooths his hands over the younger's skin, able to feel Jungkook relax under his touch when he starts to press down and knead it.

Jungkook sighs in bliss, fingers curling. "Why doesn't this bother you, hoseok hyung? I'm happy it doesn't but I'm curious."

Hoseok hums, moving hair out of Jungkook's face. "...I've mentioned this to him before. I told Seokjin that I thought it was interesting—and Jungkook this was a very drawn out conversation about ways to either help you or offer something to help you de-stress."

There's a smile against his knee and hoseok chuckles. "That's, what Seokjin told me. I was just really scared of telling anyone else."

"And that's fine, Jungkook. This is new and I can understand you wanting to keep it to yourself because it's personal and you're scared that it won't be received well. That's okay, Jungkookie. That's smart."

Jungkook smiles, pleased, giggling against Hoseok's thigh. "I just don't wanna cause any unneeded conflicts."
"As I said, smart." His voice turns soft as he drags the back of his fingers over Jungkook's cheek. "And such a beautiful boy. You're such a good boy for Seokjin and I."

A smile starts to branch across Hoseok's face when Jungkook whine, face heating up, warmth from his skin an added comfort.

He smooths his hand over the skin of Jungkook back, pausing when the younger shifts only to continue when Jungkook seems to growl for him to.

"I'm so proud of you. My good boy, you told me on your own and I'm so proud of you, Jungkook."

The younger is snuggling against his thigh and Hoseok continues to coo and talk to him, occasionally getting an answer back. Hoseok, however, doesn't stop petting Jungkook even when he falls asleep.

Taehyung and Jimin end up including themselves after stumbling upon Jungkook and Seokjin having another discussion on anything else Jungkook is and isn't fine with.

They don't rush anything, they sit down with Jungkook and talk about if he would even be alright with including them.
They're the ones Jungkook feels at ease with the quickest and somehow a little over a week later Jungkook finds himself in a store, looking at a variety of chokers, collars and necklaces with Jimin, who's holding his wrist loosely. He's supposed to buy clothing with Taehyung later.

Jimin beams up at him, soft cotton candy hair fluffed in front of his eyes as he asks which ones Jungkook likes.

He's always thought Jimin was pretty—thought all of his members are—so at times it unnerves Jungkook, how much attention Jimin pays him. And that adoring attention has just become more often and Jungkook feels a bubble of contentment well up in himself.

"Kookie, which one do you want? I know you like the one, Seokjin hyung bought you, but it might be good to get other ones."

Jungkook blinks, looking down at him and then at the display next to him. "Oh, um, could you maybe pick one? I liked when, Seokjin picked one for me."

Jimin gives an amused tilt of a smile as he tugs Jungkook closer by the hem of his shirt. "You're adorable, Jungkook. Do you want me to pick your tags too?" He keeps his voice soft, so that no one but the other may hear.

"Please?"

The smile he gets us bright and reassuring as Jimin leads him to a different display. When they stop Jimin laces their fingers while he looks over the chokers and it's something Jungkook appreciates. He's always been a tad uneasy in crowds or public places so Jungkook is grateful to have someone he trusts near. Jimin's smaller, softer hand is a comfort when it squeezes his own larger, shaking palms.

Jimin looks up at him, plump lips forming an equally beautiful smile as his person while he motions for Jungkook to sit down on a bench in front of a mirror.
"How about this one?"

It's eager near Jungkook's ear as Jimin slips the first of many accessories around the younger's neck. It's a simple lace band that rests around his neck like a constant reminder—not too loose yet tight enough to be a constant thought if he lets it—that it's okay and that Jungkook has people to look out for him and do things with.

Running the pad of his finger over the subtle design sewed into the material Jungkook smiles nose crinkling up as his teeth start to show. "It's pretty—kind of nice feeling."

Jimin hooks his chin over Jungkook's shoulder, humming as he looks at the younger in the mirror. He's happy to see the younger, less nervous than earlier and in the long run that Jungkook hasn't been as stressed since the majority of them have been included in the this part of Jungkook's life.

"We can get it, then if you want it? And you can keep it plain if you want to, we don't have to get a tag if you don't want one."

"No, I-I want one," His skin is a little pink. Jungkook likes the little tags he can wear in the safety of the dorm. "I like them, Jimin hyung."

"Okay, then we can look for one later alright?" Jimin motions for the younger to stand after he slips the band of lace off. "Is there anything specific you want to look at?"

"I don't know. I just like them. Makes me feel like I belong and have someone I can go to."

"Then we can just look online or in stores and get something if you like it."
Jungkook nods, smiling shyly as they go to buy the choker of choice. It's nice having all of this—a way to stop stressing and feel safer even if it's due to something considered odd.

He's grateful for his Hyungs—the ones he's told—they've been accepting and willing to help him.

Honestly Jungkook's not sure why Taehyung says he needs to buy new clothes.

"Tae, why do you even want to go shopping for clothes with me?" It's a mix of both curiosity and a dash of snark.

Taehyung gives a one shoulder shrug as he tugs on Jungkook's hand. Really, he just wants to hang out with Jungkook...and well, he's been curious about if Jungkook would be okay with other parts of this.

"I...I well, I've been thinking a bit."

The way Jungkook's head tilts makes his hair shift in a way that cradles his face and Taehyung can't help but dip down to kiss his cheek quickly under the guise of just whispering in his ear.

The giggle Taehyung earns is soft yet pleased. "Like what?"
Taehyung sighs tugging Jungkook to sit beside him on a bench. He keeps his voice low so that no one except the younger can hear—since Taehyung knows this is something Jungkook doesn't wish for anyone to hear.

"...Well, do you think you'd be okay with anything else? Seokjin already told me about what you said you didn't want...but would you be okay with other things sometimes involved with this?" As he says this he plays with Jungkook's hands. Taehyung is very aware that this isn't the best place to ask this, it's not private and he doesn't even know if this is the best way to ask Jungkook.

When silence is all that greets him Taehyung starts to worry; it wasn't his intention to scare or pressure the younger. Taehyung just wanted to know all that Jungkook's okay with.

Jungkook bites at his bottom lip toying with it nervously. "...I, I don't really feel comfortable with some of the other things. I know none of you would do anything I don't want and that you would go slow with everything but..." He sucks in a small breathe moving his hand so he can squeeze Taehyung's "I just, I don't feel comfortable with anything more than this."

It comes out remorseful and worried and Taehyung curls an arm around Jungkook's shoulders smoothing his fingers soothingly over the skin of his arm.

"That's okay. It really is," Taehyung only wants to do things Jungkook is comfortable with. So if Jungkook doesn't want to do anything more than what he has expressly stated as okay then Taehyung will respect that. "I just wanted to see—it's completely fine to not want anything more. This is about you and only want to do what you want."

The younger shifts into Taehyung hiding his face against the older's neck, a pleased smile curling on his lips that the other can feel.

Smoothing his fingers through feather soft toffee strands Taehyung dips his head to kiss the crown of Jungkook's head hanging onto each word that falls from the younger's mouth.
"Thank you for asking. I appreciate it, really I do." It's small yet sincere and Taehyung adores him all over again.

So many people see Jungkook and just see someone that seems as though they have everything in their life in order, that they have nothing to worry about and that's the farthest from the truth—for all of them.

As Jungkook curls close to him Taehyung just holds him a soft, oh my good boy you're worth asking everything for. I want you happy it's the truth. That's all Taehyung's ever wanted Jungkook to be. Happy.

Yoongi is the one that Jungkook slips into his separate mindset the easiest with. He's not sure why, but with Yoongi he can just curl up and not think of anything else except how to get Yoongi to pet him or praise him or just play with him.

So right as he hovers above Yoongi, he smiles showing all his teeth before dipping his head down to nuzzle at the column of Yoongi's neck. He just feels more playful around Yoongi he wants to be pet or growled at so he knows when he's gone too far, yet Jungkook doesn't know why he wants that or acts like this around Yoongi more than the others.

There's a sigh above him and Jungkook blinks, whining high in his throat for a moment only to smile and press closet moments after when Yoongi smooths fingers through his hair, scraping at his scalp and then over his back indulging Jungkook.
"Why're you so playful today?" It's a low drawl, languid and heavy with sleep still. Jungkook had woken him up a handful or so minutes ago and Yoongi hasn't been able to shake off the last hold sleep has on him.

At his question Jungkook presses closer, nosing at his shoulder and cheek. "Not tired and you're the only person that's still in the dorm besides me."

Yoongi blinks absentmindedly scratching at Jungkook's scalp, giving a small smile when the other tucks under his chin, completely warm and content. "They did say they wanted to get out for a but didn't they."

Jungkook nods against him, eyes closing briefly in contentment. "Uh huh...Yoongi I'm bored." It's a high whine as the younger goes from relaxed and limp against Yoongi to nosing at the older's jaw in an attempt to wake him up completely.

A noise, low and deep like thunder rumbles up from Yoongi's chest when one of Jungkook's hands, press down too hard on Yoongi's hip in his hurry to get up and drag Yoongi somewhere. "Jungkook, you're not being very good right now. Settle down."

There is another whine as Jungkook looks down at him apologetically. "I'm sorry, I didn't mean to hurt you." It comes out small and somehow Yoongi is sure that if the younger had dog ears they would be pressed flat against his skull in remorse.

If there is something Yoongi has learned about Jungkook from all of this, it's that the younger does genuinely—and often—worry about if he's done something wrong and if he believes he has, how to fix it. So when Yoongi sees Jungkook start to shrink in on himself, he doesn't think he just reaches for the other and pulls him into a hug.

Jungkook burrows into his shoulder, tiny whines being wrenched from him while Yoongi attempts to calm him down. "No, it's fine you didn't hurt me. I'm okay, I promise." The whining doesn't stop, but it does grow quieter as Jungkook nuzzles at his skin with a hesitant, I didn't mean to be bad, Yoongi I swear. It makes his heart rug uncomfortably. He knows all Jungkook wants is to be
good. "Oh Jungkook you aren't bad. You were just excited and I reacted, but that doesn't make you bad. You've been good, okay, I mean that."

The younger pulls away from Yoongi a small pout on his lips as he looks anywhere but the older. "I'm sorry, I just wanted to do something with you."

"I told you that's okay." He lifts a hand to play with the tag hanging from Jungkook's collar. It's smaller than the one Seokjin bought, but still it's pretty. "What did you have in mind?"

Jungkook lets a shy smile grace his features. "Do you think we could lie on the couch and watch a movie, or you can pick, I just want to do something with you."

It's simple, normal and really at first Yoongi had been skeptical of how all of this would fit in with day to day life, but over time Yoongi has come to understand that it's not as different as he once thought. Jungkook may whine or nose at them as a tiny sign that he may be in another head-space, but he doesn't have any extreme change, though that doesn't mean that there may never be one or that Jungkook's case and experience is a set way this goes. Yoongi knows that's not how it works.

Pressing his forehead to Jungkook's he smile, the one that shows his gums and never fails to reassure Jungkook that Yoongi is fine and still cares about him—all of them.

"Yeah we can do that if you want."

Jungkook beams lacing his fingers with Yoongi's before pulling him along. Yoongi's happy that the younger has found something he's comfortable way to help get away from the world and feel safe and content.
With Namjoon, Jungkook is comfortable much like he is with Yoongi, it's just that more often than not Jungkook goes to him more when he's stressed or worried out of his mind.

"Namjoon," it's tiny and a borderline whimper. The younger is on the floor next to Namjoon a wobble to his lip and Namjoon's throat closes for a minute.

He doesn't shift around in his chair only reaches out a hand to smooth it over Jungkook's hair coaxing him closer. He doesn't make any move to pry Jungkook away when the younger hides his face against Namjoon's leg, instead all he does is continue to run his fingers through Jungkook's hair while the younger continues to whimper into his leg.

Running a finger over Jungkook's cheek Namjoon waits for the other to look up at him. "It's all okay, alright. Just close your eyes and don't focus on it right now," Namjoon doesn't ask Jungkook to tell him what's wrong the younger will tell him when he's ready, so instead he grabs his phone and turns on the playlist specifically made for when Jungkook had his worst days. "You're safe with me. No one can say anything, okay? And if they did it shouldn't matter, because you're wonderful no matter what."

Jungkook sniffles against his leg a tiny sound bubbling from his chest, something Namjoon would call a mix of a growl and a whimper.

He drags his fingers through Jungkook's hair again the soft sound of music blocking out the world.

"You're wonderful, Jungkook, so if you ever want to y'all about it, all of us are up to offer an ear."

Jungkook nods again, squeezing close to Namjoon as his eyes close, inhaling deeply as his shoulders start to stop shaking. "I—thank you, Namjoon, for...for always doing this for me."
It's small and Namjoon just smiles leaning down to press a kiss to his head. Namjoon would give him the moon and stars if he could. But at times like this he knows he can't give fanciful promises like that instead he has to be something that will help keep Jungkook afloat.

So he works on helping Jungkook slip into his stress free safe place by calling him his beautiful boy and encouraging any and all instances of actions that might not completely be human. It's simple nuzzling, growling or chinning, but it helps Jungkook and right now that's what Namjoon's focused on.

He pets Jungkook's hair and shoulders until the younger slumps against him asleep. Smiling, he eases out of his chair and carefully lifts Jungkook up to deposit him in the the bed before curling around him as best he can.

Namjoon knows tomorrow will be a bit rough for Jungkook, but they'll all be there for him if he wants them to be.

Chapter End Notes

Requested by Anonymous: can u write some jungkook/everyone petplay.. nothing sexual, just puppy!kook in a collar with a bell and all he wants is to be pet and attention and to be called a good boy and everyone thinks hes the cutest thing
It's odd, Seokjin thinks, how he just knew the pup was theirs without even speaking to him. Something just clicked each time Seokjin saw him at hunts, the boy is tall. A tad taller than Seokjin himself, but he hasn't yet broken out of a pup's mindset. Though he thinks it would be nice to call his soulmate that even when he does grow out of that mindset.

Pups aren't children, well they can be, but what signals someone as a pup isn't age it's how they act. Many pups can speak and react like anyone else, the just cling to certain things more. Some can't drink liquid from a normal cup, others simply collect things a young individual would, and other times still a pup may simply have a childish view of the world.

Gentle smile gracing his features Seokjin strides toward the alpha of the pack. His and the rest of his packs soulmate is tucked against the woman's back, fingers curling in her jacket.

There's the soft enticing smell of lavender and vanilla all around him and Seokjin almost allows a pleased rumble to ripple through his throat. The pup hasn't presented yet, but Seokjin already knows his pack will adore him no matter his rank.

"Alpha," He greets charmingly, trying to appear as nonthreatening as possible to the pup. Seokjin already knows him name, interacted with him as often as he could, but today is the day he can bring the younger to his pack of he receives permission. "I'm here to ask for permission to bring,
Jungkook home to introduce him to his other soulmates, officially."

Watching Jungkook tilt his head in confusion Seokjin smiles fondly, pups often don't recognize how important soulmates are, or that they even have one—or many in Jungkook's case.

Throughout his whole meeting with the alpha Seokjin keeps a close eye on Jungkook, smiling whenever the pup's ears twitch or his tail wags. The younger is far too endearing for his own good and really when Jungkook smiles at him shyly with a soft, 'you smell safe Seokjin's heart melts.

It's nearly impossible to shove down the instinctual need to coddle his soulmate. Jungkook still knows so little and Seokjin wants to guide him and give him with anything he might need, but he can't, at least not now.

When the meeting comes to an end Seokjin waits until the pup untucks from the alpha's side and starts to inch toward him. Reaching out his hand Seokjin can't help but think Jungkook will be more than coddled; he really will be the baby of the pack.

Fingers curl around his own hesitantly while Seokjin continues to wait until Jungkook truly seems ready to leave.

"We're going to look after you alright." He keeps his voice soft and his tone warm. They really will be looking after Jungkook as well as teaching him. "I know all of this is new to you, but we're going to try and make this as nice as possible for you."

So maybe Seokjin lets out a quiet croon when Jungkook tucks close to him with a mumbled, "That's why I like all of you you're safe." Sometimes he forgets that Jungkook has met them all at different times.

"That's good we want you to feel safe, baby." Jungkook giggled the sound sweet and blithe; Seokjin thinks he could listen to it all day.
The pup squeezes Seokjin's fingers nuzzling the older's jaw. It makes his smile grow as Seokjin moves to press their wrists together briefly—now Jungkook will smell like him too.

"Seokjin, how come I never got to meet more than one of you at a time?"

He hums rubbing his thumb at the joint of Jungkook's wrist. "We didn't want to intimidate you."

Many times when the got to interact with Jungkook it was scheduled, but there were rare days when one if them got to see Jungkook out of those meetings.

The younger shifts to lean on Seokjin rubbing at his eyes. With an amused huff Seokjin curls an arm around him. Normally Jungkook has more energy than he needs so often he'll tug at Seokjin—or any of his other soulmates when they visit—until the older will do something with him. Most days the pup will shift and run between legs or ball up in someone’s lap for a nap or to be pet.

Of course, Jungkook has days like this as well where he's sleepy, clingy or a mix of both wanting to nap or listen to little stories anyone makes up.

Both are something Seokjin finds adorable and if he was allowed to in there past meetings he would indulge Jungkook with everything he wanted.

You wouldn't have intimidated me." It's about as petulant as the pout on his face. "I like all of you—" His nose wrinkles up as he lets out a soft yawn. Somehow Seokjin finds that endearing as well. "—you make me feel safe, and you smell nice."

It grows quieter at the end and Seokjin lets out a pleased growl. That's all he truly wants, if nothing else he just wants Jungkook to feel and be safe.
Petting Jungkook's side he tries not to just nip playfully at the younger when Jungkook burrows against him with a smile at his growl. "That's what all of us want the most. You safe, so I'm happy you feel that way."

Jungkook nuzzles the older affectionately with another giggle. Really all he wants is someone that will pay him attention. Jungkook's never felt as comfortable with anyone as he has with Seokjin's pack they pay him attention, don't get annoyed at his questions and they like him for being himself, even when he acts childish.

As they walk Seokjin does his best to scent Jungkook in the most subtle way possible. His scent isn't the strongest since he's a beta, but he knows that in the long run Jungkook will find comfort in his scent. That's what soulmates are supposed to do for one another. Bring comfort.

Besides that Seokjin knows that since Jungkook is a pup and has at the most had minimal explanation as to what a soulmate is or why he will feel safe or want to be near them. All of them will have to teach him.

Leaning into the younger Seokjin thinks about Jungkook. He's honestly looking forward to teaching him. All Seokjin wants is to explain and then enjoy everything Jungkook is willing to do, whether that be simple affection or more.

However, as Jungkook tucks closer to him Seokjin thinks he won't have the same attitude toward those that wish his baby any ill will. He won't look kindly on anyone that attempts to take advantage of the younger. Though he doesn't believe he's the only one that would react if that happened. Packs are rather protective of their members.
It's not exactly different, having a pup official in the pack, or at least that's what Jimin thinks...then again he has Jungkook sprawled across his lap content as can be.

So in all reality he's biased.

Smoothing his fingers through Jungkook's hair Jimin hums. The pup has been with them a little over two months and all of them have agreed to take this as slow as possible and explain everything to Jungkook as well as they can.

"Baby, do you remember what we were taking about a few days ago?" The six of them sort of have a system. Each of them have a day with Jungkook so that he may get used to them all. Well that and they're each supposed to explain specific things to the youngest.

Of course if Jungkook is adamant with spending time with someone even though it isn't their day none of them will disagree; it's not hurting anyone.

Jungkook nuzzles into his stomach with a playful growl that Jimin can't help but chuckle at—it's a cute, high sound. Similar to a puppy yipping. "Uh huh, you were telling me about scent marking."

As if to show he remembers Jungkook shifts to raise his upper body so he can nose as the column of Jimin's throat and all the older can focus on is the sweet smell of strawberries.

