

## Vanilla Baby

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/21205913) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/21205913>.

Rating:	<a href="#">Explicit</a>
Archive Warning:	<a href="#">Choose Not To Use Archive Warnings</a>
Category:	<a href="#">M/M</a>
Fandom:	<a href="#">방탄소년단   Bangtan Boys   BTS</a>
Relationship:	<a href="#">Jeon Jungkook/Park Jimin</a>
Character:	<a href="#">Park Jimin (BTS)</a> , <a href="#">Jeon Jungkook</a> , <a href="#">Min Yoongi   Suga</a> , <a href="#">Kim Seokjin   Jin</a> , <a href="#">Kim Taehyung   V</a> , <a href="#">Jackson Wang</a> , <a href="#">Mark Tuan</a>
Additional Tags:	<a href="#">Alpha/Beta/Omega Dynamics</a> , <a href="#">Alpha/Omega</a> , <a href="#">Omega Verse</a> , <a href="#">Sugar Daddy</a> , <a href="#">Alternate Universe - Sugar Daddy</a> , <a href="#">Sugar Daddy Jeon Jungkook</a> , <a href="#">Sugar Baby</a> , <a href="#">Sugar Baby Park Jimin (BTS)</a> , <a href="#">Age Difference</a> , <a href="#">Aged-Up Character(s)</a> , <a href="#">Oral Sex</a> , <a href="#">Anal Sex</a> , <a href="#">Dirty Talk</a> , <a href="#">Dirty Thoughts</a> , <a href="#">Sexting</a> , <a href="#">Phone Sex</a> , <a href="#">Rimming</a> , <a href="#">Ass to Mouth</a> , <a href="#">Alpha Jeon Jungkook</a> , <a href="#">Omega Park Jimin (BTS)</a> , <a href="#">Mating Cycles/In Heat</a> , <a href="#">Power Dynamics</a> , <a href="#">Light BDSM</a> , <a href="#">Light Angst</a> , <a href="#">Smut</a> , <a href="#">Eventual Romance</a> , <a href="#">Eventual Happy Ending</a> , <a href="#">Filthy</a> , <a href="#">Park Jimin (BTS) is a Sweetheart</a> , <a href="#">Top Jeon Jungkook</a> , <a href="#">Bottom Park Jimin (BTS)</a> , <a href="#">Matchmaking</a> , <a href="#">Daddy Kink</a> , <a href="#">Facials</a> , <a href="#">gagging</a> , <a href="#">Deepthroating</a> , <a href="#">Sex Toys</a> , <a href="#">Rough Sex</a>
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Stats:	Published: 2019-10-28 Completed: 2020-07-21 Chapters: 59/59 Words: 437772

## Vanilla Baby

by [PeaceFanfics](#)

### Summary

Broke college student Omega Park Jimin loses his job when the cafe he works at goes under. When a friend jokingly suggests getting a 'Sugar Daddy', Jimin laughs him off. But as he struggles to find a job, suddenly the idea is looking more and more tempting.

Rich businessman and CEO Jeon Jungkook is a workaholic who is sexually frustrated and in desperate need of a good orgasm, but with no time or energy to foster a real romantic attachment. When the idea of a 'Sugar Baby' is brought up, he thinks it might be just the thing he needs.

Can something that starts out as just sex for money become something more?

### Notes

Please enjoy.

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

## Never ever ever

Jimin was tired. But his shift was almost over, the restaurant was closing soon, and that made him happy as he loaded plates up on a big tray and headed out to deliver an order to one of his tables. The table was the worst kind of clientele that he had to deal with in his job as a waiter. Drunk frat guys... ugh. He put his customer service face on and smiled as he weaved through the tables and stopped at the table of 6 big Alphas that were laughing and throwing packets of sugar and making a mess.

He suppressed the urge to roll his eyes. These guys were all the same, and he was the one who would have to clean up after their bullshit. He just smiled at them as he sat their plates of food in front of them. As he reached for the last plate on the tray, he jumped and almost dropped the tray and food as he felt someone pinch his ass. He turned a look at the Alpha closest to him and scowled at the smirk on the asshole's face. He sat the last plate down with a loud 'thunk' in front of him.

"Please keep your hands to yourself sir, or I will have to ask you to leave." Jimin said coldly to the Alpha who had pinched his butt before turning to the rest of the table. "Is there anything else I can get you?"

"A blowjob?" One of the guys at the end said, causing a round of guffaws from his fellows and breaking down Jimin's determination not to roll his eyes.

"I'm gonna take that as a no." He turned and fled back into the kitchen.

"Tough crowd?" One of the other waiters, Jackson asked as Jimin leaned against the counter and sighed

"These frat boy idiots think they can do whatever they want with any Omega because all the Sororities are all over them at their stupid weekend parties. But if one more of them pinch my ass, I swear to god someone's getting a cup of scalding coffee in their lap."

Jackson was biting his lips trying not to laugh but failing miserably. His laughter brought out Jimin's own and they cracked up together.

"I would pay good money to see that!"

Jimin pushed him and scoffed, trying to get his own laughter under control.

"You don't get it because you're an Alpha. But these frat guys are the worst." Jimin whined, pouting.

"Do you want me to take that table, we can switch one?" Jackson offered.

"And let them win? Hell no."

Jackson laughed and gave him a pat on the back before they both headed back out onto the floor to work. Jimin liked his job okay, outside of his late-night weekend shifts. It was just a job, but he liked the nice old lady who owned the place, and it was close to his apartment and to campus, which was about as good as it was going to get. As a broke college student, he was happy with a steady job and the ability to live independently, if maybe a little closer to the poverty line than he would like. His parents had offered to help pay for his bills, but he'd stupidly refused both because he knew his parents weren't wealthy and would be dipping into their retirement fund, but also

because he wanted to be 'independent'. It hadn't taken long to realize that independence blows and he would actually love some help with his bills. But he would never ask his parents for help unless it was a dire emergency.

The table of frat guys left a giant mess when they left and a tip of \$3.25. He sighed as he started to clean the table, gathering the plates in the bussing tub and carrying it to the back before going back out to finish up. However, as he was about to start cleaning again, the owner stopped him and took over, patting his cheek.

"Why don't you cash out and head home early? I know you're tired, I can tell."

He began to try and protest, but she shooed him away. He turned around and gave her a tight hug and a kiss on the cheek before dashing off to count up his tips and cash out for the night.

"Thanks! You're the best."

Jimin gathered his inadequate winter coat around him as he walked to the bus stop. It was freezing and his hands were like ice as he blew on them and stomped his feet, trying to warm up. Winter was in full swing, Christmas just a month away. Jimin loved this time of year, even if it meant that he froze his butt off every day on his way to and from school and work. There was something so nostalgic about wintertime.

His family always spent the holidays together, and some of his best memories were from those times. He wondered if he'd have enough money to go home for the holidays this year. He definitely wouldn't have enough to buy gifts for everyone. He sighed and watched a little puff of mist cloud in front of him as his warm breath hit the icy air. Maybe he would skip it this year. He had bills to pay and with the way tips at work had been rolling in lately; he was going to be short on rent... again.

He immediately hopped on the bus when it stopped in front of him, jumping up the steps into the warm air and taking a seat. He was the only person on the bus at 2:00 AM, so he waved at the driver with a smile and received one in turn. It took about fifteen minutes to get to the stop closest to his apartment, but was still a ten minute walk from there to his shabby apartment complex where his tiny studio apartment was located.

He had to do his best not to fall asleep as he waited for his stop; the bus was so warm compared to his little apartment, where he dared not run the heater in fear of running up his electric bill. It made getting up in the morning very difficult when he had to crawl out of his warm little ball that he curled into at night and out of his tiny, ramshackle little nest and into the cold dawn light. He died a little inside every time he had to put his warm foot on the freezing tile floor.

However, he loved his tiny apartment. It was the first place that was really his and the first place he'd found independence. Of course, he'd love to live in a big fancy apartment that was warm and didn't have ancient peeling wallpaper and cracked floors, and he hoped that once he graduated and found work as a chef he'd be able to find something better. But for now, the place worked well enough.

He waved goodbye as he exited the bus and stepped back out into the freezing night air. He jogged the four blocks to his apartment and dashed up the stairs and into his little place. It was just as cold in his apartment as it was outside, but he still felt good to be home. He wished he could shower before bed, but he never did during the winter. Going to sleep with wet hair when his apartment was so cold was a recipe for getting sick, plus it helped to have a hot shower to look forward to in the morning when he had to exit the warm safety of his bed and venture into the cold.

He pulled out his winter pajamas of thick sweatpants and an oversized hoodie and double socks, stripping down and quickly changing, shivering as what little warmth he'd had was leached away from his skin. He brushed his teeth and plugged in his cracked old iPhone, making sure his alarm was set before crawling into his little nest and wrapping himself up in several layers of blankets before curling into a little ball and shivering as he slowly warmed up and was able to drift into a restless sleep.

Jimin woke with a groan as his alarm started a very annoying and unappreciated sound in his ear. He hissed as he reached a hand outside the warm confines of his blanket burrito and into the cold to feel around for his cell phone and turn off the alarm. He pulled the phone to him and squinted at the screen to see it was 8:30 AM and he had to get up and go back to work. It was Saturday, which meant that he was opening at the restaurant and if he wanted to take a shower and be on time, he needed to get up soon.

He allowed himself one snooze cycle of five minutes to pout and throw a little fit before getting up and whining as his feet hit the tile and even through his two pairs of socks, the heat was pulled from his body at once, sending a shiver up his spine all the way to his scalp. He walked into the bathroom and started up the shower, the old pipes groaning in the walls like always as the water slowly heated. Jimin brushed his teeth quickly and stripped out of his warm pajamas, stepping into the shower.

He had to wash himself quickly; he knew he had about five minutes of hot water before it would run out. So, he washed his hair and body quickly, and then stood under the warm spray until he felt a slight change in temperature, and he turned it off at once. His shower would go from hot to stone cold in the span of about 45 seconds, and he didn't want to waste the warmth in his skin.

He reached outside the shower curtain and grabbed his towel, drying himself off quickly before the water could chill too much on his skin. At least the tiny bathroom was warm from the steam as he grabbed his outfit for the day and pulled it on. He blow dried his hair quickly, not wanting to go outside with wet hair in the cold. He hesitated at the bathroom door, not wanting to open it and let all his warmth out, but he sighed and shivered at the cold air as he grabbed his coat, wallet, phone and keys and rushed out into the cool morning.

Jimin looked up with a big smile as he saw delicate little snowflakes falling around him. He loved the snow. He smiled all the way to the bus stop as the white flakes swirled around him. Even if he was shivering with his hands pressed deep into his pockets to protect them from the cold, he was still happy. Nothing made winter like snow. His favorite view was that of the world covered in glittering white ice, untouched and perfect the morning after a heavy snowfall.

His bus arrived just as he got to the stop and he hopped on gladly, taking a seat and rubbing his hands together for warmth, blowing into his cupped palms to try and warm his frozen fingers. His stop came too soon and he jumped out and headed into the restaurant to help get everything set up for the lunch rush. The little bell above the door jingled as he walked in to find everyone gathered in a little crowd around the owner, who was crying.

Jimin rushed over and joined the group, reaching forward and taking her hands in his and giving them a squeeze of reassurance. Everyone seemed downtrodden and Jimin wondered what had happened.

“What's going on? Is everyone okay?” Jimin asked, looking around at his coworkers.

“No. I just got notice that the bank is foreclosing on the restaurant. I have two weeks to vacate the premises.”

Jimin felt his heart fall for two different reasons. He felt pity for his boss, the woman had always been extraordinarily kind to him, and also because that meant he was losing his job. He felt hot panic rise in his chest. He couldn't afford to miss out on work for however long it would take to find a new job. He was totally screwed.

Everyone stayed for a while to commiserate with each other, but before too long they all left. There would be no work for them, the owner had to pack her things up and leave. Jimin felt the tightness in his chest increase as he and Jackson walked to the bus stop together. His friend must have sensed his distress because he pulled him to a stop.

“Let me buy you a cup of coffee. I think we both could use the company, because I think you're freaking out just as much as I am.”

Honestly that sounded great, because if he was left alone, he was going to start panicking worse.

“Yeah, okay.”

They walked to a little coffee shop half a block away and ordered two plain coffees and doctored them up with sugar and cream before taking a seat at a little table and sighing in unison.

