

## It's not cold when there's two hands to hold

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# It's not cold when there's two hands to hold

by [fairyjimjam](#)

## Summary

The events from the night before are hazy, but he recalls a little too much alcohol and Taehyung's hand on his thighs, his back. It's normal touching for Taehyung, but drunk Jimin had a tough time remembering that, catered with not remembering Taehyung's long time serious lover: Jungkook, who sat a few inches away.

Or

Jungkook and Taehyung are getting married, and that's great, it's not like Jimin's in love with Taehyung or anything.

## Notes

If anyone read my vminkook zombie apocalypse au, ahhhh. I sincerely apologize. That's never getting finished. The story just did not go where I wanted it to.

Anyways, after two years, this bitch is writing some more vminkook. I have the chapters written already, so this will be finished. I'm expecting to split it into 15 or so chapters.

Updates will be every Friday!

I made a twitter, so feel free to message me about anything, especially if you notice any mistakes or anything. (Also like, if you post anything remotely jikook/vmin/vkook, I will probably, most definitely, follow you).

[@fairyjimjam](#)

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

# Chapter 1

Jimin wakes up to warmth surrounding him and stickiness between his thighs.

(This is the beginning of his downfall).

This event is not an uncommon one for him, but the sight of two people in bed with him- is.

Two dark-haired men lie on either side of him, peacefully sleeping. Jimin recognizes their scents before he recognizes their profiles.

He can't believe he did this to himself.

The events from the night before are hazy, but he recalls a little too much alcohol and Taehyung's hand on his thighs, his back. It's normal touching for him, but drunk Jimin had a tough time remembering that, catered with not remembering Taehyung's longtime serious lover: *Jungkook*, who sat a few inches away.

He's in their apartment, in their bed, in the life they share together and-

-Jimin is an intruder, in love with one and overwhelmingly jealous of the other.

*Pull yourself together. The chances of seeing the men again are near to none so get the fuck out of there.*

He thought extracting himself from their life would be final, the move to New York a pretty big decision. But four years later, Jimin just had to go to *that* bar, on *that* night, right where Taehyung and Jungkook were celebrating their engagement .

And fuck, *engagement*. He'd thought he'd gotten over Taehyung, the jealousy, the *want*.

Searching for his clothes in the very, very expensive apartment Taehyung shares with his boyfrie- *fiance*, makes it very clear that he is not.

There's a groan from the bed and some rustling and Jimin decides that fuck it, he doesn't need a shirt or his other shoe, and he sprints the fuck out of there.

The sex was fantastic, from what he remembers of it. Jimin got to live out his lifelong dream of making love with Taehyung, except it was more like fucking, and there was a plus one.

Jimin took both of them. And that's- interesting. He's always thought Jungkook was hot, but the envy towards him always made Jimin ignore that fact. Clearly, drunk Jimin has no qualms with Jungkook.

He wonders what his purpose was there if it was an engagement celebration threesome. If that's a thing. Jimin assumes so, considering half the bar was eyeing Jungkook and Taehyung, down for whatever. Jimin doesn't know if it was the eyes on them that made him slide a little closer to Taehyung, that made him make a little more eye contact with Jungkook while swapping stories.

Because Jungkook and Taehyung are *beautiful*. They're the poster child for Korea's couple. And somehow, over the last four years, they've become even more gorgeous, hot, stunning, and more. It's completely unfair.

Taehyung's hair is longer, darker, his skin as tan as ever. (The moles on his face still so cute, Jimin *can't stand* it). It seemed that being around Jungkook has increased his fashion sense, Jimin spotting the numerous Gucci labels on his clothes before, you know, he tore them off of Taehyung's lithe frame. And despite his unapproachable outward appearance, he still lights up the room with his smiles.

Jungkook is still attractive, more muscular now and less shy. The baby-faced boy he remembered is now a baby-faced man, capable of getting married. (Capable of taking care of Taehyung).

They suit each other, those Alphas.

Then there's Jimin- short, stubby fingers, chubby cheeks, can't fucking hold down a relationship for the sake of his life, completely, irrevocably: *omega*.

He introduced them, too. It's the biggest regret of his life. To think, Jimin had been considering dating Jungkook, if only to get over Taehyung. And then Jungkook fell head over heels for Taehyung's boxy smile, just like Jimin did. Taehyung wasn't far behind, nights and nights of him cooing to Jimin about Jungkook's anything and everything.

Then they got together, and that- that was the end of Jimin in both their lives.

He's tired of hobbling down the sidewalk, dying to call Yoongi, and most importantly , catch a ride in his car. He reaches into his pocket, digging for his phone.

It's not there. *Fuck*.

*"Fuck."*

The events of the day certainly sum up the failure that is his life.

Park Jimin: lonely, one shoe, no shirt, no phone, lost in the middle of New York, had the fuck of his life with the love of his life and his accompanying fiancé.

It couldn't get any better than this.

"Park Jimin!"

He takes that back.



It's Taehyung, running towards him in all his long-legged, tan skin, beaming smile, glory.

And then there's Jungkook, trailing behind him, hands stuffed in his pockets, not a care in the world.

"Fuck," he says again.

He'd run but it would end up as more of a frantic hobble, and then it would be obvious Jimin is trying to flee the scene. Taehyung's not far from him, waving his hand as if Jimin hasn't noticed him.

"He's engaged, Park Jimin. He's engaged to the fiancé who you fucked. You all fucked," he mutters to himself.

*(He's fucked).*

Taehyung catches up to him, not even breathing heavily. God, he's even handsome at five in the morning chasing down a hookup.

"You forgot your stuff," Taehyung says, gesturing to the plastic bag clutched in his hand, presumably full of a shirt, a shoe, and a phone.

Jimin takes it with a grimace. "Thanks." He slides the smelly shirt over his head without closely examining the state of it, and stuffs his foot in the other shoe.

Taehyung beams. "No problem, you must still be pretty drunk to forget all that."

Jungkook's watching Jimin from a few inches behind Taehyung, eyes boring into him. Jimin's always felt wary around Jungkook. He looks at Jimin like he knows all his thoughts and desires. One desire in particular.

Jimin forces out a laugh as he speaks, "Yeah must be."

"Did you have fun last night?" Taehyung asks, getting straight to the point. He's always been blunt that way, but Jimin's not used to it after four years of no contact.

Jimin just nods, grasping for something to say. Taehyung's presence has always made him comfortable, years of sleeping the same bed, growing up together. But he never ventured the line into more than friends. He doesn't know how to act.

Jungkook steps forward, saving him from further embarrassment.

"We had fun too," he says, looking straight at Jimin. Jimin looks away.

"Yeah! We did!" Taehyung nods enthusiastically, curling an arm around Jungkook's waist. "I'm so glad we ran into you, Jiminie. It's been so long!"

*Jiminie.* His heart aches. No one but Taehyung has ever called him that.

“It has been,” Jimin agrees, anything to get out of the situation. “Sorry I haven’t kept in contact.”

He doesn’t try to explain, nor does he owe them an explanation. It’s his life. He can do what he wants with whom he wants.

“That’s okay,” Taehyung responds, voice soft as he continues, “You’re here now.”

Jimin’s throat constricts. He’s never been worthy of Kim Taehyung's presence, his friendship. After sleeping with him and his fiancé, he feels even less worthy. He feels dirty.

“I put my number in your phone,” Taehyung continues, despite silence from Jimin. “I’ll call you so we can catch up some more.”

“How did you know my password?” Jimin asks, puzzled.

Taehyung gives a small smile. “You’re the same as ever, Jiminie.”

He guesses he is the same as ever, if one smile from Taehyung is enough to send his heart soaring.

“Yeah,” Jimin says back. “Yeah, I am.”

“Well. Do you need a ride or anything?” Jungkook chimes in.

Jimin looks up. On one hand, yes, he does indeed need a ride, on the other hand , Jungkook looks like he’d rather be anywhere else but here.

“I’m good, thanks for the offer,” Jimin says, starting to back away. “I’ll see you guys around. And-”

He swallows around the lump in his throat.

“-congrats on the engagement. I always knew you two would last.”

And that’s it. Jimin waves, turns around, and doesn’t bother looking at their expressions. He fast walks out of sight and around the corner. No one bothers to call out to him.

It’s a good start to Jimin’s week. He really , *really* wouldn’t have it any other way.

## Chapter 2

### Chapter Summary

Jimin is sad. Yoongi and Hoseok have different ways of comforting him.

### Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Fresh out of college, Jimin took a job teaching dance classes. It's how he's been able to afford the rent at his place. That, and Yoongi.

It's their apartment, and although by now Jimin believes he should be living with a lover, Yoongi is just fine. He's more than fine. Jimin doesn't know what he'd do without him. He's always been there to pick up the pieces after Jimin's failed relationships or hard days.

On more than one occasion, they've been mistaken for a couple. Jimin wouldn't mind being with Yoongi, except Yoongi is undeniably in love with Hoseok, the Alpha that teaches dance with Jimin, who is also very not single.

That leaves two men in love with people they can't have, in one apartment. It makes for a lot of good times.

Especially now. Where Jimin is curled into a ball on his bed, blanket cocooned around him. He's not even crying. He's still shocked. At the engagement. At the sex. At his own feelings he thought were long buried.

Out of sight, out of mind, he assumed.

"Jimin," Yoongi starts, leaning against the doorframe. He's clearly tired; there are dark bags under his eyes. His voice is rough.

"You-" Yoongi tries, before sighing and running a hand over his face. "-You slept with both of them?"

"Yeah," Jimin croaks, from his cocoon. "Not at the same time. It was like- they took turns."

Yoongi doesn't even bother to look sympathetic. "Did you use protection?" he asks.

*Shit.*

"...Yes."

"*Park Jimin,*" Yoongi hisses, coming to the bed. "Do not tell me you took *two* Alphas without protection." He reminds Jimin of a mom when he's angry, hands on his hips, face

twisted up in concern.

Never mind the fact that Jimin just slept with the love of his life and his fiancé, what Yoongi is concerned about is if Jimin used protection.

Which, he did not. That's apparent. He was hoping the stickiness between his thighs was a mix of lube and slick, but he remembers telling both Alphas just to *fuck me raw*.

*Well, that's embarrassing.* And stupid. Drunk Jimin has never made good decisions.

"I'm on the pill," he responds. He burrows further into his cocoon.

"Jimin- that's not- that's-"

He doesn't finish his sentence, instead, he sighs, before coming over to the bed and sitting next to Jimin's cocooned figure. He runs a soothing hand over Jimin's head.

Jimin lets himself be lulled by Yoongi's slow movements. "I still love him," he admits, voice cracking on a sob.

It's good to say it out loud, to tell someone.

Yoongi shushes him, pulling Jimin's head into his chest. Jimin wraps his arms around Yoongi, burying his face into Yoongi's soft cotton shirt.

"That's okay," Yoongi starts, picking his words carefully. "S' just a mistake. We all make them."

Jimin doesn't respond, it's a hell of a lot more than a mistake. A mistake is putting too much milk in your eggs or buying the wrong jean size. Sleeping with an engaged couple is a life choice, a colossal life choice.

"Look at it this way," Yoongi says when Jimin doesn't answer. "They probably both will realize years from now that marrying another Alpha was a mistake. And you- you will be living in the Bahamas in a giant mansion with a husband that does everything for you."

Giggles wrack Jimin's body. "Do I have a pool in this future?"

He feels Yoongi's nod. "Yep, a pool and a pool boy to ogle."

Jimin smiling now. "Sounds great," he says. "But where will you be?"

Yoongi scoffs like it's obvious. "Park Jimin, I'll be world famous by that time."

"Oh, of course, my bad."

He's still upset, but Yoongi is here, will be here for him always, makes him a little bit better. He really doesn't know what he'd do without a Min Yoongi in his life.

"Your shirt is wet."

“Was a shit shirt, anyway.”

-

Hoseok has a different method of encouragement.

“Pretend you’re pregnant! Baby trap him!”

“*Hoseok.*”

Hoseok looks enthusiastic from his perch on the couch. Yoongi is nowhere to be found, fleeing to his room at the bare mention of Hoseok’s presence. Jimin calls it *sadturbating*, the repeat method of Yoongi avoiding anything relating to Hoseok.

“I’m not doing that,” Jimin states, turning back to the task at hand, delicious chicken.

“Besides, they’re getting married. Taehyung won’t help out with someone else’s child.”

Hoseok jumps up from the couch. “You don’t know that! Taehyung was your best friend.”

Jimin thinks about it. And then stops thinking about it. Crushes the hope blooming in his head that Taehyung will finally glance his way.

“Mm’ not even pregnant,” he says again, under his breath. He flips the chicken in the pan. The sizzling is comforting.

“You can pretend- but Jimin,” Hoseok interrupts himself. “Have you thought about why they slept with you?”

And yeah, Jimin has thought about it. He kind of understands.

It’s difficult to have a relationship with another Alpha, the dynamics are off. So, for Jungkook and Taehyung- it must be no different. Jimin’s probably not the first Omega they picked up at a bar, but he is probably the first that wasn’t a complete stranger.

Because they’re clearly both experienced with the way an Omega’s body works.

Taehyung, *god*, did Taehyung know how to treat him. He knew where to touch Jimin to make him gasp and moan, how to stretch him so *good* and wide. Knew when to comfort him, when to be rough.

And Jungkook- despite Jimin’s obvious vendetta against him- was so *gentle* with him last night. It’s pretty hazy, but Jimin remembers Jungkook’s hand in his hair, the low murmurs of *baby*. He was surprised to have it directed at him, knowing all too well how many times he called Taehyung that.

“No.”

He says it firmly enough to make Hoseok understand he doesn't want to talk about it anymore. The chicken appears to be done, the outside cooked to a nice crisp. He goes on autopilot, plating it for three.

"Go get Yoongi," he adds. "Dinner's ready."

It's not as tense as Jimin would have thought. Hoseok cracks a few jokes to lighten up the mood and Yoongi's gummy smile makes a full appearance. Jimin nods and laughs when it's appropriate, but his mind is reeling.

Where does he go from here? Will he continue to see Jungkook and Taehyung? Will he be invited to the wedding? *Fuck*, what if he's invited to the wedding? The ex-best friend, older than them both, with no stable relationship, or stable career, for that matter.

"Jimin," Hoseok calls, and when Jimin peers at him, he's got his face twisted up in a poor imitation of Yoongi's grumpy face. Jimin can't help but laugh, covering his mouth with his hand.

Yoongi grunts from across the table, "I don't look like that."

Hoseok whips around, showing the same face to Yoongi. Yoongi yells and Hoseok yells and they continue their flirtatious banter, with compliments disguised as insults and a lot of teasing. It's definitely the cutest thing Jimin's ever seen.

A small *ping* comes from his pocket. Jimin's brief good mood fades when he reads the message.

[6:53]

From: Ignore this person

*hii, jiminie!! jungkook and i had a lot of fun the other night! it was so good to see u! are u by chance free this saturday to grab drinks and catch up some more?? dis is Taehyung btw!!*

[6:57]

From: Homewrecker

*Hey, Jimin. It's Jungkook. Sorry about Taehyung. We would definitely love it if you could join us for drinks this weekend. To talk.*

This has got to be a bad dream. A nightmare. He doesn't want to talk with them. He wasn't supposed to talk with them, let alone go *home* with them. But, Jimin is an adult and can handle a short chat. He wants to clear the air.

Without alcohol this time.

[7:31]

To: Fucker that's getting married

*Hey, I'm free on Saturday, but I'd prefer not to drink. How just some dinner?*

[7:33]

To: Unfairly attractive asshat

*It's fine. I'll see you guys Saturday.*

The replies come one after the other as if they were waiting eagerly for his response. He clicks on Taehyung's first.

[7:34]

From: Fucker that's getting married

*yay!! so excited to see you jiminie! i found a rlly good place! i'll text u the details! xoxo*

[7:35]

From: Unfairly attractive asshat

*See you soon.*

Jungkook doesn't deserve someone as cute and loyal and smart and beautiful as Taehyung. Neither does anyone else, though. But least of all Jungkook.