Growling in his throat Jimin fights down the need to just press Jungkook onto his back and make sure he smells like him. That's what soulmates are supposed to do at the same time but Jimin doesn't want to potentially scare the younger.

He's not particularly aggressive with scenting, but Jimin is known to bite at times when he scents others. It's never on purpose but Jimin thinks that this time it would be intentional.
Jimin just wants to leave a tiny mark—but only if Jungkook will let him.

Moving his hand up to Jungkook's jaw he traces the outline with a gossamer touch, cooing at how the younger squirms underneath him with a giggle, skin flushed an adorable rose.

"Baby, you're much too adorable for your own good," It's sighed just above Jungkook's shoulder as Jimin gently scents him. "I just want to give you everything I can."

The younger smiles up at him; innocent, beautiful and so so trusting. Jimin feels the need to mark him or show Jungkook off well in him, but he won't. He won't even bring up the idea until he thinks Jungkook is ready.

Fingers tug at his auburn hair playfully and Jimin feels a smile curl on his features. "You don't ever have to do that, Jimin. I'm fine with this—and I'm happy...and I feel safe."

He can't help it. One second Jimin is gazing down at Jungkook with all the adoration in the world, the next he's dipping down to nip at the younger's neck with a noise that vaguely sounds like a purr.

"You're so wonderful. I just want to give and give and give until I have nothing left to offer you." He mumbles it into flushed skin, pressing a kiss to Jungkook's shoulder.

God, he should feel horrible for this—for marking Jungkook who 'doesn't' understand that a bite mark is a claim. He knows the younger will want to do the same with or without an explanation and Jimin knows he'll let Jungkook do it. Jimin will melt and let Jungkook do whatever if the younger whimpers disappointed and needy. He's whipped for Jungkook so so very fucking whipped, yet he can't find it in himself to care.
Jungkook's a lovely crimson and Jimin attempts to move away only to look up at a scared whimper of, *no, please don't leave* he wasn't going to leave Jungkook, yet, he made the younger believe so...sometimes Jimin forgets how attached pups can get.

"...Why did you bite me?" Jungkook's voice is soft and curious, not afraid and oddly Jimin finds himself thankful.

He keeps his eyes locked with Jungkook's watching for any negative emotion or expression as he speaks. "Did it hurt?"

"No," Soon strawberries isn't the only thing Jimin can smell, embarrassment is mixed with it. "It sort of felt nice...made me feel like I'm yours and that no one could hurt me."

Smiling Jimin pets at Jungkook's hair, something warm crawling under his skin. "That's good I didn't want it to hurt. And what you felt, that's normal."

It really is. Biting acts as a temporary claim if no blood is shed and to have a permanent claim both parties must want to be claimed. Whether permanent or not a bite is supposed to make the individual that received it feel safe. It's only supposed to be given to members of the same pack, but there are times when a person is bitten to help calm them down.

Watching the pup shift Jimin looks at the tiny bloom of colour on Jungkook's neck almost smugly. It's a pretty mark for a pretty individual. "Cou-Could I bite you?"

Jimin tries not to purr at the offer. As an alpha he wants to make his pack-mates as happy in any way he can, but with Jungkook— with his soulmate— Jimin wants to teach him everything, care for him and keep Jungkook genuinely happy.

"Of course you can." He doesn't bother trying to hide how pleased he is. Tail thumping on the couch lightly he grins down at Jungkook and adds, "Just please, try not to bite too hard."
In no way is he against a permanent claim mark, or rather a mating mark, but Jungkook isn't ready for that so Jimin doesn't want that to happen until Jungkook truly knows what he wants after learning everything he needs to.

Shifting so Jungkook can sit up Jimin watches the other with a find glint in his eyes. Fingers hesitantly grip at his shoulders while Jimin tries not to croon, pleased and possessive as he feels right now.

Jungkook eases forward using just his fingers to smooth over Jimin's skin in simple yet soothing patterns. Jimin tilts his head letting the younger drag a trimmed nail up his neck, over his pulse point; feather light and curious. Russet brown ears twitch on top of Jungkook's head and Jimin smiles up at him leaning up to nuzzle his cheek before backing off, a hand now petting at Jungkook's hair coaxes the pup forward. Slowly yet surely.

"You smell nice, Jimin." It's soft and Jimin can feel a soft mouth on his skin before there's a shy press to his neck.

He hums still petting silky strands his smile growing as he scratches lightly at Jungkook's scalp, pleased with how the younger sighs in contentment. "And what do I smell like, baby?"

Scents aren't universal. Everyone smells something different from a person so to Jimin, Jungkook smells like citrus and freshly bloomed tulips. It calms him down and God Jimin wishes he could just curl around Jungkook, kiss at his shoulder and breathe in his baby's addicting scent.

Jungkook pauses for a moment and Jimin presses his palm down on the younger's back growling pleased in his throat when Jungkook shifts into his touch. "...Like the forest and new rain. I like it. It's comforting."

Leaning up to kiss Jungkook's cheek Jimin laughs when the other's face turns pink; more beautiful than the cherry blossoms blooming outside. Jimin adores his soulmate he utterly and truly does. He wants nothing more than to treat Jungkook well and make his later experiences with them good.
But he knows anything at all intimate will come much later and really Jimin is alright with that. Jimin is content with making Jungkook smile or coo and simply watching after him.

"That's good, I'm glad you find me comforting." He taps his fingers over the small of Jungkook's back when the younger drags his cheek over the alpha's shoulder and Jimin can smell himself on Jungkook and slowly he can smell Jungkook's own scent on him, calming him and putting him in and almost relaxed state. "You smell so nice, baby. You make me feel calm."

He can feel Jungkook smile on his throat and Jimin just wants to kiss him, but he'll wait—all of them will until they know Jungkook's ready.

Keeping his hand on Jungkook's back Jimin shifts so that he's completely supine on the couch with Jungkook snuggling into him still scenting.

"I like this—you smell like me now!" Jungkook noses at Jimin's jaw giggling happily.

"Yeah I do," He pets at the younger's back relaxing as Jungkook's scent covers him. He feels the pup stay around his shoulder before slowly Jungkook nips at the skin. It's soft, hardly there at all and Jimin knows it's because Jungkook's scared of accidentally hurting him. "And it's okay, Jungkook. You didn't hurt me."

He wraps his arms around Jungkook's waist so he can sit up while also keeping the younger in his lap. The younger rests against him putting his chin on Jimin's shoulder.

"I really didn't want to, so I'm glad I didn't."

Jimin smiles kissing his cheek as the both of them get comfortable. "I'm sorry for not asking earlier. I should've that's the polite thing to do. So if you ever want to do this for anyone else you should ask, okay?"
Jungkook nods looking a little sleepy and Jimin starts to understand that it's going to be one of the slow days. He likes them, more than he ever lets on. Jungkook stays near him and tends to cuddle into his chest until eventually he falls asleep, Jimin watching over him.

Jimin really likes the slow days...they're cathartic in a way that all of them need.

Running his fingers through Jungkook's hair Jimin lulls him into a wonderful mix of comfort and drowsiness. "I will...but just wanna sleep." It's mumbled as Jungkook burrows into him as Jimin smiles fondly.

He doesn't stop until Jungkook's asleep and Jimin kisses his forehead before being calmed enough by their mixed scents to fall asleep himself.

Their soulmate is so good for them all. It's been a long while since any of them have been so calm with all the disputes going on as of late. Jungkook's something they want to keep safe and it's nice that he can calm them down even with the changes happening.

Jungkook's how they're keeping their tempers controlled now and Jimin never wants him to see them snap.

But all of that he knows doesn't matter right now. What does matter is that he has his young soulmate curled and comfortable in his lap, dreaming away.
Yoongi sighs as he grips lightly at the collar of Jungkook's shirt. Jungkook's been rather...excitable as of late—and really Yoongi expected that. Even before when the full moon would come around for hunting to start Jungkook would be dashing around in the meadow snuffling at anything and everything.

The pup was always hyperactive when he was allowed to go see the adults hunt. Really that's how most pups are, they can't wait to run with their own pack instead of simply playing and really Yoongi's actually happy he was the one chosen to go with Jungkook for his practice.

"Kook-ah, calm down you'll scare everything off." He's got a smile on his face as he says it, watching the taller male struggle in his grasp to attempt to take off.

"But, Yoongi it's so pretty! Look at it there's butterflies and I saw a little cottontail—I just wanna play." It's a whine as Jungkook's tail swats through air like a knife looking at Yoongi pleadingly.

Raising a brow Yoongi tugs him along, walking a ways away from the open meadow so Jungkook will stop pleading to be let go before coaxing the younger to sit next to him.

"I know, baby, I know," He cards his fingers through Jungkook's hair thumbing at his ears until the younger nuzzles into the touch. "But you can't go running off. You've never actually hunted, Jungkook you have to be careful."

Yoongi wants to teach him everything, he really does; how his first kill is important, how to shape bones into charms and decorations. Yoongi just wants to teach Jungkook all he can.

However if the pup won't listen he can't do that. Hunting requires Jungkook to pay attention to as much as he can as well as he can and distractions will 'not' allow that.

Jungkook pouts and whines softly in his throat even as Yoongi leans forward to kiss his cheek. It's
been a couple more months, and there's been much progress, none of them do anything more than kiss Jungkook's cheek if he'll let them, but still it's progress. Yoongi thinks it'll take just a little longer for Jungkook to present and while he may break out of his pup mindset then Yoongi can't say for certain. It's different for everyone.

"But I've got you." Jungkook looks at him confident and trusting and Yoongi feels his heart swell as a low pleased rumble works up his throat. His mate is so precious, too blind to the menaces of the world...but almost all pups are, Yoongi can't fault him for that. "You always keep me safe. You're a good alpha, you look after me and teach me."

He rumbles pleased in his throat leaning forward to nuzzles at Jungkook's neck scenting him. His precious mate Yoongi adores him so. He may act gruff or snap a bit quicker than the others, but really Yoongi adores him, loves him, just as the pack does; they're all a family, they care and look out for one another...being soulmates just makes it easier. "Jungkook, you know alpha cares for you, and I 'will' keep you safe, but you still have to learn."

The younger nods a little slow, a little excited still and Yoongi thumbs at his cheek earning a smile. "Okay, I can do that. Promise."

Yoongi smiles. It's small and his eyes are warm as he looks at Jungkook but that smile is full of love. He knows Jungkook will do well, will catch something to be proud of. The pack will be proud no matter what he catches.

Kissing Jungkook's nose Yoongi gets comfortable. "The first thing everyone's taught before their first hunt is that what you catch is important. It shows what you are as a person, and no I'm not saying you have to believe that, but the general belief is that's what defines you."

Jungkook looks perturbed and Yoongi can't help but chuckles. "...So if I catch something small I might not be seen as very competent?" It's comes out fearful and Yoongi's gaze turns soft.

"No, baby, that's not what it means." He keeps his tone soft and let's Jungkook play with his fingers. "That doesn't make you incompetent. You want to hear a story?"
Jungkook looks at him curious and imploring as he nods ears twitching on his head while his tail sweeps at the grass.

Yoongi smiles curling his tail around Jungkook's wrist petting the skin. "When I went on my first official hunt I wasn't able to catch something large or intimidating like a moose or even a deer...I wanted to but I didn't catch that." He looks to make sure Jungkook's listening. "Instead I ended up with a mole. Thought it was a badger...but I got a mole."

Jungkook looks at him wide eyed and ears flicking. "And you didn't get made fun of for it?"

Yoongi pets his ears. "No, baby, I didn't. Moles are actually difficult to catch because of their tendency to hide underground when spooked. I wasn't given the highest regard, but I wasn't made fun of."

Besides, Yoongi thinks him catching a mole was rather symbolic. After all he's the one with all the information on every single pack or pride around.

Jungkook shifts closer nuzzling into Yoongi's neck, hands curling in his shirt. "So it'll be okay if I don't catch something big. So long as I try my best?"

"Yeah," Yoongi hums. "That's all that matter, Kookie. We just want you to try your best."

He earns a pleased little giggle and he can't help but smile, rubbing his thumb over the back of Jungkook's neck fondly. His mate tends to either go slack or fall into complete comfort when his neck is touched and Yoongi's pleased to hear the younger sighing content.

Jungkook cuddles against him warm and safe thinking about what Yoongi told him. He really does want to catch the best thing he can, but he knows if he can't catch something large his pack will still love him.
"Yoongi, do you think..." He makes his voice softer a little hesitant. "...Do you think you could help me catch a rabbit?"

It's small he knows but they're quick and light footed. Jungkook thinks he could catch one of he learned how.

Yoongi nods smoothing his hand over Jungkook's back. "Yeah I could do that. You'll have to be quick and flexible. No getting distracted...you can run into something if you look away."

Jungkook nods. "Okay I-I can do that. I can stay focused and catch one. Promise, alpha."

Yoongi lets himself growl this time; warm and oh so pleased with Jungkook's readiness to call him by his title. He's not the only alpha of the back this he knows but he is the first alpha Jungkook met out of their pack and God Yoongi remembers Jungkook smaller then and quieter had said he looked like a good alpha. Yoongi wants to prove he is, that he'll do everything he can for Jungkook.

He shifts kissing Jungkook's shoulder before letting the younger uncurl from him. "I know you can, Jungkook. You'll make all of us proud."

The gleaming smile is worth all the bruised he'll no doubt have later on from chasing Jungkook down and keeping him out of danger or potential danger.

His baby will make all of them proud. No matter what he catches or presents as.
Taehyung hums as he moves things around. He needs everything to be soft and safe and so so warm. He can't stand the roughness of certain furniture now or the fabric of some cloth and it's driving him crazy.

He whines to himself as he makes his circle on the ground bigger, stacking old clothes upon old clothes upon old clothes until he's satisfied with the padding. Soon he'll have the perfect sleeping place for him and the rest of his pack if they wish to use it.

"Taehyung, what're you doing?" His head shoots up at the small voice and he turns to see Jungkook, young and still unscented Jungkook running at his eyes to get the sleep out with one hand, while the other holds a sports cup full of milk.

He can't help but coo, the overwhelming need to curl, to protect, to 'coddle' his mate. Taehyung's always found Jungkook adorable, but seeing him now still sleep soft and uncoordinated as he leans on the door frame hair ruffled and eyes adorably unfocused Taehyung wants to hold him and coax him down into his nest to rest for a little longer.

Smoothing out his sleeves and blowing his bangs out of his eyes Taehyung smiles at the younger fondly motioning him closer. "I'm making a nest." He admits, eyes shining.

Jungkook looks at it curiously head tilting to the side, mouth pulling into a quizzical frown. "A nest?"

From the way it comes out Taehyung already knows that his mate has no clue what a nest is or why omegas make them.

Laughing Taehyung tugs him closer and eases him into his knees so Jungkook can feel the mix of
blankets, clothing and pillows. Taehyung's rather proud of this one, it's a bit different when compared to his old ones. The largest reason being it has Jungkook's scent on it just like the rest of his pack's scent is on it—Taehyung loves smelling like his pack and so many individuals don't recognize him as an omega until then; which he's actually fine with. He may like being an omega, but when he's believed to be a beta it's easier to look after his pack.

"Yeah a nest, Kookie!" He smooths a hand over Jungkook's ears, smiling. "I make them a lot. Generally it's because it's the only way I can smell like all of you, you know how you like to smell like all of us."

Jungkook nods tail thumping on the floor from Taehyung's scratching. "So you feel safe after you make it?"

"Yeah, baby, I do. It helps me sleep, you want to help?"

The younger looks at him wide eyed and Taehyung can't help but coo. "You'd let me?"

He leans forward nosing at Jungkook's cheek nipping at him playfully. "Of course I would. It'll be our little nest okay? If you're tired we can nap so don't worry about finishing it today, just have fun, baby."

A smile curls on Jungkook's lips bright and childish as he nods kissing Taehyung's cheek before going off to grab an armful of things he thinks would help with the nest.

Taehyung chuckles under his breathe watching the other run off before smoothing out the next later of items, slowly shaping it into a circle.

He's happy Jungkook would even try to help him. Normally making nests is omega exclusive and his other pack mates won't help him simply because they're used to Taehyung growling at them if they get to close before he's done...but with Jungkook it's different. Maybe it's because he doesn't have any scent naming his rank but Taehyung feels at ease with him near. He wants his nest to
Jungkook comes back arms stacked with blankets and Taehyung swears he can see a few stuffed animals as well. There's a big smile on his face and his eyes are shining with excitement when Taehyung shows him where to place everything, one hand on Jungkook's back while the other points or smooths out wrinkles.

Taehyung will not have an uneven nest.

"That's it, Kookie, right there." The younger looks at him shyly placing the last item in, a small stuffed porcupine Taehyung had gotten him maybe a week after they first meet.

Seeing it tucked in the nest makes Taehyung's chest swell with something warm. He hadn't see the little toy for a while so knowing Jungkook had kept it makes him happy.

"It looks soft," It's quiet and curious as Jungkook looks at it then Taehyung.

Smiling he nudges the younger forward and onto his side curling around Jungkook—his eager and young mate, Jungkook—hooking his chin over the others shoulder.

"It is." Taehyung sighs in agreement nuzzling at Jungkook's shoulder. He's warm and Jungkook is so soft and pliant already drifting off. "We can sleep here for a little bit if you want, baby. I won't mind."

Jungkook hums balling up grabbing the hand around his waist, squeezing gently. "You're warm, Tae. And you smell nice...do you think I could make one of these one day? Or help you again?"

Taehyung looks down at him. He doesn't know what Jungkook will be so he doesn't want to lie and
say a definite yes or no. His mate has shown signs of being any rank so really Taehyung can't even
guess what he will be, but he would be happy with whatever Jungkook presents as and God he'd
like to hope he won't feel threatened when that time comes; he liked this, having a helper.

"Maybe," Is what he settles on. It's as neutral as he can make it and he can feel Jungkook relax
against him. "I can't say for sure okay? You might not want to do this when you get older."

He hears the younger huff but all Taehyung does is lean up to kiss Jungkook's temple and hold him
tighter. Taehyung would love to make one from scratch with Jungkook, to teach him how to make
his own even...but he's learned long ago, you don't always get what you want. Even if you wish.

Jungkook shifts so that he's facing Taehyung and tucks under his chin giving a sound of
contentment.

Neither fall asleep. They just stay together warm and safe and happy. Taehyung pets down
Jungkook's back listening to him hum and breathe softly, thinking of all that could happen over the
years. For right now, however, he's content with just keeping his baby close and warm.

That's what this is about after all. What Jungkook is willing to do and all of them taking care of
him and learning about him just as he learns about them.

It's been maybe two years since they've had their mate with them and Hoseok's pretty much
accepted that Jungkook's going to be a late bloomer. He's broken from his mindset but still he is in
his twenties and it's rare for one to not have presented by the time they're eighteen, but that's okay.
Hoseok and the rest of the pack are willing to wait.

That's the thing though. Presentations can happen randomly so when it's a sunny winter day Hoseok doesn't expect Jungkook to start writhing in his, whining into his neck.

"Kookie, hey hey it's okay, love. C'mon talk to me," He keeps his voice soothing, curling an arm around Jungkook's waist to keep him from wiggling off of him and onto the floor.

He gets another pained whine as Jungkook burrows into his neck. "Hurts, Seokie it hurts."

Blinking down at the younger wolf Hoseok scents the air before a low growl build on his throat. Presentations always hurt, it's a clash of ranks and pheromones battling it out until one settles and the wolf reacts.

Petting at Jungkook's hair Hoseok hold him keeping him close. Now Jungkook smells like an odd mix of spice and begonias instead of his normal Carmella and chestnut. It's concerning and it's hurting him something Hoseok would normally never allow. But now, with this being Jungkook's presentation he can't do anything but attempt to sooth him and bring him somewhere closed off.