“What the hell am I going to do?” Jimin asked, rubbing his tired eyes.

“If I were you, and I had an ass like yours... I'd find me a sugar daddy.” Jackson said and wiggled his eyebrows suggestively.

“Okay... first of all... NO. And second of all, does Mark know you are looking at my ass?”

“Minnie. Mark might be an Omega, but even HE looks at your ass. It's a really nice ass.”

“Shut up. You're so embarrassing.” Jimin hissed, blushing and trying not to laugh.

“If I were single I'd find me a rich old Omega and let them pay my tuition and bills. I'm just saying, you have the goods... why not use them? Let some rich guy grope you and jerk him off, and all your bills are paid.” Jackson shrugged and took a drink of his coffee.

“You're gross. I'm not doing that.”

Jackson just shrugged and they changed the subject. Of course there was absolutely no way he was ever ever ever going to get a sugar daddy.

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Jungkook was tired. And horny. Which made for one extremely hard to deal with Alpha. All of his employees had already been gone for hours, and yet he was still at his desk, going over the end of year financial statements. It was a job he probably could have foisted off on someone else, but he'd always had a problem with needing to personally make sure things were done right. It was something his business partner Yoongi was always harping on him about.

He knew that working 16-hour days 7 days a week was neither healthy nor sustainable, but he was a bit of a workaholic. He reached over and grabbed his coffee, taking a sip and grimacing at the stone-cold temperature. He looked at the time and saw that it was almost 10:00 PM already and sighed. It was Saturday night and he should be out at a bar, finding an Omega to help relieve some of his stress. But honestly, he hated the whole rigmarole of going to a bar and hitting on someone, convincing them to let you take them home for the night. Ten out of ten times when he brought someone to his apartment, what is supposed to be a one-night stand turns into reverse courting

when they find out he has money.

He sighed and leaned back in his chair, rubbing his tired eyes and trying to decide if he should just give it up for the day and head home. He looked at the half-finished stack of reports on his desk and felt his eyes burning from focusing on the tiny numbers for hours and hours. What ended up convincing him to go home was not his tiredness, but the fact that if he kept working in this state, he was going to start messing up his numbers. On top of being a workaholic, he was also a perfectionist, and he couldn't allow himself to start screwing up these reports.

He rapped his knuckles against the desk and stood, leaving his neat stacks of papers where they sat and grabbed his coat, scarf and gloves on his way out. He walked through the dark office, which was a familiar sight for him. He very rarely left work when the sun was still up, and even more rarely arrived after it had risen. He knew that he was getting too bogged down in the everyday running of the company. He'd started the business because he was passionate about technology and innovations in computer science. He missed working with the engineers and coding for new products. These days he felt like a glorified accountant with a big fancy office.

The elevator dinged and opened, he stepped inside, pressing the button for the garage and leaned against the back wall as he waited and felt himself descend to the lowest level. Now that his mind wasn't focused so much on work, the hot shifting under his skin was the main center of his attention. He really needed to get laid, but the mere idea of going out to a bar tonight filled him with a bone-deep fatigue. He'd considered trying to find a boyfriend or girlfriend for the sole purpose of having someone to fuck when he needed to, but he knew he didn't have the time or proper motivation to start up a relationship. That would just end badly.

It looked like tonight he was going it alone. He exited the elevator and made his way to his black Audi, hopping in and groaning at the idea of going home alone again. Masturbation had lost its appeal quite some time ago. His inner Alpha longed for an Omega or a Beta to ease him and wasn't impressed by his own half-hearted handjobs. At this point, it was about the equivalent of throwing a bucket of water on a forest fire. Not very effective.

Jungkook drove home through the dark city, it was starting to snow in earnest now. The winter storm that the skies had been promising finally releasing the snow on them. He used to love the snow when he was younger, but now it was more of an inconvenience. When he was small, he'd spent his holidays with his family, but over the years they'd grown apart. He hadn't talked to his parents in almost 3 years now. The thought made him think about calling and seeing if they were okay, if they needed anything, but he'd learned the hard way that he and his money weren't welcome there.

When he'd refused to take over the family business after college, his father had taken it hard, but they'd still stayed close until Jeon Paint and Body went under. By that time Jungkook already had a handful of tech patents and was making good money. He'd gone home and tried to give his father the money he needed to bail out his business. His offer had led to the worst family fight that they'd ever had.

His father was a proud Alpha, and refused to take his son's money. The entire blowout had ended with his father telling him that he was ungrateful for not taking over the family business and Jungkook telling his father that at least he was capable of keeping a business afloat. It was the one and only time his father had ever struck him, and it had been a shock. His mother had tried to stop him as he'd stormed out of the house, but he'd been too angry, too wound up to listen. He hadn't spoken to either of them since.

He pulled into the garage under his apartment building and mentally slapped himself for his

wandering thoughts. Why was he thinking about that? He usually kept his mind away from the past, but something about the holidays always brought it out of him. He specifically turned his thoughts away from the unwelcome old feelings that still twisted his gut when he remembered shrugging off his mother's hand, and the look of surprise that had overtaken his father's face after he'd hit him. He made his way to the elevator and thought about his pet coding project he'd been working on the side.

Sleep was an elusive thing for him over the past months. No matter how tired he was, he was always too keyed up to get proper sleep. He usually worked out before bed, to try and curb his restlessness, but he knew it was the lack of a sex life that made him so agitated. He was an Alpha after all, and he was in his prime. His sex drive was high, and his natural instinct to find a mate was strong. Biology could be a real bitch sometimes, he thought as he hit the button for his penthouse and felt his stomach dip as the elevator zoomed upward.

As soon as he was inside his apartment, he started to undress, leaving a trail of clothes in his wake as he headed for his bedroom and slipped on sweats. He hadn't eaten since early morning and he was starving. He knew good and well his kitchen was empty, not having gone to the grocery store anytime in recent memory. So, he pulled his phone out and ordered take-out to be delivered to his place as he made his way into his office and started up his PC, opening up all the various programs he used to code and experiment with his simulations.

He'd spent all his rare free time over the last year trying to make an idea he'd had come to fruition. He'd been trying to engineer a smaller and more powerful processor that would skyrocket their company to the forefront of the tech world if he could manage it. He was sure he would have figured it out by now if he could spend more than a few hours on it at a time when he was already dead tired. He studied his work and tried to remember where he'd left off, working through the complex lines of code and finding a good place to start working.

It felt like no time at all until his doorbell was ringing, signaling that his food had arrived. He jumped up and grabbed his wallet as he headed to the door, opening it to see a small and pretty-ish Omega holding a bag from the restaurant he'd ordered from. There was a moment of pause where the Omega's eyes slid from his face, down his shirtless torso, then her eyes snapped back up to Jungkook's face as if realizing that he'd been eyeing the Alpha up.

"Good evening, sir. I've got your food here. Your total is \$20.70." The Omega said with a small, tight smile.

Jungkook pulled a fifty out of his wallet and handed it over.

"Keep the change."

Just as he was about to close the door, the Omega's voice called out again.

"Um... hey... Are you... looking for a sugar baby or anything?"

The question came straight out of left field and had his eyebrows rising in surprise. What the hell kind of question was that? Him? Need a sugar baby? No. There was no way he was ever ever ever going to have a sugar baby.

"Uh... No thanks."

He closed the door right in the Omega's face.

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Jimin had his computer in his lap as he was curled up in his nest, glad for the warmth radiating from the thing. The laptop had been his graduation gift from his parents, and he was so grateful to have it at the moment. He was connected to his neighbor's Wi-Fi, the old couple didn't have a password on their network, so he was able to use their internet to browse for a job. He wasn't coming up with anything, however. All the jobs that were good for college students were already taken at this point in the semester. He had no idea what he was going to do. Was he really going to have to call and ask his parents for money?

Just as he thought that, he saw a job posting for a barista in a café, but the posting said to apply in person. He eyed it curiously, noting that it had been posted over a week ago. He hoped that they hadn't already filled the position but feared that they had. Students would snatch up an opportunity like that quickly. It was the only promising lead that he could find however that would work with his school schedule. So, he got up and dressed in his nicest outfit, which was basically the only pair of jeans he owned without holes in them and a white button up, throwing his coat on top and heading out.

There was a thin layer of snow on the ground now, and Jimin was happy to see it starting to stick. The weather had said that they were supposed to get a lot more snow over the next week. He shoved his cold hands in his pockets and jogged to the bus stop. His cheeks and nose were raw from cold and he knew they must be red. He tucked the lower half of his face into his coat and shivered as the wind cut right through his meager layers, freezing him. He smiled as he squinted through the snow and saw his bus coming, jumping up the steps immediately when it stopped in front of him.

The coffee shop was right next to the bus stop he usually used to go to work at the restaurant, and he felt a little sad as he got off and looked down the way to where his old job was. He hoped that the owner would be alright. But he didn't spend too much time thinking about it, because the wind was still blowing and he was freezing cold. He quickly walked forward and into the small coffee shop, that was pleasantly warm inside and smelled lovely like chocolate and coffee beans. He took a deep breath and smiled at the lovely scent.

He waited in line until he got to the front, and asked about the job posting. He was directed to a manager, who sadly informed him that the position was already filled. He just nodded and left his number with her in case something else opened up. He felt despondence overtake him as he made his way out of the shop and to the bus stop, happy at least that his bus arrived just as he reached the stop and he didn't have to wait in the cold. He chewed his thumbnail as he rode back toward his apartment, worrying what to do.

Which was how he found himself back in his nest with his laptop back open searching for a job again. He thought back on his conversation with Jackson. He knew that the Alpha had mostly been kidding about him getting a sugar daddy, but his rent was due in two days and he didn't have even half of it. He didn't want to get evicted, and he didn't want to have to call his parents for money. He worried his lip with his teeth as he thought about it, then looked back at the glowing computer screen in his lap. He opened up Google and typed in a search.

Search: How do you get a sugar daddy

He was flooded with results, from articles about sugar daddy/sugar baby relationships to websites that would help hook you up. He paused at one link that caught his eye.

"Magic Shop- Looking for a discrete financially beneficial relationship in Seoul? Our team will help match you with the best possible Alpha, Beta or Omega to suit your needs and interests. Please call to schedule an appointment." There was a number listed below it.

Jimin clicked the link and it opened a surprisingly professional looking website. He clicked through the tabs and info to see that it was an actual legitimate service. He read through all the information available on the website, and realized that they were in fact exactly what they claimed. A matchmaking service. They simply got paid to help people find a match for sugar daddy/sugar baby relationships.

He picked up his phone and looked down at the cracked screen, chewing his lip again as he contemplated calling the number. He considered all the pros and cons of calling the number and going through with this ludicrous plan. On one hand, he might end up with some old creep, or worse not be chosen at all. On the other hand, he really needed to get laid, and there was a possibility that they might hook him up with someone he at least was a little attracted to.

He unlocked his phone and dialed the number. Was he really about to try and get a sugar daddy?

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The coffee shop was way too busy for a Sunday morning, Jungkook thought as he stood at the back of the little café and waited on his order. He needed to get to work, and he was already running behind schedule. He should have been there an hour ago, which just meant he'd be staying an hour later tonight. He was leaning against the wall and looking at his phone, reading work emails and mentally drafting responses for when he got back to his computer, hating to type long work emails on the phone. It left too much leeway for typos and embarrassing errors.

Occasionally the door would open and a gust of cold winter wind would breeze over his side, but he ignored it in favor of reading his business correspondence. At least he did until a particular blast of air carried a lovely vanilla bean scent to him that made goosebumps erupt over his skin. He felt his cock stir slightly at the perfect, sweet scent of an Omega. He eyed the crowd, trying to spot out who the scent belonged to, but he couldn't tell. There were too many people in the confined space, and too many scents clogging the air to be able to differentiate between scents.

He took several deep breaths, trying to catch the scent again, but to no avail. Whoever it belonged to was lost in the crush of people. When his order was finally called, he made his way to the front just in time to see the prettiest Omega he'd ever seen. Blond hair, lovely face with full lips and sultry eyes whose color he couldn't determine from this far away. He grabbed his coffee from the barista and as he turned back to see where the pretty boy was, he was leaving.