And Jimin will keep thinking that until he's standing at Taehyung's side as he goes through his divorce with Jungkook, being a comforting presence that will eventually turn into a heated night into a romance of the century.

He's allowed to dream.

His brain clearly believes that, too. Because when he closes his eyes he feels Taehyung's lips on his neck, Taehyung's hands pressing bruises into his hips, hears his low, deep moans. Taehyung in front of him, Jungkook behind him, guiding Jimin onto his-

And, no. No more of that.

*Hoseok naked.* Somehow still arousing. *Yoongi naked.* Nope don't go there.

*Taehyung marrying Jungkook.* And- yep, that one seems to work.

Saturday bounces around in his head.

## Chapter End Notes

What could possibly happen on Saturday? Jimin has literally no idea.

Your kudos make Yoongi and Hoseok flirt a little more. Your comments make Jimin smile that squishy smile.

Come talk to me on twitter!

[fairyjimjam](https://twitter.com/fairyjimjam)



# Chapter 3

## Chapter Summary

Saturday has arrived. And so have Taehyung and Jungkook.

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Wednesday comes and goes without a hiccup. Thursday comes and goes with some *slight* hesitation. And then, Friday comes and goes, along with Jimin's sanity. He can't believe he's actually meeting up with Taehyung and Jungkook.

Saturday morning comes, and *Jimin. is. screwed.*

He has nothing to wear.

"Yoongi," he draws out, lilting. Yoongi doesn't have the same taste in clothes as him, but he could use another pair of eyes.

Yoongi appears, a bag of chips in one hand, phone in the other as if he'd been waiting for Jimin to summon him. "Yes?"

"So," Jimin starts, a sheepish smile on his face. "I need help picking out what to wear."

Yoongi's mouth twists down in disapproval. "You already know I don't think this is a good-"

"Maybe the blue top that brings out my eyes or-"

"Jimin-"

"-I need to look like- good, but not *too* good. Not like I care too much about them-"

"Jimin I swear to god. Stop talking."

Jimin snaps his mouth shut, looks at Yoongi.

"This is dumb, Jimin."

"I know-"

"Let me finish," Yoongi insists. He's just a Beta, but the commandeering tone is enough to have Jimin backing down.

“You’re going out to dinner with the man you love and his fiancé. And you’ve slept with both of them,” Yoongi continues, shoveling chips in his mouth, talking through his chewing.

“That’s very attractive,” Jimin states. There are crumbs all over Yoongi’s face.

Yoongi shoves another chip in his mouth. Eyes roving up and down Jimin’s two-day unshowered body, expression saying *and you’re so much better?*

“Jimin, I love you. But-” his tone is frustrated, “-you have spent years trying to cut them out of your life. I don’t want to see you go through the same thing again.”

Yoongi has a point.

Jimin tries to explain himself, “I’m going to tell them that the other night was, it’s not- not-” he loses his words then, running a hand through his hair. *Why is he going?*

Is it some form of hope. That maybe he means something to Taehyung, to- *god forbid* - Jungkook? He probably should have thought about this more, instead of like, letting it sit in the back of his mind and make him anxious all week.

“I don’t know what to tell you. Except this: Jungkook and Taehyung are getting married. *Married*, Jimin. Even if they want to continue sleeping with you, there’s no room for you in that situation emotionally,” Yoongi says. And damn, he can be pretty smart when it comes to other people’s lives.

Jimin nods in assent. “Right. Then I’m telling them I have no interest in any sort of relationship.”

Yoongi offers the bag of chips to him as a reward. Jimin takes a handful.

“Still, we need to make you look hot as hell.”

“Thank god.”

After that, it’s a matter of finding a nice, snug pair of jeans, and they do eventually decide on that light blue button up top that brings out his eyes. Jimin spends a few-too-many minutes making sure his hair is styled in that way that looks like he spent time on it, but not *too* much time.

He’s only ten minutes late to the restaurant which he meant to look up online, *but too late now*. He doubts Taehyung and Jungkook arrived on time. Those two have never been able to be punctual.

The wind is sharp and Jimin’s glad he grabbed a jacket before he left. He reaches the restaurant and pushes the door open, welcoming the smell of food that drifts towards him. It seems to be a pretty popular restaurant, people lining the walls, waiting to eat. *Great*.

Jimin pulls his jacket tighter around himself, heading to the smiling woman behind the stand.

“Hi,” he greets. “I’m supposed to be meeting some people, Kim Taehyung and Jeon Jungkook?”

The woman’s smile loses its professional flourish a little, as she eyes him up and down, before turning her gaze to the guest book.

“Right,” she says. “This way then, sir.”

She motions for him to follow and he does, thanking every deity that has ever existed that he dressed a little more formal for this place. He assumed it would have been a regular barbeque place, with a casual atmosphere, but one glance around the restaurant proves that it is not.

Women are dressed in tight, but modest dresses. Men are wearing button-up shirts and dress pants. The forks alone probably cost more than Jimin’s phone. He swears he’s been transported to another universe.

The waitress leads him further into the restaurant. *She’s going to murder him.*

She does, consequently, *not* murder him, and instead, opens a door at the back of the restaurant. She gestures for him to enter and he smiles in thanks, stepping through the doorway.

Taehyung and the homewrecker are sitting there, as casual as can be, at a decorated table. It’s a private room, with low lighting, *romantic* lighting. Jimin, once again, feels out of place. He even hears some jazz coming from some part of the room.

“Here you are,” the woman says. He steps further into the room, shedding his jacket.

Taehyung and Jungkook both stand up at his appearance. Taehyung with the widest smile on his face and Jungkook is- Jungkook, expression unreadable.

Taehyung comes around from the other side of the table to greet him, eyes crinkled up with his smile. “Jiminie! I’m so glad you could make it,” he says, engulfing him in a tight hug.

Jimin reciprocates the hug for a brief second, desperately holding his breath, not letting himself relax into it the way he wants to. Jungkook, on the other hand, gives him a short, but polite wave, and sits back down.

With a hand on the small of his back, *that Jimin will feel for days afterwards*, Taehyung guides him to his chair, pulling it out. Thank god for the low lighting in here, otherwise, the bright red of Jimin’s cheeks would be even more visible.

When they’re all situated, the waitress asks if he wants something to drink. *I’m fine with water, thanks*, he says. He’s not letting drunk Jimin take the reins tonight. He would like to make it back home, sober, and without hooking up with either one of the two Alphas sitting before him.

Speaking of them, they’re both looking at him, expecting him to talk first.

“This place is fancy,” Jimin states. It’s all he’s got at the moment.

“Jungkook is a food snob,” Taehyung responds. “Been here for about six weeks now, and it’s still the only place he wants to eat.” He follows it up with a fond grin and a caressing hand on Jungkook’s neck.

Jungkook shrugs, and Jimin decides the stall in conversation is a good time to pick up the menu and find the cheapest fucking thing, because *apparently* Jungkook and Taehyung are doing awfully well for themselves. Taehyung notices and Jimin doesn’t even reach the entrees portion before Taehyung tugs it out of his hand.

“I’ve already ordered for you, is that okay?” he asks. Jimin’s Omega side preens at the thought of an Alpha taking care of him. Jimin’s Omega side is a bit of a needy bitch, and he doesn’t need that right now.

“S’ fine,” Jimin says. “I have to say, I don’t think I can stay for that long.”

“That’s fine, Jiminie. We just want to talk a bit,” Taehyung says and Jungkook nods in agreement.

*The other night. Okay. He can do this.*

“Right so about that-”

“Where did you go, Jimin?” Jungkook interrupts him, resting his elbows on the table, leaning towards him, staring right at him.

*The other night? He went home.*

“I-”

“Sorry, Jiminie. Jungkookie’s not himself when he’s hungry,” Taehyung apologizes, squeezing Jungkook’s hand on top of the table.

Jungkook sighs, taking his hand out of Taehyung’s. “I am myself,” he says, “Jimin is clearly the one who’s not. I mean he- Jimin -you just - disappeared out of our lives.”

*Oh. That. Right.*

Jimin was only thinking about the other night, prepared a whole speech on the way here, and sort of forgot, that *yeah, he did kind of cut off all contact with them and that they might be a little pissed about that.*

He knew this would be a bad idea. He wrings his hands together under the table, trying to push an answer out.

“I,” Jimin looks at their expectant stares, “I needed to figure some things out. About myself. Alone.”

“Not even a text?” Taehyung chimes in. “I was so worried, Jiminie. You’re my best friend.”

Jungkook’s looking at him, daring him to disagree with Taehyung’s words.

“Yeah,” Jimin says, quietly. “Sorry.”

He knows disappearing from Taehyung’s life right after college wasn’t the right thing to do, but it felt like it. Especially since it meant the opportunity to forget about Taehyung. And Jungkook.

“Well, you’re here now, nothing else matters.” It’s Taehyung’s voice, raspy, a little weak, but there, comforting him when he doesn’t deserve it.

Jimin glances up. Taehyung’s eyes are soft.

He’s still that kid trapped in an adult’s body that Jimin remembers. His body may have grown, and maybe so has his maturity, but he’s still Kim Taehyung, co-founder of the S.S. Ninety-fives, the pirate ship Jimin and Taehyung swore at 10 years old that they were going to own one day.

“Okay,” Jimin agrees. “Yeah.”

Jungkook doesn’t seem satisfied with the way the conversation is going. But he can suck it because he’s got Taehyung’s heart, and that’s way more than Jimin will ever have.

Anyway, he’s grown. He can do this now. He’s an adult, with a paycheck and everything. He’s old enough to resist the urge to run away. It never gets him what he wants, anyway.

Taehyung breaks out into his signature boxy beam. “Missed you, Jiminie.”

“Missed you-” Jimin catches Jungkook’s stare and swallows, “-missed you guys too.”

## Chapter End Notes

Sooo Jungkookie isn't the happiest. Taehyung is smiley as always. And Jimin wants to get the hell out of there. How will the rest of the dinner go?

Your kudos create less angst for Jimin. Your comments make him wear nice, soft, oversized, sweaters that Tae and Jungkook really appreciate.

Also sometimes ao3 formats really weird so that's why there's spaces between periods occasionally. I tried to find all of them, but I might have missed some.

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# Chapter 4

## Chapter Summary

The rest of the dinner. Some feelings are revealed. Kinda angsty.

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

No one brings up the other night, even though Jimin is ready to talk about it. The rest of dinner is Jimin and Taehyung laughing like they used to, hiding their giggles into their hands. Jungkook seems amused, too, even chiming in to banter once and a while.

Moreover, it's easy to forget Jimin hasn't seen Taehyung in four years, easier to forget he's marrying Jungkook until Taehyung's hand brushes against his when they both reach for the bread bowl, the cool metal of a ring catching on Jimin's skin.

It's silver, engraving looped around the outside in small cursive. He read the words when Taehyung's hands were tracing patterns into his skin the other night. It's romantic, cliché, cheesy, but Jimin pictures a matching ring on his own finger, reading *Now, and Forever*.

He sobers up pretty quickly, jerking his hand back. "Right," he coughs. "So when's the wedding?"

"June," Jungkook responds. Next to him, Taehyung shakes his head.

"We actually don't know," he explains. "It's more like a promise ring. Once both of us are settled in our careers, we'll have an actual wedding."

Jungkook presses his lips together, sighs, "There's no getting settled in our careers, Tae."

*That's my nickname for him*, Jimin thinks, doesn't say. Instead, he asks, "Sorry, what do you guys do?"

Jungkook takes a bite of his bread, turning to Taehyung to answer. Taehyung looks keen on swiping at the crumb stuck in the corner of Jungkook's mouth but refrains in Jimin's presence. Alternatively, he motions a crumb stuck to his own face and Jungkook gets the hint, sticking his tongue out to get it. Taehyung's fond smile afterward definitely does not make pain bloom in Jimin's chest.

Gaze now on him, Taehyung rests his head on his propped up hand, replying, "We're in between jobs right now. We just moved here, so we're in the midst of settling. Still can't believe you live here too, Jiminie. It's fate."

Jimin swears Taehyung has a twinkle in his eye, but fate can go fuck itself, as far as Jimin is concerned.

Jimin fidgets in his chair, ignoring Taehyung's fate comment, and asks, "How do you like New York, then?"

Taehyung doesn't reply, hums, stares just past Jimin. Jungkook, on the other hand, has a response ready.

"It's amazing," Jungkook tells him, sitting up in his seat in excitement, grin widening. "There's so much more to do. So much culture."

Jimin had the same thought when he first moved to New York, but after a while, it becomes bleak skyscrapers and too many people. Jungkook looks too optimistic, and Jimin doesn't want to crush his hope, rather, he wants life itself to hit Jungkook in the face.

"It's okay," Taehyung voices his opinion, shrugging. "Anyway, what do you do?"

If Taehyung's slumped posture is anything to go by, he misses Korea. Jimin gets it. The move to America wasn't an easy one for him either, but then again Taehyung has Jungkook, and Jimin had a grumpy roommate - Yoongi - that he hardly knew.

In response to Taehyung's question, Jimin hesitates and doesn't know why. He's clearly not in the same boat as Taehyung and Jungkook, but he's never been ashamed of his job, and he's not starting now. Sure, it's not really where he'd like to be in two, three more years, but he's paying his dues.

"I teach dance," he settles on, playing with the sleeves of his shirt.

Jungkook's face doesn't change, but Taehyung smiles, gives a shake of his head. Jimin raises his eyebrows and makes the *you got something to say face*.

"Sorry, I meant- I kind of figured. You were always so passionate about it. I always knew you'd end up doing something with dance," Taehyung admits. "I'm glad you still do it."

Jimin lets out a laugh, half self-deprecating, half amused. "S' what it is."

"We're glad you're doing well," Taehyung says, even though Jimin's not really doing well, but Taehyung's phone starts ringing, so Jimin doesn't get to correct him.

Peeking down at his phone, Taehyung bites his lip. He stands up from his chair suddenly, the wood scraping against the floor. Jungkook startles from where he was engrossed in the bread.

"Sorry, I have to - take this," Taehyung explains, peering down at Jungkook. "I'll be right back."

He kisses the top of Jungkook's head, murmuring a few words Jimin can't catch. Jimin looks away, crossing his legs, finding the decor very interesting at this particular moment.

Seconds later, Taehyung's walking backwards out the door, blowing kisses to Jungkook and Jimin. In his absence, Jimin realizes he's been left alone with Jungkook, the man marrying Taehyung, and he loses his false air of content.

"So," Jimin starts, shoulders sagging, but he doesn't continue because Jungkook's also standing up, coming around to his side of the table, sitting in the chair next to him. He rolls up the sleeves on his button-up, exposing his forearms. Jimin's eyes flick down, noticing and - not going to lie, *appreciating* the obvious display of dominance, before settling on his face.

"Jimin, I want to talk seriously," Jungkook speaks in a low tone, even though the door to the room is shut.

"Okay?"

He's confused, a little wary of what Jungkook wants to talk about, but he clearly didn't want to say it in front of Taehyung. Jungkook opens his mouth, sighs, runs his hands through his hair. His straight posture falls, the dominance he tried to display earlier leaving his body with his words.

"I'm not good at expressing my - my feelings, and when you left-"

Jimin's full attention is on Jungkook. His voice drowns out the music, the muffled conversations coming from outside the room.

"- Taehyung and I, especially Taehyung, we weren't okay."

"Oh," is all Jimin can get out, wide-eyed, uncertain of where to step, what to say. He didn't realize that he meant that much to Taehyung, to Jungkook. He thought Jungkook would be enough for Taehyung, who, outside the room, lets out a deep laugh.

"- And I'm not trying to blame you, people go separate ways after college. You have your reasons, obviously." Jungkook takes the hand Jimin had clenched in his lap, and Jimin wants to pull away, but his body reacts differently, intertwining their fingers. *For fuck's sake.*

"I don't know where you're at now, but Taehyung - Taehyung and I - don't want to lose you again."