"Kookie, you need to hold onto me okay? You think you could do that." He waits until he gets a stiff nod and arms wrapping like vines around him, claws digging into his clothing before he heaved Jungkook up to get an arm under Jungkook's legs so he can stand. "It's okay, baby, you'll be okay. All of this will be over soon."

Normally wolves go through presentation alone. It's too dangerous to keep them near alphas or omegas. Both classes react negatively to the swarming of pheromones seeing it as nothing other than a threat. But Hoseok knows better than to try and leave Jungkook now. He can't, wouldn't even if could, since now Jungkook's crying body seizing up in his arms as he whines and pants quiet little mantra of, 'it hurts, hurts so much' falling from him.
His mate needs him right now and Hoseok knows he's the safest option to be near Jungkook besides Seokjin right now. They're both betas, the only rank that isn't affected by this.

Jungkook's chest heaves against his as he growls this low pained noise on his throat and all Hoseok can do is murmur that everything will be okay, that everything will end soon. It's a lie. Some presentations can last for days. Some, the lucky few only last a few hours.

Hoseok doesn't think Jungkook will be one of the lucky few even as he locks his door behind him and sets Jungkook in his bed. The lucky few are young. Their bodies still developing and Jungkook is far far past that.

Smoothing a hand over Jungkook's sweaty brow he tries not to focus on how betrayed Jungkook sounds when he stands up a limb lashing out slow and uncoordinated in an attempt to stop him. "No no, Hoseok...please." It's small and fragile sounding to Hoseok's ears.

Hoseok lets Jungkook grab at him and runs his thumb over the younger's clammy hand. "shh, it's okay. I'll be back I'm just going to get you some water." And lock all the doors, but he would never say that aloud.

Jungkook still whines but his hand drops and Hoseok can hear his heart sink as he sees his mate crumple into a shivering ball.

When he leaves he can only think of ways to maybe help him. He wants this to be as easy as it can be for Jungkook and that means constant liquids and solids if the younger can keep them down. He'll need to keep everyone else besides Seokjin out of the house. Pack or not everyone else at this moment is something Hoseok has to consider a threat until Jungkook's presentation is over.

As he's walking to his room again he can't keep his growl at bay when all he can hear is soft whimpers and staccato sobs. It's breaking his heart to see Jungkook go through this.

"Oh, Kookie I'm so sorry." He doesn't hesitate to get in the bed next to the younger when Jungkook
reaches for him. "It's okay I won't leave again. Promise, I've got everything you need here alright."

He doesn't get a verbal answer just a snifflle and little nod against his chest as Jungkook curls into him, arms wrapped tight around him as if Jungkook's trying to keep himself grounded.

Neither sleep that night. Jungkook's crying and constant pain keeps the younger from sleeping and Hoseok's wound far too tight to even try.

Late in the night he can hear the others returning and Hoseok curls around Jungkook listening to his pack mates snarl and grow when they smell what's going on. He's hoping the door holds. It's been so long since any of them have presented so god Hoseok hopes it hold because he doesn't want to snap and claw at anyone to keep them away. Neither he or Jungkook need that right now.

"Hoseok, it hurts." Jungkook's whimpering into his collarbone and Hoseok shushes him kissing his cheek and anchoring him close. "And it's loud. I want, Joonie. Please, Hoseok he always knows what to do."

He tries to shove down how much that really hurts, because he understand why Jungkook wants to see Namjoon. Out of them all Namjoon's studied this the most, knows that most about most things, but it still hurts so much to hear it come from Jungkook's mouth when he's trying his best.

"I know, love I know but we can't go to, Namjoon right now," The broken whine Jungkook gives breaks his heart and Hoseok wraps around him tighter. "It's not safe. I'm so sorry, Kookie but it's not safe to see him right now."

Jungkook clings to him eyes red and raw from crying as his body is attacked by shocks as dominance and submission try to find a point of acceptance.

It's more than a day and then two pass, three and then it's a week and Hoseok doesn't leave his room. He can hear Seokjin arguing and snarling with everyone outside as he hold his still shaking mate in his arms.
Jungkook’s sweaty and thin in his arms but Hoseok can't bring him anywhere and he's refusing to eat so Hoseok has to wait until all of this is over.

"I feel gross." Jungkook mumbles against him finally out of tears so now he just hiccups.

"I know." Hoseok can feel it. So he can only imagine what it's like for Jungkook.

"I want to leave, Seokie."

"I know." It's all he can say because Hoseok does know and he can't fucking do anything about it.

"I don't...I don't want to be in here anymore." It's choked and Hoseok burrows his face into Jungkook’s hair not even caring that it's not as clean as it used to be. He's just sorry. So sorry for how long this has lasted. That his mate has heard every argument going on outside. Hoseok is sorry. He really is.

"I know."

Jungkook balls up whimpering into his chest, claws grabbing at the front of his shirt and Hoseok is sure he lets a few tears fall into Jungkook's hair.

He's not sure how much time passes before Jungkook falls slack in his arms, no sound coming from at all besides a slowly calm rhythm of breathing. Looking down Hoseok finds him a sleep and slowly and achingly hopeful he scents the air finding nothing but Jungkook's normal scent and feels relief.
Jungkook's a beta. Like himself and Seokjin There's no more crying no more pain and Hoseok can finally clean him up and take him out of his room.

Hoseok's careful as he untangles from the younger and gently picks Jungkook up and carries him to the bath. He doesn't speak as he washes him, makes no noise other than humming as he cleans Jungkook's hair. He keeps his touch light and soft as he towel dries his sleeping mate.

Jungkook looks peaceful now. His internal argument over forever now and Hoseok kisses his forehead when he puts him in some pyjamas and into bed. He stays next to the younger for maybe an hour making sure Jungkook's utterly and truly okay.

"I love you," Is what Hoseok murmurs against his hand when he kisses that too before he stands up to leave, turning out the lights and closing the curtains before unlocking all the doors and sharing the news.

It takes a few minutes for everyone to stop growling and fighting to really go through all their heads and then Hoseok's smiling, laughing as his keeps them all outside before they can rush inside and wake up their mate.

Now what Jungkook needs is sleep and then the rest of them can make sure he recovers as well as he can.

Namjoon hums, the sound guttural and sleepy as he runs his hands up and down Jungkook's sides.
It's been a new development, Jungkook sleeping in any of their beds, but Namjoon likes it. His beta is soft and just as needy as before and Namjoon will always be up to indulge him.

Leaning Namjoon nips at Jungkook's shoulder lightly, kissing him on the lips softly when the younger's eyes flutter open and he lifts his head up, features highlighted by the little bit of light let in by the curtain.

"So beautiful," He mumbles when he pulls away smiling when Jungkook blushes, ears perking up. "My beautiful, baby."

Jungkook giggles rubbing their cheeks together softly before kissing Namjoon's cheek. He's always affectionate in the morning. "And alpha's caring as ever."

He makes a pleased noise in his throat, sitting up so he can pull Jungkook up with him. Resting his forehead against Jungkook's he puts his hands on Jungkook's hips, expression going fond when Jungkook's eyes close becoming the picture of absolute contentment.

"My baby deserves the best doesn't he?" Namjoon teases running his thumb over Jungkook's naval while his other hand works at smoothing out Jungkook's hair. "Wants to make all of us proud of him doesn't he."

Jungkook hums in agreement leaning into his touch ears flicking on his head and Namjoon kisses his nose. "I'm happy when you're happy. And you all take good care of me."

Namjoon gives a pleased growl before moving his head down so he can bite a pretty little mark into Jungkook's shoulder. It's been three years now that they've had their youngest. They've talked everything out, his pack has come to understand what Jungkook's comfortable with and Namjoon will never push for more than that.

"Well we can't have our, baby boy unhappy can we," He kisses the purple mark forming on Jungkook's skin gently feeling his beta shiver against him as a soft, Alpha always makes me happy
and he can't help but smile. "Our baby means too much to us to make him sad."

Jungkook curls to rest against him and Namjoon cradles his face before kissing him quickly and gently picking him up. Mornings are always slow and so when Jungkook tucks under his chin and lets Namjoon carry him the alpha doesn't even give it a second thought. This is normal now.

He sets Jungkook down on a chair, petting at his hair before getting dressed. Namjoon knows Jungkook will want to wear something of his so the first thing Namjoon does after dressing himself is sit Jungkook up and slip one of his shirts onto the younger.

"Smells safe," Jungkook mumbles nuzzling up into his neck while Namjoon chuckles and fixes the collar of his shirt. "Like you. Makes me feel like I'm always home."

Something warm and light runs through his body at that and Namjoon grabs one of Jungkook's hands lacing their fingers together squeezing softly before going to grab a brush. "That's good, Jungkook. We want to be home for you. We want you safe."

His mate gives this almost purring sound when Namjoon starts to brush his hair and fur. "I love you."

He kisses the back of Jungkook's neck. "I know and I love you too. Do you want to go with me today?"

They all still use the schedule from when they first had Jungkook come home to them. It's something all of them are happy with and Jungkook is happy that none of them argue just as before.

"Uh huh," Jungkook hums eyes closed as he leans his head on Namjoon's shoulder while the older works on his tail. Daily grooming was Namjoon's idea and it's something Jungkook enjoys immensely. "You think we could go to that café, Jinnie took me to for lunch?"
"Anything for you, Jungkook. You can even help me choose which clothes we should use for my showcase."

Jungkook tilts his head back to smile up at Namjoon. "I love the clothes you make they're so pretty. You'd really let me pick?"

He nods coaxing Jungkook to stand up. Namjoon's a designer and while Jungkook's gone to work with him a few times before Namjoon's never let him pick anything for his models to wear, mainly because at the time Jungkook had been too busy cooing over the clothing for Namjoon to let him.

"Of course. If you're good I'll make something just for you okay, Jungkook?" Fingers squeeze at his own and Namjoon smiles feeling Jungkook kiss his shoulder.

"Thank you. I like going to work with you, it's fun and everything's so bright."

"That's good I'm glad my baby likes going with me. Alpha likes it when you're happy." Jungkook leans against him and Namjoon runs his thumb over Jungkook's knuckles as they walk out.

Everyone is asleep or already at work and Namjoon's rather happy about it. Normally if he were to take Jungkook to work with him Seokjin would fuss about Jungkook needing more than the simple snack Namjoon and he have before leaving, but today Seokjin's away at work already and Namjoon can take Jungkook to a nice little place for a quick meal before they actually go to workplace.

In the car Namjoon's lets Jungkook play with his fingers while he drivers with his other hand. One day he wants Jungkook to model for him but that'll be much later and when it's safer. Now still there are far too many feuding packs and a few specific individuals Namjoon would like to keep his mate hidden from.
But that's okay they have all the time in the world. Namjoon can wait. He can make Jungkook happy with all the little things and Jungkook makes him happy with that smile of his.
Jungkook/Taehyung

Chapter Notes

Requested by Anonymous: can u write some cute taekook? love ur writing!!

Notes: Includes cat hybrid Jungkook.

Jungkook cuddles into Taehyung's front, tail flicking behind him lazily. He tucks his head in the groove of Taehyung's shoulder inhaling the scent he loves so much; vanilla and cinnamon, soft and tangy just like his precious human.

He's had a rather large lazy streak as of late, but really Jungkook doesn't think he can be blamed too much, since he is after all part cat. Of course it doesn't help that Taehyung indulges him with sleepy hugs and kisses.

He's been with the man for quite a while now, almost five years since the day Taehyung first adopted him.

"Tae, wake up," He whines nosing at the human's neck as his tail curls around one of Taehyung's hands. "Please? Tae, I'm bored."

So maybe he's a little selfish...but he wants Taehyung to wake up and pay attention to him.

He bites lightly at his human's shoulder stopping with a purr when he feels a large and warm hand smooth down his back before coming back up to rub at his ears. "Kitten, you know better than to bite."
Jungkook frowns butting his head against Taehyung's chin gently in apology. "I just wanted you to
pay attention to me."

He hears more than sees Taehyung sigh as the hand settles on the small of his back drawing
nonsensical shapes. Jungkook really did just want Taehyung to pay attention to him, it's been so
long since his owner has been home for more than a few hours at a time.

"I know, kitten, I know, but it's still not good to bite," Taehyung keeps his tone soft, boxy grin
growing on his lips as he listens to Jungkook's purring grow louder. "We wouldn't want anyone to
think you're getting rowdy now would we?"

"Oh, I am never rowdy— I'm playful." It's a lie and they both know it, but Jungkook likes the
 teasing; Taehyung always makes it fun.

Taehyung snorts hair falling into his eyes and Jungkook lifts his head to press a kiss to the older's
cheek. A hand comes up to cradle his cheek and Jungkook nuzzles into it. He loves that Taehyung's
gentle with him, he knows he can be a brat sometimes...but Taehyung still treats him like a jewel
and Jungkook wants to cherish him the same way."

"Yeah," Taehyung hums voice smooth and fond. "You're a playful kitten that I find cute even
though you can be a brat sometimes."

Jungkook smiles tightening the grip of his tail on Taehyung's left hand. "I know...and you love me
just as much as I love you."

Taehyung presses a kiss to Jungkook's temple drawing a heart on the small of the hybrid's back.
"Yeah, I do. You're my favourite thing in the world, Jungkook."

He smiles wrapping his arms around Taehyung's middle. "You're mine too. Um, do you think we
could go to the park today? I want to show you something I found that I think you'll like."

Jungkook found a little quiet spot he's sure Taehyung will agree is the perfect picnic spot. That and he knows Taehyung loves to take pictures and it was surrounded by flowers.

"Of course, Kitten. We can do anything you want this week okay? I've missed being home."

Jungkook kisses his nose before putting one on his cheek and then lastly a small peck on his lips, small blush on his face. Really, he'd give Taehyung the world if he could. "Thank you...I really hope you like it. I thought it was really pretty."

Taehyung pets his tail and then up along his back large smile on his face and Jungkook can see the exuberance exuding from him. "Then I know I'll love it. If my, Kookie thinks something is pretty than it has to be."

He giggles nosing at Taehyung chin before putting his ear to Taehyung's chest. "Later, though. I want to cuddle with you a little longer...I've missed you."

He hears Taehyung chuckle before both the older's hands rest on his back holding him close. "Of course, Jungkook. Anything you want to do."

Jungkook smiles against his skin getting comfortable. He's missed this so much; he loves the days when it's just him and Taehyung He can't wait to pamper his partner for the rest of the week like Taehyung will do for him.
Jimin isn't quite sure what to do now that he's gotten the little human out of that den of his he called a workplace. It was an impulsive action really. He's visited that blood den several times just to feed from the human, talk to him and give him a moment of peace and kindness he truly deserved every day.

The human was odd. But Jimin’s fond of him and he likes to hope that Jungkook finds him at the least tolerable. He's beautiful, even for a human, Jimin can be bothered to even try to count how many times he's attempted to compliment the human only to receive a bashful smile and a soft refute.

He sighs raking fingers through his hair. He remembers Jungkook smiling at him and telling him it looked like strands of moonlight when he had first dyed it and the memory calms him down...if just slightly.

All Jimin wants is to make Jungkook happy. Yes, he had payed off the human's debt and Jungkook was technically legally his Jimin wouldn't force him to stay not if Jungkook didn't want to; even if his heart would break from how much he wants to keep the boy and make him feel loved. If just for a day.

His shoes clap against the floor somber yet hopeful as he makes his way to Jungkook's room. The human had looked so awestruck as he wandered around the room, tracing the flowers on the walls and cooing at the stars on the ceiling. Jimin had thought Jungkook would appreciate having his own galaxy in a way; the boy always loved to talk about the stars when he would visit.

Inhaling deeply he’s certain that if his heart could still beat, it would be a frantic push against his chest. He's nervous Jimin won't even try and lie to himself; he's scared and nervous and oh so
hopeful.

Knocking against the smooth cherry wood of the door Jimin clears his throat before he speaks, anxiousness running through his body like a shock wave. "Jungkook, may I come inside? I need to speak with you."

He's always been rather formal with the human, really with everyone if he could. Jimin doesn't wish to offend anyone so he finds the easiest way to avoid that is by being as respectful as he can. Often it works in his favour.

Of course, there are times he's slipped up and hearing Jungkook scramble toward the door reminds him of those days. It was a day he doesn't think he'll ever regret, since, Jungkook had beamed down at him pulling, him into his room with such excitement and jubilation that Jimin could paint it if someone asked him to.

He had slipped up then, but Jungkook didn't mind. Jimin’s actually certain the human had liked it.

"Yes! Of course, what's the matter?" It's quiet but Jimin can hear the trickle of enthusiasm in Jungkook's voice and he could never hope to hide the gentle smile that curls on his lips.

He brings up a hand to run his thumb over Jungkook's cheek when the door opens smile growing the tiniest bit bigger when Jungkook leans into it rather than move away. Jungkook makes him feel warm like the enteral hold time has on him hasn't made him any less human.

"Pet, I'd like to speak to you regarding your...residency with me," He allows himself to be led along and pushed to sit on the bed, eyes gazing at the human fondly. "Do...do you wish to stay here?"

Jungkook pauses and looks at Jimin from where he's hovering over a vanity, little gleaming piece of jewelry in his hand and Jimin can feel the nonexistent air in his body catch in his throat.

He hadn't thought the boy had kept it. It was just a little trinket Jimin had given Jungkook during one of his impulsive days, so to see the human clutch so gently and smile down at it with the same fondness he looks at Jimin it makes his heart ache.

"Why wouldn't I?" It's so soft Jimin’s beyond certain that anyone besides himself wouldn't have been able to hear it if they were in the room. "You're so nice to me. You never hurt me and you tell
me everything will be okay eventually and you gave me a beautiful room and someone to call home."

Jimin wishes in that moment he was warm. Jungkook's always had a different way of showing his appreciation through both words and actions, but to be considered home... Jimin just wants to hold him. Keep him warm and happy even when the cold winter arrives at their doorstep.

The smile Jungkook gives him as he walks close enough to hug Jimin makes him feel full. Of affection he thinks. He's forgotten how far the spectrum of emotions can go and yet Jungkook brings out all of them with the simplest actions of everyday life. Jimin’s experienced happiness from his smiles, anger from when someone would lay a hand on the boy without permission, sadness when Jungkook had looked so pale on a sweet summer night. Jimin can answer every emotion with a memory involving Jungkook and sometimes he thinks that's healthy...at least until he remember how the human had told him he trusted him.

Bring up his hands to cradle Jungkook's face, he looks up at the younger adoration sparkling in his eyes and Jimin wants to keep him safe. "Can I kiss you?"

He's asked this numerous times. When Jungkook was at the den he'd always ask about what the younger would allow and Jimin knows how much it truly meant to the younger when Jungkook had looked shocked and gone shy; how he looked at Jimin in awe and spoke to him with only fondness.

Jimin wants to treat with respect and hopes that everyone they cross will give Jungkook the same as he has. He knows how much it means and Jungkook really is a sweet boy, he likes making people smile, loves to help if he's allowed and Jimin has seen how Jungkook lights up when he manages to make someone's day better.

Soft hands fold over his own and Jimin watches enraptured as Jungkook's smiles leaning against his palm a soft look in his eyes as chestnut hair falls in front of his eyes. He's always been ethereal to Jimin even when he tries to compare him to vampires. Jungkook just has that something that makes him appealing no matter who looks upon him and at times he's wondered why no one bought up the boy before he did...at least he thinks about it before something hot runs through his body in a hiss.

"If you want to." He can see those two teeth that make Jungkook look like a rabbit and Jimin coaxes him down.

Pressing a kiss to Jungkook's temple, he mumbles a soft compliment into the skin, "You're
gorgeous," Another to his cheek. "You're so kind." The last to his mouth a quick, "And I love you." Coming from him before he keeps the kiss soft revelling in the fact that Jungkook smiles into it pressing closer to him.

Jimin adores the other, he truly does and if he could give Jungkook the world, then he damn well would if Jungkook asked for it. But right now he's happy with this; kissing his human and making him feel loved as Jungkook has for years.