Jungkook watched as he pushed out the door, and the winter air carried the vanilla bean scent to him again. That was the boy whose scent he had noticed. He pushed his way toward the exit, wanting to talk to the Omega, maybe try to get him to go home with him... But as he reached the door the blond was getting on a bus and he watched it pull away. His eyes traced the profile of the pretty Omega through the window as the bus pulled away from the curb and headed off. He felt a little defeated as the bus pulled away, he hadn't felt attraction like that in years.

Sighing, he headed for his car, damning his bad luck for losing out on the pretty boy. He unlocked the car and slid inside, heading to his office. As he removed his coat and took his seat at his desk, beginning to work through more of the financial statements, the usual heated shifting under his skin refused to calm down the way it normally did when he was focused on work. His mind kept playing the few moments that he'd seen the lovely blond Omega over and over on an endless loop.

He pressed his knuckles into his closed eyes, trying to wipe the image from his visual memory. He was well aware that the blond had been hot, and he was also well aware of the fact that he was extremely sexually starved at the moment, but he had work to do. So he took a few deep breaths and forced his mind to focus on the reports in front of him. There was no time in his life for a relationship, even with a beautiful Omega. He didn't want a boyfriend anyway, he just needed to

get laid.

After a few hours of working, Jungkook was interrupted by his business partner Yoongi walking into his office and taking a seat in one of the chairs on the other side of his desk. The other Alpha sat back and crossed his legs at the knee, giving him a knowing look. He hated that look because it was always followed by harsh truths that he didn't want to hear. He'd known Yoongi since elementary school, and there was no one in the world who knew him better, but that meant that when he started in on him, he had more ammo than most.

“What?” Jungkook said, looking back down at his papers and trying to give off a harsh ‘fuck off’ vibe. It was ineffective, Yoongi was impervious to his moods.

“Somehow I knew I'd find you here... on a Sunday. What are you doing here? There is no reason for you to be here right now. You need to take a break.”

“I've got work to do.” Jungkook scoffed, indicating toward the stacks of papers neatly arranged on his desk.

Yoongi leaned forward and rested his elbows on his knees, leveling Jungkook with an unimpressed stare.

“Get a fucking secretary or an assistant. Fuck... Hire a new damn CEO. We both know you want to be downstairs in the lab working on the new products and designs. You're killing yourself trying to do everything at once. We started this company together because of your engineering, coding and computer science abilities and my business sense.”

Jungkook rubbed a hand over his face, trying hard not to show how stressed and tired he was and trying to keep from getting angry at his best friend, who he knew was right. He was taking on too much, but he couldn't help it. He was a control freak and he needed things to be just so, and trusting other people to take care of them was a big source of anxiety for him.

“You think I don't know that? You think I want to be doing this?” Jungkook snapped, sounding harsher than he'd meant.

Yoongi didn't back down.

“Yes, I do think that you want to be doing this. Otherwise you would find someone else to do it. You are isolating yourself in work, it's your SOP. You think that if you keep yourself busy you can keep from thinking about what happened with your parents, and you can avoid trying to build a life and find a mate.”

Jungkook felt his unwanted anger rise up in him. How dare Yoongi bring his parents into this? That had nothing to do with this and was a really low blow.

“First of all, fuck you. And second of all, I don't want a mate, I don't want a boyfriend. I'm fine.”

“Shit, I don't even care if you find a mate, but you need something in your life other than work. Even if it's just sex. Find a pretty Omega and get some of this stress out so you can think clearly for once. You're not fine, Jungkook and we both know it.”

Jungkook pressed his tongue against the inside of his cheek and sat back in his chair, trying not to lose his temper. He wanted to throw Yoongi from his office, he wanted to hit him. It wouldn't be the first time their friendship had come to blows, and probably not the last. They were the most stubborn people in the world. Their parents said they were too much alike, which was why they were both best friends and worst enemies at times. It was hard to fight against yourself.

“I don’t have time in my life for a boyfriend. The last thing I need is a clingy, needy Omega all over me when I’m trying to work or someone constantly interrupting my life.”

“Kook. You’re rich as hell. Get a fucking sugar baby for all I care. Pay someone to come around and suck your dick a few times a week. Just do... something. Because your attitude isn’t going unnoticed around here, and it’s not helpful for the boss to be an asshole to his employees because he hasn’t popped a knot in too long.”

This was the second time in less than 24 hours that someone suggested a sugar baby to him. What the hell? But as he thought about it... it might not be such a bad thing. All the benefits of a relationship with none of the neediness and obligations. A novel idea.

Jungkook sighed and rubbed a hand over his face again, trying to let his anger bleed away. That was the most infuriating thing about being best friends with Yoongi, you could never win an argument. He was way too insightful, and he knew exactly what to say and do to make you feel like an asshole.

“Look, I know you’re right. But do you have to be such a dick about it?”

The humor helped dispel some of the tension, and let them both relax again. Jungkook was still annoyed but trying not to show it. He was after all a grown man and didn’t need his friend telling him how to live his life. But that was wrong. Yoongi just wanted what was best for him. He imagined if the situation were reversed and knew that he’d be a thousand times worse and probably would have made the whole thing harder for them both.

He knew he was closed off from people. He wished he could blame it on what happened with his parents, but he’d kind of always been that way. He projected a lot of confidence and surety, but inside he was afraid of getting hurt, just like everyone. His arrogance and aloofness were just the mask he used with the world to keep them at arm’s length. It was the reason that his few attempts at relationships over the years had failed. He couldn’t let people in, and after a while, everyone got tired of bashing their head against the brick wall that was Jeon Jungkook’s heart.

“Yes I do have to be a dick about it or you’d never listen to me. Stop your whole ‘I am an island’ routine and get laid, get your head out of your ass and let me see my best friend again.”

“Alright. I’ll try.”

“Good. Now, let’s both get the fuck out of here. I don’t want you to work anymore today. Just go home and relax for once. Can you do that?”

Jungkook ran his hands over the smooth glass top of his desk, back and forth for a few minutes. It was hard for him to leave when he knew that there was work that needed to be done, but he had to start somewhere, and he guessed this was as good a place as any to begin. So he stood and put his coat on, smiling as Yoongi wrapped an arm around his shoulders and gave him a shake. They headed for the elevator together and parted ways when they got to their cars.

It felt a little scandalous to be leaving work during the day. Jungkook couldn’t remember the last time he hadn’t worked until after dark. He had so much time on his hands and he wasn’t sure what to do with it. He had nowhere in particular he wanted to go, so he headed home. As he drove he considered Yoongi’s words. Should he actually consider getting a sugar baby? It was an odd thing to think about, paying someone for sex. He’d never thought about it before, but as he considered it, it felt like the perfect scenario for him.

He wasn’t open to love, he just wanted someone who would come over occasionally and let him

fuck them. It would be nice to feel a warm body under him once in a while, and Yoongi was right, he had the money. As a workaholic, he very rarely spent his money on anything that wasn't strictly necessary for everyday life, and had amassed quite a fortune. He had been in this year's issue of Forbes 'Richest CEOs Under 30' and he had more money rolling in all the time.

The real question was... how did one go about procuring a sugar baby? He had no idea. He'd never considered it as a possibility in his life, so he'd never thought much about it. So, like any tech nerd worth his salt, he did what came naturally. He turned to the internet for information.

He made his way into his apartment, picking up yesterday's trail of clothes and changing into sweats before plopping down at his desk and turning on his computer. He pulled up Google and typed into the search bar.

Search: How do you get a sugar baby

He looked through the options at his fingertips and paused at one that looked promising.

"Magic Shop- Looking for a discrete financially beneficial relationship in Seoul? Our team will help match you with the best possible Alpha, Beta or Omega to suit your needs and interests. Please call to schedule an appointment."

He opened the website and browsed through, noting that the webpage design was actually not bad. It seemed professional and that actually made him feel a little less like a fucking creep for doing this. Using a matchmaking service to help him find someone to sleep with was not his proudest moment. He looked at their hours and saw that they took calls even on Sunday.

He picked up his phone and unlocked it, dialing the number and hesitating. Was he really about to try and get a sugar baby?

# Magic Shop

## Chapter Summary

Jimin and Jungkook both reach out to the Magic Shop Matchmaking Agency.

## Chapter Notes

I just want to be clear for everyone, that though this story includes mentions of daddykink and BDSM themes, it is not a DDLB story.

Please enjoy.

Jimin held the phone to his ear and listened as it rang a few times, then the click of the call being connected and a smooth female voice.

“Thank you for calling Magic Shop where we help you find that someone you’re looking for. How can I help you today?”

“Uh... Hi. I found your website and I was um... wondering about signing up with your matchmaking service.”

“Yes sir, I would be happy to assist you with that. Are you looking to be a provider or a recipient?”

“Recipient.” Jimin liked that, it sounded more casual than sugar baby.

“Can I get your full name?”

“Park Jimin.”

“Okay, and what is your gender and status?”

“Male Omega.”

“Age?”

“21.”

“Okay, well we would be happy to schedule you an appointment to come in and interview, fill out some paperwork, take some tests and portfolio shots. I’ve got an appointment tomorrow afternoon at 3:30, will you be able to make it?”

“Yes. I can make it.” That was perfect, his classes only went until 2:30 tomorrow so he’d have time to get there.

“Great I will put you on the schedule.”

“Okay. Is there anything I need to bring? Or anything I need to do before I come?”

“Just a valid form of ID and we’ll take care of everything else.”

“Well then, thank you.”

“Thank you, sir.”

Jimin hung up the phone and felt a little weird about the whole situation. He wasn’t sure he was totally comfortable with the idea of money for sex, but he had no other choice. It wasn’t like it was a permanent situation. He just needed to pay his bills and find another legitimate job, then he could call off this arrangement and that would be that. It was a one-time thing, and maybe it would even be a little fun. The idea of someone taking him shopping, and out to fancy restaurants seemed kind of nice. He wasn’t sure exactly what sort of arrangement he and his potential benefactor would have, so he wouldn’t worry until worry was necessary. It was something that a lot of people must do, if someone had made an entire business based on it.

He spent the afternoon in his nest, working on his homework for his business classes. Cooking was his passion, and what he wanted to do most, but if he wanted to own his own restaurant, he needed to know how to run a business. His week was split between culinary courses and business courses. He hated the business courses so much. They were primarily math based and he hated math with a burning passion. He was the type who was better with his hands than with numbers and calculations. He had always been impressed by people who were good at math.

Of course, he wasn’t stupid, he just didn’t have that internal calculator that some people were born with and thus had to figure things out the old fashioned way. His homework took up most of his day, but around dinnertime he was finally done with everything. He’d let it pile up because of work, but it felt nice to be totally done and not have any stress about trying to finish it last minute. Maybe if the whole sugar baby thing worked out, he’d have more time for his homework. That would be nice.

As an aspiring chef and culinary student he was a little appalled at how often he ate ramen for dinner. Really it was because it was what he could afford. He used to cook for a lot of the staff after hours at the restaurant for practice, and he would miss that. His tiny apartment had a little stove but it was not fitted out for any real cooking. He didn’t have the counter space for any type of real food prep, or the storage space for many ingredients. So it was ramen. At least it was warm and fast. Because getting out of his cozy warm spot in his nest was terrible, but getting back in with his warm soup made up for it.

He watched YouTube on his computer as he ate his ramen, rather comfortable all tucked up in his blankets and pillows, getting warmth from both his computer and food. He wrapped his hands around the ramen cup and let them leach all the warmth that they could, and sighing at the feeling. He ate his dinner, then called his mother to give his weekly checkup. He didn’t tell her about losing his job because he didn’t want to worry her. He just assured her that he was okay and that he was doing well in the city, asked about everyone back in Busan.

He listened to his mother’s long descriptions of what everyone was up to and occasionally adding in a ‘uh-huh’ or a ‘That’s great’ whenever it was appropriate while he picked at his cuticles and listened with half attention until the conversation finally wound its way back around to him, like always. He suppressed a sigh at the question he knew was coming.

“So, how’s your love life? Meet any nice Alphas or Betas that you like?”

“Eomma! How many times do I have to tell you, I’m not looking for a boyfriend right now. I’m focusing on school.”

“Well don’t focus too hard, you’ll go cross eyed.” She said with a laugh. “But really, Jimin. I just hate to think of you all alone there in the city, without any love and support. You don’t even have anyone to scent you before bed at night. I hate it. I just don’t want you to be lonely. It’s bad for Omegas to be alone. You know I just love you and want what’s best for you.”