After that, Jimin can only hear his own loud breathing. He tries to gather his words in the silence. Jungkook's looking down at Jimin's hands, and he has to respond, say something to clear the air, to let Jungkook know that *I never wanted to leave, but there was no place for me.*

But he also doesn't owe Jungkook anything.

"I didn't- um, I didn't- I thought since you guys had each other, you would be fine," his words come out quieter than he intended, less firm. Even to his ears, it sounds like he's trying to convince himself. "I got a job here and Taehyung didn't seem to need me, and you-"

He vocalizes his earlier thought, ignoring the lump in his throat, "You were enough for him."



It hurts to admit, but Jimin had to say it, needed to let that thought out of his head. Jungkook doesn't make a sound, but Taehyung does because he's *back*, must have opened the door as gently and quietly as he could.

He's standing in the doorway, phone tucked back into his pocket, and it's too dim to see the expression on his face, but his words say it all.

Taehyung speaks because Jimin can't. "It wasn't, Jimin. You're my other half."

He shuts the door behind him, solidly, and comes closer to Jimin. Jungkook's still got Jimin's hand in his on the other side, and he *can't fucking breathe*. How many times has he desired, *dreamt* of hearing Taehyung say those words? Of course, the *Jungkook means nothing to me* always came before the phrase.

"I wasn't okay after you cut off contact, Jimin."

He hates the disappointment in Taehyung's tone, the sag of his broad shoulders. The fact that Taehyung said his name without that song-like intonation gets through to him more than anything else.

The innate desire to please an Alpha rises up and he's whining low in his chest before he realizes it. He wants to be the Jimin that tells him *fuck you* and gets the hell out of there, but he's weak after all these years, doesn't want to leave Taehyung's presence. Not when Taehyung is hurt, when Taehyung needs him.

"Taehyung," he gasps. "Taehyung. I'm sorry, *I'm so sorry*. I don't - what can I-"

"Hey, hey," Taehyung coos, crouching down, taking Jimin's face in his hands, "Shh, it's okay, Jiminie. Just seeing you again has been enough for me. Everything's forgiven."

Tears prick at the corner of his eyes and Taehyung's a fucking saint, wiping away the ones that manage to spill with his thumbs. Jungkook's behind him, a comforting presence in the way he keeps squeezing Jimin's hand.

"You mean so much to us," Taehyung assures him.

Jungkook pipes up, "We don't want to guilt you into sticking around, the other night was never supposed to go that way. You were just-" Jimin pulls his head out of Taehyung's hands, turns to him. "-we wanted you to stay."

Jungkook takes a deep breath, looking at Jimin imploringly. "We always wanted you to stay. And maybe sometimes, we weren't the best friends you could ask for, we were too caught up in ourselves to realize you weren't happy."

Taehyung continues Jungkook's thought, "It's our fault we didn't try to keep in contact, but we're here now, Jiminie. We want to make up for it- to be there for you, anytime, anywhere."

It's apparent that both Alpha's are finished talking, and it's Jimin's turn. He regulates his breathing, takes his hand out of Jungkook's to wipe at his face. His eyes are going to be so puffy.

“It wasn’t all bad,” Jimin admits.

It *was* nice when he could talk to one without the other. Jungkook used to be his go-to gaming buddy. They’d stay up all night trying to best each other’s scores until it turned into a competition of who could die in the most extravagant way.

And - Taehyung was there whenever Jimin had a bad day. Somehow he’d *know* and open his arms, so Jimin could crawl into a hug, settle on his chest and breathe.

But then he introduced them, and they started seeing more of each other and less of him. College was rough by itself, but losing two friends made it unbearable.

*Can’t game tonight, Taehyung and I are going out.*

And

*Sorry, Jungkookie needs me.*

It didn’t take that long for Jimin to stop trying to contact them, ignoring messages they sent sometimes. After a while, Jungkook became the person that took Taehyung away from him, and Jimin wasn’t interested in seeing how much Taehyung loves Jungkook and how much he really doesn’t love Jimin.

“Still,” Taehyung says, “We’re sorry.”

“I’m sorry, too,” Jimin confesses. “About cutting contact and about the other night.”

Jungkook groans, but Taehyung laughs loudly. It’s not the reaction Jimin expected and he turns to Jungkook for an explanation, but Jungkook’s head is buried in his hands.

“Don’t mind him,” Taehyung states over top of Jungkook’s groans, amused. “He’s just upset because he’s never come that fast.”

“*Taehyung*,” Jungkook hisses.

Jimin ducks his head, refrains from covering his face the way Jungkook is, and says, “I’m fine if we ignore that ever happened.”

Taehyung’s “Sure,” sounds like anything but an agreement, complete with a hand on the back of Jimin’s neck where he’s *most sensitive*. Jimin’s definitely sure they have an open relationship.

“Either way, we’re here for you Jiminie.”

“Thanks,” Jimin smiles, “Not really how I pictured this dinner going, but,” Jimin looks at Taehyung, at Jungkook. “Thanks.”

“How did you picture it?”

“More uh,” Jimin clears his throat, “Less crying, I think, more yelling.”

“Good thing there wasn’t yelling, Jungkookie would’ve been crying, too,” Taehyung says and laughs when Jungkook flips him off.

Jungkook’s groans die down and soon enough, the door slides open, the waitress appearing, carrying a tray full of food resting against her hip.

When she spots the scene before her, Taehyung crouched next to Jimin, Jungkook trying to become one with his seat, she asks, “Should I come back?”

Taehyung clears his throat, standing up. “No, we’re fine,” he says, and makes eye contact with Jimin, a gleam in his eyes, before continuing with, “We’re very hungry, though.”

He winks at Jimin, who ignores the double entendre, laughing, more embarrassed for Taehyung than anything else.

He might be able to handle this.

*Might.*

“Can I get a beer?” he asks when the waitress is finished setting the table.

Forget everything, he’s going to need some alcohol if he doesn’t want to dwell on what just happened for the rest of dinner.

He’ll save his dwelling for his cocoon.

“Make that two more,” Taehyung says and when Jimin looks at him, he’s leaning back in his chair, a slight close-lipped smile on his face.

Jungkook’s no better, giving Jimin that innocent, bunny smile that makes him look 18 years old again, and Jimin doesn’t like.

“M’ not sleeping with you guys again,” he blurts.

The waitress almost drops a water glass she’s refilling, water spilling over the rim, mumbling a small apology, and Jimin would be more embarrassed, but he wants to get his point across.

Sitting up, smile falling into something more serious, Taehyung looks at him with intent, responding with, “Jimin, we respect every choice you make.”

“Thanks,” Jimin says and he’s relaxing in his chair, thinking *I’m really going to need to get laid this week.*

This chapter is early bc I'm going on a trip tomorrow and ngl one of my worst fears is that I'll die on an airplane, so yayy. If you want any indication that I didn't die I'll be retweeting everything that has Jimin smiling to calm myself. Also, sorry I haven't gotten to some comments; I've been packing. Thanks so much for all the kind words, I'm really happy you guys are enjoying the story.

Next chapter is a little less about Taehyung and Jungkook, and more about Jimin's life, so stay tuned for that!

Thanks for reading! <3

[@fairyjimjam](#)

Your kudos make Yoongi play with Jimin's hair when he's feeling down, your comments give Jimin more courage to talk about his feelings.

# Chapter 5

## Chapter Summary

warning: jimin sucks a dick in this chapter, it is neither taehyung or jungkook's.

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Jimin doesn't hear from Taehyung or Jungkook after the dinner, and frankly, he thinks their attempts at friendship were bullshit. He's been steadily pushing it out of his mind each day they don't text. And it's not like Jimin's expecting another invite out, but maybe a *dinner was fun, good to see you text*, would be nice, but whatever. He refuses to be the one to contact them.

Friday morning, another day of nothing from Taehyung or Jungkook, he's on his way out of the apartment. Yoongi emerges from his room, looking quite fresh for so early in the morning.

Confused, Jimin asks, "You okay?"

Yoongi ducks his head, throwing on his sweatshirt. "Hoseok invited me to your studio today."

Jimin scoffs, "So when Hoseok invites you you're willing to get up at the crack of dawn, but not when your best friend invites you?"

Yoongi just stares, blankly. "Yes," he responds. He grabs a to-go mug from the cabinet, pouring himself some of the leftover coffee Jimin always leaves for him.

"We're not doing anything special, though," Jimin states, "There's just a couple of hip-hop classes today."

Yoongi shrugs. "Doesn't matter. If I get to see Hoseok dance, I'm fine with being a little bored."

Jimin nods, slinging his bag over his shoulder. He has his own to-go mug full of coffee, laden with cream and sugar.

"Let's go then."

The studio is a big space, each class has about fifty people attending. It's more like a place for dancers to work on choreography together, rather than lessons. Last year, Hoseok and Jimin even created and performed choreography for a couple of shows. But on a day-to-day basis, it's not that exciting.

Today, they do just have lessons, Jimin and Hoseok being in charge of the hip-hop classes. There are other instructors for the other genres of dance, but Jimin prefers not to interact with them as much.

Hoseok's already there when they arrive, bright lights on, stretching his arms in front of the mirror. He stops when he sees them letting out a loud, "You made it," which Jimin assumes is directed at Yoongi.

Yoongi smiles a bit, taking a seat in one of the free corners. Jimin sets his stuff down, going to join Hoseok in stretching, but before he can, Hoseok stops him with a hand on his chest.

"Before class starts, I have something to tell you guys."

He pauses, lips parting, waiting for the rest of Hoseok's announcement. Behind him, Yoongi gets up from his spot.

Hoseok takes a deep breath, grabbing Jimin's hand, and Yoongi's too, who freezes, losing his calm composure. Usually, Jimin finds it entertaining to watch, but Hoseok's words were said with such a lack of enthusiasm - so out of character for him, that he's worried.

"I'm, well - I've gotten, I don't want this to change our friendship, but I'm -"

For a second, Jimin's sure Hoseok's going to say engaged, and he psyches himself up to comfort Yoongi later.

"- taking a job in Korea."

It's like all the breath in his body just leaves, his hand falls from Hoseok's clutch.

"What?" he asks, because he couldn't have possibly heard right. Hoseok loves New York, at most, Jimin would expect a move to California, but back to Korea?

"I know it's a lot, but I got an offer to be a choreographer for a band, and they want me in Korea for future purposes," Hoseok says. He's trying to be gentle with Jimin, but Jimin can tell all Hoseok wants to do is scream in excitement, because it's his dream to be a professional choreographer.

"And I'll probably stay there, permanently."

Jimin looks up at him. "But you - you love New York, you love performing here."

Hoseok's sympathetic expression does nothing to make Jimin feel better.

"I do, but I want something bigger for myself. You can understand, right?"

And, yeah, with sudden clarity, Jimin can understand, he's been feeling a restlessness, like the studio isn't enough to keep him excited, looking forward to each new day. He'd take the job offer in a heartbeat.

Hoseok deserves it, he's the best dancer Jimin's ever come into contact with, and he's such a hard worker, but there's a tiny part of him that envies the opportunity he's been given. That small niggling thought of *why not me?*

It's a horrible thought, so Jimin pushes it away with a strained smile.

"I'm happy for you," he says and tries to mean it. "I'm really -" he blinks to clear the tears threatening to come, "-going to miss you."

Hoseok's eyes also look a little watery. "I know," he responds. "What am I going to do without my chimmy?"

The nickname makes Jimin laugh, and he wipes at his eyes with the backs of his hands. Next to him, Yoongi hasn't said a word, hasn't moved.

Hoseok looks to him next, expectant.

Yoongi's arms are crossed, and he's not meeting Hoseok's eyes, but he does ask, "Are you breaking up with Chad or whatever, then?"

Hoseok shakes his head yes. "Brad, but yeah, long-distance just isn't for us."

Yoongi purses his lips. "Well, congrats - on the job."

"Thanks."

Jimin wants to ask more questions, but can't find it in himself. He leaves the room, so Yoongi can have some one-on-one with Hoseok. There's only ten minutes left until their first class, so he goes to the bathroom. Once there, he locks himself in a stall, hands curling into fists.

Everything's changing, and Jimin hates change when it takes good friends away from him.

But the main reason he's upset - what causes his body to tremble - is that he's not the one getting the job, he's the one with no romantic prospects and no career advancements. And Hoseok's had both in such a short term. So yeah, he's jealous, angry at himself for not doing better.

Yoongi must be feeling even worse. He's in love with Hoseok, and now the man's moving across the world. Hoseok is such a star, he radiates energy, anyone in his presence immediately perking up. Even just thinking of not seeing him at least once a week is unbearable.

Jimin checks his phone. Five minutes until the class starts, and people should be arriving, so he picks himself up, splashes water on his face, and tries to calm down. His eyes are red-rimmed and puffy, and his sweater has lost a few threads with his anxious picking.

He heads back to the room, eyeing Yoongi shuffling off to the side. Hoseok's with a few students, talking, nodding, must be telling them of his departure, too. Jimin sidles up next to Yoongi, taking in his appearance. He's better at controlling his expressions than Jimin is, but right now he's barely holding it together.

“Do you wanna go out tonight?” Jimin asks, and Yoongi doesn’t look at him, just mumbles *fuck yeah* and that’s that.

At the end of the day, he leaves the studio, Yoongi having left hours earlier with a work excuse, but Jimin knows he’s not composing anything right now.

Jimin ducks out before Hoseok can attempt to talk to him. He’s caught up in answering someone’s questions when Jimin packs up his stuff, already changed into clean clothes, leaving through the back exit.

He doesn’t fault Hoseok for wanting better things, it’s just, Jimin needs time to deal with his emotions, and he’s been taking a lot of time lately to do that. So, he figures, might as well deal with it all in one night with some alcohol, dancing, and maybe a man.

Later, he meets up with Yoongi at a club he picked, tightest jeans he owns, and a sheer shirt. Yoongi is dressed very similarly.

Jimin whistles, “Look who decided to get all dressed up.”

Yoongi rolls his eyes, but Jimin catches the pleased look on his face. They’re both ready to find someone to go home with tonight. They both know the rules, text the other when you leave, when you arrive, etc. Don’t drink too much that you can’t take care of yourself.

Those rules don’t seem to apply too much to tonight. They both want to get shitfaced and laid. It’s easier to lower your standards with a bit of alcohol. Tomorrow, when they’ve both had a chance to process, they’ll talk about the events of the day.

“Ready?” Yoongi asks. Jimin hums in response.

They head to the front of the line, Jimin leaning up in the bouncer’s space, flashing him a coy smile and glancing up from under his lashes.

His voice drops lower, sultry, lips pressed almost to the bouncer’s ear. He’s an alpha, Jimin could tell just by the way he holds himself, and it’s almost too easy to let his voice go all breathy and say, “Wanna let us in, big boy?”

The alpha’s hand settles on his waist, seeming to forget himself, before he clears his throat, unhooking the velvet rope. “Go right ahead.”

Jimin makes sure Yoongi goes first, him trailing behind, winking as the alpha’s eyes follow the sway of his hips. Sometimes, it pays to be an omega.

Once inside, they head to the bar, Yoongi shakes his head, saying, “Damn, you really have a talent for that.”

“Alphas are easy.”

“Sometimes,” Yoongi corrects him. He flags down the bartender, ordering a round of shots.

“Sometimes,” Jimin agrees, can’t help thinking of a certain pair of Alphas.



The night goes on, Jimin drinks, Yoongi drinks, and it isn't long before Jimin finds himself dancing, ass pressed to some alpha's crotch, head thrown back on his shoulder, eyes half-lidded.

The alpha's toned body presses against his in the most delicious way, his large hands on Jimin's hips. His hands are no match for Taehyung's, but Jimin will take what he can get.

He's half hard and so is the alpha, grinding against his ass, moaning into his ear. The alpha keeps nipping at his neck, sending tingles down his spine. Jimin has to stop him, the urge to touch himself a little too strong for where they are.

So, he turns around, wraps his arms around the alpha's neck, pushing his body against the alpha's for one warm second, before pulling away, teasing him.

"Meet me in the bathroom," Jimin says, and without hesitation, the alpha follows, eyes dark.