He's known the human since he started to work in the blood den. He had been wary of the youngest employee, but that wariness had soon turned to fondness when he first interacted with Jungkook. He had been so awkward then and he treated Jimin like a friend and a human instead of a vampire.

Coaxing the younger onto the bed Jimin pulls away to smile up at him cooing softly at the warm blush spreading across Jungkook's skin. The human is so so very pretty and Jimin wants to tell him that every part of him is beautiful.

Jungkook hides his face in his hands, but Jimin can still see the smile on his face as well as hear the mumbled, "I love you too."

The words never fail to make something warm move through his body like a soft caress and Jimin thinks of when those words were first spoken. His human had been so nervous toying with his bottom lip a gorgeous red on his face and it had taken almost the whole visit before those words were spoken soft and scared and so adoring, I...I've been thinking a lot and you make me happy and I feel special—I just, I love you.

Those words had made him just as happy then as they do now and Jimin never wants to mess this up. He's happy now when he thought he never would be again and it's all because of this adorably dorky human.

Stroking a hand through Jungkook's hair, moving it out of his eyes, he presses a kiss to the tip of his nose. "I know, sweetheart and I'll always love you too. Do you want to head to bed?"

Jimin will also always be ready to let the boy go if he wishes to leave. Humans...they have fleeting lives so Jimin could never blame Jungkook if one day he wanted to do or go somewhere new. He just wants the younger happy.
"Nuh uh. Wanna feed you, you haven't eaten yet." It's eager and Jimin can't help but chuckle.

He pushes the younger back until Jungkook’s leaning against the bed frame and moves to rest between his thighs smoothing his hands up them a predatory grin forming on his lips when Jungkook shivers. He knows what makes the younger tick and Jimin always loved to tease.

"Sensitive, baby." Both of them know it isn't a question; Jimin knows almost everything about Jungkook and that includes the quickest way to turn him into a mess. "Maybe on a different day I'll indulge you...for right now I just want to drink and then the both of us will go to bed."

He pays no attention to the disappointed whine Jungkook makes even as he drags his hands up Jungkook's sides. Toying with the younger's shirt collar before undoing the buttons as he leans closer nosing at Jungkook's neck.

He can hear the fluttering pulse as clear as the day was. It's Jimin’s favourite lullaby, soft yet strong when Jungkook is calm or rapid and loud in moments like this. Jimin loves Jungkook's pulse it's always easy to tell how the human is really feeling when he listens to it.

One hand cupping Jungkook's face, he bites down softly, stroking his thumb over Jungkook's cheek, pleased when he hears his human whine softly. He's always gentle with the younger and never takes more from Jungkook than he needs, but over the years his companion has developed what Jimin can only describe as a fascination with being drained.

It isn't exactly healthy and he tries to tell Jungkook this...but the younger enjoys what he enjoys and it's not really hurting anyone so Jimin only reprimands him when he tries to push Jimin to take more.

"Minnie, I can barely feel it, you...you aren't drinking enough," He swats at Jungkook's thigh lightly for comment ignoring his petulant whine. He's learned how to ignore every tactic Jungkook tries to get him to drink more than needed; they never work.

Humming softly, he runs his tongue over the wound until it closes. Utterly pleased with the tastes he pets at Jungkook's hair. "Much better than usual. We'll be sticking to the diet I gave you okay? You'll be back to your original weight in no time."

Glazed eyes look at him blinking slowly before Jungkook nods leaning forward to rest against Jimin’s shoulder. Petting at Jungkook's hair and back, he lets the human snuggle as close as he can.
Kissing his forehead Jimin rests on his side easing Jungkook down next to him. "Love you, Minnie."

It's breathed into his neck and Jimin just holds him tighter waiting until the human falls asleep before drifting off himself.

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Taehyung huffs quietly as he watches the human that's been visiting him for the past couple of month's trip over a root.

"Trees, they're always out to fuck you up," He drawls, ears twitching as he watches Jungkook scramble to get closer. "If you'd look before you step you wouldn't trip as much."

Jungkook just laughs not even bothering to ask if he can pet Taehyung's tail—he doesn't have to, Taehyung will always let him—before he's running fingers through it. "I know, but that's no fun."

Taehyung raises a brow, gentle smile growing on his lips as he watches the last vestiges of autumn flutter down to rest on Jungkook's hair. It should look more like a mess than a crown, but Jungkook's always had a way of making even the silliest things somewhat charming.

"So being safe isn't more appealing than simply having fun?"

He can hear the amusement dripping from his own voice, but what Jungkook said doesn't surprise him. The human has always had an odd wont for trouble and hardships over the easy routes.

Jungkook gives him a look that screams offended and Taehyung can't help but chuckle before leaning forward to nuzzle at his cheek "No! Don't you dare act cute after asking me that, Taehyung. It's as though you haven't learned anything about me at all."

It's dramatic and Taehyung can see how hard Jungkook's attempting to keep himself from laughing by the ways his lips twitch up from the line he's pressed them into.
"Oh, Kookie we both know you're an adrenaline seeker so don't give me that act," He tugs the human closer rubbing his cheek over Jungkook's shoulder. "You're not exactly prone to safety...especially considering I can still see all the marks your little count's left on you."

He isn't jealous of the vampire's relationship with Jungkook per se, but he does wish he could keep the human like the count does. He gets rather bored by himself and Jungkook keeps him entertained and makes him feel as though he has a home. A real one.

The bright scarlet that travels down from Jungkook's ears all the ways the curve of his shoulders is endearing and Taehyung smiles kissing one of them. "Jimin, only does it because I ask."

"I know, Kookie, I know. You always tell me that." He can't even count how many times Jungkook's reassured him of such after he first assumed the count was hurting him.

"Um, actually speaking of, Jimin," Jungkook pauses, toying at his bottom with his teeth as he glances from Taehyung to the mansion. "Um, he wants to meet you...do...do you think you could come back with me today? Please?"

"What?" It's not said out of confusion. Taehyung is aware of why Jungkook's count would like to meet him—his human runs off almost every day to see someone, why wouldn't Jungkook's count want to speak to him? However, he is curious as to why the count wants to meet him now after months of Jungkook coming to see him.

"Um, he wants to meet you." Jungkook's looking down at his tail his gaze seemingly boring through it and the ground with how intense his state is.

"Yes, I understand that, Jungkook, but why now?" He cradled Jungkook's face so the human had no choice but to look at him and it almost makes him sigh. "Has your count asked you to bring me before?"

It takes a few minutes but slowly Jungkook nods his lip now raw from his hard he's bit down on it. "Minnie, he's wanted to meet you for a while...I just."

"You, just want?" Taehyung prompts, keeping his voice soft.

"I didn't want him to say I couldn't come see you...since if he meet you he could say that, so,"
Jungkook wrings his hands together and Taehyung brings one of his hands down to lace if with one of Jungkook's own. Squeezing it as a silent encouragement. "I thought that if I didn't bring you he'd never be able to say no...'cause then he couldn't come with anything bad about me coming to see you."

With a sigh Taehyung coaxes him into a hug, running his fingers through Jungkook's hair being careful with his claws. "Don't worry, petal, all will be okay. Your count just wants you safe yeah? I always keep you safe out here don't I?"

He feels the younger nod in his neck and Taehyung presses a kiss to his temple. "You walk me back to the compound so I never get lost, too."

"Exactly, so if your count says I'm not good, then I'll go see you okay? I'd like to see him try and keep me from seeing you, Jungkook."

Taehyung can feel the human smile into his shoulder and he doesn't even bother to try and stop his tail from thumping on the ground.

"Okay, could we stay out here for a little bit longer?"

He hums softly nodding. "Of course, Kookie. As long as you want to."

Taehyung holds him for what feels like hours crooning low in his throat when Jungkook shivers. Winter is near and humans are so vulnerable they get cold so easy; break so easy.

He keeps a hand on the small of Jungkook's back as they walk to the mansion drawing stars and flowers into his skin with a soft reassurance falling from his lips, "It'll be okay, petal. I'll always be there for you."

He's sure the vampire can hear his own frantic and nervous pulse before they're even through the door along with Jungkook's soft announcement. "Jimin, um I brought my friend. Like you asked me to."

Taehyung isn't scared per se, but he is nervous. This isn't his territory and this vampire can do anything he wishes to if Taehyung acts out of line.
Jungkook sighs softly in content as he rests his head on Taehyung's flank, running his fingers through caramel fur. It's been almost a year since Jimin’s allowed Taehyung to stay with them.

He turns, throwing an arm over what would be Taehyung's waist if he was human right now and smiles at the oversized wolf. "You feel any better, Tae?"

He gets a low growl and a snout snuffling at his hair playfully: now that you're here. That's what Taehyung always claims when he's human again.

The winter months are hard on the wolf and Jungkook never leaves him alone for long if Taehyung doesn't wish to be. His cycle is odd. Most werewolves only change on full moons, but Taehyung only changes during the winter months, he says it's painful though less so now that he has a pack.

Giggling he pets Taehyung's head and scratches at his ears beyond pleased when the wolf gives a happy bark. "Jimin, will be back soon, okay? He went out to go get you some things."

Taehyung just huffs nipping at his shoulder and Jungkook smiles curling against his side humming a song quietly.

Jimin wasn't very ecstatic when he first allowed Taehyung to stay with them but now he helps in any way he can. More often than not he goes out to hunt for food when Taehyung no longer can, the pain from his shifting too much to handle for the first few weeks or so.

He stays snuggled up to Taehyung's side for what feels like minutes when it's really hours and only stops his humming when Taehyung’s head lifts up from the bed with a loud snap of his teeth.

Blinking drowsily Jungkook shifts to look at the door grin on his face. "Minnie, I already told, Taehyung you went out to get him some stuff."

Before he can even move off the bed fingers are running through his hair as Jimin shushes him and gently rests against his front kissing his cheek. "That's good, baby, but later okay. Taehyung, can go eat if he wants they're in the pen."
He can hear Taehyung growl softly next to his neck and Jungkook laughs relaxing between them. "Do you wanna eat, Jimin?"

The vampire noses at his neck before resting his forehead on Jungkook's shoulder. "Later, baby. Right now I just want to rest, okay, but later you can feed me."

"Okay." He throws an arm over Jimin and feels Taehyung curl up into a ball behind him with what sounds like yawned out whine. "Later we'll all eat.

It's warm and Jungkook feels safe, a small smile as Jimin nods, "Mmh, later. Now I just want you two."

His face is warm and even as he drifts off Jungkook's sure both of them can hear his heart beating loud and fond.
Jungkook/Yoongi

Chapter Notes

Requested by Anonymous: Hi! i love your prompts! i'd like to request one: (you know how protective yoongi gets right) during their trainee days where kook was still all awkward and shy around the members, yoongi witnessed kook being bullied by jealous trainees and idk he sort of gets all protective and ever since then they got quite close real fast (yoongi's taken kook under his wings) <3

Yoongi sighs massaging the space between his eyes as he returns back to his room. Their youngest of the group is quiet and reclusive and currently the reason Yoongi has a headache.

It's late. Far later than any of them should really be up yet the kid was eating the dinner Seokjin had left in the microwave for him alone in the kitchen. He had simply walked in for a glass of water and it had somehow turned into him feeling like the big bad wolf that cornered a rabbit.

Wide brown—now Yoongi doesn't usually get artistic when it concerns physical features, but the kid’s eyes were the brown that made him think of the earth and all its tones—eyes looked at him blown wide, wide enough he's sure if they were in a cartoon they'd be dinner plates.

In that moment of him wanting some water and Jungkook looking like he was about to bolt Yoongi decided fuck it and did what any somewhat decent person would do.

"You realize you don't have to eat alone like a fucking hermit right?"

So in retrospect as he thinks back on it...maybe it wasn't the best way to go about it but Yoongi can't exactly change it now can he.

"Uh, wh-what?" It's high and nervous and Yoongi’s never been the most social creature to roam the earth but even he doesn't think he deserves to be the reason for the bit of fear in Jungkook's tone.
"You don't have to eat alone. You're a part of this, you can eat with everyone else."

Jungkook had still looked almost scared then and while Yoongi would like to somehow convince the youngest they weren't going to bite his head off he doesn't think at some fucked time in the night or morning, whatever the hell people thought it was, that he'd succeed in anything but intimidating the kid.

So at that time Yoongi had got his cup of water, looked at Jungkook one last time, said one last word of advice which consisted of, "Just, look okay. It'd be good if you joined up." And then promptly walked back to his room to pass the hell out.

Of course after those events Yoongi being the good person he was payed more attention to their youngest. Really, all of them pay attention to the youngest because the kid just seems so... not out there but in his own world.

Jungkook is bright and energetic for practice yet as soon as someone goes up to him, he tucks back into his figurative shell and becomes as small as possible. He has this adorable kind of admiration for Namjoon and all of them has noticed yet when any of them—including Namjoon—attempt to talk to him he seems to shut down. It's very confusing.

Still, they all try. They're a family, albeit an odd and often rambunctious one, but still a family they are.

So, of course, when Yoongi finds their youngest cornered and being lashed out at with words—that's the only thing these idiots are smart for. Words can leave no physical mark—he understandably feels more than anger.

It's this ugly yet righteous rage and annoyance that swells up in him as he listens to then taunt and scorn the youngest of their group.

"Fuck off you little imps," Those same wide eyes look at him, but this time Yoongi can see confusion instead of fear and it still makes his stomach twist in an uncomfortable knot. "If the best thing you can up with is to mock someone for acne because you can't belittle effort than don't even try you're just including yourself. Everyone on this fucking planet gets acne so maybe consider why you haven't made any progress if that's the only thing you can come up with."
It wasn't the only thing Yoongi could've picked at considering their comments ranged from talent to personality all the way to the inaccurate stretch of Jungkook using bribery, them choosing to speak ill of a feature everyone gets at least once in their life was what he focused on first.

His voice has been more of us growl than his actual voice and Yoongi knows he's intimidating, so when the trainees back off like dogs with their tails between legs he allows himself to be smug before looking at Jungkook.

"Come on we're going home," It's not confusion now just plain and unadulterated admiration and Yoongi feels something warm in his blood. "If they try that shit again you tell me or anyone else alright? We aren't going to tolerate it."

Jungkook nods this quick uncoordinated movement and Yoongi sighs reaching out a hand to pull him by his shirt sleeve. "I-I, thank you...Yoongi hyung?"

He smiles, teeth and gums showing a bit in happiness. "Yeah, Jungkook. I'm your, hyung, so don't worry about bothering me I'm supposed to look out for you like you would me."

"O-Okay. But, um, thank you, really..." There's a pause and Yoongi can almost hear the figurative gears in Jungkook's head turning. The kid never was very good at words, but he tries. "It made me feel bad."

"Anytime, Kid, and I mean that. Now come on, let's get home and have dinner, yeah?"

They aren't even out of the building yet when Yoongi feels a hand close around some of his fingers. It's just a tad tougher than his own and the hold us just as soft as the boy following after him and all Yoongi does is squeeze it gently.

It may not be much to anyone but in that moment Yoongi was sure that, that soft squeeze was what caused all the tenses in Jungkook's form to disappear as though it was never there in the first place. He knows he isn't the best role model by far, but Yoongi intends to look after their youngest just like he does everyone else.

If they fuck with Jungkook they're fucking with Min Yoongi too, and Yoongi does not appreciate being fucked with.
"You can come to me for anything, Jungkook and I mean that. Even if you're just feeling homesick." It's quiet but Yoongi considers himself a quiet person for the most part.

All he gets is a quick squeeze of his hand, but it's enough. It speaks for itself; thank you.
Jungkook/Namjoon

Chapter Notes

Requested by Anonymous: Hello can I request a kookiemonster smut alpha/omega/beta universe where Jungkook is an omega in his family and he's forced to get traded (not by his parents have them care about him) to an alpha and they end up bonding together until they decide to get married (and also have Jungkook crossdress) thank you

Notes: you get to see how much trash I truly am for demi-girl Jungkook in this

Jungkook had always been optimistic. Still is, really, he liked to hope more for the bright things than he did the dreary. His mother had always called him a dreamer, her cheery voice always pulling him out of his unhappiness when he got down.

"Oh, sweetheart, chin up. The day always gets better, it maybe be cloudy now, but eventually the sun will shine over everyone again," That's what she had always told him and Jungkook was inclined to believe it, since the sun always did eventually come back to shine.

So even though he didn’t always have the best days, Jungkook's certain they'll get much better sooner or later.

He loved his job he really did. Working in the little café near the park was what he looked forward to almost every day, since while he may be an introvert at heart the various characters he encountered at work was always worth it. He had a few regulars he especially looked forward to interacting with on the daily.

Cheery grin on his face Jungkook pads over to where one Min Yoongi sits, notepad held in one hand, the black and gold fountain pen Yoongi had given him last year in the other. "So, can I assume that you'll be getting your signature mocha and chocolate éclair?"

Yoongi’s been a regular at the café longer than Jungkook even worked there, but the alpha is always welcomed in Jungkook’s opinion even if he's a tad gruff at times. The older man had made
him sit down on his first day when he had about broke down because he couldn't talk to one of the customers. Yoongi looks out for him and Jungkook appreciates his company on the rare days he'll sit near the counter.

"As if I'd ask for anything else, kid." There's a wry smile on Yoongi’s face and Jungkook can't help but chuckle thinking of how Yoongi needs at least some form of sugar in the mornings to really get going. "And you look nice today, when did you get the new dress?"

It's early in the morning so the café is about as good as empty beside him and Yoongi right now so Jungkook doesn't feel any hesitation about talking to the older about his clothing; Yoongi’s never judged him. In fact, he's actually stood up for Jungkook before. Jungkook's always loved wearing skirts and dresses and stockings just as much as he loved wearing button ups, suits and just plain shirts, it's a part of who he is and Jungkook's never seen anything wrong with it, but not everyone holds the same opinion.

He hums as he prepares Yoongi’s drink of choice. "Couple of days ago. I was tempted to wear the skirt I bought instead, but I thought the dress would be nicer."

There's the sound of shuffling papers and Jungkook knows it's songs Yoongi’s working on. "It's nice, kid. The colour fits you and if anyone says shit today I'll deal with them okay."

Jungkook laughs making a little music note out of the foam of Yoongi’s drink. "Thanks, I appreciate it, but hopefully we won't have one of those incidents today."

The alpha grumbles before perking up when his drink is put in front of him. Jungkook tries not to laugh at the moustache Yoongi has after he sets the cup down.

"It's bullshit, Jungkook. You aren't hurting anyone by wearing what you like or because you're a boy," The words comes out like a hiss and Jungkook just knows he's cursing out the individuals that use, he's a boy. Boys shouldn't wear dresses' as their defence. "So nobody should say anything about it."

Jungkook looks at him fondly before tucking a loose hair behind Yoongi’s ear. "I know, Yoongi, but it's the world we live in we both know that."

Yoongi growls low in his throat and Jungkook takes the cup out of his hand and places it on the table before he can break another one. "It's still fucking ridiculous. And you know the ones I
dislike even more than the ones that use the whole concept of gender as their defence?"

The alpha is a good friend, he really is and Jungkook's happy to have him. Yoongi looks out for him in more ways than one and if Jungkook was being honest, he probably would've tried to date Yoongi if the older was interested in having a romantic relationship with anyone. But since the alpha isn't and he's happy that way Jungkook would never push.

"Nuh uh, what do you dislike more than that?" Yoongi’s always been opinionated but Jungkook thinks it’s good and he really couldn't see the older as anything but very open with what he believes and more than scathing with his words when people try and argue with him.

Yoongi is in Jungkook's opinion a very articulate yet volatile alpha that really doesn't give two fucks as to who he likes and what they are. If he likes you he likes you and that's all there is to it.

"When people try and bring our sub-classes into the discussion!" Jungkook smiles at him before looking through the pages upon pages upon pages of songs Yoongi’s currently working on. "With you if they don't use the whole fucking gender constriction like a boy can't wear a fucking dress if he wants to or a girl a suit, they try and say it's only okay if the boy is an omega or the girl an alpha."