“I know Eomma, and I’m doing fine. If I meet the Alpha of my dreams, I promise you’ll be the first to know, okay?”

“Alright, alright.” She conceded. “I won’t harp on about it. But think about finding someone, okay? Find someone to love. I know you have a lot of love in that heart of yours, share it with someone.”

“I’ll think about it. I’ve got to go. I’ve got school tomorrow. I’ll call you next week. I love you.”

“Love you too, Baby. Don’t forget to call your brother, he misses you too.”

Jimin hung up the phone and dropped it on the bed next to him with a sigh. His mom was always trying to encourage him to find a boyfriend, but he wasn’t looking for a serious relationship right now. He was young and still in school. He didn’t need the distraction of love to derail his future plans. Which was why the arrangement with the matchmaking service was ideal. Maybe he’d get more than one thing he needed from this setup.

There was one point on which his mother was totally right, though he’d never admit that to her. He was starved for physical intimacy and touch. He had friends, even a few close ones, but none that were comfortable holding him or scenting him. He tried to remember the last time someone had scented him, and he was pretty sure it was last Christmas when he’d visited home and his parents had hugged and scented him to within an inch of his life. He wished that his mom weren’t so right about everything all the time. It made being a rebellious child hard, when she was so full of logic and facts.

He picked the phone up and called his brother. He was sure his mom would be on the warpath if she found out he hadn’t called Jin. The phone rang and he heard the soft, lilting voice of his brother on the other end. The sound filled him with a longing so deep he was surprised by the depth of it. He and Jin had always been close, and being so far apart for such long periods of time, was hard.

“Hey Minnie! Did Eomma make you call?” Jin’s voice was amused and laughing.

“She didn’t make me. I wanted to call! I miss you, you know?”

“Of course I know! I miss you too baby brother. So, how are you doing? Are you sleeping well, eating right?”

“Yes, Eomma!” Jimin mocked, but eyed his empty ramen cup and freezing apartment, knowing he was lying.

“I’m just checking. I want to make sure you’re doing okay. I’m worried about you. You’re all alone there in Seoul and I can’t stop by every other day to make sure you’re healthy.”

“You sound more and more like Eomma every day.” Jimin laughed. “But thank you, I’m doing fine. How about you?”

Jin sighed. “I’m getting tired of this job. They treat the teachers here terribly. Of course I still love my students, but I’ve been thinking of moving after this school year. Maybe I’ll come to Seoul. There are always schools hiring teachers there. Plus half the single Alphas here are guys I went to high school with. No way am I mating one of them.”



“I’m sorry to hear that your job isn’t doing well, but it would be nice to have you closer. I really miss you, Jinnie. I can’t vouch for the dating scene, because I am the eternally single Omega, but I’m sure you would find someone you didn’t go to high school with at least.”

The idea of having Jin so close, of being able to see him anytime he wanted made his heart swell. He loved his brother and missed him every day.

“Poor Eomma and her two single Omega sons.” Jin said wryly. “No wonder she harps on us so much. She probably expected grandbabies by now.”

“Yeah, I imagine that she did. But she’s not getting them from me. I think you’ll have to take one for the team here.” Jimin joked.

“I would be honored. Let me just find an Alpha who treats me well and isn’t a dud in bed and I will be a baby factory. You know I want lots of pups.”

“Good luck with that. Let me know how your search goes.”

“Will do. But, I’ll let you go. I know you need to sleep. Love you lil’ bro.”

“Love you too. Talk to you soon.”

Jimin scrambled out of his nest to throw away his ramen cup and quickly brush his teeth before rushing back into his nest and snuggling into the blankets deeply, trying to get back his little pool of warmth. As he lay in bed he pictured what kind of person he would be paired with at the agency. He pictured his dream Alpha and had to laugh at himself. There was no way in the world he would ever be paired with his ideal type. But he still pictured the mental image that he’d built in his head over the years. Tall, strong, dark hair and eyes, a strong jaw line and big, warm hands, a kind smile and eyes that sparkled with humor. He scoffed and rolled over, dismissing his own thoughts. He was never going to meet his dream guy through a sugar daddy service.

Morning always came too soon and too cold for his liking, and as his alarm went off, he groaned. But as he remembered that today was the day he was going to the matchmaker, he convinced himself to get out of bed on his first alarm. He hoped to spend a little extra time on his appearance today so that he would look pretty in his pictures. He showered quickly and did his usual morning routine of dressing. He wore his nice jeans and a button up shirt, blow-drying his hair and trying to style it a little bit with the dryer. He even pulled out his little stash of makeup and dabbed concealer under his eyes, adding a bit of brown eyeliner and cherry chapstick.

When he was done, he smiled at his reflection. He was pretty today, and hopefully that would help him to find a good match. He skipped breakfast, grabbing his coat, keys, wallet and backpack before rushing out the door and jogging to the bus stop. There was a decent amount of snow on the ground now, enough that the streets had been salted. He almost slipped on the snow several times, the worn soles of his ancient white converse offering no friction to the slick ground. And also no warmth to his freezing toes.

School was boring, Mondays were all business classes. But at least he got to feel semi accomplished by having all his homework done early for once. He sat through his classes, trying hard to pay attention and not let his thoughts wander to his unusual interview he had scheduled for the afternoon. He was unsuccessful at his attempts to keep the appointment out of his head, but made it through the day. He had to take the subway to get all the way across Seoul, then take a bus from near the station and walk another four blocks to get to the building.

He looked up at the expensive looking office building. It was the kind of place that wasn’t all one

company, but a big tower where many businesses rented space. He headed inside. The building was NICE, like... really nice. He looked around as he walked through, admiring the marble floors and high ceilings in the lobby as he waited for the elevator. This place must cost a fortune to rent in, and he felt bad as he left wet footprints across the pristine floors. He boarded the elevator and headed up to the 18th floor. This entire floor apparently belonged to Magic Shop, and he was greeted immediately by the receptionist at the counter.

“Good afternoon, welcome to Magic Shop. How can I help you?” The pretty female Alpha said, looking at Jimin with a smile.

“I’ve got an appointment today. My name is Park Jimin.”

She consulted her computer for a moment, clicking and scrolling then turning back and offering him another smile. She stood from the desk and walked around to him.

“Please follow me this way.”

Jimin followed her down a hallway and into an office where he was greeted by another female Alpha. The plaque on her desk read Son Wendy- Matchmaker. So he guessed this was the person conducting his interview. The receptionist left them alone and Jimin took a seat as directed. The woman across the desk was beautiful and a little intimidating, but when she smiled Jimin felt more at ease.

“Good afternoon, Mr. Park. I’m so glad you’ve decided to join our agency to find a match. I need to start out by asking you a few questions to make sure you’re suited to our services.”

“Uh... sure. Go ahead.”

“Great. First question, when was your last heat?”

Jimin was surprised that question one was such a personal one, but he knew that this would come up, so he just answered honestly.

“About a month ago.”

“Is there any chance you could be pregnant currently?”

“No.”

“Would you be willing to take a pregnancy test and an STD screening?”

“Of course. No problem.” Jimin knew he was clean.

“What kind of financial support are you looking for?”

“Um... just like...help with rent and bills. Maybe tuition. I’m a college student enrolled at Seoul Culinary Institute and Seoul Business College.”

This answer seemed to surprise her, and she cocked a brow as she made notes on a pad in her lap.

“Okay. How many sexual partners have you had?”

Jimin cleared his throat and adjusted in his seat, face going pink.

“Just one.”

“I see. Would a sexual component to the relationship we set you up with be amenable to you?”

“Yes, of course. I would be... fine with that.”

“Good.”

The questioning went on and on, and eventually he was handed a list of kinks and sex acts and asked to check off which ones he would be willing to participate in. The list was LONG, way longer than he would have guessed. He didn't know some of the words, and had to ask the matchmaker for explanations on a few, but ended up not checking any of those because they sounded gross or scary. He wasn't exactly lily white. He'd had sex before, and he was a 21 year old who lived alone and had access to a laptop. He'd watched plenty of porn and had an idea of what he wanted in bed. So he checked off the boxes for the things that he'd be okay with participating in, feeling his face go red as he handed it back to the matchmaker and watched her read over it.

Anal Sex

Oral Sex

Handjobs

Phone Sex/Sexting

Masturbating (with partner)

Dry Humping/Grinding

Intercrural Sex

Face Sitting/Rimming (recipient)

Facials/Cumshots

Semi-Public Sex

Gagging

Dirty Talk/Humiliation

Spanking

Begging

Blindfolds/Sensory Deprivation

Light Bondage

Hair Pulling

Toys

Lingerie/Panties

Orgasm Denial

Daddy Kink

Praise Kink

After a few moments, the matchmaker slipped the sheet of paper into the stack that she was filling out before looking up at him and folding her hands on her desk.

“I think you are a perfect candidate for our services. So, our next steps are to get your pregnancy and STD tests done. We have a team in-house who can do it on site, and once that's cleared we just need to get your contract signed and take your portfolio photos and you're good to go.”

“Okay.”

Jimin was led to another part of the office, which looked like a little medical center. He was sat down and had blood drawn. He waited about thirty minutes and he guessed his tests had cleared because he was brought back to Ms. Son's office to read and sign his contract and fill out his personal information documentation. He read and filled out everything carefully and made sure that there was nothing suspicious in it before signing his name at the bottom and handing it back.

Jimin felt ridiculous as he was led to a little photo studio and sat in different spots as a photographer took a bunch of pictures of him from every angle. He'd never modeled before and it was kind of embarrassing. He did his best, trying to smooth his face into his usual 'selfie face'. He was given several changes of clothes and moved around from location to location in the little studio to get him in different lighting and backdrops. He didn't really understand why they needed all this. If the person was attracted to him, then that was enough, right? But they were the experts, so he kept quiet and did as he was told, posing and moving as directed.

He dressed back in his own clothes and was led back to the elevator by the photographer. As they walked through, he caught an intoxicating scent in the air, like coffee and the dark bitter chocolate he always craved when he was in heat, mixed with a darker scent of earthy male. An Alpha scent. He took several deep breaths, looking around for the source, but finding none. Some part of him wanted to seek out the owner of the dark, rich scent, but he controlled himself and bid the photographer farewell.

He checked his phone to see that it was already 6:30 PM. He'd been there for three hours, but he was glad it was done. Now that he'd taken the first step, it was bound to get easier. He stepped into the elevator and rode back down to the lobby, noting that the Alpha's scent was here in the elevator too. He had never felt so attracted to a smell before, but he was sad when the doors opened and he had to leave it behind.

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Jungkook pressed dial and waited until the call was picked up. A female voice answered.

"Thank you for calling Magic Shop where we help you find that someone you're looking for. How can I help you today?"

"Yes, I'm calling to set up an appointment with your service."

"Yes sir, I would be happy to assist you with that. Are you looking to be a provider or a recipient?"

"Provider."

"Can I get your full name?"

"Jeon Jungkook."

"Okay, and what is your gender and status?"

"Male Alpha."

"Age?"

"29."

"I would be happy to schedule you an appointment to come in and interview, run some tests and browse our portfolios. I have an appointment at 5:30 PM tomorrow, will that time work for you?"

That was much earlier than Jungkook would usually leave work, but he doubted they would stick around until 10:00 PM for him to come by.

"That will be fine."

"Great I will put you on the schedule."

“Thank you.”

“Thank you, sir.”

Jungkook hung up the phone and sat back in his desk chair. He was getting a sugar baby. What an unexpected turn of events. But, honestly he was a little excited. It had been so long since he'd had sex that he felt like he was going to combust. He just needed to get laid. Badly.

Shoving those thoughts aside, he turned back to his computer and opened up his programs and data on his side project. He was actually looking forward to working on it when his mind wasn't slow and logy from tiredness. Things were actually progressing after a few hours of complicated calculations and coding, entering new parameters into this testing program and running simulations. He missed doing this. He missed the complex math, the trial and error that was a natural part of any computer science. He felt himself relaxing into his project and before he knew it, it was dark outside and his stomach was protesting loudly that he hadn't eaten all day.

He ordered food again, but from a different place. He didn't want another run in with the Omega from the day before. He ate in front of the TV, kind of wishing he had someone with him. He had always hated eating alone, but over the years had gotten used to it. He thought of his college days when all the guys in his department would go out for chicken and beer on the weekends. He missed the camaraderie of a group of friends who all shared his interests. He missed the debates about math and coding and the stupid inside jokes.