Jimin lost Yoongi a while ago, assumes he found someone, and at this point, he's too horny to worry about him.

Jimin pushes his way into a stall, the alpha two steps behind, locking it. It's a horrid color, green, chipping away, and the floor is disgusting, but Jimin has needs.

He drops to his knees, and the alpha gets the hint, unzipping his jeans and pulling out his cock. It's thick, average length, not the best he's seen, but not the worst. The alpha's already dripping, hard and swollen.

He wastes no time in taking the cock in his mouth, wrapping his lips around the head of it. The alpha above him moans as Jimin sinks lower, fisting his hands in Jimin's hair. He doesn't push, lets Jimin set the pace.

Jimin brings one hand to wrap around the base where his mouth can't reach, his other hand going to his own pants. He bobs his head in time with the motion of his hand, whimpering when the alpha's cock pushes against the back of his throat.

"Fuck, so good," the guy mumbles and Jimin keens, appreciating the praise.

The wet sounds emanating from them echo in the large bathroom, and Jimin is fairly sure someone walked in at one point, but he could care less, too focused on the task at hand.

Jimin, jaw aching after a while, slides his mouth off the guy's dick with a pop, a string of saliva following him as he pulls back. He wipes it away, peering up at the guy who's got his head thrown back.

"Fuck my face," Jimin says, and his voice is hoarse, cracks half-way through, but the guy gets the message.

"*Shit, fuck*, okay. Yeah," he curses, guiding his cock back in Jimin's mouth, gripping Jimin's hair tighter, before thrusting all the way in.

Jimin's moan is lost in the slide of it, eyes rolling back into his head. The alpha sets a fast pace, choking Jimin on his cock.

Jimin fucking *loves* it. His own cock is dripping, precum beading at the tip, making it easier for him to slide his hand on it. He's breathing heavy through his nose, taking in short gasps of air every time the alpha pulls out.

And he's close, his thighs tense up, belly cramping, all it takes is the alpha grab Jimin's head, pushing him all the way down to the base, holding him there.

His eyes water and he can't breathe around the musky, pure alpha scent, mouth stretched wide around the alpha's girth, and he's coming into his hand, arching, shaking through it.

The guy continues his motion while Jimin rides out his orgasm, thrusting, once, twice, before he empties himself down Jimin's throat, groaning a loud *fuck* in the stall. Jimin takes it all, whining, his dick spent, sensitive, but still twitching with aftershocks.

Jimin wipes away the spit and cum on his lips with the back of his hand as the alpha tucks himself back into his pants. Jimin follows suit, scrunching his nose at the sticky feeling. He stands up, knees sore from being pressed into the tile.

The guy says, "Wow," still out of breath. "That was, wow."

Jimin smooths down his hair, laughing, "You're welcome."

"Thanks," the guy says, staring at Jimin like he sucked out all his brain cells through his dick. "I'm Namjoon, can I get your number?"

Jimin smiles, spews out a string of numbers that are nowhere near his own, and afterward, gives the alpha a long, sloppy kiss, squeezing his cock through his pants, and leaves the stall.

His head feels a little clearer. He checks his phone, Yoongi's text tells him about some beta he went home with, so Jimin calls an uber, tossing back another drink on his way out.

It might be the last drink that makes Jimin take the picture he does when he gets home. He's looking up at the camera, eyes wide, mouth open, lips puffy and red, evidence of his good night, his low collar revealing the chain of bruises on his neck.

He hopes it was the last drink that makes him send it to Taehyung and Jungkook without hesitation, the caption *Alphas really do it better.*

He can admit that maybe it's not so much his last drink as it is his dick speaking when he sends the follow-up text, *One just isn't enough, though.*

Content, fucked out, Jimin falls into bed.

honestly don't know what to say after this chapter. just enjoy a little side minjoon. and some yoonseok angst yay.

# Chapter 6

## Chapter Summary

Listen, look at this cute ass art of Jimin [dreamymenhera](#) drew for me I cry.

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

“Oh *fuck*.”

Jimin, regrettably, remembers all of last night, from the man - *Namjoon* - to the picture he sent both Taehyung and Jungkook.

“Fuck me.”

His head is pounding, he can barely keep his eyes open, but he stumbles out of bed searching for wherever he left his phone last night.

He shouldn't have done that, god, he can't ever trust his drunk self. Jimin had made it clear to Taehyung and Jungkook that they were friends, that Jimin didn't want to fuck them - well fuck them *again* anyway.

After some searching, he does manage to find his phone wedged in between his desk and the wall. And, just his luck, it's dead. Jimin groans, plugs it in and heads to the bathroom, occupying himself while he waits for his demise. The picture can't be as bad as he remembers, right?

Yoongi is out in the living room, crashed on the couch with - *wow, go Yoongi*, a broad-shouldered handsome man. He tiptoes past them to the bathroom and lets out the quietest curse once he sees the state of his neck. The guy last night really liked biting. Bruises litter his neck. He's going to have to wear a scarf everywhere for at least a week.

Sighing, he hops in the shower, washing the grime and sticky cum off his body. It makes him feel better, except the whole time he's thinking *oh my god I propositioned Tae and Jungkook*. His life has just been great lately.

Back in his room, he picks up his phone, expecting the worst, except there's no *what the fuck or thought you wanted to be friends*, no it's -

- Oh god, *it's worse*.

There's *nothing*. No response. He scrolls back up in the chat, making sure he didn't fucking imagine it, and there he is, looking so drunk and fucked out, eyes half-lidded. He cringes, presses his face into his pillow.

He drifts off for a bit, and the second time he wakes up it's nine, and there's clanging coming from outside his room. His chest still feels heavy with regret as there's still no response from either of the Alphas, but he gets up to investigate the commotion.

Yoongi's on the sofa, awake, watching something on the tv, but the broad-shouldered man isn't.

The broad-shouldered man is in the kitchen, humming a tune Jimin can't recognize, apron tied around his waist - which he didn't even know they *owned* an apron - and he's making breakfast.

"Hi," Jimin says, confused, but aiming to be polite.

The broad-shouldered man beams at him. "Jimin, right?"

"Yeah," he responds, looking to Yoongi for help, but he just shrugs.

"I'm Jin! Yoongi's friend. Breakfast is almost ready."

"Okay," Jimin drawls, hesitantly sitting next to Yoongi on the couch. He leans towards him, lowering his voice.

"Your one-night stand is cooking breakfast," Jimin states, like Yoongi hasn't noticed, because it's a bizarre situation.

Yoongi replies, not taking his eyes off the tv, "We actually didn't even sleep together. Did some light groping and then talked about our issues."

"Aww," Jimin coos, "Did you cry?"

Yoongi shifts, crossing his arms. "No," he says.

"Breakfast is served," Jin chimes from the kitchen.

They head to the table, where Jin has set out eggs, bacon, toast, coffee, and various fruits. Did he go to the store? *What the fuck*. But also, *wow*.

"I love you," Jimin says, being very serious.

Jin laughs, untying his apron, taking a seat.

Jimin shoves eggs in his mouth, moaning at the taste. It's just eggs, but fuck, it's the best eggs he's ever had. It manages to take his mind off of last night until Jin turns towards him and says, "So, Yoongi was telling me about your situation with two Alphas."

Jimin whips to Yoongi, eyebrows raised in a *dude, really* gesture.

Yoongi looks sheepish, but says, “He’s really easy to talk to.”

Jin nods in agreement, expression earnest. “Tell me your problems, Jimin.”

Jimin shoves another forkful of eggs into his mouth, buying him some time. He decides, fuck it, he could really use some counseling, and it’s easier to talk to a stranger.

“Basically, I’m in love with this one Alpha who’s marrying another Alpha, and I slept with them both.”

Jin hums, “That is a pretty complicated situation.”

Yoongi pipes up, “Don’t forget they’re both your friends from years ago.”

“Right, how could I forget that,” Jimin groans. He just wants to drown in his plate of eggs. “Not to mention I basically sexted them both last night after making it clear I just want to be friends.”

“You *what*?” Yoongi stops eating, attention turned fully on him. Jin sips his coffee.

“Yeah, sent a picture of myself after the guy last night devoured my neck,” Jimin says, rubbing at his neck in memory. The guy was attractive enough, that in his drunken haze, Jimin let him at his neck for so long.

“Oh, I thought maybe you had gotten an allergic reaction to something,” Jin laughs.

Jimin groans, again, rubbing his eyes. “What do I do?”

Jin rubs at his chin, “Hmmm,” he squints. “What did they text back?”

Jimin checks his phone again, just a text from work and a junk email on the screen. “Absolutely nothing.”

“Can I see what you sent?” Jin asks, and Jimin doesn’t see why not, he’s reached the epitome of embarrassment, and Jin’s really nice and makes really nice food. He pulls up the chat, handing his phone over.

Jin stares at it, eyes moving as he scans the screen, scrolling through the conversation.

“Well,” Jin coughs. “That’s certainly not subtle.” He hands the phone back to Jimin. “Very nice picture though.”

Yoongi takes the phone before Jimin can, reading it, saying, “You’re screwed.”

“Thanks for the input,” Jimin scoffs. “Anyways, why haven’t they responded?”

Look, it is a nice picture he sent, and even though he’s embarrassed as hell and drowning in self-loathing, it deserves a reply.

Jin starts, “There are two options, well, maybe three.”

He holds up three fingers with his left hand, continuing with, “One: they’re jealous, two: they fucked after they saw the picture, or three: the most likely option - they’re trying to save you from more embarrassment.”

None of the options are what Jimin wants, but what he really wants is a fucking time machine so he can stop himself from getting into this mess. Maybe even go as far as snatching up Taehyung before he met Jungkook.

Yoongi pats the top of Jimin’s head in consolation. “Don’t worry. Things will work themselves out.”

“Oh, they do?” Jimin speaks slowly, almost mockingly, “So for you and Hoseok, things will just work themselves out?”

It’s a low blow, Jimin’s not feeling like the nicest person right now, and Yoongi tenses, pulls away from him.

“Of course,” Jin interrupts, nodding enthusiastically, “Because we have come to the conclusion that Yoongi must confess before Hoseok moves to Korea.”

“Oh?” Jimin questions, interested in this new decision.

Yoongi’s adam’s apple bobs as he swallows, spitting out, “Yeah,” gruffly. “He’s broken up with Chad, so, I want to let him know how I felt - feel - in case I never see him again.”

Jimin sobers up at the reminder that Hoseok’s leaving. “Good idea,” is all he says. Whatever the outcome, Yoongi’s been there for him through all his drama, so he psyches himself up to deal with the aftermath of Hoseok’s response.

They eat the rest of their breakfast, it’s hard to wallow when the food tastes so good, but Jimin still manages to sit with slumped shoulders and tight lips, easier than pretending everything’s okay.

“Well,” Jin says, clapping his hands together, “My children, I must depart, but my number is in both of your phones, so if you need more advice, I’m there.”

He stands, looking at Yoongi and Jimin with a twinkle in his eyes. He ruffles Yoongi’s hair, who only grunts. He moves on to Jimin, hands reaching towards him.

“Ow,” Jimin says when Jin pinches his cheeks between forefinger and thumb.

“So cute,” Jin coos, “Look at these little baby cheeks.”

Jimin grumbles, but preens under the attention.

Jin leaves, blowing kisses as he does, and the apron is definitely his; he stuffs it in his bag before he leaves.

“See you guys.”

He shuts the door. Jimin turns to Yoongi, "Can he adopt me?"

"I think he already did."

-

They have no food. And, usually this wouldn't be so much of a problem, but neither Yoongi or Jimin want to brave the harsh world. Jin used the last of the eggs for breakfast. So, the only thing left standing in their fridge is an old carton of milk and an apple.

Rock, paper, scissors leads to Jimin grumbling, pulling on a hoodie, while Yoongi smiles smugly from the couch.

"Don't you fucking work?" Jimin says, annoyed.

"I'm working on a project right now," Yoongi mumbles. He's engrossed in whatever guilty pleasure reality show.

Jimin scoffs, "Yeah really looks like it."

"It's all a part of the creative process."

Jimin just shakes his head and stuffs his feet into his sneakers, before grabbing his wallet from the counter and leaving.

Yoongi's been pretty nice to him over the week after Jimin had the dinner with Taehyung and Jungkook, but he clearly has no qualms now about sending Jimin out in the cold weather for some food.

He's not planning on making a full trip to the grocery store though, he's not that insane, just the convenience store down the street.

And All he wants is some fucking noodles, but Yoongi ate the last damn pack when he got home last night. Furthermore, it's cold as hell, but he's motivated by the thought of warm noodles. He considers not even buying Yoongi some, but he's not *that* cruel. Not when Yoongi is still reeling from Hoseok's news that Jimin is trying not to think about at the moment.

It's not very busy when he enters, pushing the door to the shop open. The bell above him chimes and the girl at the counter turns towards him, looking stoned as hell, but he supposes it's hard to motivate yourself on a shitty day like this.

The noodles are next to the rack of sunglasses and the dinosaur stickers, down the aisle of pre-packaged meals. Jimin will never understand the organization of the store, but he doesn't really care to anyway, as long as it keeps selling food, Jimin is happy.

There's only one person in the aisle, and Jimin scurries towards the chicken flavor, reaching for the last one with reckless abandonment.



His hand does not meet cardboard, *no*, according to all laws of nature, his life should not be that easy. His hand meets someone else's. And no, *not today*. He just wants to eat some chicken-flavored noodles and curl up on the couch. Maybe cry a bit.

"Hey," he says to the other person, losing his patience and some of his sanity, "I saw those first."

The guy turns to him, dark hoodie covering half of his face and oh-

-it's *Jungkook*. His eyes are wide, he's caught off guard. Jungkook's expression matches what Jimin imagines to be his own expression - surprised, confused, and a little angry.

Jimin's hand falls away from the noodles in surprise, heat rising to his face.

"Nevermind," Jimin says. *Fuck*, looking at Jungkook's face makes him even more embarrassed for the picture he sent.

He hurries to leave, but Jungkook catches him by the sleeve of his hoodie, murmuring low, stern, "Jimin."

Jimin's breath catches in his chest and he turns back. He studies the Alpha. There are bags under his eyes, his skin paler than usual. He's got a basket full of water bottles and snacks on one arm. The other is still clutching at Jimin's hoodie.

"Um, hey," Jimin mumbles, shuffling his feet. "Where's Taehyung?"

Jungkook's lips part, before closing. He sighs. "Taehyung didn't want you to know, but -" his eyes flick down to Jimin's neck, and Jimin realizes he doesn't have the hickeys covered and anyone can see that he's been *mauled*.

Jungkook's hand tightens on Jimin's hoodie. "That picture with you - it sent him into a rut."

All the air leaves Jimin's body in a *whoosh*. His eyes are wide, staring at Jungkook, who doesn't look any better off, close to a rut himself.

"Oh."

"I can't exactly stay with him, since I'm an Alpha, too, so ruts are usually difficult for us."

The idea of Jimin sending Taehyung into a rut is arousing, makes his heart beat faster. That's why neither of them responded. And shit, now Jimin feels bad. That wasn't his intention; his intention was - *in his drunk self's defense* - to make Taehyung feel jealous that he didn't ever choose Jimin all those years ago. Now, the idea is laughable, and he shrinks back.

"God, I'm so sorry," Jimin pulls away from Jungkook's grasp. "I didn't mean to - that wasn't - is he okay?" He swallows, "Is - is there someone with him?"

Jungkook lets Jimin out of his grasp, but he steps closer, into his space. "Usually we ask an Omega. If an Omega is there, it takes tension away. I can be there too."

Jimin inadvertently takes a step closer, mimicking Jungkook. He feels awful, but there's a part of him that screams *I'm an Omega*. That's pretty obvious, but it's suddenly all he wants to say as he smells Taehyung's rut scent intertwined with Jungkook's, clinging to the hoodie he's wearing. *I'm an Omega, let me.*

Jungkook looks just as ready to ask Jimin to join them. And Jimin can't think over the tightening in his pants why it wouldn't be a good idea. Plus, Jimin sent the picture, so really, if he thinks long and hard about it, it's almost his *duty* to help Taehyung out.