Grabbing one of Yoongi’s hands, he traces meaningless shapes into the skin listening to Yoongi. This is one of the things Yoongi’s always been passionate about and Jungkook remembers when the alpha had told him, I've always been pretty bad at staying quiet about things...but I don't regret getting worse about this after I meet you. It had warned his heart and Jungkook thinks he's lucky to have someone like Yoongi in his life.

"You told me you've worn dresses since you were a kid. Liked them since then. People are going to like things no matter what, not because of their fucking class and I just, I just get so livid, Jungkook." There's a slight croak to Yoongi’s words and he pulls the older closer letting Yoongi burrow into his shoulder and scent him.

"It's okay, Yoongi. You're so good you know. You look out for me and you care so much," He pets at Yoongi’s hair and back thankful the shop is empty. Yoongi is emotional and he is affectionate but those are things society says is bad for an alpha when it's really not. "The world will be different one day, Yoongi. I can be me and you can be you so let's just go day by day."

Yoongi noses at his neck for a good minute before calming down and Jungkook lets him go.
"I'm sorry, I know you're whole thing with scenting...I shouldn't have done that." He smiles at the older shaking his head.

Moving out of the booth Jungkook goes back behind the counter to brew Yoongi a new cup. "S okay. I know you do it to calm down and because you want me to be safe, and I trust you, Yoongi. So don't worry so much okay."

He can still hear Yoongi trying to calm down in his booth and Jungkook sits with him until the café starts to grow packed.

The day always passes by in a blur when Jungkook has a full house and today is no different. It's order after order after order, a brief arguing match started by some patrons that led to Yoongi scaring them off, even more orders and then eventually Jungkook's least favourite time of the day; closing.

"Jungkook, could I walk you home again?" Yoongi always stays until closing to help and Jungkook suspects it's also to make sure nobody tries anything.

"No, I wouldn't, but you know you don't have to if you're busy."

This has been normal for a few years, Yoongi offering to walk him home and in the beginning Jungkook had always denied him because at the time Yoongi was a stranger. The only reason he agreed and this became a thing over the years was because he got paranoid one day after hearing some of the patrons saying a few vulgar things.

Nothing had happened that day other than Jungkook enjoying Yoongi’s company and so now it's almost habitual that Yoongi to ask and him to agree.

"I know that, but I want to make sure you get home okay." Yoongi’s already got his bag and Jungkook just rolls his eyes but he's smiling.

"Then I'm lucky I'm friends with such a protective friend huh? Ready to defend me whenever needed." He laughs, but they both know it's the truth.

"Of course," Jungkook doesn't even pause in his walking when Yoongi grabs onto his hand. The alpha may not look nor act like it, but he lives off affection. "I'm always ready to defend my pretty
He squeezes Yoongi’s hand a bright smile on his face as he tucks closer to the older. "And this pretty boy is happy to have such a good friend."

"That really doesn't bother you still?"

Jungkook looks at him and shakes his head tone serious and he hopes Yoongi can hear the sincerity. "No, not anymore. I know you say because you genuinely think I'm pretty, not because I'm just a pretty boy that people only want for his looks."

He can hear Yoongi sigh in relief and he squeezes the older's hand again in reassurance.

"Okay, because I just, I know how you clammed up the first time I used it and I don't want to be the reason for that you know?"

Jungkook leans down to kiss his cheek and he can see the tenseness disappears from Yoongi’s form. "You'd never. And if you did, you always apologize so don't worry okay."

It's a comfortable silence the rest of the way and Yoongi only stats until Jungkook hugs him goodbye.

The next day is everything Jungkook never expects.

"Um, why the fuck are you in my kitchen? How did you even get in here?" It's more drowsy than it is threatening, but to be fair he just woke up.

Tall, blonde and all alpha sighs and Jungkook bristles his jaw clenching. Because really? He's sighing like this is an inconvenience to him when he's in Jungkook's kitchen.

"You are, Jeon Jungkook, correct?" In smooth and deep and it's not helping Jungkook calm down at all.
"Who wants to know?" The whole thing about omegas only knowing how to be docile around alphas is bullshit and it is too fucking early for Jungkook to deal with whatever this is.

The alpha sighs again as though tired from this little interaction and Jungkook needs a drink. "Kim Namjoon, your fiancé if you are, Jeon Jungkook."

Jungkook promptly bolts out of his apartment and hightails it to the café. It's too early for things like this. Both time wise and age wise, he's only twenty.

As expected Yoongi’s already in his booth and in that moment Jungkook knew giving him that spare key wasn't wasted. "Do you happen to have any alcohol in your suitcase?"

Yoongi’s head shoots up and Jungkook would be touched at how concerned he looked if he wasn't currently going through a potential breakdown. "What? And why do you smell like alpha?"

"I really need a drink and it's not even one yet." He groans into his hands and Yoongi pets at his shoulder, a small comfort in the horribleness of the day. "As for the alpha thing it's a long story."

"You know I've always got time for you, Kookie." It's soothing and Yoongi does make him feel calm. Always has been able to get him to calm down.

"You know a few years ago when I told you about my uncle? And how I don't like him an' all that."

Yoongi nods and Jungkook leans into his shoulder inhaling deeply to calm his nerves. "Yeah, big business man, that's all about tradition, and if it makes you feel any better I don't like him either."

He cracks a smile at Yoongi’s tone and it does make him feel better even if it's just by a bit. "Well, um, not only is he really traditional he's also really old school you know. So his whole solution to getting like a merge with another company was guess what marriage."

All Jungkook gets is silence for what feels like hours, but it’s really minutes and then a soft growl next to his ear. "He fucking married you off to a stranger!"
"My uncle thought my parents were gonna have a girl. 'Cause dad and mom kept talking about a girl in front of him so when I was born, my parents were happy... he wasn't... until I presented." It's shaky and Jungkook feels Yoongi squeeze his hand in comfort. "So now it's fan-fucking-tastic for him."

"You're not going with them." It's the conviction in Yoongi tone and knowing him for so long that lets Jungkook hope that. Except he knows that's not how things work; his luck isn't that amazing.

"I don't want to open the shop today, Yoongi. Just kinda wanna hole up with you for a little bit." God Jungkook can't even fathom how pathetic he probably sounds right now. This whole situation shouldn't get this kind of reaction, but Jungkook's nervous and scared and confused and he just wants to be safe. Just for a bit.

Boney fingers run through his hair and Jungkook tucks into Yoongi's next balled up in the booth so he can make himself small enough to fit. "Of course, Jungkook. It's your shop, there's no rule against taking a day off."

He nods just enjoying the comfort of Yoongi holding him. "'M sorry, this is so stupid for me to act like this."

Yoongi sighs resting his head on Jungkook's own. "It's not stupid, Jungkook. If it affects you it affects you. You want me to put some music on? You can cuddle and I'll work okay, sleep if you need to."

It's in these moments Jungkook is more than thankful Yoongi is in his life. He clings to the older like a child does a beloved toy and listens to the comforting lull of Yoongi’s heart, Yoongi’s music, Yoongi’s typing; he falls asleep to Yoongi knowing he's in safe hands and in an even safer place.

He's not sure how long he drifts through the emptiness of his mind, that should be full of dreams but isn't. It's always been a cold place that's more likely to have nightmares and regrets than it is to have anything helpful and yet Jungkook prefers it over the random and unpredictable way his mind could have been when he sleeps.

It's Yoongi growling that wakes him up and Jungkook isn't awake enough to hold back his panicked whine, small as it may be. "No, no, Kookie, it's okay. Don't worry."

"Look at what you've done. You've scared him." It takes a minute before Jungkook's curling tighter
"Why is he here?!" Yoongi’s petting at his hair again attempting to soothe and Jungkook wishes it would.

His senses are clouded by safety and something so utterly foreign it scares him and Jungkook isn't accustomed to being scared. He's stubborn and on the idealistic side, but scared is a very rare emotion Jungkook feels in such a large amount.

It's Yoongi he sees open his mouth, but it's not Yoongi’s voice he hears, blocked out by the other alpha in the room. "We need to talk. I'm not here to mess up your life but I would at least like to get to know you...look I didn't know about you either until last year."

There's a familiar hand curling around his shoulder, pulling him closer and Jungkook concentrates on the familiar—safe, Yoongi is safe and familiar. Treats him well—instead of the foreign; this new alpha spreading his fucking pheromones everywhere.

He wonders briefly if he looks like a pup, scared and clinging to its guardian before shoving it out of his head. He's an adult. He can be mature about this.

"Yoongi’s staying here. I'm not talking to you without him." He can see his friend smile out of the corner of his eye and when he glances at Namjoon he doesn't see any overt disagreement but it doesn't do anything to make him feel better.

Namjoon sighs, but sits near the counter with a nod and Jungkook can't help but relax when he's far away. "That's fair. I'm not here to mess with any of your relationships—"

"Yoongi’s my friend," Yoongi’s hand squeezes at his shoulder again this time in thanks. He's long gotten over having to correct people about his and Yoongi’s strictly platonic dynamic, and really it barely bothers Yoongi now too, but this time he has to if just to show Yoongi looks out for him even though they aren't involved. "And you couldn't ruin that even if you tried. We're both too stubborn for that."

Namjoon cracks a smile and Jungkook will reluctantly admit that maybe, just maybe the alpha is charming. He may not like everyone on the planet, but he will concede to finding people attractive even if he might not like them.
"Still, I'm not here to mess with any of your relationship. Whether they be platonic or more." He nods, but doesn't untuck from Yoongi’s side still watching Namjoon warily. "As I said earlier, all I want is to get to know you. My parents only told me about you last year."

"I've known about you, only through my uncle of course. I wasn't exactly keen on meeting you."

The alpha chuckles and it's this rich yet soft sound that makes him seem almost harmless. "So what do you know about me then? Since all I knew was your name and the city you lived in, I wasn't privy to anything else besides that and of course your class."

Yoongi bristles beside him a quiet snarl building in his throat and Jungkook pats his thigh and gives him a quick stern look before his expression goes soft at Yoongi’s confused, But, Kookie he brought that up. He won't stop Yoongi if Namjoon does pass a boundary and while usually his class would be one he can't let his friend snap over it; Companies only share what's needed and sadly his class is needed.

"It's okay, Yoongi, you can tear into him if he brings up anything besides that okay?" It's soft and placating as he waits for Yoongi’s stiff nod before he turns back to Namjoon. "Uncle shared only the basics. The first thing he told me was that you were supposed to be my mate, which you will never be unless that's earned. Besides that it was your name, the company your family was a part of and your age. Nothing else."

Namjoon hums a thoughtful look on his face and for a moment he appears so much younger than twenty-three. It's almost endearing.

"Seems there's plenty to learn, then isn't there?" It's playful and Jungkook actually smiles—at both Namjoon's tone and Yoongi’s amused huff.

Moving away from the safety of Yoongi’s side Jungkook grabs his hand and plays with it under the table (he's never broken his habit of fiddling with things when nervous), as he toys with his bottom lip Jungkook contemplates the pros and cons of actually letting Namjoon into his bubble.

He isn't sure if the alpha will stick to his word and only try and get to know him instead of pushing. But that's why Yoongi’s his closest friend, he's had to deal with various suitors that didn't get the hint. It would be nice to have someone he knew outside of work he could talk to and just have fun around with—Yoongi is nice, but he's also awfully busy throughout the year. Jungkook doesn't want to bug him during those times.
But it really would be nice to have someone he could talk to when Yoongi was busy. Or just to know someone new...Jungkook may have regulars, but the only one he knows well is Yoongi.

There's a sigh to his right and then Yoongi's pulling him down to whisper in his ear. "You'll make the right choice, kid, you always do. And if you, didn't I'd still be there for you."

Smiling at him gratefully Jungkook lifts his head to look Namjoon in the eyes and swallows thickly, nervously before he really formulate words. Alphas intimidate him, always have. Including Yoongi.

"Okay, okay, I'll try and get to know you," It's hesitant even to his own ears and Jungkook wonders if he'll regret it before he sees this giant, endearing, dimpled smile and he's weak. "But on a different day. I'm sorry...but you showing up has shaken me and I need a couple days."

Namjoon's expression turns into what Jungkook can really only describe as fond but he's not sure that's right. They've just met...you can't be fond of someone you just met.

"That's okay, I did show up uninvited, I just got excited when I was allowed to come here and you know, maybe find you." Namjoon sounds so exuberant but somehow it still comes off mature. It's strange and maybe Jungkook likes it; he isn't sure yet.

Jungkook tucks back into Yoongi’s shoulder with a groan when Namjoon's out the door. "I still really need a fucking drink."

Yoongi laughs loud and unrestricted stroking his hand down Jungkook's back. "Okay, we can go out for a bit. It's on me this time, and I'll make sure you get home safe."

He snuggles into Yoongi’s neck, smiling. "I don't know what I did to deserve you. You're too good to me."

"I should start being strict then. Can't spoil you rotten." It's amused and soft all at the same time and Jungkook feels comfortable again.

"No," He whines pouting against Yoongi’s neck. "You're the only person that isn't strict with me. I like my soft and dorky, Yoongi."
"He likes you too, even when you're a brat." Yoongi’s coaxing him out of the booth before a warm arm is curling around his waist and Jungkook smiles.

"Good, cause I like you even when you're grumpy."

Jungkook can practically feel Yoongi roll his eyes as they walk to his apartment, the soft caress of autumn chilling them a bit but it's nothing Yoongi and a jacket—borrowed of course, Jungkook did just show up in a thin shirt and some jeans—can't fix.

Once Yoongi’s dropped off his suitcase he laces a hand with Jungkook's and when compared to earlier, there isn't any rigidness to his shoulders. It's a nice change; Yoongi shouldn't have to be so stressed.

"Can I assume you're not gonna let me go home with a stranger?" It's teasing and Jungkook doesn't bother hiding his laugh when Yoongi growls.

"You know I wouldn't let some creep take you away—especially not when you've been drinking."

Jungkook grins knocking their shoulders together lightly. "Thank you."

At least that had been the plan. It had always been the plan. Every single time they went drinking together Yoongi made sure no one got too salacious with their touch or tricked Jungkook into going somewhere. Since in all honesty Jungkook knows he's a shitty drunk.

He feels bubbly and warm after a few drinks and sooner or later that leads to him either practically straddling Yoongi while Yoongi sighs, exasperated but pets at his hair and back until they leave or Jungkook ends up hanging off strangers. Whether it's because of dancing or just somehow sparking attention.

Of course right now Jungkook isn't very sure if who's attempting to speak to him, but he knows that he thinks they're very pretty and that their pheromones are comforting.

Their voice comes out worried and in his inebriated state Jungkook hasn't the faintest clue as to why. "Um, look you're stumbling and I don't want you to potentially regret something you do—"
with anyone here. So, did you come here with a friend?"

He giggles falling back into his booth and he can see the man he was talking to pad closer in worry arms hovering in the air awkward and stiff. Jungkook thinks it's silly, frankly. There's nothing to worry over. In his very fine opinion the man needs a drink.

"Can't find 'im," Jungkook laughs soft, his words starting to slur together. He shifts in the booth, reaching to tug the man forward a bit. "How about you be my friend, huh? You look like you need a drink."

"I do not. You've clearly had enough for both you and your friend." It's a rough sigh and hands are moving to cup under his arms even as Jungkook hisses out a scathing, *No! Put me the fuck down, I want, Yoongi.* "Look, you need to get home. If I can't find your friend in the next ten minutes I'm taking you home to sleep this off."

It's sharp and protective and Jungkook's mind is too busy swimming in the havoc alcohol is to really care. He wants Yoongi instead of this stranger.

Shoving at their shoulder Jungkook whines high in his throat when all they do is grip tighter. "N-No, I want, Yoongi."

"God, you're going to be so much more trouble than you're worth, I just know it," It's not as rude as Jungkook expected it to be more exasperated than anything. He whines again in frustration unintentionally blocking out the next thing the stranger said, but for some reason he assumes it comes out fond.

The loud thump of the music around them seems to pulse for hours on end and Jungkook swears they've passed the same fucking couple grinding against each other for the fifth, sixth, seventh—he doesn't know it just feels like they've passed them so many times.

Slouching against the stranger Jungkook keens low and disappointed in his throat not noticing how the man stiffens up. "Gimme back to, Yoongi."

"I can't find him."

Jungkook whines again, this time into the man's shoulder. "No, I want, Gi. Take me back to ‘im."
"Look, I'd give you to him if I could find him," Somehow, and Jungkook's still baffled as to why, the man's voice is still soft and fond even though he's sure they should be annoyed with him. Even if it's just a little amount of annoyance. "But since I can't, I'm taking you home to sleep this off."

"I don't wanna go home with you." Jungkook knows he sounds like a petulant child, but he doesn't want to go home with them.

"Well, too bad because I can't find Yoongi and you're not sober enough to get home on your own."

"Yes I am!"

"No you're not. You're stumbling and leaning on me and your words are slurring so bad it's difficult to understand you."

Jungkook growls the sound coming out choppy and more than a little pathetic as he pushes at the man's arm. It doesn't do anything to his taller kidnapper and Jungkook's starting to feel fear fester through his body again.

He's not sure how long he pushes or bites at the man, but eventually his movements turn sluggish and his energy falls to empty. Jungkook's not even sure where they are anymore, he's just slumped against the older too fatigued to care. Even in his muddled state he's kind of just hoping this isn't going to be like those stories he sees on the news sometimes.

"Hey, don't fall asleep yet." Jungkook makes a soft noise in his throat when he's shaken and it's apparently enough to satisfy his kidnapper.

There's a soft string of curses and Jungkook doesn't know why it makes him giggle, but with each muttered word he's laughing a bit from how annoyed the man sounds.

"What's got you so grumpy?" It's not exactly articulate more jovial and high pitched as Jungkook continues to giggle but it's understandable.

The man sighs and tightens his grip on Jungkook's waist so he doesn't stumble and trip back. It feels kind of nice actually. It's not invasive just a gentle coaxing touch to make sure Jungkook
doesn't hurt himself. And it's warm. If something is warm Jungkook will probably immediately like it.

"Finding the fucking key."

Jungkook snorts blinking blearily at the sound of a click before he gets dragged in through a door.

His eyes hurt for a moment and then he's being dragged somewhere else. "I still want, Yoongi."

"Yes, I know you've told me that several times. Call him in the morning—now go to bed." Their voice is quieter now as they nudge him toward what Jungkook assumes is a bed.

Fingers pet through his hair lulling him into slumber and Jungkook thinks he almost purrs from the touch.

It's the best he sleeps in a while. He still doesn't dream of anything but the deep shadow-scape of his mind seems somewhat nicer, warmer. Welcoming even.

He's got a jackhammer pounding behind his skull the next morning. Groaning Jungkook burrows his head into his pillow and hides under his blanket.

There's a chuckle from the doorway and he stiffens. "I brought you some aspirin and a glass of water."

Jungkook lets out another groan. "Really? You helped me get home."

"Mmhm, and for the record you were much cuter when you gave up." Namjoon laughs after he says it and Jungkook tries to ignore how nice it sounds.

He ignores how warm his face feels when Namjoon called him cute and just pulls the blanket around himself tighter. "Gee, thanks. But, um, did Yoongi call or anything?"

"Cursed me out when I answered the phone for you." Jungkook snorts smiling a bit. It's nice
knowing that Yoongi went right into protective mode when it wasn't him. "Kept asking for you and growled at me when I said no. He's good for you, I'm happy you have someone like him."

"Yeah, Yoongi’s great," His voice is fond and Jungkook shifts so he can peer out of his cocoon of a little picture on his nightstand. "He always looks out for me."

Yoongi had taken him to an amusement park. It was after two years of knowing each other and it was the first day Jungkook had actually gone out in his favourite dress and shoes the whole day. Yoongi had snarled at anyone that tried to be mean and for once Jungkook felt more than okay with who he was.

