

**finally ours.**

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# finally ours.

by [jincess](#), [lazyeggs](#)

## Summary

markson would do absolutely anything for their baby. ♡

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“does this mean i get to be you guys’ boyfriend, now?” bambam asks.

“yeah.”

“finally ours.”

home has never felt more sweet.

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aka; adventures of abo amerithaikong - fluff without plot

## Notes

hhello!!!! so this,,,,,. fic is a big ol collab w @jincess, my aBBbsolute favorite ;w; we already scream about cute got7 concepts in dms to eachother we’re both just Whipped for our boys sfsffs

bat is one of my absolute favorites, so please go read her au’s if u havent already!!!!!! uwu i hope u all like this fic <3

-jackson, @lazyeggs

# Chapter 1

jackson and mark had always been open about their feelings for bambam, and vice versa. they became friends originally in middle school, before the two eldest started dating. bambam had not yet presented, so although they knew the thai shared the same feelings that they felt for him, neither jackson nor mark wanted to add him to their relationship until he had presented. they didn't want to risk anything, and bambam understood that.

after talking it out and agreeing, they waited, a long four years (since the start of mark and jackson's relationship), for bambam to reach that maturity and the couple wouldn't feel guilty, as if they were taking advantage of him. most pups presented by the time they were sixteen - bambam was still unrepresented at eighteen.

so once bambam frantically texts the groupchat babbling about how he's definitely presenting, seemingly as an omega, the two elders were shocked. "seun-ah," mark breathes, staring down at the phone screen with bambam's text displayed, "bammie's presenting,"

"let's go," jackson immediately says, already standing up from their spot on the bed. mark grabs him by the back of his shirt, pulling him back down on the bed.

"no way," mark interludes, standing up himself. "you're an alpha, he's presenting as an omega - your instincts would kick in, and we both know how vulnerable and dangerous it is the first time!"

jackson pouts, but sinks back into the sofa in agreement.

"will you go, then? i don't want him to be alone," he huffs, and mark nods, already slipping on his sneakers.

"i'll take care of him. he's probably in pre-heat now." mark states, running a hand through his hair. "i love you, gaga,"

"i love you too, markie-poo." jackson replies, cupping mark's face when the older leans down to peck his lips.

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mark pulls open the door after he successfully enters the combination lock for bambam's apartment, having memorized it long ago when the thai impulsively told the combination to the two older men.

"bam-ah?" he calls out, swallowing the lump in his throat as the unfamiliar aroma of cinnamon and vanilla fills his senses instead of bambam's usual milky scent. mark guesses that he's going to have to get used to the thai's new smell, now that he's finally presenting.

"hyung," he hears a small voice say with the thai accent that he's grown to love so much, and when mark flips on the entry-way light, bambam's gasping and helplessly shoving his face

into mark's shoulder, clad in only one of jackson's tshirts that nearly reaches mid-thigh, brown hair sticking to his forehead with sweat. "too... bright. too hot, *please*."

the older quickly turns the light off, wrapping one arm around bambam's shoulders, and the latter *whimpers*. mark decides that he made the right choice in demanding jackson stay back at home. if he didn't have such strong self control as a beta, mark wouldn't be able to control himself.

"hyung, please -" bambam starts, voice barely above a whisper, when mark interrupts him with a hush.

"bambam," mark breathes, lifting the younger up who immediately complies and wraps his legs around the american's hips. "seunnie isn't here, but mark hyung is here. hyung will take care of you, okay? he'll make sure you drink enough water and eat enough,"

"hyungie," bambam practically whines. mark realizes that he's definitely too far gone. "hyungie can... can hyung... knot me?"

for a second, mark swears his heart physically stops beating. he shakes himself out of his trance, and carries bambam towards his bedroom, where he can be far more comfortable. mark's glad he payed attention in high school health classes, otherwise he would have no idea what to do.

"hyung's won't knot you, sweetheart." mark sighs, and bambam draws out a whine. "not this time, at least. hyungs want it to be special, wanna make sure everything is safe this time," he adds and sits on the younger's bed, bambam placed in his lap.