"His heat's early, so we weren't able to find an Omega willing to help," Jungkook voices, roughly, tipping his head down towards Jimin.

Jimin pushes himself closer, leaning up. They're standing in the middle of the aisle, surrounded by pre-packaged foods, bodies too close to be considered innocent. There's no one else in the store except the cashier, and she can't see them around the different aisles.

Jimin stares up at Jungkook, the bright lights behind him making his eyes appear even darker in contrast, and he takes a chance, takes a breath, puts his hand on Jungkook's shoulder and says, "I'm willing."

Jungkook smiles, it's predatory, makes something in Jimin respond by tilting his head up, baring his neck. It only emphasizes the hickeys there and Jungkook growls, low.

"You sure?" he asks, and it's only for Jimin's sake, Jungkook is already gone, breathing heavy.

"Yeah," he responds, gaze unfocused. *Yeah.*

This time, he can't blame his decision on alcohol, only on his inability to make good decisions. But then, maybe this time, he'll remember how it feels to be with Taehyung and - and Jungkook.

"Let's go," Jungkook demands, and heads to the cashier, pulling a wad of cash out of his wallet and leaving with his food, basket and all. The cashier barely has time to process the exchange, just watches as Jungkook's arm settles around Jimin's waist, leading him out.

## Chapter End Notes

This chapter isn't really edited and it's not exactly how I want it to be, but it gets the job done.

Question: Who do you think is more of a dom in bed? Taehyung or Jungkook? (Jimin can't quite remember).

Anticipate finding out next chapter!



# Chapter 7

## Chapter Summary

sUPRISE! jimin gets the dicking down he deserves, ngl this chapter is pure filth. one day early bc why not U GUYS DESERVE IT ALL THE SWEET COMMENTS <3

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Jungkook and Taehyung's apartment is just like Jimin remembers; barely furnished, modern decor, tall windows that overlook the city. Again, Jimin wonders what kind of paycheck they earn to afford a place like this.

But it's not like he can really focus enough to figure that out. As soon as Jungkook unlocked the door, guided him through, his knees buckled at the scent drifting through the place.

"Fuck," he says, now leaning on Jungkook for support.

It's intoxicating, the scent of Taehyung's rut. His head is hazy and he buries his nose in Jungkook's sweatshirt to clear it, except - Jungkook's smell is just as enticing, like the richest chocolate, and at this point, his mouth is watering, and he's whining, pawing at Jungkook's sweatshirt, not sure why Jungkook's still dressed.

"Jimin," Jungkook rumbles.

Hearing his name in that tone of voice from Jungkook sends a fresh wave of slick between his legs. Jungkook smells it, curses, and places his hands on Jimin's hips, guiding him backward, towards the door where Taehyung's scent is strongest.

"Taehyung?" Jungkook calls, raising his voice to be heard through the door. "Jimin's here."

There's a deep groan, the sound of something clattering to the floor. And then the door is opening. Jimin turns around.

There's Taehyung, towering over him, hair damp from sweat, sticking to his forehead. He's flushed, chest rising quickly with every breath. A towel is slung loosely around his hips, doing nothing to hide the fact that he's hard.

He gazes at Jimin like he wants to eat him up, eyes dark, intimidating.

"Jiminie," Taehyung coos, except it's not like Taehyung's normal lilt at all. No, he says it like he's imagining everything he wants to do to Jimin.

“Taehyung,” Jimin gasps, falls forward as Jungkook’s hands loosen on his waist. And he’s pressing his hips flush against Taehyung’s.

He can feel Taehyung’s pleased groan reverberate throughout his body. He’s looking down at Jimin, face even closer.

“You can back out at any time,” Taehyung says, even though it looks as if it takes all his concentration to get those words out, even though his eyes are pleading for that not to happen.

Jimin has never been so sure of anything in his life.

“Fuck me,” he responds, and Taehyung smiles, pulls him into the bedroom.

-

Jimin’s leaning up against Taehyung, back pressed to his chest. He shed the towel as soon as he could, and Jimin can feel his cock, rubbing on the small of Jimin’s back.

Taehyung’s arms are tight around Jimin as he watches Jungkook work him open, two fingers sliding in, stretching, scissoring.

Jimin struggles to breathe with the heavy scent of the two Alpha’s arousal in the air, closing in, encasing him. The ache in his gut gets stronger every time Jungkook manages to brush over his prostate, he’s writhing, straining at Taehyung’s tight grip for something more.

“Jungkook,” he pants, “More.”

Jungkook scrapes his teeth over Jimin’s inner thigh before peering up at him, a devilish smirk on his face. “More what?” he asks.

Jimin grits his teeth, trying to focus with Taehyung mouthing at his neck. He’s absorbed in biting over the marks Jimin got from another Alpha.

“Wanna-” Jimin keens, cutting off his words, when Taehyung’s hand wraps around Jimin’s aching cock, rubbing his thumb over the tip.

Jungkook takes that as his cue to add another finger to Jimin’s twitching hole, sliding in and *curling*. Jimin’s thighs tremble, tense, and he’s coming, arching up into Taehyung’s hand, head thrown back as Taehyung strokes him through it.

He bats Taehyung’s hand away once it gets to be too much and says, “Shouldn’t somebody be fucking me by now?”

Taehyung just hums into Jimin’s skin. “Mouthy,” he says, but relents, pulling his mouth off Jimin to say, “Jungkook - condom.”

Jungkook nods, looking reluctant to take his fingers out of Jimin, but he does, in a painstakingly slow slide, teasing his wet fingertips on Jimin’s rim before he gets up from the

bed.

“Baby,” Taehyung says, low tone next to Jimin’s ear, and Jimin thinks he’s talking to Jungkook before he continues with, “You’re so impatient aren’t you? Craving something to fill you up nice and good.”

Jimin whines, pushing closer to Taehyung’s cock at his back, feeling it throb and drip for *Jimin*. It gives him enough confidence to turn his head, part his lips, demanding a kiss.

Taehyung’s animalistic expression makes Jimin shudder in his arms, a shiver running through his body. Taehyung’s thumb comes up, teases Jimin’s plush bottom lip, before he complies, hand settling on the base of Jimin’s neck.

Their lips meet in a graze of teeth and tongue. It’s nothing but a frenzied need to be close to each other, for Taehyung to be inside Jimin in this way, to push in and pull out until his mouth and body are full of Taehyung’s scent.

His neck hurts, straining up in a weird angle, but he ignores it, whimpering into the kiss, savoring it. Taehyung grunts in response, movements slowing from a greedy, wet glide over Jimin’s lips to a slow, almost teasing press. His teeth catch on Jimin’s bottom lip, biting, sucking, and letting Jimin’s lip go with a wet *pop*.

They’re both winded. Jimin’s lips are numb, may be bleeding, but he could care less, his cock ready to go again, and his eyes half-lidded. Taehyung’s no better, lips red and swollen, looking shamelessly proud of himself.

It’s then that Jimin notices his thighs are *drenched* with slick, hole clenching and unclenching with nothing to fill it.

“Jungkookie,” Taehyung says, firmly, turning away from Jimin.

He almost forgot Jungkook was there. Jimin spots him kneeling on the edge of the bed, hand gripping his cock, enticed at the scene before him.

“Mmm,” Jungkook groans, a response to Taehyung.

“Jimin needs a little help getting into position don’t you think?” Taehyung suggests.

He doesn’t know how Taehyung is remotely coherent at this point. He’s in a full-blown rut, yet he’s more in control of himself than either Jimin or Jungkook. It’s hot.

Jungkook lets out a laugh and then without warning, he’s grabbing Jimin’s thighs, pulling him along the bed. Jimin squeaks at the sudden movement, throwing his arms out, clutching at the sheets.

He’s on his back, legs spread wide around Jungkook’s waist. He feels exposed, arm coming up to cover his face.

“Almost,” Taehyung drawls. And Jimin can’t see him, doesn’t know what that implies - but

he's being flipped onto his stomach in a swift movement, face pressed to the mattress. Jungkook pulls his hips up and off the bed, making him rest face down, ass up, *presenting*.

"There we go," Taehyung purrs and Jimin's cock leaks at his voice, his legs subconsciously spreading wider.

There's the sound of shuffling, the bed creaking. He even hears a wet kiss being exchanged. But he's impatient, clutching at the sheets, mewling, gasping out Taehyung's name.

The sounds stop and suddenly there's a finger at his entrance tracing around the rim.

"Baby's getting needy," someone quips, and Jimin can't tell where it came from or who it was, but the finger at his rim becomes two, plunging into his dripping hole, hitting his prostate dead-on.

Jimin sobs, lurching forward at the abrupt change. Hands come up to sweep through his hair, fingertips massaging in circular motions. Jimin relaxes into the feeling of it, letting it wash over him. The fingers in his ass don't stop pressing and prodding, finding out what makes him tense, what makes him produce more slick, what makes him writhe, legs spasming.

After a torturous few minutes, the fingers ease up, pulling out.

"Jungkook," Taehyung says, and *oh* that came from behind him, Taehyung's fingers were the ones teasing him.

Jungkook doesn't respond - they must have some way to communicate without vocalizing - which makes Jimin feel a little left out.

The fingers in his hair - Jungkook's - tighten and pull his head up so it's not buried in the sheets anymore.

Jimin's about to protest before his eyes adjust and there's Jungkook's cock, resting in his hand, hovering just a few inches away from Jimin's mouth.

Jimin groans, takes the hint and lets his mouth drop open.

"Fuck," Jungkook pants, pulling Jimin's head back even further. He guides his cock to Jimin's parted lips, dragging it, smearing pre-come on Jimin's lips and chin.

"Still good?" Jungkook asks, looking down at Jimin's dazed expression. In response Jimin sticks his tongue out, licking kittenishly at the tip, swiping away the precome beading there, before looking up at Jungkook from beneath his lashes, eyes wide.

Jungkook curses and Taehyung laughs from somewhere. Jimin smiles, coyly, but it wipes off his face as Jungkook presses into his mouth, feeding Jimin his cock.

Jimin's eyes screw shut, opening wide for Jungkook's length. His cock rests fat and heavy on Jimin's tongue, and Jimin whines around it, his head filled with a satisfying buzz.

When no movement comes from Jungkook's hands or cock, Jimin makes a questioning noise, like *why the fuck aren't you fucking my throat what do you think I'm here for*.

But there's a pressure at his hole and - *there's Taehyung*. Jimin can feel the heat on his back from Taehyung curling over him, nosing at the back of his neck. His cock just rests at Jimin's entrance.

Jimin pushes back into it, tries to hurry him up, wants to feel the stretch of Taehyung's cock, but Taehyung chuckles into his skin, nipping in retaliation.

Jimin pulls off of Jungkook's cock just to complain, "*Taehyung*."

"Hmm?"

Jimin huffs, wants to say *just fuck me already you're in a rut how are you still teasing me*, but instead he chooses his words carefully, smugly.

"The Alpha I had the other day wanted to fuck me, maybe I should go find *him*," he taunts, says it like he's innocently contemplating the thought. He can see Jungkook's eyes darken, hear the hitch in Taehyung's breathing - he has them.

There's a shift above him and then all at once, Taehyung shoves in, impaling Jimin on his cock, burying himself deep.

Jimin cries out, thrashing at the sudden fullness. His hole twitches around Taehyung, pulling him deeper, accommodating his length.

With Jimin's mouth having fallen open in surprise, Jungkook takes the opportunity to push back into his mouth.

And then Jimin thoroughly regrets his words.

Taehyung's hands grip his waist, pressing bruises into his skin, pulling Jimin back on his cock every time he thrusts forward. Jungkook stays still, letting Taehyung's thrusts propel Jimin forward, shoving Jungkook's dick down his throat.

"Feel so good, Jimin," Taehyung pants, and Jimin can't respond, just takes each thrust with little *uh uh uh*'s falling out around Jungkook's cock.

Taehyung's hips smack against Jimin's ass with every plunge in, the sound loud in the room, erotic. At some point, Jimin's hands lose strength and he falls onto his elbows, pushing him further onto Jungkook's cock.

Jungkook's hands tighten in Jimin's hair and then he's ramming in, shoving his cock all the way down Jimin's throat and then pulling out, Jimin barely getting in breath in before he's shoving back in.

Jimin sobs, losing himself to the feeling of Taehyung behind him - not letting up on his brutal thrusts - and Jungkook in front of him - making Jimin take every inch of him. He's feeling so



good, so *full*, knowing his place should always be right here between the two Alphas, letting them use him so well.

He reaches down to his wet hole, feeling Taehyung slide in and out. He keeps producing more and more slick, most of it running down his thighs, onto the sheets below.

Taehyung knocks his hand away, pulling it up and behind his back, holding it there. Jimin whines, pinned between the two, barely keeping himself up.

Taehyung pushes Jimin's legs farther apart, spreading him wider, and slams his cock back in.

Jimin *screams*, eyes rolling back into his head. His other arm falls uselessly to the bed and then it's just Jungkook's hand in his hair, Taehyung's hands on his hips holding him up.

At this new angle, Taehyung nails his prostate with each hard thrust. Jimin loses coherency, continuous whines and whimpers being torn out of him.

Taehyung groans, long and deep, breathing heavy; he's close. "You take it so well, Jimin. Never wanna stop fucking you, keep you on my cock for days and plug you back up so you're nice and loose. Just slide in whenever I want, stretch you out, hear your cute little sounds."

Jimin sobs, wants to say *yes yes I want that too*. But his mouth is delightfully full of Jungkook's thick cock and he finds he never wants to move. He just paws at the mattress, trying to find purchase in the sheets because his knees keep sliding but Taehyung doesn't care, spearing him on his cock like he was made for it.

Jimin's crying, eyelashes wet, little hiccups leaving him every time Jungkook drags out. He's drooling too, lips puffy with Jungkook's pre-come.

*It's too much* - he's coming, untouched, Taehyung pounding away at his prostate, Jungkook choking him on his cock. His knees lock, he can't move, can't breathe, can't get a hand on his own cock, just has to let it crash over him, hole spasming around Taehyung's dick. He's light-headed with pleasure, come spraying onto his belly and the sheets, letting the Alphas work him through it.

"Fuck, you're such a good Omega," Jungkook says through his pants, watching Jimin shake through the aftershocks.

He preens, knowing he's been good for his Alpha. And there's a thought niggling at his brain, that *Jungkook isn't his Alpha*, but then he looks up, catches Jungkook's fond eyes and it goes away.

Neither of them let up. Jimin spends what feels like hours in between Jungkook's thighs, hours of Taehyung's punishing thrusts.

But finally, Jungkook comes, shoving Jimin's head down, holding him there, as his cock hits the back of Jimin's throat. He moans through it, saying Jimin's name over and over and Jimin swallows it down, like the good Omega Jungkook said he is.

Jungkook softens, sliding out of the wet heat of Jimin's mouth, letting Jimin bury his head in Jungkook's thigh, his body wracked with sobs.

He's overstimulated, legs trying to close, but Taehyung just holds him open, spreads him wider, keeps hitting Jimin's prostate with each shove. Jimin can't even make any noise anymore, everything just comes out as a light airy gasp, muffled into Jungkook's leg.

He thinks he comes a second time, feels his cock jerk against his stomach. Jungkook coaxes him through it, telling him how pretty he is, how good he looks spread out on their sheets.

Jimin tries to respond to Jungkook's soft words of encouragement, but his mouth is dry, ears filled with cotton. Taehyung hasn't slowed down once, and Jimin's never been with an Alpha in a rut before, so he doesn't know if it's normal.

Jimin licks his lips, pulls his head away from Jungkook's thigh, gets enough air in his chest to form one word, voice soft, pleading.

“*Alpha.*”

And that's it. Taehyung's cock flares at the base, growing, locking him in the Omega. Taehyung growls, and with one final harsh slam of his hips, buries himself in Jimin, coming in long pulsating throbs.

Jimin blacks out.