A lot of those guys actually worked at his company now. He'd recruited them after the business started to take off, stealing a few from his much larger competitors. He sometimes thought about trying to get the old gang back together for drinks, but thought it probably would be awkward to go out drinking with the boss. Yoongi's words from earlier ran through his head, 'We both know you want to be downstairs in the lab working on the new products and designs.'

His friend was right, he did want to be in the lab. He wanted to be creating the innovations for his company, but he also wanted his company to be successful. He didn't trust anyone else to do his job. If he hired someone and they turned out to be a failure, it would be a mess that he would never be able to clean up. Who else would work themselves to the bone like he did? No one. The company was his baby and he was loath to entrust its management to a stranger.

He did his nightly work out and took a shower, actually going to bed at a decent hour for once. But even though he was tired, his mind wouldn't shut up. So many things circled the drain of sleep, clogging it and not letting him rest. His project, his company, his parents, his friends, his potential sugar baby. He pressed the heels of his palms into his eyes and sighed deeply, wishing he could shut his brain off. Sex had always been the best thing he'd known to clear his mind, but he was alone.

Once he'd thought of sex, his mind naturally veered down that path. His body responded at once, warming as his cock lengthened and hardened in his boxers. He worked a hand under the covers and palmed himself through his boxers, trying to get some relief. His mind played through its usual images as he stroked over himself, a nameless faceless Omega on all fours or on their knees, or any number of other positions. However as he closed his eyes and let his mind wander over the idea of sex, his faceless Omega became someone with a very distinct and memorable face. The blond Omega from the coffee shop. The one with the pretty, vanilla bean scent.

His cock pulsed in his hand, and he felt a small wet patch of pre-cum on his boxers as his temperature skyrocketed. He threw his covers off and pushed his boxers down, kicking them off before reaching into his nightstand for the bottle of lube he kept there. He dribbled the cool liquid over his heated tip and stroked himself with a firm hand, closing his eyes and letting the picture of

his lovely blond stranger wash over him again. His lips had been so full and lush, he would look perfect on his knees with his mouth stretched around his cock. He'd been so pale that Jungkook bet he got all pink and blushy when he was aroused. It made his entire body burn to picture that lovely face all red and splotchy with exertion, or even better covered in his cum.

That image had him moving his hand faster. The little Omega would smell like him for days after that, he would be covered so strongly in his scent that his light, sweet one would be completely overshadowed by Jungkook's own. He ground his teeth as he pictured fucking into his mouth, down his throat as he gripped his lovely blond hair and used his mouth like a fleshlight. He bet that he took cock like a dream. Imagined him loving to get fucked hard and deep until he couldn't remember his own fucking name.

His orgasm hit him like a freight train, slamming into his body and carrying him miles from his worries and as he came down from his high, he was actually relaxed. That had been the best orgasm he'd had in years, and as he glanced down his body he saw that he was covered in ropes of his own cum from belly to neck. Usually masturbating didn't produce much cum for him and was generally unsatisfying, but he'd just had the most mind-blowing release in recent memory.

Jungkook grabbed his boxers with his toes and flipped them up, catching them in his hand and using them to clean the cum and lube off. He'd have to take another shower in the morning, but he was too tired, too sated at the moment to get out of bed. He pulled the covers up over himself and dozed almost at once, falling into a deep and dreamless sleep, and when he woke to his alarm, he actually felt rested for once.

Everyone seemed a little scared of him, almost gawking as he made his way into work and to his office. He realized as he saw his reflection in the glass panes of the windows that he was smiling and that's why people were looking at him weird. He smoothed his expression into his usual impervious mask as he took his spot behind his desk and started back in on his reports. He made his way through the rest by lunchtime and accepted Yoongi's offer to go out to lunch.

As they left, people were again staring with interest and curiosity. Most people never saw Jungkook leave his office unless headed for a conference room. Jungkook just looked at his business partner and scoffed.

"Am I such an oddity that everyone needs to stare?" Jungkook said as they waited for the elevator.

"This is the first time most of them have seen you without a scowl on your face. They're probably wondering what poor Omega took the brunt of your frustrations to put you in such a good mood."

Jungkook just laughed and shoved Yoongi. "Fuck off."

As they stepped into the elevator Yoongi hit the button for the garage, laughing too.

"But seriously, who was it? Did you get laid finally?"

"You're so interested in my sex life. I'm starting to think you're gonna make me an offer."

Jungkook put a dramatic hand to his forehead and turned to his friend. "I'm sorry Yoongi, but I just don't love you like that. I hope we can still be friends."

The Alpha flipped him off. "You're an asshole. But I'm glad you seem to be feeling better."

They took Yoongi's red Porsche to lunch, and as they ate, he realized that his friend really thought he'd gotten laid. His friend had always had the most interesting views on life, and his blasé attitude and deadpan delivery never failed to make him laugh.

“I told you, you just needed to get laid. You get your dick a little wet and suddenly you’re shooting rainbows out of your ass. I’m telling you. All an Alpha needs in this life are two things.” Yoongi said, turning meat on the little grill at their table.

“And what are those two things? I’m fascinated.” Jungkook rested his chin on his hands in mock-interest, but Yoongi answered anyway as if not knowing or caring that he was being sarcastic.

“Full bellies and empty balls. That’s it.”

Jungkook burst into laughter, unable to hold in his amusement at his unusual friend. Why was he even surprised?

“You are truly a romantic at heart.”

“I’m a realist. Hunger and horniness are the enemies of logical thinking. These are facts.”

“You should write a book. Go on tour and give self-help speeches. You’re so inspiring. Your book can be called ‘Jizz: The Enemy of Alpha Clarity’. I’d buy it.”

Yoongi just flipped him off again and they started eating, changing the subject back to work until it was time to go. The rest of Jungkook’s day was one of the most productive he’d had in a while. He guessed that there was some wisdom in letting yourself rest, though he’d never admit to Yoongi how right he’d been. Honestly though... he actually thought it might have been more thanks to his mystery coffee shop boy. He hadn’t had a decent orgasm in so long, and finally getting off had helped a ton in relaxing him and allowing him to sleep.

He was almost late to his appointment at Magic Shop, as he’d been on a long conference call all afternoon. He arrived only a few minutes late, but as soon as he exited the elevator, he smelled a familiar scent that had his body warming and his cock twitching in interest. Vanilla bean... lovely. He wasn’t sure where it was coming from, it seemed to just fill the space in general. He dismissed it, thinking maybe someone had a candle or something. But still couldn’t help but breathe through his nose, enjoying the pretty smell that reminded him of his mystery Omega.

He walked up to the reception desk and looked at the tall female Alpha at the desk. He caught her scent, wondering if she was the one making the vanilla smell, but she smelled like pine. It wasn’t her.

“Good afternoon, welcome to Magic Shop. How can I help you?”

“Hi, I’ve got an appointment. Name’s Jeon Jungkook.”

She consulted her computer briefly before giving him a smile and walking around the desk.

“If you’ll follow me sir.” She swept a hand to indicate the direction they were headed.

Jungkook followed her down a hallway and into an office that was occupied by another female Alpha, who stood and shook his hand with a surprisingly strong grip.

“I’m Kang Seulgi. It’s nice to meet you Mr. Jeon. Please have a seat.”

Jungkook sat in one of the chairs across the desk and saw the receptionist leave and close the door behind her from the corner of his eye. He turned his focus to the matchmaker across the desk, who was looking at him with professional composure.

“Let’s get started, shall we?”

“Of course.”

“Are you currently in a relationship?”

“No. Why would I be here if I was in a relationship?”

She gave him a wry smile. “You’d be surprised how often we get that.” Jungkook just cocked a brow at her, and she continued. “Are you currently sexually active?”

“No.”

“Would you be willing to submit yourself for an STD screening?”

“Yes.”

“What would the parameters of the kind of financial support you would be offering?”

Jungkook thought about that for a moment. “I don’t really have set parameters. I’m pretty negotiable depending on what the recipient would need in terms of finance.”

“Would you be willing to see someone who was seeing more Alphas than just you?”

“No. I’m looking for something exclusive. Someone who would be available to me when I need them.”

“I see. Can you tell me what kind of partner you are looking for? Gender and status and any other specifics.”

“I’m looking for an Omega, preferably male...” Jungkook hesitated for a moment, but threw caution to the wind. “Blond.”

Maybe he could at least fuck them from behind and pretend it was his pretty stranger. Which was a shitty thing to do, but it wasn’t like he’d ever tell them.

“Okay. I will get some of our profiles together for you while you have your STD screening, then we will need to process your payment and we can proceed from there.”

Jungkook was led to another part of the floor to have blood drawn and wait as the sample was processed and he was cleared and led back to the matchmaker’s office. As they walked through the hallway, the vanilla bean scent was so strong that it made him even more curious to where it was coming from. He looked all around as he went but saw no sign of what was causing it. He took his seat across from the same female Alpha and waited for her to start.

“Okay. So, everything came up clear and we’re ready to proceed. I’m sure you read our website, but to review, we run on an annual fee. You will need to pay the \$15,000 before we proceed any further. You will also need to sign a contract for confidentiality and agreement to our terms and conditions. We are in effect a matchmaking service as you know, and once you and one of our recipients are connected the way your relationship progresses is entirely up to you. However, if any ill behavior is reported, you will be banned and reported to the authorities.”

“No problem. How do you want your payment? Would a check suffice?” Jungkook asked, reaching into his jacket and pulling out his checkbook.

“That’s perfect. Please take a look at these documents, fill them out and sign, then we can move on to the fun part.” She handed him a contract and personal information documentation to fill out, that



he read carefully, completed and signed.

He filled out the check and handed it to her, in return receiving a stack of portfolios. He took the top one from the stack and opened it, browsing the contents. He looked at the pictures. The Omega was pretty, soft and sweet looking, but he wasn't right. He closed it and set it aside, grabbing another and flipping through, feeling similarly unsatisfied. He repeated this process until he reached the bottom of the stack. All the profiles were just... wrong. It wasn't what he was looking for. He unfairly compared them with his pretty coffee shop boy and none of them had a chance.

Just as he was getting ready to set the last one aside and call this a failure, there was a quiet knock at the door, and Mrs. Kang called for them to enter. Another female came in, but what caught Jungkook's attention was the vanilla scent that she brought with her. As she walked over, she offered her hand to him and he took it, shaking firmly and discreetly taking a deep breath of her scent. The vanilla scent was on her, but not her scent. Her scent was rose.

"Mr. Jeon, this is Son Wendy. She is another one of our matchmakers. Wendy, this is Jeon Jungkook, a new client."

"It's a pleasure to meet you Mr. Jeon."

"Likewise."

Mrs. Son turned to Jungkook's matchmaker and handed her the portfolio. "We just got a new recruit. I heard you were looking for blonds. He just came in today and got his paperwork done. Thought you might want this one too. He's very sweet."

Mrs. Kang opened the portfolio and glanced over it for a moment before closing it and offering it to Jungkook. The Alpha took it and flipped it open. As soon as he looked down at the picture he felt his heart jump into his throat. No fucking way. It was his pretty coffee shop boy. He read the name, Park Jimin. It was the perfect name for the lovely Omega. He flipped through the pages absorbing every fact that he could find, scanning the photos with hungry eyes, and when he came to the list of approved sex acts and kinks he felt his cock spring to life. Beautiful, and sexually adventurous, the perfect Omega. There was no way he was this lucky.

He wondered how Park Jimin had come to be a sugar baby. The matchmaker had said he was brand new. He was the most beautiful Omega he'd ever seen. He turned to Mrs. Son with an intensity that he usually saved for the boardroom, but he couldn't help it. This was a serious matter.

"Park Jimin. Tell me about him."

She seemed slightly taken aback by his severity, but answered.

"He's a college student, young, pretty, very soft and sweet. I think he must have fallen on hard times, because he wasn't dressed for the weather. His cheeks and nose were pink from cold when he first arrived. He said he's just looking for help paying his bills and tuition, which is a first for me. Most of the time, the demands are for expensive gifts and cash. He's quite a little catch."

"Perfect. I'll take him." He held up the portfolio. "Can I keep this?"

"We have backups of everything on the cloud, so if you are accepted, we can send you a digital copy. We insist that first contact be made through us to allow the recipient the option of declining the proposition."

Jungkook nodded and handed the file back to her. "Alright. Tell me the moment you hear back from him."