There's the sound of a chair being tugged and Jungkook peers up at Namjoon through his blankets. "That's good. I'm glad you have someone like that. Do you think you could tell me how you two met?"

He hums before nodding. It's always his favourite story to tell. "Yoongi’s been a customer at that place, since even before I took over...my dad gave it to me before he died. Back when I took over I was just a teenager, you know," He inhales deeply expression like a mix of nostalgia and an odd fondness. "So on my first day...I, I wore a skirt and a blouse."

He looks up nervous just to see Namjoon smiling at him encouragingly. "I'm sure you looked adorable."

Jungkook blushes down to his shoulder and hides his bashful smile. "Some of the customers on my first day called me a lot of things and a beta tried to grab me and I couldn't even talk to one of the customers to get them to stop. Yoongi, scared them off for me and made me sit down. He locked the shop for me and told me I was pretty and that none of what they said was true—he made me feel better. Ever since then he's looked out for me."

Namjoon gives a small growl during his story when he was picked on and it makes Jungkook feel better of oddly. "I'm very glad you have, Yoongi. Now you've got two protective friends to take care of them though—and I'm sure you look absolutely stunning in a skirt and a dress."

Jungkook giggles, grin large and teeth showing. "Thanks, Namjoon. You're not too bad."

"I'll take what I can get." He jokes. "But I really do think you'd look nice. And that you should take the medicine I brought you, you'll feel better."
Rolling his eyes Jungkook takes the little pill from Namjoon's hand and pops it into his mouth before downing the water.

"Thanks, um, if Yoongi comes over could you please entertain him or wake me up?"

"Yeah, of course, but you should get some more sleep okay. You look like you need it."

Jungkook gives him a wry smile. "I definitely do."

There's another chuckle and then large fingers are playing with his hair like last night. Jungkook leans into it purring quietly until he falls asleep. He barely hears when Yoongi arrives just notices the change in pheromones in his apartment but not even that is enough to wake him.

It's nice though. He feels safe. Jungkook's always had a problem with relying on his sense of smell and how pheromones make him feel, but this time it's all safety and love and affection. He sleeps better that day than he has in months.

Namjoon becomes a common fixture in his life. If Yoongi isn't the first person in the café it's Namjoon and after the first few months of seeing him Jungkook just laughs whenever he sees the alpha writing at the counter and sets his macchiato and strawberry tart next to him.

Jungkook learns over the moths that Namjoon's just as passionate as Yoongi when it comes to equality of all forms and what Yoongi like to call his, Big fuck you to gender constrictions. Of course, while Yoongi shows this through scalding words and lyrics Namjoon writes poems and books and doodles little cartoons in his spare time; Jungkook will never admit it but he's enthralled.

He doesn't really remember when he started to go out more with Namjoon on his time off instead of Yoongi or when he started to talk to Yoongi about what happens when he goes out with Namjoon though he does remember Yoongi scoffing and mumbling a quick, I'm not walking you down the aisle unless he proves himself. And Jungkook during that conversation remembers blushing so bright he's sure he could've imitated a traffic cone.

But most of all Jungkook doesn't remember when he started inviting Namjoon over more.
He's resting his head on Namjoon's shoulder splayed out on his couch watching a comedy Namjoon brought over.

"Hey, um, Namjoon could I talk to you about something?" Jungkook knows he sounds hesitant, but it's rightfully so in his opinion.

He is nervous. Jungkook is aware that he hasn't been the nicest or shown his interest in people when he does like them platonic or not, so he's just very hesitant to share something he's been thinking about for a while.

They've went on dates before—well Namjoon called them dates and Jungkook had still been too stubborn to agree to that, but he went with the alpha anyway (his favorite dates were going to the park and having picnics but he'll never say that). Namjoon's taken him to the aquarium and told him little stories about the fish and bought him a little stuffed dolphin, they've gone to the beach and Jungkook got to catch sand crabs with him. They've been to a lot of places, but Jungkook is stubborn, even when he's happy so during all that he didn't see it as dates... but he wants to.

Jungkook was happy. Namjoon made him feel special and beautiful and like he could do anything he wanted. And he wants to do things with Namjoon—hell he's thought about doing domestic things with Namjoon, like making a garden and kissing his cheek and wearing his clothes and snuggling on his couch.

He's in deep and he wants to get it off his chest.

Namjoon shifts, silver strands—Jungkook loves the colour, it makes Namjoon look like he's got part of the moon, he always waxes stories about—falling over his eyes as he looks down at Jungkook with a patient smile and these adorable dimples he just wants to kiss.

"Of course, Kookie. What's bothering you?" It's just as genial and genteel as every other time Namjoon's spoken to him.

He plays with Namjoon's fingers relaxing when the alpha's free hand smooths over his arm drawing circles into his shoulder. "I just...are we dating? Or would you be okay with that."

Namjoon's sighs and leans down to kiss his cheek and Jungkook blushes hiding his face in the older's shoulder. "Kookie, I've wanted to properly date you for a while. If that's what you want,
then I'd love to be your boyfriend.”

Jungkook twists in his hold to straddle him, burrowing even further into Namjoon's neck voice small and hesitant. "...An-And alpha?"

Namjoon's hands rest on his hips petting up and down his sides through his shirt and Jungkook shivers nosing at his jaw. "Are you sure about that, Kookie? I don't want you to rush into anything."

"No, 'm sure, I promise. I want you to be my alpha, just you." He hears the alpha give a pleased croon and draws a small heart over his hips along with a murmured, You sure, baby? If you change your mind and don't want this later it'll hurt. Jungkook whines a needy note to the sound. "I'm sure, Namjoon. Just you. You make me happy and you listen to me and you make me feel special.”

He presses a kiss to Namjoon's neck, nipping softly as he rolls his hips against the alphas with a whined, please, alpha. Just you. Namjoon's hands slip under his shirt, touch still so soft and gentle that it makes him feel like he's precious.

"Okay," Namjoon breathes tilting his head down to kiss the younger. It's soft and sweet and Jungkook smiles into it wrapping his arms around Namjoon's neck. "Okay, if that's what you really want, Kookie. I'd be happy to be your alpha, but not on your couch alright."

He nods almost delirious as Namjoon's pheromones cover him in love and protectiveness and adoration. Large hands move to cup under his thighs and ass and Jungkook mewls softly when Namjoon picks him up like he weighs nothing to take him to his room.

"No, I can walk...'m heavy."

His alpha kisses his forehead and nose before kissing him on the mouth to distract him. There's a gentle nip at his bottom lip and Jungkook doesn't hesitate to open his mouth and let Namjoon explore. Jungkook's had sex before and he's kissed people before, but this feels special.

It's slow and Namjoon's holding him close drawing nonsensical shapes on the skin of thigh as he makes his way to the bedroom. Jungkook's warm and he feels loved and when Namjoon isn't kissing him on the mouth, he's trailing them down his neck or searing words into his skin.
Jungkook shivers after each one, skin a soft pink all the way down to his stomach when they reach his bed, Namjoon kissing his shoulder when he's set down. "You're a full body blusher, huh? That's cute, you're so good, Jungkook."

He moans softly, grabbing onto Namjoon's hand and the alpha chuckles a soft, *I'll be right back, baby. I promise.* Jungkook just works off his shirt, feeling too hot to bother with it anymore. "Wanna be good for alpha."

Namjoon chuckles from where he's searching through Jungkook's nightstand. The younger had told him about his private activities on accident one night a few months ago when he was drunk and honestly Namjoon just found him adorable. Jungkook had babbled a bit, over-shared even but Namjoon would never make fun of him.

"You are good, sweetheart. So good for me," He coaxes the younger farther back onto the bed sucking a little mark on his collarbone, fascinated by the pretty little sounds Jungkook can make.

Running his hands up Jungkook's sides Namjoon circles a nipple with his thumb for a few moments before softly twisting it between his forefinger and thumb when he reaches Jungkook chest, making a soft noise that sounds like purr when Jungkook whines high in his throat, shivering at the small touch.

Leaning up to kiss Jungkook he palms at the younger through his shorts lazily, slowly moving his hand in a circle occasionally gripping to hear a pretty moan be wrenched from the younger’s throat.

"Namjoon, please." It's high as Jungkook squirms under him bucking his hips up for more. "Take them off please."

He hums softly thumbing at the button on Jungkook's shorts popping it, as he laps at the omega's nipple with his tongue, slowly sliding the shorts off him.

"So pretty," He sighs when he comes and looks at his partner, trailing a feather light touch over the panties Jungkook's wearing, smiling at him fondly when he tries to hides, his words soft as he gently takes them off the younger. "Oh, Kookie you don't have to be shy. You look gorgeous."

Jungkook whines tugging him down by his neck to kiss him and Namjoon croons from low in his throat as he works off his jeans with his free hand, the other busy with lazily stroking at Jungkook's dick thumb stroking at the head to make his omega moan and buck.
Strong thighs wrap around him and Namjoon growls in warning after he manages to get both his pants and boxers off, his hand now working on opening the cap off the lube with a quick sound. "Behave and wait, Jungkook. I don't want to hurt you."

Namjoon doesn't want this to hurt. He wants this to be as nice as possible for Jungkook so with a quiet snarl he squeezes at Jungkook's base and kisses him roughly to distract him from Namjoon preparing him.

Jungkook's loud and whimpers and whines from the smallest things and Namjoon thinks he sounds beautiful. It takes him a little bit to work Jungkook open to take four fingers, especially with the younger attempting to ride them like it’s his job, but Namjoon doesn't want to risk him getting hurt by his knot.

"Joonie, please. You said you'd knot me," It’s a whimper and Namjoon kisses him quickly before slowly starting to slide into Jungkook's heat, finally lubed up and using protection.

Jungkook seems to let out a contented noise that's a mix of a sob and a sigh when Namjoon moves in and out, clenching down to try and keep him there.

He pets at the younger's hair as he starts to thrust in faster peppering kisses over Jungkook's face and neck. "'S okay sweetheart. You're doing so good, you feel okay?"

Jungkook's gripping at his back mewling into his neck and Namjoon noses at his throat, pressing a soft kiss to his fluttering pulse as Jungkook shivers with a warm, "So good, Joonie. Want you to knot me, please."

"Soon, sweetheart." He smiles into the groove of the omega's shoulder when Jungkook groans.

Laughing he wraps his hand around Jungkook's shaft to pump at him, keeping the same pace as his thrusts revelling in the way Jungkook shudders under him with quiet, mores slipping from him faster than Namjoon's sure he could blink.

Jungkook's nails dig into his shoulders and back when he can actually knot the younger, still rutting into him slowly so Jungkook can grow used to him. He can't help but moan when Jungkook bites at his shoulder a little tougher than he did in the beginning making him rut into him harder.
He's always had a little thing for pain. Not, much but apparently his partner gets the ideas and between Jungkook's own moans and his own, bite marks are littered on his shoulders and neck and God Namjoon bites down on Jungkook's collarbone to mark him when he comes, knot still locked tight to keep them close and he kisses over the mark he left on Jungkook's skin to bind them with a whispered. "I love you, you're so good for me."

Jungkook's panting in his neck, shivering as Namjoon continues to stroke him, continues to rock into him as best he can until white colours his stomach and hips and Namjoon's never loved someone more or felt as close.

Fingers sift through his hair as Namjoon shifts the both of them so they can rest on their sides. "Love you too, Joonie. I'm happy, don't want you to leave yet."

He laughs a little out of breath at how sleepy Jungkook sounds and at what he said. "You don't have to worry about that, baby. I'm not going anywhere. We'll get cleaned up in the morning okay."

Jungkook nods tucking under his chin and Namjoon presses a kiss to his temple slowly coming to a stop from his rocking when he hears the little moans turn into quiet breathing.

"Night, Kookie. I'll be here for you tomorrow."

He pulls Jungkook close and inhales his scent before drifting off.
Jungkook/Namjoon

Chapter Notes

Requested by Anonymous: Hi ^_^, right now i'm really craving for mermaid!au, where jungkook is the beautiful mermaid. The plot of the story is depends on you. The pairings also, but I really want Jungkook/everyone. Thank you so much if you can make it. ◡‿◠

Note: The reason this is not a Jungkook/everyone fic is because I didn't like what I had written, so I attempted to do individual short stories and went with the one I liked the most.

Jungkook trills quietly placing his hand against the glass of his aquarium, cheerful grin on his face as his hills flutter on his neck. His human is back!

Soon a hand presses over his hand on the glass, larger and rougher but Jungkook can feel his warmth and he croons. The sound is warm and low showing how pleased he is and his human, his Namjoon smiles with a soft laugh falling from him.

Jungkook loves that sound. Adores Namjoon’s voice and sounds in general.

"Did you miss me, Kook-ah?" It's soft and rich sound and he nods his head, the webbing on his ears waving a bit from the movement.

Flicking his tail, he shoots for the top of his holding resting his arms on the wall as he looks down at Namjoon. He wants to show him how much he's learned, he's certain Namjoon will be proud of him.

"Suh," His nose wrinkles a bit, flecks of scales under his eyes scrunching closer together as he tries to get the words right. Namjoon talks to him so much he wants to make Namjoon proud. "—so, s-so muh-much."
Namjoon's lips curl up in the brightest smile Jungkook's ever seen and he can't help but sing softly to show his happiness. Namjoon always says he loves his singing and Jungkook would sing for him until the notes in his blood stopped forming.

"Yeah?" Namjoon hums fond and so utterly adoring that Jungkook can feel the patch of scales on his cheeks turn a soft carmine. "I missed you a ton too, sweetheart. Would you mind coming down to the pool, please?"

He shakes his head cutely, webbing on his ears stretching a bit to show his eagerness. The pool is a little separated glass holding that he can slide into if he so wishes, but Jungkook prefers his open aquarium with its shiny rocks and waning plants and little fish that swim around for him to play with.

But for Namjoon he'd do anything.

Crooning softly in his throat, he bumps his head against Namjoon’s hand, making a sound that's a mix of a purr and a cuff when the fingers run through his hair, smoothing out his tangles.

"Mish yo-you," He smiles at Namjoon’s chuckle, tail slapping the water softly. He hopes it's good enough for his human to understand, he's still learning.

Namjoon's shrugged off his coat so it doesn't get wet and Jungkook swims closer when the human motions him to. Fingers ghost over his tail in a gentle caress and Jungkook nuzzles at his arm only flinching back with a high hiss when a finger moves over a cut in his tail.

"Shh, Jungkook. I'm sorry, but you know I have to check if it's closed." No, he doesn't understand. It'll close on its own, his wounds always do.

Part of him appreciates how much Namjoon cares about him to do that but another bigger part of him hates that he can't tell Namjoon that he's fine or that he will be eventually.

He shakes his head again, wet hair sticking to his forehead, scales a vibrant amber showing off his annoyance.

Namjoon sighs and puts his hands up waiting for Jungkook to come back. "I'm sorry, Jungkook. I won't touch it, I promise."
Jungkook squeezes his tail to himself when he gets closer and he knows he looks a little odd, scrunched up on a rock in a circle holding his tail protectively but Namjoon should've asked first.

Normally he's fine with Namjoon touching his scales and petting his tail but that, that was uncalled for. Jungkook isn’t giving him another pearl anytime soon.

"Bah, bad." He whines.

Namjoon looks at him apologetically and reaches out to play with his hair. "I know. I didn't ask I'm sorry, I won't be bad again."

Jungkook holds out his hand and shows his pinkie like in the picture books Namjoon’s shows him sometimes. He's pretty sure Namjoon called it a pinkie promise, but he doesn't think he could say that right.

His human hooks his with Jungkook's and he smiles leaning forward to rub his cheek against Namjoon’s affectionately.

"Does this mean I'm forgiven?" He laughs, blonde strands now mussed and wet.

Jungkook croons again high and pleased and Namjoon takes it as a yes.

He grins and pets Jungkook's hair. He found Jungkook around two years ago washed up on the beach. And if Namjoon’s being honest in the beginning the only reason he helped him was because of curiosity. He's a scientist and there's only been a few mermaids found and kept...and a selfish part of him wanted Jungkook just to show him off.

Well, until his little pearl was almost stolen and Jungkook had cried for days when he realized his scales had been stripped from his tail. That was when Namjoon wanted to keep him around for more than just science, he wanted to be Jungkook's friend as well as keep him safe.

Listening to Jungkook trill into his neck Namjoon smiles, kissing his cheek. "You want me to swim with you tomorrow?"
Jungkook's head shoots up to look him in the eyes and then an uneven, "yes," is his answer.

"Okay, tomorrow, then alright. I've got to get to bed though okay. I want at least a small chance of keeping up with you."

Jungkook makes a happy noise in his throat and nuzzles against Namjoon again before swimming away. He's more than pleased about what's going to happen tomorrow.

He loves when Namjoon swims with him.
Hoseok tugs at his tie as he walks down the hall. He feels stuffy. Suits always make him feel like that, he's never been very fond of them but work is work. And Hoseok would like to keep his job.

"Seokie?" It's soft and hesitant but Hoseok feels a smile grow on his face knowing who the speaker is. "Are you okay? You don't look very happy."

Opening his arms for a hug Hoseok feels a firm yet still somehow soft body press against his own form.

Wrapping his arms around Jungkook's thin waist he nuzzles into his boy's hair, picking up a hint a cherry when he breathes finally comfortable. "No, baby, I'm okay. Just tired."

Jungkook nods against his chest before one of his hands laces with Hoseok's to pull him into the living room. "Sit. 'M gonna finish dinner for you."

He frowns tugging Jungkook closer. "You don't have to do that, baby boy. Just cuddle with me okay? You're dressed too nice to be getting anything dirty."

Jungkook pouts but let's Hoseok tug him into his lap. He's a little clumsy but he wants to do this for Hoseok. "I want to make you dinner."

Hoseok hums kissing his shoulder, smiling into the skin when Jungkook goes slack against him. "Later, baby. Just let me hold you for now. You look nice."
Jungkook giggles face pink and Hoseok can feel his warmth spreading through his body. It's nice. He's been stuck in a cold office all day and right now he just want to hold Jungkook, have dinner, and cuddle in bed.

Fingers play with his hair and Hoseok leans into it relaxing. " Wanted to look nice for you... I was gonna try and make tonight date night... since we haven't been able to go out."

He smiles pulling his head away from Jungkook shoulder to kiss him sweetly. His baby boy does so much for him. Hoseok just wants to give him everything he can."

Jungkook hides against his shoulder when they pull away, and when Hoseok rests his hands on the curve of the youngers hips he can't help but chuckle at how warm his baby's gotten.

"I love how much you blush." He says pressing a kiss to the crown of Jungkook's head. "You're so pretty, Kookie."

Jungkook whines burrowing further into his shoulder and Hoseok peppers kisses over his face and shoulders. At least the places he can reach.

"Hoseok, stop!" Jungkook's giggling into his neck and he takes the chance to push him a way a bit so he can press a kiss to Jungkook's nose.

"Never," He laughs when Jungkook pouts with a soft joking, so mean. "You're so cute when you blush."

Jungkook's face gets brighter and he grumbles but leans down to kiss Hoseok's cheek. "Let's just go eat dinner."

Hoseok shakes his head tightening his arms around Jungkook's waist before resting on his back Jungkook on his front. "Nope. Want to cuddle, baby boy."

"Let's at least put a movie on. Wanna have something like an impromptu date night." Hoseok pets down his back, grinning as Jungkook shifts to tuck under his chin.
"'Kay. Remotes on the table you get to pick."

As soon as the words are out of his mouth Jungkook's squirming to reach the remote and Hoseok can hear him muttering about putting a marvel movie on.

He's not surprised when Jungkook puts on iron man and snuggles into his chest completely content.

"I knew you'd pick this."

Jungkook just smiles, kissing his jaw. "The movies are good."