-

He wakes up tangled between two overheated bodies, dick still in his ass.

Jimin pushes further back, sighing contently when Taehyung fills him up and falls back asleep.

-

The next time he wakes up, Taehyung's got three fingers in him.

Jimin rolls over, spreads his legs.

Jungkook's still sleeping, but he wakes when Jimin screams, voice hoarse, Taehyung deciding he's still stretched enough to shove his cock back in.

It's not Taehyung anymore - his eyes are wild, chest puffed out. He's got one sole purpose, and that is to take and take and *take* his Omega.

Jimin arches his back, presents his neck. It's only Jungkook, who's free of a rut-addled brain, quickly putting his hand in between them, that saves them from a bonding.

-

Jimin wakes another time, stomach rumbling, mouth dry. Both Alphas are asleep, so he heads to the kitchen, looking for food.

He makes himself a peanut butter and jelly sandwich and is about halfway done when someone comes up behind him, splaying their hand on the small of his back. Jimin melts into it, *Taehyung*. Jimin, sighs, dreamily thinks *I love Taehyung*.

He lets Taehyung bend him over the counter, Jimin's hands scrabbling for purchase, peanut butter and jelly long forgotten as Taehyung pounds into him.

-

Taehyung finally gives him a break. After taking Jimin on his knees, his back, in the shower, on the kitchen table, he turns his attention to Jungkook.

Jimin watches as Taehyung tries to rut into Jungkook, but Jungkook gives him a harsh shove, making him fall onto his back. Jungkook goes down on him, bobbing up and down until Taehyung is finally sated, coming into his mouth.

Jungkook adjusts Taehyung, voice soft in Taehyung's ear. Jimin sees Taehyung nod sleepily, and then Jungkook's pulling the covers up over Taehyung and settling in behind him.

Jimin closes his eyes, ignores the twinge in his chest at the domestic scene, and goes back to sleep.

-

Taehyung's rut finally comes to an end on the third day.

Jimin's hole is red and raw by the end of it, sensitive to the touch. Jungkook cleans him up, wiping him down, gently.

"You alright?" Jungkook asks, and Jimin can tell he wants the truth, because it's his responsibility as an Alpha to make sure an Omega that went through a rut it okay.

So Jimin hums, says, "I will be."

Taehyung's still sleeping, Jungkook says he'll probably be in and out of it for another day. Jimin knows then - his part is over.

"Should I go home?" Jimin asks, somehow wanting to leave and curl up at home, but also feeling like he might die if he leaves this apartment.

Jungkook shakes his head. "No, you shouldn't leave so soon - unless you have to?"

Jimin considers it, but Jungkook's hand once again comes up to trail through his hair, his other settling on Jimin's neck. So, Jimin enjoys the feeling of being cared for, not knowing how long it'll last, and lets his head fall on Jungkook's shoulder, joining Taehyung in sleep.

-

[2:34]

From: Yoongi

*where tf are the noodles?*

[3:00]

*Scratch that, where the fuck are you???*

[3:24]

*Jimin, I'm going to call the police where the fuck are you?*

[3:30]

*Nvm, Jungkook just texted me. How did he get my number?*

[3:34]

*WHAT THE FUCK DON'T FUCK THEM AGAIN JIMIN MFNFNdsk*

[3:40]

*You know what I've come to terms with it. Wrap before you tap is all I'm saying. Hoseok says he'll cover your shifts for the next couple of days.*

[4:00]

*btw hoseok got me noodles and then i confessed to him and we're both in love with each other so bye*

## Chapter End Notes

yay, jimin gets fucked six ways to sunday! but what will happen when everyone comes to their senses?

anyway, comment what u thought and tell me if you want an interlude chapter of what went down between hoseok and yoongi.

COME YELL AT ME ABOUT THE JINTRO

look out for the next chapter <3

# Chapter 8

## Chapter Summary

hfmfhdh this chapter has been eating me alive also ANNOUNCEMENT: I'm chaining the update days to Sundays ty for your time

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Yoongi is not having the greatest day. First, they were out of noodles, and Jimin being a little brat about getting them didn't help. Nevermind, that it's Jimin's turn to go to the store, but whatever. Luckily, he won the rock paper and scissors and Jimin still had to go.

Another reason his day is shit is because he didn't hook up with anyone last night, despite attempting to with Jin - it was just easier to talk to him than anything else. They didn't get past a heavy makeout session before Yoongi was muttering Hoseok's name into Jin's mouth.

So dick half-hard, Yoongi explained the situation to an understanding Jin. The conclusion that he needed to confess, not let the chance get away from him, is what plagues him now. He wants to text Jin again and ask him how he should do it but - he wants to keep some of his pride.

He rolls off the sofa, finally gathering enough courage to start thinking about how he wants to tell Hoseok and goes to his emergency stash of chips in his room, unable to ignore his stomach any longer.

He showers, too, putting on the only set of clean clothes he has at the moment. They don't match, but he refuses to do laundry today; today is focus on Hoseok day.

He gets distracted for half a second, letting his mind wander to the different outcomes of his confession. The worst case scenario is Yoongi telling Hoseok, and Hoseok cutting off all contact. So yeah, one fear.

In a rush of adrenaline, he texts Hoseok.

[12:03]

*Hey, it's Yoongi -*

Hoseok should know it's him since he has Yoongi's number.

*Do you mind -*

Hoseok is the nicest person ever, why would he mind anything? Yoongi groans, loud in the empty apartment.

Fuck it.

*Come over.*

He pretends he's not waiting for a reply, switching on the tv, trying - and failing - to pay attention to anything being said.

*It feels like hours*, Yoongi checks his phone at any and every notification, only getting emails and messages from people he doesn't care about right now.

And finally, at 12:16, Hoseok's name flashes across his screen.

*On my way.*

It sinks in, Hoseok's coming over, Yoongi's going to confess. Oh *fuck*.

He throws himself off the couch, cleaning up the strewn about blankets and trash. What if Hoseok's hungry? Why isn't Jimin back with the noodles?

Yoongi scrounges through the cupboard for anything at all to eat. He finds a single packet of Oreos, very close to the expiration date - but still edible - and two apples in the fridge. He sets the food down on the counter, arranging it neatly, before putting on some coffee.

But what if Hoseok likes tea better? They haven't had that conversation. He's regretting all of his life choices right about now.

And in the midst of it all, he realizes he doesn't know what to say, or how he's going to say it, so he quickly googles *how to confess*.

All that does is bring up a bunch of topics on how to *go* to a confession and confess your *sins* and a bunch of guides for teens. Not the kind of confession he's participating in right now, though.

He puts his phone down, sighing. What did Jin say? *Just be truthful*.

Yoongi tries, tongue feeling heavy in his mouth. "I'm - you dance really - pretty."

He tries again, "You are hot and I am in love."

The coffee maker beeps.

"Your boyfriend is an idiot for giving you up."

He paces back in forth in the kitchen. It's then there's a knock on the door. Yoongi jumps, scurrying over to turn the coffee maker off, silencing the beeping.

He faces the door, closing his eyes, taking a deep breath in and letting it out in a long exhale.

When he turns the knob, opens it up to Hoseok's bright smile that makes his eyes crinkle, he loses all his confidence.

"I brought some noodles in case you were hungry," he says, holding up a grocery bag.

That's it, Hoseok's his soulmate - it's confirmed.

He beckons Hoseok in.

-

Jimin crawls out of the bed as quietly as he can, skin clammy and sticky. He has a flashback to that first night with them, where he snuck out the same way.

He shakes it off, pulls on a random shirt and pants on the floor, and leaves the bedroom. He doesn't look back at the way Jungkook and Taehyung are pressed against each other, peaceful in sleep.

He's at the door of the apartment when he notices how the shirt he's wearing falls to his knees, slopes off his shoulder, smells so undeniably like *Taehyung*. He curls in on himself, hand on the doorknob.

Letting go, he steps away, back into the apartment.

It takes all of what he has to stay - he doesn't have the courage to go back into the bedroom - but he has enough to sit on the couch, feet tucked under him, hands clutching at the shirt he's wearing.

There's no television set up, just a couch, a kitchen table, and a few boxes. Jimin amuses himself on his phone and waits for either of the Alpha's to wake up and tell him - to leave, to say - he doesn't know what they want. But he's desperate to find out, find out if there's something more to all this than just sex. If he's more than just the first Omega they've come across in the city so far, an aid for their ruts.

He waits.

-

"So do you wanna' watch a movie?" Hoseok asks.

They've moved to the couch now. Yoongi had put on a pot for the noodles and is waiting for it to boil. And Hoseok has just been sitting there, patiently, not asking why Yoongi invited him over or for what.

"Yeah," Yoongi nods, handing Hoseok the remote. "I'm fine with whatever."

He won't be able to pay attention to it anyway, mind occupied. He's trying to find the right moment.

He's going to have to make the moment.

"So," Yoongi starts, watching Hoseok browse through the movies on the screen. "When do you leave for Korea?"

Hoseok hums. "A couple of weeks, once they find a replacement for me at the studio - which shouldn't be too hard. And once I get everything packed up."

"So you're really going, then," Yoongi mutters, throwing his head back on the couch cushion. "Have you found a place to live?"

Hoseok lands on a movie, reads the summary. "A friend actually has a place they need to rent out and is lowering the rent for me."

"That's good," Yoongi responds, hesitating with his next line. "And - Chad just - let you go?"

He doesn't try to correct him, saying *It's Brad*.

Hoseok stops, pushes his hair out of his face. Yoongi's eyes track the movement. Turning to him, Hoseok smiles slightly, says, "It just wasn't working out, not just me moving -"

And he looks at Yoongi, really looks at him. "- But for other reasons."

Yoongi swallows heavily, averting his eyes from Hoseok's intense stare. "The water's boiling," he blurts out. "I'm - I'll put on the noodles."

He gets up, heads to the kitchen, doesn't hear Hoseok's sigh.

-

Jimin dozes off a bit, the early morning sun lulling him into a haze. He comes to, eyes finding the ones next to him. *Taehyung*.

Jimin smiles, eyes closing again. "Hi," he murmurs.

"Hi," comes Taehyung's response, voice raspy. "Are you feeling okay?"

Jimin remembers where he is, fog clearing from his brain, eyes flying open. His head snaps up and his spine straightens. Taehyung's sitting across from him on the coffee table.

"Taehyung," Jimin exclaims. "Are *you* feeling okay?"

Taehyung laughs. His hair is wet, must have showered while Jimin was out.

"I am now," Taehyung says once he stops laughing. "Thanks to you."



Jungkook's in the kitchen, cooking eggs or something, and Taehyung hasn't asked him to leave, but he hasn't asked him to join for breakfast either.

"Do you - do you want me to leave now?" he asks, but his body sinks further into the couch, contradicting his words.

Taehyung shakes his head. "No, we have some things to talk about. Jungkook - food ready yet?"

"Not yet," Jungkook calls out.

Jimin takes a second to feel content in his spot, on their couch, Jungkook cooking breakfast, Taehyung watching him with appraising eyes. This is what he always imagined his life to be like - finding someone he loves, eating breakfast with them, wearing their clothes around the house. And he'd always imagined it would be Taehyung. He was young and naive, Taehyung and him had been together since forever - he believed it would continue like that.

Voice small, Jimin asks, "Does Jungkook mind me being here?"

He's intruding on their lives, Jungkook is Taehyung's future husband - yet he had to watch and let Jimin take care of Taehyung through his rut. It's the first time Jimin's felt some sort of sympathy towards Jungkook, rather than envy.

Taehyung startles, turns from where he was watching Jungkook cook. He looks at Jimin with a sudden clarity, moving onto the couch next to him. "No - no, he just - no. He wants you here." Taehyung takes Jimin's hand in his own, trying to get Jimin to look over at him. "We both want you here."

Taehyung's hands are soft, warm, larger than his own. It comforts him, gives him a sense of safety.

"What does that mean?" he responds.

Taehyung's other hand settles over Jimin's cheek, guiding his head to look up and over at Taehyung. "It means that - Jungkook come here."

The soft pad of Jungkook's socked feet across the wood floor and there he is, taking in the scene before him. He doesn't even look surprised - or angry even - but Jimin feels ashamed anyway.

Jungkook settles on the couch next to him, taking Jimin's other hand. His hand is warmer than Taehyung's with the heat from the stove, aren't nearly as soft, but it gives Jimin the same feeling.

-

Noodles finished, movie finished, silence.

The movie was about some superhero - he thinks - it could have even been a romance movie, but Yoongi was too focused on how Hoseok came to sit beside him on the couch, all too close. He'd been tense throughout the whole movie, attempting to look nonchalant about Hoseok's proximity.

"So," Hoseok says. "Anything else you want to do?"

This is it. The time is now.

Yoongi stands, figures it'll be easier that way, Hoseok not too close.

He's facing Hoseok now, fists clenched at his sides.

"I know you're leaving for Korea, soon," he states. Hoseok nods, agreeing,

Yoongi takes a deep breath continuing, "And I don't know everything about you, but I -" he stutters, runs his hand through his hair. His heart is beating a mile a minute, threatening to burst out of his chest and flee the room.

"I - I want to know everything - about you, if - if you'd let me?" It comes out like a question, he's asking Hoseok for permission. "In the romantic sense," he clarifies.

He holds his breath, waits for Hoseok's response, shuffles his feet. He wants to see Hoseok's reaction so bad, but he won't be able to face it if his nose is wrinkled in disgust - the same face he makes when Yoongi's eating stinky tuna near him.

A creak, a sigh. "Fucking *finally*."

Yoongi's head jerks up. Hoseok's towering above him, a giant grin on his face.

"What?" he gets out, tongue thick in his mouth.

"You're an idiot - I've been sending you signals for months. And now, when I'm leaving, you finally confess?"

"Sorry?" Yoongi tries.

Hoseok groans, shaking his head. "I *like* you, dumbass."

"Oh," Yoongi gets out. "So - uh, what now?"

"Now," Hoseok wiggles his eyebrows, coming closer. "We get to have a dramatic first kiss. Just like they do in the movies."

Yoongi nods, dumbly, still starstruck.

Hoseok takes Yoongi's head in his hands - and they're kissing, slow and steady. Yoongi's own hands jump to action, settling on Hoseok's waist, pulling him closer. His mouth tastes like the damn noodles, but that only makes Yoongi sigh into the kiss. Hoseok takes the lead, moving his lips over Yoongi's.

Yoongi pulls back, breathing heavy, just to say, "I like you too."

-

"Do I start?" Jimin asks when no one starts talking.

"I'd like to - if you don't mind," Jungkook responds. Jimin was expecting Taehyung to talk and surprised, turns to his earnest expression.

Jungkook presses his lips together, sighs. "When Taehyung and I got together, it was more of an arrangement."

Interest piqued, Jimin asks, "How so?"

"We both liked someone else, someone we didn't think either of us had a chance with - and settled for each other," Jungkook says, rigidly, talking through a clenched jaw. He's not looking at Jimin anymore, staring down at his own lap.

Jimin's lips part, stay that way. Is Jungkook saying they aren't in love - that it's a loveless marriage - but how can they - just. *What*.

Taehyung, seeing Jimin's confusion, hurries to correct him. "We're in love, I mean we've stayed together this long, but a part of this relationship was founded on our mutual love for someone else. So it's a bit," Taehyung sighs, "complicated - to say the least."

Jimin's suddenly claustrophobic, hot. He pulls away from them, stands up. His arms wrap around himself. His head is throbbing with the new information, only one conclusion that makes sense.

He's barely able to get the words out, throat closing up. It comes out faint.

"Am I just a stand-in?" He asks, stepping back, knees knocking into the coffee table. "Are there more Omegas you do this with?"

Jungkook practically throws himself up and into Jimin's space, frantic. "No - how can you think that?"

"But you said -"

"Jimin," Taehyung stands too, unflinching at Jimin's eyes wide and staring. "You're the someone."

"I'm the someone?"