“Sir, would you mind us taking your photo to send along with your offer? It usually helps to make Omegas more comfortable to associate a face with an offer.”

“I don’t mind at all.”

Jungkook allowed himself to be led to yet another part of the floor. Jimin’s scent was strong here, he must have just had his photo taken here very recently, and the smell of vanilla bean was lingering on the objects he had touched. He sat in a leather chair and let their photographer take a myriad of pictures of him. It wrapped up quickly and when they were done, he left with assurances that as soon as they had an answer they would contact him.

As he drove home he was rock hard, the idea of actually fucking the pretty coffee shop boy had him completely amped up. His body was thrumming with energy and desire. He wished that he didn’t have to wait, and worried slightly that he might actually be refused. He thought it was unlikely however, he knew he was good looking, and if Jimin was looking for money, he was happy to give him anything he wanted as long as he got to have him in his bed.

That night he dreamt of the lovely vanilla scented Omega sprawled on his bed wearing a long string of pearls and nothing else. He woke gasping, with cooling cum in his boxers. He hadn’t had a wet dream since he was a teenager, but something about Park Jimin had him amped up bad.

# The Offer

## Chapter Summary

Magic Shop reaches out to Jimin on behalf of Jungkook.

## Chapter Notes

Please enjoy.

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

Jimin woke with an itchy nose, and as he was roused by the annoying chime of his alarm, he rubbed at it with one hand while the other reached for his phone to shut off the noise. The old wives tale his mother always told him about “if your nose itches, someone’s thinking about you” went through his head and he scoffed. In reality he thought he was probably getting a cold since he spent about 80% of his life freezing during the winter. But as he rolled out of bed, he didn’t feel sick. Maybe someone was really thinking about him.

His shower was his favorite part of his day. It was the one time he felt truly warm, as the hot water rained down on him and defrosted his whole body. One day, he promised himself that he’d have a house with a huge bathtub where he could take hour long scalding hot baths just to warm him all the way down to his bones. The mental image made a little half smile come to his lips as he reluctantly turned off his own hot water and was instantly shivering, reaching for his towel and drying off quickly.

He was on the bus when he received a call from Magic Shop, and his heart thumped in his chest. He glanced around before answering, not wanting anyone on the bus to overhear his call. He swiped the little green phone icon and put the cell to his ear as the call connected.

“Hello?”

“Good morning, is this Park Jimin?”

“Yes, that’s me.”

“Excellent. My name is Kang Seulgi. I am one of the matchmakers here at Magic Shop. We have a client, a male Alpha who is interested in you.”

Jimin felt his heart beats speed up more, face going pink as he struggled for what to say.

“Oh... Okay. So, what do I need to do now?”

“Well, if you are interested I can send you a little information on him, to give you an idea if he’s someone you would like to meet with. You can review it and give us a call back and we will set up the first meeting. We usually suggest meeting in a public place the first time so that both parties

feel safe and it gives you an opportunity to evaluate your opinion and decide whether you want to pursue the transaction.”

“Yes, please send me his information. I will take a look at it and call you back later today.”

“Yes sir. I will send it over shortly. Have a great day.”

“You as well.”

Jimin hung up and was sorely tempted to look through his emails, but he wasn't connected to Wi-Fi and he had precious little data to use for anything that wasn't strictly necessary, so he waited until he got to school and was able to connect to the internet in his wing of the university. He slipped into an unused classroom that had been empty all semester and pulled his phone out, opening his email and finding 1 unread. He tapped it and scrolled down to read the body.

FROM: K.Seulgi(@)MagicShop(.)com

Mr. Park,

Per our phone conversation please see attached file containing information about the Alpha who has expressed interest in partnering with you. If you have any questions or need any further assistance, please feel free to contact me by phone or email.

Thank you,

Kang Seulgi  
Matchmaker  
Magic Shop, Inc.  
555-754-\*\*\*\*

Jimin opened the attachment and just as he was about to scroll down and read the available information he saw the time in the corner of his phone. It was less than five minutes until his class started, he reluctantly blanked his phone and slipped it into the pocket of his torn jeans before bolting down the hallway and making it into the classroom with just enough time to spare. He was a little winded as he slung his backpack up onto his workstation and greeted Jackson, who sat next to him and was his usual partner.

Baking 101 was one of his favorite classes, and their teacher, an eccentric older Omega named Heechul was easily Jimin's favorite professor. The class was always full of laughter and smiles, which Jimin attributed to his teacher's influence, but which Heechul said was the smell of chocolate chip cookies, which makes people think of childhood and mother's love.

Jimin was distracted all throughout class, and came very close to burning his pastel-colored macarons, pulling them out just in time to make them salvageable. The little cookies were devilishly hard to cook and get right, but he was glad to see that his had come out just right. As he'd baked them, Jackson had whipped up the frosting so that when they were cool, they would be ready to make the little sandwiches.

“Alright. Spill. What's going on? You're never this airheaded, especially not in class.” Jackson said, hands on hips as he stared the Omega down while Jimin rested the cookie sheet on a rack to cool.

“It's nothing. I just didn't sleep well.” Jimin replied defensively.

“Bullshit. Look me in the eye and tell me it's just because you slept badly.”

“I... alright fine! I slept fine. It’s none of your business. It’s personal.” Jimin could feel himself blushing and wished he had better mastery over himself.

“You’re blushing!” Jackson accused. “Did you meet someone?” His smile was knowing and a little smug.

“It’s none of your business.” Jimin repeated, looking away.

“You’re so cold Minnie! I told you all about Mark when we met.”

“There’s nothing to tell. I haven’t met anyone.”

That much at least was true. He had yet to meet anyone, even if he had a very tempting email to read as soon as class was over. He was never admitting to being a sugar baby. He would take the information to his grave. No one would ever know about this, even the one who had given him the idea. There were some things that were best just kept to yourself, and being paid for sex was definitely one of them.

“Alright, alright. But, you know you can talk to me right? And Mark, we’re here for you.”

Jimin patted his friend on the shoulder. “Of course. Don’t worry about me. I’m fine. Promise.”

They made their little macarons and placed them gently in little boxes, divvying them up between the one for their professor and the ones they would take home for themselves. Jimin let Jackson have two of the three boxes, since Mark loved sweets. He slipped his little box into his backpack and headed out when the class was dismissed. He parted ways from Jackson at the bathrooms and slipped into one of the stalls, pulling his phone out of his pocket and opening the attachment quickly.

#### Provider Profile

Name: Jeon Jungkook

Age: 29

Sex: Male

Status: Alpha

Occupation: CEO/Co-Owner

Compensation: Flexible/TBD

Relationship Parameters: Exclusive

All of what he read were simple facts, he didn’t know what he’d expected. It wasn’t a Tinder Profile, it was just the bare facts about the Alpha. He scrolled down further and saw the attached picture. He froze as he took in the face of Jeon Jungkook. Could this be right? This male was so handsome, so strong and powerful looking. His dark gaze was intense and dominant, his face elegant with a strong jaw and cheekbones carved by the gods themselves. Why on earth would this Alpha go to a matchmaking service? He had to have Omegas lined up around the block to be with him.

As he studied the picture, he was assaulted by a mental image of this gorgeous Alpha on top of him, pushing deep inside him as his elegant features morphed into a mix of concentration and pleasure. His dark gaze was an erotic promise, it spoke of decadent dominance and wicked midnight delights and had Jimin squirming even from a single image. How was he supposed to be composed under this male’s scrutiny? Jimin would probably make a huge fool of himself to even try. But he knew he had to try.

He was already wet just from the thought of being near this Alpha. He had to curb his thoughts, because the last thing he wanted was to walk through campus smelling like slick. He closed the profile to get the image off the screen, but it didn't matter. His mind remembered every detail of his handsome face, every line and curve and dip that made up the gorgeous man who not only wanted to sleep with him, but wanted to pay him to do it. It was a dream.

Jimin would have slept with Jeon Jungkook for free, honestly. He was so devastatingly attractive that he felt his Omega half longing for his cock already, and they hadn't even met. It had been so long since he'd had an orgasm, and his body was now in revolt since the option was again on the table. He never masturbated in the deep winter months unless he was in heat, he didn't want to have to get out of his warm nest and venture into the cold to clean up the slick and cum from his body and sheets, his shower didn't provide enough hot water to give him time for both washing and masturbating either, so he was basically celibate in the winter.

Jimin took deep breaths, trying to calm his racing heart and mounting arousal. This was not the time nor the place for it. He focused on breathing, trying to remember the recipe for the cookies he had just made in class, focusing on trying to remember the exact measurements of ingredients. The distraction was helpful and brought the fever that had started to rise in him back down to a manageable level. He looked down at the phone clutched in his hand. He needed to call Magic Shop and tell them he accepted the offer, and to go ahead and set up the meeting, but he was nervous.

His hands were shaking as he tried to unlock his phone, several times before finally succeeding. Jimin listened to the sounds of the bathroom to make sure he was still alone. He found his recent calls and tapped the number, putting the cell phone to his ear and waiting as it rang. His stomach was full of anxious butterflies and his knees felt watery and unstable as his legs went weak. He heard the call connect.

"Thank you for calling Magic Shop where we help you find that someone you're looking for. How can I help you today?"

He kept his voice quiet as he spoke. "Hello, this is Park Jimin. Can I please speak to Kang Seulgi?"

"One moment please."

The line went quiet, then the sound of the advertisement that played while you were put on hold started to play.

"Here at Magic Shop, we are dedicated to matching you with the perfect Alpha, Beta or Omega to suit your needs and desires. Our matchmakers are all trained and licens-" The speech cut off as the phone was picked up.

"This is Kang Seulgi, how can I help you?"

"Hello, this is Park Jimin. You called me earlier about the match."

"Ah, yes sir. Have you made a decision?"

"Yes. Um... I would like to say yes. Please set it up."

"That's great. I would be happy to set it up for you. What is a good time in your schedule?"

"My classes never run later than 5 o'clock. So anytime after 5 is good, and weekends are free too."

"Perfect. Would you prefer that I call or email the meeting time and place?"

“Email please. I will be in class for the rest of the day.”

“Absolutely. I will get everything arranged and email you the details.”

“Thank you.”

“No, thank you. Have a great day.”

Jimin hung up the phone and felt himself fill with nervous excitement as he imagined meeting the Alpha. But he glanced down at his phone and realized he had to get going to his next class or he'd be late. He pushed his jeans down and cleaned the gathered slick with toilet paper as best he could before dashing off to his next class, Chemistry in Cooking.

He could still feel the slight wetness of slick between his legs as he jogged to his next class, he needed a shower, or a decent orgasm. Either one would suffice at this point. But since he had classes until 5:00 on Mondays, there was no chance for that happening. He made it to class just in time and took his usual seat close to the front of the class. Before long he was joined by Mark, Jackson's boyfriend. He was tall for an Omega, almost equivalent in height with his Alpha, but where Jackson was thick and muscular, Mark was lean and waiflike. Jimin secretly thought he looked like a fairy or an elf from some medieval fantasy novel, with his small delicate features and honey-tinted brown hair that contrasted perfectly with Jackson's black hair and sharp, masculine features. They were really the dream couple, both majoring in culinary arts and planning to open a restaurant together after graduation. They'd met their first year of school and after about six months of thinking they hated each other's guts, they realized that they were actually in love, and been together ever since.

“Hey Jimin. Are you getting sick, you look a little flushed?” Mark asked, pressing a hand to his forehead.

Jimin knew perfectly well why he was flushed. It was because he was still horny as hell and the mental image of the Alpha he was supposed to meet soon wouldn't get out of his thoughts.

“I'm fine. I just had to make a call after class, so I ran here.”

“Oh. Is everything alright?”

“Yeah, just a family thing. How about you?”

“I'm good, just exhausted. Have you found another job yet?”

“Um... maybe. I'm kind of waiting to hear back on something.”

“Well, I hope it works out. I've been working extra shifts to make up for Jackson losing the job at the restaurant. He feels really bad about it, but I know he'll find something soon. And... to be honest... well this might be TMI, but I really like the treatment I've been getting to make up for it. I think I limped to class today.” Mark laughed, and Jimin joined in.

“I thought he seemed in a good mood earlier.”