He rolls his eyes, but kisses Jungkook's forehead before watching the movie. He's content with just this. A movie and Jungkook snuggles up yo him. It makes his day.
Kemy13 requested: Hey, urm, I like to make a request, of human Jungkook, who gets 'caught' or more like intrude the alpha and beta 'fighting/trying so hard not to make love but they're still trying to figure out who is going to dominate one or the other' the alpha being jhope and the beta being suga. And when they spot Jungkook things gets slightly Akward. (But Jungkook doesn't know they're werewolf)

Uh, as a note I personally don’t ship Yoongi and Hoseok in anything but a platonic way so it’s just them fighting.

Jungkook doesn’t know why the hell he agreed to this.

He loves camping yeah but uh...his group of friends aren’t the best people to go on a camping trip with. Seokjin is the only that’s keeping them all sane he’s pretty sure. His food could end wars.

So needless to say when a trip to get wood for the fire turns into him staring at two strangers confused as hell as to why they’re in the middle of nowhere—well actually it’s not that strange since this is a designated camping ground—sort of just growling at one another?

“Uh...is there a problem?” He asks softly, eyeing the duo warily. “Are you lost or anything? I could help you find a ranger or something.”

It’s small and ruffled that speaks up first, a snarl still twisting his features. “Aw Hoseok look at that can’t even find a good fucking place to settle this.” This is when Jungkook starts to regret his decision of being a good person. “If you had just listened to me we wouldn’t be stuck out here. What a good leader you are.”

Hoseok, at least Jungkook hopes that’s his name, bristles and he can’t help take a few steps back.

Jungkook can handle himself in a fight, but he’d rather not be stuck in the woods alone with some
strangers. Or possibly end up dead.

“Kid you said you could help us?” The Words are rough and slow as though they’re being forced out of the man’s mouth.

“Uh,” He almost wants to say no and just leave them be but he just knows that Namjoon would give him the look if he found out Jungkook left people in the middle of nowhere. “...Yeah I guess.”

“My...friend,” Jungkook doesn’t think they’re friends. Too hostile. “And I...we got separated from our group.”

“Oh okay...um i could take you to find a park ranger—or I could maybe try and get my group to help too.” Jungkook only suggests it because one, he doesn’t want to die. Two, he doesn’t want to die alone in the woods. Three if they actually need help then his group would be much more efficient.

Hoseok smiles and dread builds in his belly. It’s a nice smile sure, but it doesn’t feel nice...no, that’s the smile of what Jungkook assumes a predator would have with cornered prey. “That’d be wonderful. If nothing else getting us back to civilization would help.”

He nervous even as he motions for them to follow him back.

It’s difficult to hear their steps—an odd thing really when they’re in the fucking forest—and it nearly causes Jungkook a heart attack when Yoongi taps at his shoulder.

“Yes?” He hopes his voice doesn’t sound as shaky as he feels.

Yoongi stays quiet for a few moments, a thoughtful purse to his lips before he finally opens his mouth. The words aren’t as gruff as they were, more patient, almost cautious. “Do you need help carrying them?”

“Oh, oh no, not really,” He mumbles face burning from embarrassment. He can’t believe he got scared. “They’re not that heavy...”
“Do you need anymore then?”

He thinks on. His pile certainly isn’t the best, but would it really be alright to ask strangers for help on something this mundane.”

“I...Yeah I guess so.” He sighs out. “You really wouldn’t mind?”

They’re not even fucking there when he looks back and frankly Jungkook starts feeling a bit uncomfortable. Or well more uncomfortable than last. This shit just doesn’t happen.

After about ten or so minutes Jungkook starts debating on just fucking leaving. They left him after all.

Then of course, somebody breaks the silence with a branch and his heart ends up in his throat. “Oh Jesus! Hey are you alright?”

He jumped. He fucking jumped like he’s a child still scared to go into a haunted house and he’s never felt more embarrassed in front of a stranger.

It’s Hoseok too. The one that intimidated him the most out the duo and Jungkook wills the heat under his skin to shove the hell off. “I’m fine,” It comes out far squeakier than intended. “Just don’t appear out of nowhere please.”

Hoseok’s head tilts to the side and it makes Jungkook think of his dog. It’s kind of cute. “Uh, I can try. I got...wood I guess. Yoongi back?”

It’s not even a moment after the words exit his mouth that Yoongi peeks through and Jungkook feels inadequate once he really notices their piles. And oh boy are they better than his.

Yoongi doesn’t look like he should even be able to hold his pile considering they look more like fucking logs than stick or twigs.

“Too slow, Yoongi?” Hoseok says and it sounds snide. Jungkook really regrets his decision.
Truly and utterly regrets it.

“Fuck off at least what I found will help.”

Jungkook thinks that they’ll both help. A lot more than his pile would. And all hell comes from that.

It’s a fucking fight between the two the entire time Jungkook leads them to camp. They’ve went from strangers he found in the woods to goddamn Barbarians he found in the hell place that is nature on the god forsaken camping trip and he nearly cries in joy when he sees Namjoon.

He isn’t socially functional-able to deal with people for too long.

Of course Namjoon—wonderful, saving adorable Namjoon—fucking jerks back when he catches sight of The Barbarians behind him nearly snatching Jungkook to get him away.

“Why are they following you?” It’s hurried, almost frantic as he tugs the younger into the camp. “With wood of all things, Kook.”

“...They needed help.”

Namjoon looks at him, sighs and god Jungkook's never felt as embarrassed. “Kook-ah, you’re staying in my tent while they’re here okay.

He jerks his head in a nod and Namjoon smiles rubbing a thumb over his cheek fondly. It’s nothing odd, he’s done that before, but Jungkook is still confused.

“Good boy. Now if they do anything weird tell me alright?”

They’ve already done weird things, but he nods again anyway.
The week just gets wilder.

The two guests—he thinks of it lightly—turn everything into some kind of match.

Catching fish? The two fucking try and catch them with their hands and come to Jungkook of all people like he’s a judge or something.

Moving tents, putting up tents, anything to do with tents they look to him like he has all the power in the world and stumbles over who did what better or faster.

Even Namjoon gets involved in the tomfoolery!

“Uh...Joon-ah,” He calls while Seokjin snorts next to him with a soft, ‘don’t bother he’s not thinking with his head’ and really Jungkook’s a little concerned. “You don’t...you don’t have to try and cook.”

Namjoon simply can’t. It’s disastrous and no one can fault him for being a little scared.

Yoongi and Hoseok on the other hand appear decent. Still with all of this Jungkook is more than confused as Seokjin slinks off to the other half of their group.

“You think we should tell him?” Taehyung asks head lolled on Jimin's shoulder. “It’s not every day this happens.”

Jimin hums scratching behind Taehyung ears as Seokjin curls against them. “Nah, maybe this will get Namjoon to finally confess. Besides those two are funny.”

“Of course you think it’s funny.” Seokjin doesn’t even flinch when Jimin nudges him just growls lightly. “A beta and an alpha encroaching on what Namjoon's courting? Hilarious. I’m pretty sure they’re all just thinking with their dicks at this point.”

Taehyung laughs airy and soft. “Probably, but you never know, maybe Jungkook will get himself more than one boyfriend. Like us.”
Seokjin rolls his eyes watching Namjoon, Yoongi and Hoseok battle it out to try and impress the lone human in their midst. Fucking betas and alphas always so competitive.
Anonymous requested: Can you do a fluff (no smut) fanfiction where all the hyungs care and protect (of course they are protective hahaha) shy and cute Jungkookie who is the only omega in the pack? Thank you, please never stop writing like this, your work is art and it really makes my day. You have a fan here!!! =)

It’s loud. Insufferably loud and all Yoongi wants to do is sleep. The pack is celebrating a successful hunt, they brought down a few moose as far he knows.

Normally he’d be out there celebrating with everyone else but he’s irritable and in pre-rut and just wants to either hold something or be left the hell alone.

Rut isn’t like what all those humans seem to think it is. Well, partly. Wolves have a mating season and it is in no way close to that so all he feels is itchy, hungry and irritable.

“‘Gi?” He lets out a lazy growl. Uncurling to look at the omega that’s entered his room only to croon.

It’s Jungkook. Their youngest, only omega in their pack and Yoongi’s mouth waters when he scents the air. God, his boy brought him food.

He flops over, making room letting out a happy chuff when the younger settles down next to him. “Seokjin said you wouldn’t eat.”

He closes his eyes as Jungkook drags fingers through his hair and it’s cold. Relaxing in his bed Yoongi nuzzles into his palm. “Pup, you shouldn’t be here.”
Jungkook shouldn’t really. Even though he thinks he has enough willpower to keep himself from harming the younger due to his irritability he doesn’t want to chance anything.

Yoongi is a protector, a caregiver not a violent person. So he can’t help but whine when the boy moves to burrow into his chest with a whispered, “I know...but I miss you. You’ve been in here for days.”

He has hasn’t he? It’s been maybe a week since this began and he hasn’t seen the younger for a few days. He’d finally been able to go on his first hunt too...oh god Yoongi had missed that.

Nuzzling into the younger’s hair Yoongi presses a kiss to the crown of his head. “I know, I’m sorry, pup. How...” he swallows, tongue feeling too heavy in his mouth, but he can give Jungkook this, just a little attention before he has to make him go. “How’d your hunt go?”

Jungkook makes a happy noise in his throat wiggling out of Yoongi’s hold to look at him bright eyed. “Joonie, helped me get a baby moose!”

He raises a brow playing with the younger’s hair. “Did he now?”

“Mmhmm,” It’s happy, happier than Jungkook would sound like with just a hum but his heart melts all the same. “He said, that, that you’d be proud of me.”

So at least now he knows that all the celebrating is partly because of what Jungkook brought down with their help. It’s an important tradition in their pack. Shows that you’re officially an adult and can help provide like everyone else.

Of course, regardless of that Jungkook is always going to be their pup. It’s their job to make sure he grows up well and without fear. Omegas aren’t as rare as they once were but there are still individuals that try to take advantage of them or see them as lesser.
It’s a shame really that people still think that way. Jungkook could best almost all of them in a fight if he wished to, with a swimmer type body he’s quick and will provide food for the pack more often than not. The thing that all of them appreciate is that even though Jungkook has a stubborn streak and can be more than a bit playful, he doesn’t seek out fights. He is fine with who he is and strives to do as much as he can.

And none of them have ever tried to intimidate him into subservience like so many alphas attempt to do with omegas.

Jungkook is their pup, their headstrong, playful omega and Yoongi wouldn’t ever change that.

Kissing his forehead Yoongi nuzzles him, covering him in his scent to show that he appreciates the younger’s effort. “You did good, really good. It’s hard to bring down a moose. Grown or not.”

He giggles chuffing happily into Yoongi's shoulder. “Good I really just wanna make you And everyone else proud.”

“You do, pup.”

Jungkook always makes them proud. Even though he struggles in that human school occasionally he still makes them proud—even admits when he needs the help with work and it’s far better to do that than let himself struggle alone.

Yoongi lets him stay far longer than he intends to. His skin feels sweaty and warm with a furnace pressed into his front, but it feels right.

This is how pack sleeps; together and warm and safe. Yoongi wants to keep him near, wake him up with nuzzles and nips mug he can’t because even though he feels nothing but burning fondness to his core he can feel his wolf being to get annoyed.
He wishes he was a beta. He’d never have to deal with ruts, his wolf wouldn’t get annoyed as easy, hormones wouldn’t be a demon to deal with. Everything would be so much easier.

But he’s not a beta, he’s an alpha and even though there are some things he can’t fully control he’s not going to snap at the younger because his wolf is being a jackass.

Nudging the younger a smile curls on his lips when Jungkook whines in protest shuffling closer.

With a soft sigh Yoongi cards his fingers through his hair. “C’mon pup you’ve got to go.”

“Why?” Even though he can’t see Jungkook’s face he, has no doubt in his mind that the younger is pouting. It’s always been his go to reaction; it makes it difficult to tell him no. And Yoongi...Yoongi is a weak man.

“You’re going to see Jimin soon aren’t you?” Jungkook stills in his arms before slowly nodding into his neck. “And what have all of us told you about staying with us during rut?”

He hears the omega huff petulantly. Jungkook is a cuddly person, refuses to sleep by himself and cuddles up with all of them during ruts so long as it’s not mating season because in his own words, you shouldn’t have to stay alone during this time.

Of course, there’s an issue regarding that, “I smell like I’m having a heat...”

It’s never intentional, but Jungkook isn’t claimed so he reacts to their scents and pheromones like an pack member would. The issue with omegas is that their own scent or pheromones mix and overpower the alphas or betas if they aren’t claimed. Well, if an alpha is in pre-rut or rut anyway.
Yoongi nuzzles his cheek carefully peeling him away from his front. “You have to go, pup. Take a shower before you go see, Jimin alright? Don’t need him getting into another fight.”

Jungkook’s still pouting at him when Yoongi can actually see him and he does his best to not look him in the eye.

“What about when we come back? Can I cuddle again?” It should be illegal how cute Jungkook looks at that moment.

“Maybe. Can’t just keep you all to myself.” He could of course if he wanted to for a day. “I can’t be the only person to get, Jungkook time today.”

Jungkook kisses his cheek before standing up with a whined out, “Fine...don’t forget to eat.”

Yoongi will never admit that he lit up like a firecracker after the younger kissed his cheek.

Jimin’s wrapping his hands on a bench when he actually notices his pack mate getting closer. Smiling, he pretends like he can’t smell the omega at all already knowing what the younger’s going to try.

Once Jungkook leaps at him Jimin just turns to catch him playfully biting at Jungkook neck while the younger giggles. “No! You said you wouldn’t do that again.” It’s followed by another bout of laughter and Jimin couldn’t care less about all the other wolves looking at them.
He noses at the gland on Jungkook’s neck, inhaling soft vanilla and rose. The Jungkook’s scent never fails to help him calm down. “You still smell like, Yoongi, Jungkook.”

“Sorry,” It doesn’t sound sorry at all as Jungkook plops into his lap, the velvet of his sweater brushing against his thighs. “Wanted to see you.”

He sighs kissing the omega’s cheek patting at his thigh. “You can’t be negligent, Kookie. You know this is a werewolf only boxing club.”

Jungkook ducks his head, hiding in his neck and Jimin curls an arm around his waist, staring down a few individuals that stare at younger a bit too long. “M sorry. I really didn’t mean to still smell like him...i took a shower before I came here.”

“It’s okay, little one. Just next time be a little safer yeah?” Jungkook nods against his shoulder. “Good boy. Gonna watch me practice for a little bit?”

Another nod and Jimin smiles. “You can wear my jacket if it’ll make you feel safer.”

Jungkook’s come to watch him box for a few years now. Some days he more enthusiastic going almost right next to the ring to watch him practice. Other days, like today he suspects, he’s more subdued, more than happy with just an item of his to curl up in and watch.

Regardless Jimin makes sure to keep an eye on him. Even though he considers most of the alphas, betas and even the few omegas in the building decent, there are a few that just don’t understand common decency.

He’d gotten into a fight not even last month because a domineering alpha had tried to push Jungkook into a corner and fucking bite him.
Of course he’d been more than proud when he found out Jungkook had given him a black eye before he got to him.

He’s maybe ten or so minutes into his warm up routine when he looks only to find the omega balled up tight and small (well, as small as an omega of Jungkook’s can be) on the bench snuggled into his jacket.

It’s cute and Jimin can’t help but flash him a smile before goes back to his burpees. He’s been boxing for about three or so years now and really he’d just started doing it because he’d gotten tired of all the jams he’d gotten while growing up, _an alpha shouldn’t be so small. You look more like you’re built to be an omega than anything else. How could you hope to intimidate anyone is you’re so...tiny._

It’s been a bit of a hit to his self-esteem. All he ever really wanted to do growing up was to protect people, so he turned to boxing as an outlet. Of course over time it grew to be something he enjoys to do, but he still mainly does it to better protect others.

It’s another thirty, maybe forty minutes when he smells another alpha get a little too close to Jungkook for comfort, but he forces down the growl that builds in his throat when they don’t get any closer.

Normally he wouldn’t be that on edge, but Jungkook smells like Yoongi and that’s an issue. Most alphas don’t let scents, let them be assholes nowadays, but there are still some that think they’re the greatest creation of world.

And Jimin refuses to let people make Jungkook uncomfortable when he can prevent it. He knows Jungkook can take care of himself, he isn’t a push over, but if Jimin can help in any way he’s going to.

So maybe he slows down a bit to stink eye the alpha that keeps inching closer, even as Jungkook stays balled up and defensive.
He stops practicing a steady growl building in his throat when he hears the creep push into Jungkook's space with a sleazy ass, “What’s a Pretty thing like you doing here all alone? Especially smelling as sweet as you do.”

He’s smaller than the alpha, because of course he’s fucking smaller than the average build and height of one, but it doesn’t impede him in pushing the creep back. “He’s not here alone don’t crowd him.”

The Creep side eyes him only to snort and turn back to Jungkook. “C’mon doll I could take much better care of you than the shrimp.”

“Jimin is not a shrimp!” Jungkook's mouth is curled down as he physically pushes the man back. “He’s far better than you, he doesn’t just waltz up thinking ever fucking omega is theirs for the taking.”

It’s all seethed out and Jimin can smell the annoyance build off the alpha in waves, all but blocking out Jungkook's own ire.

Never a good sign Jimin's learned. So when the brute brings an arm to shove Jungkook back and into the wall Jimin decks him.

Respectable alphas never fucking touch an omega without their permission. They don’t raise a hand to shove or harm them because it’s the right thing to do. They don’t crowd or intimidate anyone if they’re respectful and the creeps struck out on all three.

But of course the dumbass doesn’t just back off like any smart individual would. He starts getting into Jimin's space, like he’s the problem here and two alphas in a fight is never a good thing. It doesn’t help that Jimin hasn’t been able to unwind in a while.

Jimin knows he’s the one that lunges first, but after that it’s not really him. It’s just motion and reaction. A body for him to damage because they didn’t follow etiquette.
For how to act around other alphas or an omega.

The man had encroached on his pack member, on an omega in his care, on an unclaimed omega that didn’t want his attention. He’d insulted Jimin and pressed at his space. Let his pheromones flare out, looked down on him. The other alpha has postured him as though Jimin wasn’t some to take seriously.

He doesn’t know how long after but his body feels sore and bruised but the scent of blood falls away for soothing vanilla to wash over him. Even though copper still taints his mouth.

“Haneul kicked him out.” Jimin breathes in holding Jungkook’s wrist carefully once he realizes how hard he was gripping onto it to calm down. “He’s not gonna be allowed back.”

He jerks his head down in acknowledgment. Haneul is the omega that owns the building. Of course he’s not going to tolerate an alpha crowding into an omega’s space.

Jungkook presses a cold pack to his cheek even as he flinched back with a whine. “Kookie—“

“Don’t be a baby, it’s supposed to help.”

“I’m not a baby,” He mumbles pouting. “If anything you’re a baby because you’re the pack baby.”

He coos when Jungkook turns pink all the way down to his neck. “Shut up...you always tease me.”

Smiling makes his face hurt, but Jimin still does. “Not teasing, little one. You are our baby.” Jungkook preens but Jimin knows he’ll forever deny it if he tries to bring it up. “But how bad is
“Split lip,” Huh, so that’s where the copper taste is coming from. “Couple scratches on your arms and forehead. You busted the skin of your knuckles on your left hand.”

“So nothing too bad.” He says proud even as Jungkook huffs. “Aww, don’t look so disappointed in me, he wouldn’t have backed off.”

Jungkook toys with his bottom lip until it’s red and swollen and Jimin knows it’s from worry. “I know...I just I don’t like seeing you get hurt. Especially over stuff like that for me.”

Pressing a kiss to the omega’s head Jimin cradles his face. “I know you’re always going to feel bad when this happens...but it’s worth it to me. No one should ever treat you like that, treat anyone like that. I’ll try not to get hurt next time Okay?”