*He's* the someone. The one Taehyung and Jungkook were in love with - settled for each other because of. It all comes crashing down on him and he falls to his knees, body wracked with sobs. Are they saying, all those years ago, Jimin could've had *Taehyung*, could've had *Jungkook*? The overwhelming regret smothers him, eats him alive from the inside. Why didn't he say anything, why didn't *they* say anything?

Taehyung's kneeling with him now, pulling Jimin's head onto his shoulder, arms wrapping around his shaking frame.

A sudden spike of anger. "You *bastards*," Jimin hisses, pushing Taehyung away.

"Jimin-"

"You're saying that instead of either one of you taking a chance on - on me, you decided it wasn't worth the effort and settled for each other?" Jimin spits out, staring into Taehyung's shocked face.

Jungkook's there, pleading, "Jimin, we were just kids. You were - are too important to us."

"And Jimin, you're my best friend. I didn't want to lose you if you didn't feel the same," Taehyung explains.

Jimin lets tears fall, white-knuckling his shirt. "And so what now? What's different - you're getting married. Were you just living out your fantasy of *fucking* me?"

"No!" Taehyung and then softer, deflating "No, we were going to get married, but we're not because - *because* -"

Jungkook finishes for him, "We couldn't go through with it, not without you. Not if there was the slightest chance we could get you."

Jimin looks up, tears clouding his vision. Taehyung's wiping away his own tears on his shirt, Jungkook's eyes are red-rimmed and focused on him. Neither of them touch him for fear of him pulling away, leaving, never to be seen again.

And Jimin half wants to do that, but he's just so, so tired. Tired of running, of not taking chances, not telling Taehyung how he felt, still feels. And maybe, he feels something for Jungkook, could feel something more for him down the road.

"So, what now?" he asks, voice shaking.

Taehyung stops wiping his eyes and lets his shirt fall back down. He looks so much younger, expression so open and vulnerable. And it strikes Jimin, they're all kids - still, just kids, trying to find the right path with the right people.

"We were hoping," Taehyung stops, takes a deep breath. "Hoping you'd give us a chance."

"Both of you?"

Taehyung turns to Jungkook, who nods. "Both of us," he confirms. "We did this all wrong, but our feelings haven't changed."

Jimin thinks of college, of leaving them. He thought he'd never see them again. Maybe he'd hear from them one day, down the grapevine, that they had split - college relationships hardly lasting and all.

He thinks of his apartment, always so empty and lonely, even with Yoongi there. It's been his home for years, but it's never quite felt complete, always something missing.

He thinks of Taehyung and Jungkook, right in front of him, palms up, hands out, waiting. Offering him the *world*, a chance at what those years lost could have been - should have been.

"Okay," he says. "Okay, let's try."

## Chapter End Notes

At one point i though about ending it right here but that'd be too obvious right? jimin needs to find his place between them, get settled in this relationship because in real life it'd obviously take some work, some adjusting.

Comment what you think of this chapter! Loving all the feedback! I'm planning to respond to the previous chapter's comments tomorrow bc this chapter has me in emotions ahhh.

Okay so I'm thinking after I finish this fic I'll either continue my vminkook [zombie au](#) or I'll make a chaptered fic based of of this [tweet](#)

So tell me which one you'd prefer! One last thing,,, I'm going to college next friday so update schedule might be off for a few weeks bc I don't know how the workload will be bc it'd my freshman year yayy.

I love u all so much i'm emotional thanks for reading this fic and sticking with it wow.

[Twitter](#) and [Tumblr](#)

# Chapter 9

## Chapter Summary

who's alive???

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Despite jumping into a relationship with Jungkook and Taehyung, Jimin decides it's time to go home. He's missed work, and he misses Yoongi - but by the looks of his texts, Yoongi's preoccupied.

Taehyung tried to encourage him to stay longer, but Jimin was firm in that if he didn't leave now it'd be hard to leave later. His mind is still trying to wrap around the idea of all three of them dating. Where do they go from here? Do all three of them go on dates? What if Jimin feels left out - Taehyung and Jungkook *live* together. Plus, they've been together for years; that kind of intimacy Jimin doesn't have with either of them.

Taehyung does drive him home. Jimin climbs in the back seat and so does Jungkook, to Jimin's surprise. But then when Jimin buckles up and leans back in his seat, Jungkook grabs his hand, intertwining their fingers.

*Oh*, that's why.

Jimin looks out the window, trying to hide his slowly reddening face. *God* did he miss dating, the initial overwhelming rush of feelings. The newness of it all. It's exciting.

Of course, he likes the later half, too. When the rush fades and you're used to the person on the other end of your hand. It's comfortable, that kind of companionship.

Taehyung pulls up to Jimin's apartment building, and Jungkook - Jungkook finally lets go of his hand, squeezing it one last time.

"Thanks for the ride. Um - I'll text you guys," Jimin says and gets out of the car - because he doesn't know what else to do.

He shuts it behind him, walks towards the entrance.

"Jimin."

Jimin turns around, Taehyung is out of the car, walking towards him. Jungkook is close behind.

“Hi?”

“We’re dating,” Taehyung states.

Jimin nods, biting his lip. “Yes, I think we did agree that was happening.”

Both their noses are red, and Jimin knows his is too, feels the sting of it. He digs his hands into his coat pocket and gives them his attention. “What of it?”

It’s Jungkook this time. “I mean - if you like - um - we’d like to stay goodbye in a different way?”

Slow on the uptake, Jimin looks at him quizzically. How else does one say goodbye?

Taehyung laughs at his cluelessness, pulling Jimin’s hand out of his pocket to hold. Jungkook mirrors the movement with Jimin’s other hand.

Now, they’re both holding his hand, and *wow* it’s not just Jimin’s nose that’s red. His whole body feels like it’s on fire. The cold isn’t a problem anymore.

“Oh - well, this is nice,” Jimin says, looking down at their hands because it is nice. His eyes are caught on how well his hands fit in each of theirs. A tingling down his spine, a sense of belonging.

Jungkook’s the first to press a kiss to Jimin’s cheek. Jimin can hardly even feel it with how hesitant Jungkook is - but it’s there - his cold lips against Jimin’s cold cheek.

“We’ll go slow,” Jungkook says when he pulls back, lips twitching up into a smile.

“Alright,” Jimin responds through the smile threatening to take over his face.

“Take care of yourself Jimin,” Taehyung says, stepping closer to press his lips to Jimin’s forehead. “We’ll call you tonight.”

And - both his hands are suddenly exposed to the cold, Taehyung and Jungkook turning away from him. Their car is still running - has been for a while - they could’ve just sat in the heat and watched him walk in, but they didn’t.

That solidifies it for him, makes it real. They’re *dating* - he’s not a heat aid, he’s a *boyfriend*.

Jimin pushes off the balls of his feet and runs.

He crashes into Taehyung first, wrapping his arms around his small waist. Taehyung stumbles a bit but steadies himself to return Jimin’s hug. Jimin’s head pressed to Taehyung’s chest, Taehyung’s sweater.

Jimin lets go, looks up. Taehyung’s grin is huge, blinding.

Jimin turns to Jungkook next, who had been watching their embrace. And - Jimin’s a little shy, can’t quite meet Jungkook’s eyes, but he rushes forward, pressing himself against

Jungkook.

Jungkook is slow to respond, but he does, one arm curling around Jimin's waist, one coming up to hold the back of his head. It's new, exciting.

Jimin pulls away, giggles, the rush of adrenaline - euphoria - hitting him.

"Don't forget to call," he teases, bounding back to the apartment building's entrance, feeling lighter than ever. He isn't bothered by the wind stinging his skin, his chapped lips. The phantom feeling of their hands in his is enough to keep him warm until he gets to the door.

He takes the elevator to his apartment, thankful that no one is in it so when the door closes he can put red face in his hands and muffle a scream into them. He's fucking *giddy* - high on life.

Forget his earlier statements - he knows this can work - wants to make this work.

He gets both parts of a relationship - with Taehyung it's familiar, comforting, and with Jungkook it's fresh and new. And both of the Alphas make his heart race, no doubt about that.

Yoongi is in the apartment when Jimin gets there - and *surprise surprise* - so is Hoseok. They're watching one of Yoongi's shitty reality shows. Jimin knows Hoseok doesn't like those - it's love. Yoongi is half on Hoseok's lap, half on the couch, head tucked into Hoseok's neck.

So, Jimin obviously has to interrupt their moment. He slings his bag to the other side of the room and throws himself on top of them, splaying his limbs everywhere.

Hoseok just rolls with the sudden Jimin on top of him, but Yoongi groans, trying to push him off.

"Sup, fuckers. Guess who just got *two* boyfriends," he mumbles, face pressed to Hoseok's thigh. It's a nice thigh, pretty firm. Yoongi's a lucky man.

Yoongi stops trying to push him off and says, "Two people like you? God, I didn't even think *one* could."

Jimin smiles at the teasing. "Shut up," he says, and the only thing he can say, again, is, "I have *two* boyfriends."

"Stop bragging," Hoseok responds. "Some of us have to settle for one."

Jimin laughs at Yoongi's offended *hey*. But then there's the sound of kissing above him and suddenly the best place to be isn't their laps.

"Ew," Jimin complains, pushing himself off of them.

They both look extremely satisfied with themselves, and Jimin can't help but smile. "I'm happy for you guys."



Yoongi glares at him, but he's got his own smile twitching at the corners of his lips.

"Well don't mind me," Jimin says, "I'll just be in my room thinking about how something in my life is finally working out."

He does just that.

-

It starts with Taehyung picking him up and driving him to work. Jimin climbs in the front seat, peering into the back.

"Where's Jungkook?" he asks.

"Just me today," Taehyung says, grinning. "Sorry to disappoint."

Jimin pulls his sleeves down to cover his hands. "You never disappoint me," he says, the weight behind the words clear in the sudden silence of the car.

Taehyung laughs, sharp and quick. "Just wait. We have all the time in the world for you to be disappointed with me."

Despite the self-deprecating words Taehyung is saying, Jimin latches on to the first part, turning it over in his mind.

"Promise?" Jimin asks, earnestly, looking up at Taehyung with wide eyes. At Taehyung's puzzled glance, Jimin clears his throat, clarifies, "Promise we have all the time in the world?"

Taehyung's gaze softens into something more affectionate, understanding. But there's happiness there too, in the way Taehyung's eyes crinkle at the corners. Taehyung reaches over to take Jimin's hand, pulling him closer.

With his face so close, Jimin can't breathe normally. It's like he's staring into the face of a god, a very very attractive god who is intent on kissing Jimin.

Jimin lets his eyes flutter closed and Taehyung captures Jimin's lips in his. It's unlike the frenzied kisses he's shared with Taehyung in the bedroom - where their teeth clack and there's entirely too much tongue. This kiss is gentle, exploring. Taehyung guides him through it, tongue teasing at his lips every once in a while, slowing the kiss down when Jimin gets too into it.

Taehyung disconnects their lips after a low whine escapes Jimin.

Taehyung's eyes scan him, from his lips, his mussed up hair, every inch of his body, before settling on his face. He squeezes Jimin's hand, says, "We have all the time."

-

Then it's Jungkook showing up at the end of his shift at the dance studio, flowers in hand.

"Uh-"

Jimin's honestly dumbfounded. He, Jungkook, and Taehyung had been texting back in forth throughout the day, mostly memes or either of them asking how he's doing. So when he said *I have one more class to teach at the studio, but I'm a little hungry :/* he didn't expect Jungkook to show up at the end of it, a sly smile on his face, asking him on a date.

"But - I'm all sweaty," Jimin protests. It's true, his hair is wet, matted down to his forehead. He knows he stinks too, can smell it every time he lifts his arms in the tank he's wearing.

Jungkook looks him over, nodding. "Yes, yes you are."

Jimin huffs but lets Jungkook splay his hand over Jimin's chest, lets him guide him backward until his back hits the mirrored wall. Jungkook's hand then slides under Jimin's shirt, hiking it up.

Jimin shivers at Jungkook's cold hand on his overheated skin but keeps his stance. "That means I'm not really suitable for a date."

Jungkook nods again, despite not even looking at Jimin's face. He's more focused on the drop of sweat gathering at Jimin's collarbones. "That's okay. We'll get food and bring it back to the apartment; Taehyung will be home soon."

Jungkook's eyes are dark, intimidating. His hand slides higher up on Jimin's chest, thumb brushing over his nipple.

"J-Jungkook," Jimin gasps, and that seems to spur Jungkook on further.

"Jimin," Jungkook groans, burying his face in Jimin's neck, scenting him. His other hand travels to rest at the small of Jimin's back, fingertips teasing at the waistband of his pants.

Jimin throws his head back on the mirror, basking in Jungkook's wet lips on his neck.

But - priorities. "Jungkookie, M' hungry," he whines, pushing Jungkook away by the shoulders.

"Fuck right yeah - sorry," Jungkook amends, scratching his head. "You're just so - now that like you're *ours* it's kinda overwhelming."

Jimin lets the words wash over him, smile blossoming on his face. He pushes back into Jungkook's space. "I'm yours?" he asks, coyly.

Jungkook's eyes go wide. "Sorry, I know we haven't really talked about the dynamic very much - but I'd very much like to call you ours?" Jungkook's gaze flickers away, anxiously.

“And we’re yours?”

It’s cute how unsure Jungkook is still - it makes Jimin feel better about being a little unsure.

So he says, “We have all the time in the world to figure out the dynamic. But I’d love to be yours.” He wraps his arms around Jungkook’s neck. “And vice versa.”

Jungkook’s hands settle at his waist without hesitation, fitting to Jimin’s body seamlessly.

He smiles back at Jimin, ducking his head. “I’d love to.” And then he seems to hesitate, thinking about something - but he gains confidence, brushing his lips against Jimin’s in a quick peck.

Jimin laughs at the swiftness of it all. “Now you’re shy? Even though you were about to fuck me against the wall earlier?”

“That can still be arranged,” Jungkook states, hands sliding lower to cup the underside of Jimin’s ass through his shorts. “Gotta say - these shorts do wonders.”

Jimin pats his chest. “Alright big boy, food first - sex later.”

Jungkook is like an eager puppy, clinging to the end of his sentence. “Really?”

Jimin laughs again, stepping out and away from Jungkook’s caress. “Maybe, if you’re good. But remember - we have all the time.”

Jimin grabs his bag, slinging it over his shoulder, and takes the flowers Jungkook brought in earlier, admiring them. It’s lilies. He stops to press them up against his face, smelling them.

“How’d you know lilies were my favorite?” Jimin asks. Jungkook’s leaning against the wall, watching him.

“I remember in college when a guy you were seeing brought you roses and you complained to me about wishing they were lilies,” Jungkook explains.

The fact that Jungkook remembers something as simple as his favorite flower that was an offhand comment from years ago makes Jimin melt. He crushes the flowers to his chest and holds his hand out towards Jungkook, expectantly.

Jungkook comes over, takes Jimin’s hand in his, swinging it once. “Ready?”

Jimin nods, but lets go of Jungkook’s hand so he can pull Jungkook’s arm around his waist. Jimin grins up at him. “Ready.”

Other times, the Alpha's aren't so sweet.

"Jungkook," Jimin glares, arms crossed. "Give me back my coffee."

"Only if you beg," Jungkook responds.

Jimin had been minding his own business, had come over early to eat breakfast with the Alphas - because he has a key to their apartment now - and just, *wow*, Taehyung had slipped it into his hand like no big deal and told him to come over whenever.

So he made coffee while he waited for them to wake up. He had just sat down, ready to take a sip when Jungkook came out of nowhere from behind him, plopping a kiss on Jimin's cheek and stealing his mug.

And then he proceeded to drink out of it and hold it way high above his head, out of Jimin's reach.

"I will push you," Jimin threatens. "Don't test me."

Jungkook grins, the evil thing he is, and holds his other hand over his heart. "And spill hot coffee all over your Alpha?"

Jimin frowns. He doesn't actually want Jungkook to get hurt, but Jungkook is also an asshole so Jimin wouldn't feel too bad.

"Taehyungie," he calls, stressing the '*ie*' in a cute way, his voice lilting up at the end.