Jimin thought they were the cutest pair to ever exist. They often fought jokingly, bickering and squabbling like an old mated couple over little things, but making up just as quickly. He had to admit that he wanted a mate like that someday, someone who made him laugh and never stopped looking at him with the kind of devotion that poured off Jackson when he looked at his Omega. It was something to behold, and to aspire to. Unlike his friends however, Jimin wasn't looking to get mated right now. He had goals and dreams to accomplish. All he wanted a good orgasm and

enough money to pay his bills, and he hoped that he may have found the answer to both in one Jeon Jungkook.

He felt his phone vibrate in his pocket and knew he'd just received an email. The temptation to look at his phone was strong, but just as he reached for it, the teacher called their attention to the front of the class. He tried not to pout as he pushed his cell back in his pocket and turned his focus on the teacher. This class required his full focus, as a lot of the concepts and science behind the theories were complicated. He took notes, trying to ignore the petulant urges of his inner Omega to pull out his phone and look at the email.

By the time class was dismissed it was already past lunchtime and Jimin was starving. He walked with Mark to the little café on campus and bought a coffee and muffin with his limited funds that he really shouldn't be spending at the moment. Rent had been due on Friday, and he'd hoped to earn what he needed on his weekend shifts to cover the remainder, but at the moment he only had about half of it. Mark took his lunch and had to head off for his next class, but Jimin had a little longer before he had to go, so he sat at one of the little tables and pulled his phone out opening his email. He couldn't wait any longer.

FROM: K.Seulgi(@)MagicShop(.)com

Mr. Park,

Per your request I have set up the meeting between you and our client Jeon Jungkook. He would like to meet with you tonight at 6:00 PM at the restaurant Persona. I have included the address and a link to their website in the attached document. If you are going to have any schedule conflicts, please contact me as soon as possible.

Thank you,

Kang Seulgi  
Matchmaker  
Magic Shop, Inc.  
555-754-\*\*\*\*

Tonight. He was meeting with Jeon Jungkook tonight. At Persona. Holy shit. How had the Alpha gotten a table there with such short notice? Jimin didn't have to look at the attachment to know about the restaurant. The place was, justly famous. As a culinary student, he knew all the high-end restaurants around Seoul. He was hoping to own one himself one day, and studied them all as a matter of course. He couldn't believe he was going to Persona. He'd wanted to go there since they had opened last year and had yet to have a chance.

Although, as he looked down at himself he realized that he wasn't really dressed for dinner at a high end restaurant. His torn jeans, oversized black and white flannel shirt, converse and faded grey coat were not exactly posh. He didn't really have any clothes that were appropriate for the occasion, and even so he wouldn't have time to go home and change if he were to make it there by 6:00. His last class ended at 5:00 and by the time he took the subway and several busses it would take to get there, he'd be lucky to be on time at all. He guessed he had no choice but to go as he was and hope that Jeon Jungkook didn't take one look at him and laugh in his face.

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Jungkook was irritated all morning as he showered, dressed and headed for the office. Not having an answer about the Jimin situation was like an itch under his skin that he was dying to scratch. For a man used to getting what he wanted, when he wanted it, whether through cleverness, hard work



or money, it was endlessly frustrating to have to wait when he was so unaccustomed to it. Everyone at work was staring at him again, probably because of the 180 degree turn in attitude back to his usual stoic and slightly off-putting self.

He was only in his office for a total of about two hours before Yoongi found his way into one of the chairs across from him. Jungkook just rolled his eyes, not wanting to deal with anything other than finding out if Park Jimin was going to accept meeting with him or not. His lack of attention to his friend didn't put him off his mission however.

“And he's back. The good old Jeon Jungkook who likes to scare the shit out of interns and makes everyone think he hates them. What's up? Did whatever Omega you finally managed to bang decide that they don't want anything to do with you?”

The question was joking, but it hit a little closer to the truth than he was totally comfortable with.

“There is no Omega, and if there were it still wouldn't be your business. Don't you have work to do?”

“I do have work to do, but unlike you I have a secretary, an administrative assistant and a personal assistant, so I'm not chained to my desk all day like someone I know. Did you forget we have the conference call with the manufacturing plant this morning?”

Honestly, he had totally forgotten. He turned back to his computer and started to type quickly.

“Hold on, just let me send this email, then we can...” Jungkook faded off as the chirruping ring of his cell phone cut through the office.

His head whipped toward it instantly and he snatched it up off his desk, looking at the number and recognizing it as the number for Magic Shop. He was filled with simultaneous hope and dread as he looked at the call screen.

“This is a personal call, so can you?” Jungkook made a shooing motion with his hand to indicate for Yoongi to leave.

The other Alpha gave him a look of suspicion but stood and started to walk toward the door. Jungkook was sure this wasn't the last he'd hear from Yoongi about this odd behavior. He didn't have many secrets from his friend, and the fact that he was asking him to leave for a call was a big red flag.

“Okay, but don't be too long. The call starts in 15 minutes.”

Jungkook nodded absently and swiped the screen to answer the call, putting the phone to his ear as the door swung closed behind Yoongi.

“This is Jeon Jungkook.”

“Good morning, Mr. Jeon. I spoke with Park Jimin this morning and he has agreed to meet with you.”

Jungkook felt the knot in his stomach unclench. He hadn't realized how queasy he'd felt until that very moment when the stress disappeared and was replaced with excitement.

“Great. So what's the next step?”

“For the safety and comfort of both parties, we always recommend meeting the first time in a

public place. I've asked Mr. Park about his schedule and he's available after 5:00 PM on weekdays and all day on weekends. If you want to schedule a reservation at a restaurant I will pass the information on to Mr. Park and he will meet you at the scheduled time."

"Yes. I'll make a reservation somewhere now and call you right back with the details."

"Yes sir. Would you still like me to email you his profile?"

"Absolutely. Send it over and I'll call back shortly."

Jungkook hung up and thought for a few moments, trying to think of a good place to take Jimin for their first meeting. Somewhere public, but preferably with secluded tables so that strangers couldn't overhear their discussions. Because this meeting was not just for them to meet each other, but also to discuss what kind of payment would be appropriate, and talking about limits, boundaries and schedules. He did a quick search on his phone and called the number for Persona. It was quick work to get a private table after he dropped his name and title, and he accepted a slot for 6:00 PM, agreeing to the exorbitant fee they attached to the reservation without question.

He looked at the time and realized he had less than five minutes before his meeting, but he still risked it, dialing Magic Shop.

"Thank you for calling Magic Shop where we help you find that someone you're looking for. How can I help you today?"

"This is Jeon Jungkook, can I speak to Kang Seulgi?"

"Yes sir, one moment please." The call went to hold and the advertisement started to play.

"Here at Magic Shop, we are dedicated to matching you with the perfect Alpha, Beta or Omega to suit your needs and desires. Our matchmakers are all trained and licensed to the highest possible stand-" The ad cut off.

"Mr. Jeon, good to hear from you. Have you scheduled a meeting place and time?"

"Yes. Tonight at 6:00 PM at Persona." There was a knock at his door and he knew it was Yoongi telling him it was time for their conference call. "I'm sorry, I have a meeting. I have to go. But you'll let him know?"

"Of course, have a great day."

Jungkook hung up the phone and stood from his desk. He would never ever admit to the little happy dance he did, pumping both fists into the air before clearing his throat and straightening his tie. He grabbed his phone and put it in his jacket pocket and headed out of the office, not quite able to suppress the smile tugging at his lips. He was so ready for it to be 6 o'clock and wished he didn't have so much work to do.

The conference call that was supposed to take one to two hours tops ended up lasting a whopping three hours and fifteen minutes. It was all extremely frustrating to deal with the manufacturing plant trying to cut their own costs by using lower quality materials, but he and Yoongi were both in complete agreement that they would not sacrifice quality just to save a buck. Their parts were not known for being the cheapest, and Jungkook didn't want them to be known for that. Their business had succeeded because their products were of higher quality than their competitors, and that was the number one thing that was never to be sacrificed.

Of course the heads of all the departments were there, and offering opinions to the co-owners, both

for and against the use of cheaper materials. Jungkook and Yoongi stayed firm however, because they were never going to improve on products if they started declining in quality. Their computer parts had grown quite the following among the serious elites in the field and that was the clientele to which they were culpable.

Jungkook was thoroughly annoyed by the time the meeting was over. Having to make the same point over and over for three hours would do that. He collapsed into his desk chair and rubbed his eyes, trying to get himself back into regular work mode after such a frustrating call. He glanced at his computer monitor to see that it was lunchtime. He needed to get out of his office or he was going to start throwing things.

Just as he was about to go in search of Yoongi, he pulled his phone out to check if he had any missed calls, but saw the email from Magic Shop. He smiled as he opened it, frustration bleeding away instantly as he opened the attachment and looked over the profile.

Name: Park Jimin

Age: 21

Sex: Male

Status: Omega

Occupation: Student/Unemployed

Compensation: \$1500.00 monthly minimum

Jungkook frowned at the compensation amount. Hell no. Jimin was so exquisitely beautiful; he would never insult him by offering so little. He set the thought aside and moved on, feeling himself get hot around the collar as he looked at the list of approved sex acts and kinks again, reading the items one by one and imagining doing each and every one with the pretty boy. He was already hard by the time he got to the pictures. There were more now than he'd seen in the profile and he was wearing different outfits in some of them.

Jungkook studied them carefully, devouring the images with his eyes. He noticed that they were like, glamour shots. He wished there was a full body shot of him. He wondered if he had a nice ass. He hoped so, because Jungkook loved nothing more than a perfect, round...

"Hey! We going to lunch today or what?" Yoongi snapped from the doorway. He hadn't even heard the door open.

"Uh... yeah." Jungkook slipped the phone in his pocket and discreetly adjusted himself under the desk before standing and grabbing his coat and gloves, following Yoongi out toward the elevators.

As they stepped into the elevator, Yoongi finally exploded. Jungkook could tell he had been holding in all his frustration. Jungkook was equally frustrated, but currently a little distracted by imagining Jimin's pale skin against his black sheets.

"Those fucking assholes are going to drive me crazy. I am so close to telling them to fuck off and finding a new manufacturing plant, or building one."

"Do it, ask around and get some bids. There are so many companies who would love our business. We could always find one with a good reputation and see if we could absorb it into our company. Then we don't have to deal with bullshit like this. Things will be easier if we don't have to fight the manufacturer at every turn."

Their conversation centered on this topic for most of the drive and meal, but after a while they ran out of steam to complain about stupid manufacturers and their useless management. The conversation turned back to the personal.

“So, what was up with the secret personal call? After you finished you were back to smiling and looking all happy. Don’t bullshit me Jungkook. I know you too well for it. Are you seeing someone?”

“I’m not seeing anyone.” Technically true. “Look, it’s personal. I know that you’re just worried about me, and that’s very nice of you. But I’m an adult. I’m fine. I promise that if I need to talk or anything, you’ll be the first to know.”

Yoongi gave him a long, hard look and sighed.

“Alright, fine. What choice do I have?”

Jungkook felt a small fondness for his friend who was like a big brother to him. Yoongi had always looked out for him since they were kids, and still tried to this very day. It was nice to have a loyal friend who was always there for him, even if he was a nosy bastard sometimes. Their usual banter returned as they ate the rest of their lunch and headed back to the office. Jungkook was already getting behind on work, and he knew that staying late tonight was a no, since he had his meeting with Jimin. He would likely have to stay late for the next couple of nights.

The rest of the day felt like it lasted an eternity, the way that a day always felt when you were looking forward to something. But eventually 5 o’clock rolled around and he left with a smile on his face, looking forward to finally meeting his pretty boy in person, as well as the possibility of more happening tonight. He was sure that he could provide what Jimin wanted financially. But he was more interested in the list of kinks and what other things he might be able to provide the Omega in the way of orgasms, and items to check off his bucket list.

## Chapter End Notes

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# Pretty Boy

## Chapter Summary

Jimin and Jungkook meet for dinner.

## Chapter Notes

Please enjoy.

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

Jimin was so nervous he felt like his stomach was going to fall out of his mouth as he boarded the subway, headed for a much posher part of Seoul. As he got off one train and waited for another one, he already noticed how underdressed he was. The people surrounding him were all men and women in business suits or expensive designer brands, all in thick, warm coats that kept the winter chill at bay. Jimin shivered, wrapping his arms more tightly around himself as a gust of cold wind announced the arrival of the next train. He looked down at the torn knees of his jeans that he'd owned since high school, noticing how pink his skin was from the cold.