"can... hyung still - still help?" he pouts, skin glistening with sweat or slick or a combination of both. mark decides - who would he be to deny him?

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"does this mean i get to be you guys' boyfriend, now?" bambam asks, two days after his first heat ended. voice muffled by where he has his face buried into jacksons chest.

"yeah," jackson hums, not bothering to try and hide the grin finding its way to his face.

"finally ours." mark adds, stroking jackson's nape as he presses a kiss to the top of the youngest's head, bambam being sandwiched between the two. home has never felt more sweet.

## Chapter 2

Chapter by [jincess](#)

### Chapter Summary

bambam's super happy, really -- they're all on their first date together as three, and jackson and mark aren't afraid to be open with their affection anymore since bambam's no longer a pup. and bambam's always always wanted to have a picnic date at han river, and here they are, jackson and mark indulging him in his wishes.

### Chapter Notes

atk have their first date!!!!!! woo!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

also im happy to do this fic w Jackson uwu ily bbyyyy

“hyung,” bambam whines, tugging on mark’s hand. “mark *hyung* !”

“yes, baby?” mark hums, looking up from taking the food from the picnic basket. “what’s wrong?”

“you and sseun hyung haven’t given me kisses this whole time,” bambam grumbles. “i’m not a pup anymore!”

“oh, you’re so cute,” jackson chuckles, leaning forward to give bambam a kiss. “we’re just trying to set up for our little date.”

“can’t i at least help?” bambam asks, and he whines louder when jackson swats his hand away. “*hyung!*”

“we’re done anyway, honey,” mark says, setting aside the picnic basket and pulling bambam back to sit comfortably in between him and jackson. “let’s eat, okay?”

bambam nods and grabs one of the sandwiches, gasping softly -- it’s turkey and cheese! he *loves* turkey and cheese sandwiches. he takes a big bite of his sandwich, mumbling his thanks to his hyungs from around his sandwich.

“you’re so cute,” jackson coos, petting bambam’s hair. “figured you’d love to have your favorites.”

“i do love it,” bambam hums, leaning up against jackson’s hand. mark hands bambam another sandwich and the younger smiles cutely at him as he takes it.

they eat in silence together, the only sounds being bambam’s occasional humming. bambam’s super happy, really -- they’re all on their first date together as three, and jackson and mark aren’t afraid to be open with their affection anymore since bambam’s no longer a pup. and bambam’s always *always* wanted to have a picnic date at han river, and here they are, jackson and mark indulging him in his wishes.

jackson reaches behind mark and nudges him a while later, and mark looks up curiously. jackson points at bambam, and they both look at him, watching as bambam’s gaze follows a butterfly. the butterfly lands on bambam’s nose, and bambam goes cross eyed to try and see it before his nose scrunches up and he sneezes. the butterfly flies away before landing on his hand again, and jackson and mark smile fondly as bambam coos at the butterfly on his hand.

“hyungs, look at this butterfly,” bambam whispers, holding out his hand carefully to show jackson and mark the butterfly. “isn’t it cute?”

“it is,” mark agrees, watching as bambam gently turns his hand so the butterfly’s on his palm. “but i think you’re cuter.”

bambam gasps softly, a small blush appearing over his cheeks as he bows his head in embarrassment. he whispers something to the butterfly and waves his hand, and the butterfly

flies away. jackson tilts bambam's head back up, kissing his nose as he says, "you and mark hyung are the cutest people to me."

"stop that," bambam gasps, the omega turning and hiding his face against mark's neck. "you're *embarrassing* ."

"oh, *i'm* embarrassing?" jackson gasps, and bambam squeals as jackson brings him close to kiss all over his face. "take that back!"

"i'm kidding, hyung, i'm kidding!" bambam gasps out, laughing loudly as he squirms away.

bambam continues to giggle as he tries to feed mark and jackson, and the older two share a glance, smiling as they think about how bambam's happiness was brighter and warmer than the sun itself.

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