Taehyung stumbles out of the bedroom, hair sticking every which way, a huge grin on his face.

"Jiminie," Taehyung coos. "You're here already."

Taehyung pulls him in for a hug and quick kiss to the forehead. His arm stays around Jimin's shoulders.

"Taehyung," Jimin pouts, looking up at him. "Jungkook won't give me back my coffee."

"Aww," Taehyung responds, pouting back. But his arm leaves Jimin's shoulders. He goes over to Jungkook, who is looking smug, *still*.

Taehyung takes the mug out of Jungkook's hands and Jimin brightens - but then, the asshole takes a sip, and passes it back to Jungkook. Jungkook's other arm wraps around Taehyung's waist.

It's the *ultimate* betrayal. So, clearly, Jimin has to play it up.

Jimin huffs, hanging his head low, shuffling his feet. "Other Alpha's wouldn't do this to me."

He wraps his arms around himself, scooting backward out of the kitchen. "Maybe I'll just go home and cuddle with Yoongi," he says and heads towards the door.

Suddenly, Jungkook is in front of him, distressed, pushing the coffee mug to Jimin's lips. "No no no, I'm sorry, don't go."

Jimin sighs, takes the mug from him. Jungkook fidgets where he stands. Jimin takes a sip and makes a face.

"It's cold now," Jimin complains. "I should just go."

Jungkook whines low in his throat and snatches the mug back from him, rushing to the kitchen. He practically slams the microwave door shut, pressing random buttons to get the mug to heat.

Jimin laughs through it all, covering his mouth with his sleeve. Taehyung sidles up next to him, also laughing at Jungkook's plight. He keeps looking at Jimin and then at the microwave, impatiently waiting for it to heat.

"Jungkook," Jimin calls, taking pity on him. "It's okay."

Jungkook looks back at him, catching his giggling face and deflates, shoulders sagging. A grin twitches at his lips.

"That's it," Jungkook says. "I'm not cuddling with you for a week."

"No, Jungkookie," Jimin cries, and chases Jungkook around the apartment when he tries to avoid him. "You can't take away cuddles."

"A week of no cuddles. I'll make two," Jungkook threatens.

Jimin pouts, stops his pursuit. "Fine," he murmurs, pulling Taehyung onto the couch. Taehyung goes willingly, wrapping himself around Jimin. "Taehyung is better at cuddling anyway."

It's not even five seconds before Jungkook worms his way onto the couch, sliding in between Jimin and the couch.

"A week, huh?" Jimin mocks him.

"Didn't say it had to be this week," Jungkook mumbles.

-

When Jimin's not teaching dance classes he's chilling at Taehyung and Jungkook's apartment, or they're catching a movie, or going to a club. He thinks he saw Yoongi maybe once in the past week - he'd feel bad, but Yoongi is preoccupied with spending all his time with Hoseok before he leaves for Korea in a few weeks.

"Let's go on a date," Jimin says, looking up from his phone. And *oh*, Taehyung and Jungkook pull back from each other, lips puffy. Jimin's throat feels dry. He shakes his head, trying to

clear the haze.

“A double date with Yoongi and Hoseok,” he continues.

“Okay,” Taehyung agrees easily. “Where to?”

Jungkook types something on his phone. “What about that new Italian place?” he suggests.

“Sounds good,” Jimin says. “Do you guys mind if I invite another friend too?”

“Course not,” Taehyung says, ruffling Jimin’s hair. “We want to get to know your friends.”

“Thanks,” Jimin responds, and then he’s plopping himself down in Taehyung’s lap, thighs spread around Taehyung’s waist. “Is this okay?” he asks.

Taehyung clears his throat, shifting beneath him. “Yeah,” he says, and his voice comes out slightly scratchy.

Jimin leans in slow, eyes lidded with intent. He puts one hand on the flat of Taehyung’s chest, and another around his neck. Taehyung responds in kind, pulling him closer by the waist.

Jimin hovers, inches away from Taehyung’s lips, reveling in the power he has over the other man; Taehyung’s breathing picks up.

Jimin presses his lips against Taehyung’s, barely there, the slightest touch. And then - he pulls away, off Taehyung’s lap, and settles in Jungkook’s, back to his chest.

At Taehyung’s confused, frazzled look, Jimin smiles, smugly and says, “You said you guys wanted to go slow.”

Realization takes over and Taehyung’s frown morphs into a grin. “Jungkook.”

Jungkook’s hands come from behind Jimin to grab Jimin’s wrists, holding them at his sides. Jimin chokes on a breath at the position.

Taehyung slips his hand under Jimin’s shirt, teeth scraping over Jimin’s neck. His mouth hesitates over that special place on Jimin’s neck, the place a bond bite would go. Jimin’s nerves flare up but all Taehyung does is press a soft kiss there and pull back.

“So, Friday for the date?” Taehyung says.

Jimin nods, dumbfounded. They’re definitely having a conversation about *that* later.

They all settle back into the couch, Jimin getting lost in whatever’s on the television. Jungkook’s hand absent-mindedly settles over the place Taehyung kissed.

Jimin lets himself sink into Jungkook’s lap, lets Taehyung pull Jimin’s feet up into his lap, and envisions a scene just like this, years from now. Nothing is different - except, in his mind, he’s got two bites on either side of his neck, and he looks good - looks like theirs.

He's content.

## Chapter End Notes

w o w i'm back. college is interesting. anyways, updates should be every sunday or every other sunday from now on!

this chapter took a while to make because 1. college and 2. i KEPT WRITING ANGST and i wanted this chapter to be s o f t.

ALso people have been messaging me on twitter to tell me how they love this and i just want everyone to know i FUCkin appreciate that so much!!! like end me!! u guys are so nice & ilu <3 but like also feel free to talk to me about anything!! i'm always down to make new friends!

[Twitter](#)

[Tumblr](#)

# Chapter 10

## Chapter Summary

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## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

True to their earlier words, the relationship does go slow. Every time something heats up, either of the Alpha's wind it down. Jimin gets as far as slipping his hands in Taehyung's pants, palming at his dick before the Alpha gets up from the sofa, claiming he has to pee.

Even Jungkook, clearly horny like all the time - eyes glazing over whenever Jimin wears *those* shorts around him, restrains himself. Despite literally saying he wants to fuck Jimin, he never acts on it.

Jimin has *needs*. It's not like they haven't fucked before - he gets it, they want to show him they value him as a person, not a sex object. But being around two very attractive Alpha's with a commanding presence - it's like he's constantly aroused. And he's getting tired of his right hand.

He spends a lot of time in their apartment, too, constantly surrounded by their scent, so that doesn't help.

It's a couple of weeks of this torture. Not really torture, though, the Alphas give him lots of kisses and take care of him well. But still.

Interestingly enough, it's when Jimin's ass is pressed to Taehyung's crotch, Jungkook sitting next to them - that's when Jimin notices. He was playing with Jungkook's fingers - trying to ignore the dick pressed against his ass since clearly, Taehyung wasn't going to do anything about it - needing to take his restless energy out on something.

"Your ring isn't on," Jimin says, the words coming out of his mouth before his mind fully comprehends the situation. He drops Jungkook's hand, turning around in Taehyung's lap to look at Taehyung's hand. "Yours isn't either."

Taehyung smiles, sheepish, touching the place where his ring used to rest. "Yeah, it didn't feel right since you don't have one."

Jungkook nods in agreement, picking Jimin's hand back up.

Jimin's surprised and bewildered. He thought that it was just something Taehyung and Jungkook had - like how Jimin and Jungkook cook together, or how Jimin and Taehyung love



to grab coffee in the mornings. Sometimes it's Jungkook and Taehyung, Jimin and Taehyung, Jimin and Jungkook.

But - right now, it's *Taehyung, Jimin, Jungkook*.

"Oh my god, let me suck your dick."

Jimin now knows what get him most aroused - sentiment, sweet gestures.

Jimin slides off the couch and to his knees, peering up at Taehyung's surprised face.

"Um-"

"Please?" Jimin pouts, hands sliding on Taehyung's inner thighs.

Taehyung sighs, placing his hand under Jimin's chin, tilting his face up to meet Taehyung's gaze. "We wanna talk about something, first."

His serious tone makes Jimin sober up quick and he stands, arousal dissipating. "About what?"

Jungkook pulls him back down on the couch, right in between his legs, back pressed against Jungkook's chest. Taehyung pulls Jimin's feet up in his lap. He's used to the Alpha's manhandling him - in fact, they seem to do it when they can sense his stress - like they do now.

Scared, Jimin asks, "What is it?"

Jungkook's steady heartbeat behind him calms his panic, but Taehyung's already got an apologetic look on his face.

"We've been doing this all backward," Taehyung starts. "We don't want to rush into sex anymore since this is still kind of new."

"I get that," Jimin says. He does, he just doesn't agree with it. "But this has been going too slow now."

Taehyung massages Jimin's socked feet. It's really cute socks too - ones Taehyung got him - with little smiling sushi printed on a baby blue background.

Jungkook sighs, "We don't want to cloud the relationship with sex. I want this to last."

"We want this to last," Taehyung adds.

"I mean - I want it to last too," Jimin says. "But you guys had sex before me - does that mean you're not having sex now?"

Taehyung shakes his head.

“You didn’t have sex?” Jimin asks, turning around to Jungkook for confirmation. Jungkook also shakes his head.

“We got each other off, but neither of us could really get our instincts to submit for the other to uh-” Jungkook trails off.

Jimin understands without Jungkook having to say the rest. Alphas are inherently more dominant, no matter how much they don’t want to be - submitting to another Alpha like that is nearly impossible.

“So what did you do when,” Jimin stops, pushes his hair off his forehead, starts again, “Did you hook up with random Omegas?”

“We did,” Taehyung concedes. “For a bit. But it just wasn’t the same as-”

“Doing it with someone you love,” Jimin finishes, nodding.

“Yeah.”

Jimin bites his lip, insecurities popping back up. “And me?” he asks. “Why did you have sex with me?”

Jungkook nuzzles his face in Jimin’s neck.

“You’re you,” Jungkook says. “You’re just - you.”

Jungkook doesn’t seem keen on clarifying further, but the words settle in Jimin, comforting.

But still, Jimin teases him. “I’m me?”

Jungkook huffs into his neck and Taehyung’s tickling Jimin’s feet in retaliation. Jimin laughs, trying to pull his feet away from Taehyung, but Taehyung’s holding him in place and Jungkook’s hand is sliding under Jimin’s shirt to tickle his stomach.

“Okay,” Jimin pants, gasping between laughs. “I get it.”

Maybe there’s not some deep reason Taehyung and Jungkook had sex with him. Maybe they saw him, wanted him, took him to bed.

Or - maybe they saw *him*, wanted *him*, and took *him* to bed.

Either way, where they are now is perfect.

-

They do settle on that new Italian place. It’s not too pricey, there’s a variety of food, and most importantly, Yoongi shrugs when Jimin mentions it and - honestly, that’s Yoongi-code for “sounds good.”

Jimin's a little nervous at actually introducing Taehyung and Jungkook to Yoongi since he knows all about their history - and while Yoongi's definitely supportive - Jimin knows he's doesn't totally trust the Alphas.

That's why Jimin invites Jin, hoping he'll diffuse the tension.

That turns out to be an absolutely terrible idea.

Jimin is already there with the two Alphas when Yoongi and Hoseok arrive, Jin trailing behind him. That's when Jimin notices another guy behind Jin. It's not the face Jimin recognizes, not even the body, it's the *scent* Jimin recognizes - and oh *fuck*.

It's the guy Jimin sucked off in the bathroom of the club not too long ago, the guy who left a million hickeys on his neck, the guy Jimin *bragged* about to Taehyung and Jungkook.

Jimin tenses up from where he's sandwiched between Jungkook and Taehyung's chairs. At Jungkook's quizzical look, Jimin forces a strained smile and shakes his head.

"Taehyung, Jungkook - this is Yoongi, Hoseok, and Jin," he introduces them. Taehyung and Jungkook stand up to shake each of their hands.

Jimin's eyes fall on the Alpha with his arm around Jin's waist. "And this is-?"

"Namjoon," Jin says, smiling. "We're fucking."

Namjoon clears his throat, face red. "Hi," he says, waving his hand. He doesn't meet Jimin's eyes. Great, he definitely recognizes him then.

Jimin sinks down in his seat. This is fine. This is all fine. He can work with this, he can do this.

Everyone sits down, settling in. Jimin buries his head in the menu, trying not to look at Namjoon and Jin sitting across from him. Taehyung definitely senses his anxiety - probably chalks it up to his friends meeting his boyfriends for the first time - and places a comforting hand on Jimin's thigh.

"So," Hoseok starts, always the social one. "What does everyone do?"

There are resounding answers from around the table. Jimin learns Jin is a chef and Namjoon is in music production which Yoongi perks up at, striking up a conversation with him.

Jin's leaning over the table to talk to Taehyung, and Hoseok is chatting with Jungkook.

It's good to see his friends getting along, but Jimin feels like he should tell someone that he's had Namjoon's dick in his mouth - whether that's Jin or Taehyung and Jungkook. He doesn't know how they'll react.

He might be making too big a deal about it, but then again, there's no protocol for introducing your boyfriends to a guy you sucked off.

They eventually get around to ordering, and after staring blankly at the menu for several minutes and getting nowhere, Jimin picks the first thing he reads when it's his turn to order.

That prompts Jungkook to turn to him and say, "Jimin, you don't even like tuna."

Jimin flicks his eyes back to the menu, flushing. "I'm trying something new," he mumbles and passes the menu to the waitress who smiles kindly at him.

Once everyone is finished ordering, it's Yoongi's turn to talk to Taehyung and Jungkook.

"How long have you two been engaged?" Yoongi asks, resting his head in his hand, smug smile on his face.

Jimin sees Taehyung touch the place his ring used to be. But Taehyung knows how to play this game; he rests his hand on top of Jimin's on the table, showing off his ringless finger and says, "We're not."

Yoongi's smug smile fades to something a little more understanding. He clears his throat, turning the focus onto Jin. "Where did you meet Namjoon?" he asks.

Jin hums. "Great question. I met Namjoon at a club. He wanted to get his mind off of someone," he smirks then. "And I wanted to get on someone."

Namjoon seemingly chokes on air. He's definitely a different person in the day. But what does Jimin know, he's had the guy's dick in his mouth only once.

Oh *god* is he the someone Namjoon wanted to get his mind off of? Jimin glances at Namjoon who has a guilty look on his face. Oh, fuck - oh no.

Jin continues in oversharing, stretching the neck of his sweater to reveal a cluster of bruises on his neck, very similar to the ones Jimin had. "But this guy bites way too much."

Jimin goes rigid in his chair. There's no reason for anyone to connect that right? Plenty of people have a thing for necks.

Jimin hurries to change the topic, "Namjoon, have you made any music we might have heard?"

Namjoon doesn't look at him but answers, "Probably not."

"Really? No one?" Yoongi chimes in.

That sparks a conversation between them and Jimin is relaxing in his chair, breath leaving him with a sigh. This wasn't what he planned for - he planned on introducing his boyfriends to his friends, simple, easy.

Except Jungkook's staring at him, face hard, jaw clenched. He's not - he couldn't -

Jimin stands up. "Jungkook do you need to use the bathroom? I'll show you where it is."

He grabs him by the wrist and - Jungkook goes willingly.

## Chapter End Notes

1000 kudos?!?!? mgdfjng thank you guys so much wow i love you all and all these nice comments!!! also don't worry- I've been reading them but haven't had the time to respond to each one but just know I appreciate it so much!!

I'm leaving this in a cliffhanger for about two weeks lol ;) bc next week i'm driving to canada with a friend to see bts!!

Thank you so much still not over 1000 kudos ahh!!

yell at me about anything on [twitter](#) and [tumblr](#)

## End Notes

Thanks for reading! Look out for the next chapter! Jimin's cheeks get 100 times more squishy when you leave kudos. His cute, small hands are engulfed by Tae and Kookie's large ones when you leave comments.

[@fairyjimjam](#)

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!