There’s a pout on his face and Jimin presses a tiny kiss to that too, just to hear Jungkook giggles as he turns pink. “No, you’re gonna spread the blood!”

“Aww, but, Kookie you’re supposed to kiss it better.”

Jungkook rolls his eyes, his laughter bouncing off the walls as he playfully keeps Jimin at bay. “No then everyone’s gonna think we both got hurt.”

“But there’s already blood on your forehead.” He says snickering looking at the mark. It’s kind of like a lip print.

Jungkook lets out a whining noise as tries to wipe it off only for it to smear. “Minnie, Seokjin's gonna be so mad.”
“He could never be mad at us, we’re like his favourites.” It’s technically not a lie since all of them are Seokjin's favourites.

“...He’s definitely gonna be mad at at least one of us.”

“I’ll take my punishment like a grown fool...bandage me up first so he pities me?”

Jungkook giggles again, his nose scrunching up and Jimin thinks it’s adorable. It’s big and curved, but perfect to boop or nuzzle.

He’s not even going to kid himself and try to hide how utterly gone, he is for the younger when Jungkook starts to re-bandage his knuckles; he’s careful like Jimin of all people is going to break like glass. But still he appreciates it.

Everything is done meticulously and Jimin expects it. Jungkook always does his best, but when it comes to things he really cares about he doesn’t rush, he takes his time to make sure everything is right and he cares about Jimin more than almost anything. The rest of his pack are the only things that get as much care in Jungkook's life as he does.

When it Jungkook finally dubs him okay to leave, he curls an arm around the younger’s waist, keeping him close as they walk back home. Jungkook feels solid and warm under his arm and maybe it grounds Jimin a little too.

He just wants to protect others and he’s been protecting Jungkook since he joined their back. Small and confused, scared to interact with any of them until Taehyung broke his shell just a little bit.

And maybe he keeps the omega close because at least then it’s less likely that someone will try and intimidate either of them.
Seokjin bombards them as soon as they get in the door and while he notices Jimin making a swift get away the younger alpha will never truly be able to hide from Seokjin's radar. He’ll chastise Jimin later.

“Why do you have blood on you?” Maybe he’s a bit of hen, but he likes taking care of others. Using his thumb, he wipes at the smears of blood on Jungkook's temple ignoring his little whine. “You know you and Jimin are going to put me into an early grave.”

Jungkook giggles as he gets dragged along into the kitchen not at all shameful or sorry. “You’re not gonna die early you’ll outlive us all from spite.”

Seokjin thumps him on the back of the head. “I mean it. You’re good, Jungkook, a little reckless at times but still a good kid. We just worry about you.”

Jungkook shuffles on the stool Seokjin motioned him to get on, looking down at his shoes, feeling his toes curl out of nervousness. “I know...we didn’t meant to. Somebody just got in my space and postured at, Jimin.”

Seokjin sighs, moving to grab a cloth and wet it. Bringing it back to clean up Jungkook's face. “You’re both young, still. Jimin's got a bit of his temper still and you’re probably always going to be rowdy. You’ve both got to learn that sometimes a fight isn’t always going to solve things.”

He can see Jungkook's shoulders sink into himself as he starts playing with the sleeves of Jimin's jacket. “They’re creeps.”
Petting the boy’s cheek Seokjin disappears and for a moment Jungkook thinks that the alpha doesn’t have the patience to deal with him or Jimin today. It makes something cold and harsh build up in his chest when he thinks about it because Seokjin never just leaves them without a lesson or a way to make things lighter. Seokjin's the oldest he takes care of all of them so him just leaving isn’t right.

He can’t hide his whine even if he wanted to. “Jinnie? ’M sorry, I didn’t mean to make you disappointed in us.”

Whenever any of his alphas are disappointed in him Jungkook can’t stand it. He just wants to be good and to hear that he’s done well.

“Hey, no, no sweetheart, it’s okay.” Seokjin's head pops through the doorway scripts under his arm. “I’m not disappointed in you. Don’t be sad Alright, I’m not disappointed with either you or Jimin”

“Promise?” Seokjin laughs a little when he says it coming closer to curl an arm around his shoulder.

“Yes, I promise. No need to be sad Okay?” He waits until the omega nods before continuing. “Now, I got a few scripts recently from, Minha.”

Jungkook perks up making grabby hands at the scripts and Seokjin coos softly. Their omega really is too adorable for his own good.

Seokjin hasn’t been an actor for very long. But it’s something he’s wanted to be for years, so whenever he gets the chance to star in one or more shows or movies he goes to the rest of his pack.

Jungkook is always the most eager to look through them. “Of what?!”
He smiles expression turning fond as he pulls one of other stools closer to keep the younger tucked into his side. “One’s a comedy about a down on his luck man that tries to break a family curse. The other is, I believe, a romance movie set around a pair of soulmates.”

Jungkook’s already peering over the left script and Seokjin is pretty sure it’s the comedy.

He squeezes the back of the younger’s neck softly before going to start dinner.

Jungkook always gets rather invested with the things he likes so he doesn’t even budge as Seokjin moves around the kitchen. It’ll be a little while before dinner is done considering he has the task of feeding ‘seven’ werewolves.

All of which have voracious appetites and a stubborn streak the size of the Grand Canyon. But Seokjin is fond of all of them and he’s even decided to make pudding—something he makes on rare occasions because this is a house full of man-children.

“That smells good.” Seokjin tries not to laugh in exasperation. Of course the one thing that pulls Jungkook from what interests him; food.

“Want some?”

Jungkook is pressed into his side as soon as the words are out of his mouth and Seokjin snorts at how wide eyed he gets. “Pudding?” It’s almost breathy and Seokjin's shoulders bounce with how hard he’s trying not to laugh.

“Mmhm,” He hums holding up a spoon. “Go ahead.”
Jungkook doesn’t even hesitate making a happy humming sound when he closes his mouth around the spoon.

“Thoughts?”

The omega nuzzles into his neck, kissing his shoulder. “Your pudding made me fall in love with you all over again.”

Seokjin can’t help it. He wheezes at how deadpan it comes out. Even Jungkook starts giggling after a little bit.

“Feel better, sweetheart?” He doesn’t mean to make his voice as soft as it is but Jungkook’s finally calmed down. All he really wants is to take care of them all.

“Uh huh.” It’s mumbles into his shoulder as Jungkook chins him and Seokjin smiles, letting out a warm, *I’m really not disappointed. Don’t worry so much. Because he’s not and when the omega makes a noise similar to a purr he leads him back to the table. “I liked the comedy more.”*

“Did you?”

“It’s seems more interesting than the romance movie.”

Seokjin nods. “I’ll have to look over it again later. Why don’t you go and tell Hoseok that dinner will be done soon? Keep Jimin’s jacket on.”
Jungkook keeps the hood of Jimin's jacket over his head as he walks downtown. He’s never been the most fond of Hoseok's work but he’s still pack and most people here know not to trying anything with him lest Hoseok find out.

He nibbles at his bottom lip once he stops in front of The Gentlemen’s Knot. He’s always uncomfortable here. The workers are nice, pretty too it’s the patrons of Hoseok’s joint that unnerve him...they’re all so sleazy.

He sucks in a nervous breath when goes up to the bouncer, Mingyu, a very tall beta with a tiny smile. “I, um, I’m supposed to come get, Hoseok.”

The beta offers him a soft smile and a hair ruffle before he lets him through. “Backroom as usual, pup.”

His nose curls up at the smell; sweat, rancid smoke and far too many scents mingling.

Staying hunched the entire way to the backroom a shiver still goes up his spin as he hears the comments from the majority of the patrons. It’s all too much. They’re not allowed to touch unless the workers agree but Jungkook still doesn’t feel comfortable in the building.

The workers are all very nice and he knows that some of them work here because they enjoy it and he doesn’t have a problem with it. He just doesn’t like the creeps that crowd here.

“‘Seok?’ He mumbles stepping past the velvet that marks the start of the backrooms. “Seokjin told me to come get you.”
“Doll,” It’s a low croon from further down the hall and Jungkook sighs as he shuffles closer. “A little bird told me something interesting happened today.”

Hoseok’s relaxed as can be tucked into the corner of one of the couches littering the farthest room. Jungkook knows it as simply Hoseok’s room since very few individuals get to use it besides Hoseok himself.

The alpha pats his thigh and Jungkook scans the room before moving any closer. He adores Hoseok but no so much his job.

“C’mere, baby doll we need to have a talk.” It’s layered in saccharine as Hoseok motions him closer and Jungkook tentatively rests on his lap.

He doesn’t want to have this talk. Hoseok is involved with the shadier parts of town and it doesn’t help that Jungkook can see more than a few of Hoseok's toys.

“Jimin, already dealt with it.”

Hoseok chuckles nipping at his ear rubbing a soothing hand down his side. “Now, now doll we know that’s not how this works. He messed with you two didn’t he?”

A frown over takes Jungkook’s features as a light growl builds in his throat even as Hoseok laughs, don’t growl at me, pup we both know you don’t intimidate me. Arms circle around his waist as Hoseok kisses the back of his neck. “You’re not hurting anyone. They won’t mess with either of us.”

“Mmhm, it’s a precaution, doll.” He rolls his eyes slapping at Hoseok’s hands. It’s nothing but playful touching, but he’d rather not be distracted when discussing this. “He picked a fight with you two. Shouldn’t I make it clear my pack is off limits?”
“You can’t do this every time someone postures at any us.” Hoseok snorts as if that’s the dumbest thing Jungkook has ever said and he flushes in annoyance. “I mean it.”

“And you’re gonna stop me, pup?” He breathes dragging his nails down the omega’s ribs.

“Won’t consider you pack or a respectable alpha anymore.”

The alpha starts to rumble behind him low and displeased. “Can’t do that, pup.”

“I don’t want to consider you pack if you’re just gonna use violence to scare people all the time. You don’t even give them warnings.” He says pushing, Hoseok’s hands away from his waist.

“They don’t give you any!” It’s more of a whine than anything aggressive.

“If you do anything to him them I’m not letting you scent me,” Another whine, higher more desperate. “No more nicknames, you won’t be one of my alphas. And ‘m not gonna come get you anymore.”

“Pup, please be reasonable.”

“I am being reasonable, Hoseok.”

The alpha sigh a hand going up to his brow and he just doesn’t understand how their omega doesn’t understand his reasons. But he’d rather acquiesce, this time than Jungkook refuse to accept him as one of his alphas.
“Fine. I won’t go after the prick. But if he comes here I’m making sure he won’t speak of either of you.”

Jungkook is pouting at him, but he’s not budging. They have their ways of doing things and Hoseok had his ways...even if they’re more based of scaring people to leave him and his pack the hell alone.

“Home then? And Seokjin can tear you a new one instead of me.” He huffs.

“Only if won’t push me off when I walk you home?”

He knows Jungkook wouldn’t anyway for two reasons. The first being that he’s the person Jungkook likes to cuddle with the most and the second being because he searches out of affection from them like he needs it.

Jungkook doesn’t answer him verbally just pulls his arm so is rests securely on his tiny waist.

Smirking wolfishly Hoseok tugs the younger flush to his front practically lifting him up to carry him even as Jungkook giggles.

Taehyung steals Jungkook once he and Hoseok reach the living room with the excuse of needing, “Jungkook cuddles.”
“Stop squirming.” He mumbles tired, voice deeper than usual. “You want to take pictures?”

They’re in Taehyung’s room now curled up on his bed so Jungkook doesn’t really understand what they could take pictures of but he nods regardless.

The smile he gets is worth it.

“Okay, now don’t tell, Seokjin I do this,” Jungkook just nods again, watching the elder start to climb out of his window. “Just between me an’ you.”

Taehyung curls around him as soon as he rests on the roof, tucking the omega in his lap. “You’re so warm.” Jungkook burrows as close as can as he says it.

The alpha looks down at him adoringly pressing a kiss to his ear as they get comfy. He’ll let Jungkook sleep in his room tonight since it’s already so late.

He’s been taking pictures from the roof for about a year now and most would expect it to get boring. But not to Taehyung.

No he likes the wind in his face looking up through the tree leaves when they’re turning colours. Love to capture the clouds as the make shapes and form stories. Taehyung likes taking pictures whenever he can however he can.

And tonight well he wants to take pictures of the galaxy above them with his own little galaxy.

“Comfy?” Jungkook nods cutely arms circled around his knees and Taehyung chuckles resting his chin on the younger’s hair. “If you fall asleep I’ll make sure to keep you warm Alright.”
Jungkook giggles at how cheesy it is cheeks dusting with red. “You keep me warm even when I’m not asleep.”

He squeezes him for a moment before starting to mess with the settings on his camera. “Gotta. You’re precious.”

Jungkook flushes down to his collarbones and Taehyung inhales his flustered scent like a dehydrated man inhales water. He smells so sweet when he gets embarrassed it’s simply adorable.

“Am not.”

It’s more than a whine high and a bit shy as Jungkook balls up in his lap and god Taehyung can’t help but coo at him like he’s the most darling thing he’s ever seen. “Are too, pup. You’re my precious little omega that I get to cuddle with and call adorable.”

“M not little!” Hes pouting. Taehyung knows he is. His face is tilted down but even that makes him adorable.

“No?” He teases bringing up a hand to tickle at his chin. “You’re my big strong omega that I get to baby? Is that better?”

Jungkook hides his face in his hands, but Taehyung can see a hint of a smile.

“You are still our baby, huh?” It’s soft, not as teasing. Taehyung still sees him as their baby, Jungkook is the person he takes care of the most. “You like our attention.”
It takes a few minutes, but eventually the younger’s head dips as a shy nod and Taehyung presses a kiss to the knob of his spin through the jacket he’s wearing. “’M always gonna be your baby if you have anything to say about it.”

He nuzzles into his shoulder inhaling his scent again just to feel it wash over him like a blanket. “And don’t you ever forget it, Jungkook.”

He earns a giggle as Jungkook finally stops hiding. “You wouldn’t ever let me. And I thought you were supposed to be taking pictures?”

“I can tease you and take pictures.” He lies cheekily.

Jungkook hits his thigh softly. “You haven’t taken a single one!”

“Shh,” He pets Jungkook’s hair. “All In due time.”

He can feel how hard Jungkook rolls his eyes.

After that they fall into a comfortable silence. Taehyung starts focusing on taking pictures as Jungkook lists off all the constellations he can remember from the ones that Namjoon had taught him.

Taehyung feels nicer now than he has all week and he thinks it’s because he’s been touch starved. Photography is both his hobby and his job so even though he doesn’t always have to go very far for his work it’s taken a strain.

The hunt from the start of week didn’t help much either. He couldn’t really help Jungkook—that was Namjoon’s job. So right now he just wants to be close to Jungkook as he can.
And maybe smother him in a blanket of his scent. Better safe than sorry. Besides all of them know that Jungkook sleeps better when he either has something of theirs to sleep with or have them and their scent to be covered in.

Jungkook might be taller than most of them, but he is definitely a little spoon with all of them. Taehyung has nothing to complain about. The more time he gets to hold the younger the happier he’ll be.

They’re out on the roof for maybe an hour when Jungkook starts to nod off and Taehyung kisses his forehead before leading him back inside.

Once they’re in bed Jungkook cuddles I’m close to his front fingers curling over his waist to keep him close and Taehyung is so gone for the younger.

But now everything feels right.

Namjoon's dimples are on full display and are in no way going away as he watches Jungkook try (and fail) at subtly looking at clothes on display.

He had decided to take the omega out for a little—actually out. As in somewhere nice. And not the boxing club or Hoseok's joint—maybe get him a few things so isn’t as bored at the house when they’re all out.
Since the thing is, while people have gone far in ways of right for werewolves a majority are still assholes to omegas. So often times Jungkook doesn’t enjoy going out alone.

“We can get something,” He starts slow and careful, as though Hes talking to a skittish animals. “If you want to I mean.”

It’s something all of them have noticed, but haven’t really touched upon much. Jungkook likes to feel pretty. It’s nothing bad Namjoon thinks it’s rather endearing when he really thinks about it; Jungkook always enjoying softer scents was the first give away.

He hasn’t really complained it’s more of a him being disappointed that whenever they go out shopping the men’s section is always very structured, full of tougher fabrics and very few designs that he liked besides well plain ones and graphic tees.

Namjoon had really only pieced it all together when Jungkook had pouted while looking at a group of girls, maybe a few days ago with a tiny, *why can’t our clothes be as pretty as theirs?*

And well the reason he’s finally asked is that they’re in front of a boutique so if Jungkook felt comfortable enough around him well then he’d finally have a few things he might like a little more than his plain white shirts.

(Although, he thinks it’s impossible for Jungkook to rank anything better than those shirts personally.)

The omega stares up at him like a deer caught in the headlights and Namjoon can hear his heart pound, a thump, thump, thump almost likes he’s scared.

He watches the younger’s Adam’s apple bob in nervousness before he finally speaks. “Y-You
wouldn’t mind? Just...just looking maybe?”

Squeezing the omega’s hand Namjoon takes it upon himself to show Jungkook that it’s okay.

He leads the younger in little steps at a time not minding that he’s hiding against his side as though Namjoon is the only thing grounding him in this moment. “Anything you want, okay, baby? You’d look pretty in anything here.”

Jungkook's face lights up like a candle as he hides his face in Namjoon's shoulder, his scent turning lighter; warmer. It’s not embarrassment, no it’s more like relief and maybe Namjoon makes a little noise in his throat of pure adoration when Jungkook tugs him toward a section with rompers.

He looks more excited now than when he really was a pup excited about chasing squirrels and play fighting with Hoseok and winning (well against the squirrels. Hoseok just let him think that).

One of his arms stays pressed against Jungkook's side like omega is making sure that, yes this is real, that Namjoon isn’t kidding him.

Namjoon has no doubt in his mind that Jungkook will look nice in the things he picked out. And even if he doesn’t agree with some designs or types it’s not up to him anyway. He wants Jungkook to feel confident and know it’s alright to express what he likes around his pack. So this is about what Jungkook likes and wants to try. Not him.

Jungkook tugs him into the stall a few times through their trip to see blushing, fingers curled together as he shuffles out of nervousness. And Namjoon...Namjoon knows why.

He craves approval. Jungkook thrives off it and if that’s what will help him right now then Namjoon will never be against giving it to him.
“You look adorable, baby.” He breathes moving to cradles Jungkook's face do he truly looks at him. And it’s the truth. Jungkook is in a nice baby blue off the shoulder sweater, the back done in the style of corset strings and a floral white asymmetrical skirt. “Although I think lace one you had to tie in the back made you look even more so.”

“...Really?” It’s shy and Namjoon nods, watching happily as Jungkook beams at him. “I can really get these?”

He nods again. “Of course...hopefully you won’t object to us getting a little more protective though. Can’t have people chasing after you just ‘cause you’re too adorable.”

It’s when they’re out of the boutique Jungkook's bags hidden in Namjoon's bigger one—it’s a step. Namjoon is just balky Jungkook trusted him enough—that he starts talking again.

“I...I know you guys always joke about me getting courted and stuff,” He starts slowly, fingers curling with Namjoon's own. “But, but what if i didn’t want an outsider to, um, court me?”

It takes a few moments for it to sink in and Namjoon just squeezes his hand. “Well, that’s okay...” He’s never admitted it and he won’t now, but he’s wanted to court Jungkook for a little while. He just hadn’t because he didn’t know. “We can all sit down, okay? And talk about that.”

“It’s...not weird right?”

“No, pup, it’s not weird. it’s normal actually a lot of people tend to find people they want to court or be courted by in their own pack. Since they’re already close.”

Jungkook's cheeks are rosy as he nods against Namjoon's shoulder. “Just wanted to make sure.”
He leans to kiss his cheek softly, getting a light purr in return. And this is when Namjoon thinks that they’ll all be okay.

Jungkook means so much to them and they mean a lot to him. So everything will be okay.

End Notes

You can contact this dork through my Tumblr and my Twitter i guess i have no damn clue what to do there

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