His muscles were quivering from the chill, teeth chattering as his second train arrived and he gratefully stepped onto the packed train, setting his heavy backpack by his feet and grabbing a handhold as the train began to move again. The car was packed, and he was pressed in on all sides, but after a few minutes, he felt a hand brush his ass. He scooted forward a little assuming it was just an accident, but after a few moments it happened again, more insistently, then the hand groped him. Jimin turned and looked up into the face of a youngish Alpha, not terribly handsome, very bland and unassuming features. Jimin didn't bother to keep his voice low as he addressed the asshole.

“Keep your fucking hands to yourself.”

The people around them all turned to watch the confrontation. The Alpha who'd grabbed his ass looked angry.

“Whatever, bitch. I didn't touch you.”

“Uh-huh. Let's keep it that way.”

He turned back around and grabbed his handhold, one hand going down to his backpack and grabbing the handle on top, getting ready to disembark at his stop. Just as they were approaching the next station where Jimin would need to get off, he felt the hand return and grab his ass again. He didn't bother addressing the Alpha again, he just turned, let go of his handhold and hit the proper right in the nose as hard as he could. He felt a shock of pain ring up his arm at the force of the impact, his hand immediately starting to throb, and he knew his knuckles would be bruised.

“I said, keep your hands to yourself, asshole.” Jimin barked, slipping through the crowd and off the train as everyone else was still in uproar.

He jogged through the station and up the stairs, out onto the street and to the bus stop, throwing his backpack over his shoulders as he ran. He couldn't stop smiling, even as he shook out his hand, turning his wrist to test the joint and make sure he hadn't hurt it. That wasn't the first time and probably wouldn't be the last time he had to confront someone on the train that didn't know how to keep their hands to themselves. A lot of Alphas liked to think that Omegas were all meek and helpless, but Jimin didn't take shit from anyone, especially not idiots who thought that having a nice ass was invitation to grope him. It had felt good to hit him, and he'd deserved it.

His knuckles were already purpling and swelling a little. He knew he'd be fine, but he'd hit the Alpha really hard. He pressed his bruised hand to the cold metal of the bus stop shelter, letting the cold soothe the ache in his hand for a few minutes until his bus arrived and he had to hop on. He had to take two connections before he finally arrived at the stop closest to his destination. As he stepped off the bus and onto the curb, he looked around at all the fancy shops, bars and clubs, and the equally extravagant people, dressed to the nines as they walked down the streets, headed for unknown destinations. Jimin checked his phone, and saw that he was already five minutes late. He took off at a run, sprinting the two blocks to the doors of Persona.

Jimin paused for a few moments, outside the restaurant. He caught his breath and smoothed his hair back, trying to bolster himself up with courage. He knew there was a good chance that the Alpha he was meeting might turn him down, and he tried to prepare himself for that possibility. He soothed himself with the knowledge that the Alpha had picked him, and that was something. He'd felt such an unusually strong attraction to the male after he'd seen his photo that being rejected by him would probably make his inner Omega wither with shame.

He set those thoughts aside and straightened his shoulders, trying to look more confident than he felt. It was one thing to confront an asshole on the subway, but quite a different matter to face down an Alpha he was actually attracted to and who he hoped would want to be his sugar daddy. He was more accustomed to trying to shut Alphas down and turn them away than to invite them closer. Hopefully he would be able to pull this off. He took one last deep breath, then stepped forward and opened the door.

He stepped inside and was met by a maître d in a suit nicer than anything he owned. Jesus, even the waitstaff were dressed better than him. But he simply looked up at the male and smiled slightly.

"How may I help you sir?" The host asked with a slight incline of his head.

Jimin had to suppress an urge to laugh at the pompous way he was addressed. He wasn't used to being treated like an actual adult, as most college students invariably were.

"I'm here to meet someone. Jeon Jungkook."

He consulted his list and gave a short bow before holding out an arm to indicate the direction.

"Yes sir, right this way please."

Jimin felt like a child as he looked around eyeing the beautiful décor, the restaurant was all purples and blacks, classy and a little intimidating. But it smelled incredible, the scents of well-prepared food reminded him of his classes and actually soothed him a little. He was led through a maze of tables and to a private parlor. He felt the butterflies in his stomach riot as his nerves kicked back up. The partition was pushed aside to reveal the man from the picture sitting at a table for two, holding a glass of wine and looking every inch the powerful Alpha CEO. Jimin felt all the breath whoosh from his lungs at the sight.

He'd expected Jeon Jungkook to be handsome and sexy. He hadn't expected him to be... beautiful, or so big. He was tall, broad and obviously well-muscled, Jimin could see that even though he wore an expensive suit. As he breathed in again, he felt his scent go through him like an electric shock. It was the same scent he'd noted at Magic Shop, coffee and dark chocolate. He was mesmerized as his dark eyes turned on him and he felt rooted in place by the intensity of his stare.

"Sir, would you like me to take your bag and coat?" The maître d asked, breaking the moment.

Jimin came back to himself all at once and turned to look at the male who'd addressed him.

"Oh... yeah. Here you go."

Jimin slipped his backpack off and handed it to him, doing the same with his coat. The look that he gave him made Jimin realize he'd done something wrong. An old memory of a movie with a scene in a fancy restaurant. He felt the blood rush to his face as he realized that he should have let the maître d take his jacket off for him. Fuck. He was already embarrassing himself in front of this gorgeous Alpha.

"That will be all for now."

The sound of the Alpha's voice shivered down his spine, warming his skin as goosebumps bloomed all over his body. The maître d gave a small bow and left, pulling the partition closed behind him. Jimin wasn't sure what to do, he'd never felt so awkward and unsure of himself. His inner Omega was pushing him to just climb into the Alpha's lap and lick over his scent gland until he was drunk on the coffee and chocolate scent, but his reasonable half told him that was not a good idea. Maybe later.

Jungkook had never been so hard in his life as he watched Park Jimin walk into the little private parlor and he smelled his lovely vanilla bean scent and saw him up close for the first time. He was even more beautiful than he remembered. His nose and cheeks were pink from cold, lips a little chapped probably also from the cold, they were red and lush and inviting. And when he'd shrugged out of his coat and turned to hand it off, Jungkook couldn't help but glance down, then do a double take on the most perfect ass that had ever been graced by denim. Holy shit. He drank him in as he moved, and watched the way his clothes shifted on him, hinting at what he assumed was a small waist hiding under his oversized flannel shirt. Perfect.

"Have a seat."

Jimin did as he was told, moving forward and sitting in the chair across from the Alpha. He had a hard time meeting his intense dark stare, but he wanted to look, which resulted in him continually glancing up at the Alpha as he squirmed in his seat. He was all too aware at that moment of the slight wetness between his legs, left over from his earlier arousal. He felt his blush increase as he remembered getting wet from just this Alpha's picture. He had to take several steadying breaths before looking up and meeting his gaze, forcing himself not to look away.

"Sorry about my clothes. I know I'm underdressed, but I came straight from university." Jimin said, surprised by how breathy his voice sounded.

"Don't worry pretty boy. You look lovely."

Oh gods, what a time to have a praise kink. Jimin looked down and tangled his hands in his lap, trying to convince his body that he was not aroused, and he didn't need to be leaking slick in a public place for the second time that day.

“Thank you, you’re really handsome... I wasn’t really expecting... I mean, I just thought that the Alpha I’d get paired with would be, you know...”

“Old, fat and creepy?” Jungkook finished for him, with a little smile.

Jimin bit his lip and gave a little nod. He needed to get his shit together, he was supposed to be seducing him, but all he could do was stare and squirm as he felt himself starting to get wet again. Fuck. He focused his attention on his still throbbing hand, and the focus on pain helped alleviate some of his nervousness. He was a badass who had just punched an Alpha in the face less than thirty minutes ago. He didn’t need to be intimidated by Jeon Jungkook, even if he was devastatingly gorgeous.

“So, I don’t know if this is rude, but why? I mean, you’re handsome and obviously rich. I’m sure you have a lot of dating options. Why are you looking for a sugar baby?”

“Well, I’m a busy man. I have a company to run and I don’t have time to foster a relationship. I’m really just looking for someone to help relieve some stress. I also get invited to a lot of events that require a date, and being harassed by either Omegas who want to mate with me for my money, or parents of Omegas who want to set up weird marital business alliances get’s old fast. I was hoping to have someone to take with me to ward off the social vampires. And a pretty boy Omega is just the thing to do it.”

Jimin felt a wave of pleasure at being called pretty again. He giggled at the term ‘social vampires’, but stopped quickly. He was supposed to be sexy and he was kind of ruining it.

“Well, honestly I’d be happy to help you relieve some stress.” Jimin smiled as he saw the Alpha’s jaw flex, as if he were grinding his teeth. “I’ve never been to the kind of parties you’re talking about, but I’m guessing my main function would be to look pretty and laugh at your jokes?”

“Something like that.”

This Omega had no idea the line he was toeing as he teased him with his words and enchanted him with his pretty, tinkling little laugh. Jungkook was taking him home tonight, that much he knew. He was going to fuck him so hard he forgot his own name. He’d been self-contained for too long, and he wanted Jimin too much to be gentle once he unleashed himself. The soft vanilla scent was driving him wild. He was rock hard, throbbing in the confines of his dark slacks. He wished that their relationship was further along in familiarity, because he’d have Jimin under the table sucking him off... but such fantasies would have to wait. For now, he needed to convince him that he wanted Jungkook to be his sugar daddy.

“So pretty boy, what convinced you to look for a sugar daddy? I’m sure you also have plenty of offers. With an ass like yours, you must have Alphas lined up around the block. So, it’s probably not about sex, but more about money.”

Jimin guessed he wasn’t entirely wrong. He did get offers a lot, and had been asked out by a number of Alphas at school or at work, but he wasn’t looking for a relationship. He’d had one boyfriend during his first year in college, but they hadn’t lasted long. They hadn’t even had sex yet when the Alpha had started talking about getting mated and having pups, and about how Jimin would stay home with their babies. Yeah... not fucking happening. He had goals, and no Alpha was getting in the way of them. Jungkook probably thought he was pretty promiscuous since he had signed up to be a sugar baby, but honestly he hadn’t had sex since high school and that had been... more of an experiment with a friend than actual real sex.

Before Jimin could answer a waiter pushed the partition aside and strode in with a glass of water



for Jimin, and menus for them both. Jimin accepted his menu and the waiter gave him a polite smile.

“Good evening, what can I get you to drink sir?”

Jimin looked at Jungkook who gave him a little tilt of his chin, as if telling him to order whatever he liked.

“Could I see your wine list?”

The waiter pulled a small booklet out of his apron pocket and handed it to him. Jimin opened the little booklet and browsed the selection. He smiled as he saw one of his favorite wines among the list. It was expensive, but Jungkook was supposed to be a sugar daddy right? A good glass of wine was something to be savored and enjoyed, and he hadn't had a glass of decent wine in months.

“I'll have the 2008 Domaine Leflaive Puligny-Montrachet Les Folatières 1er Cru.”

Jungkook's brows rose at the perfect French pronunciation. It was honestly kind of sexy. Although that might have more to do with the fact that he found everything Jimin did to be sexy. He watched as the waiter's face showed a little surprise that the casually dressed young man was able to not only pick a good wine, but pronounce the name with little to no difficulty.

“We'll take the bottle for the table please.” Jungkook added, drawing the attention of the waiter.

“Of course sir, I will get your wine and be back to take your orders.” He turned and disappeared, closing the partition behind him.

“You speak French?” The Alpha asked, turning his attention back to Jimin.

“Not really. I speak wine, I guess.” Jimin laughed at his own little joke, making Jungkook smile. “I'm in culinary school, so you learn a lot of French there, and you learn a lot about wine.”

“Oh, you want to be a chef?”

“Yes. I love cooking. I want to open a restaurant like this someday.” Jimin said, indicating the general splendor of the place. “It's been my dream as long as I can remember.”

Jungkook was enthralled by the way the Omega lit up as he talked about his dream and love for cooking. He smiled so wide that his perfect, white teeth showed and his eyes curved into little crescents. He was stunningly beautiful, even with a bare face and loose, faded clothes, he was the most attractive Omega he'd ever laid eyes on.

“Do you want to order for us both? To be honest, I don't know that much about food. You're the expert here.” The question seemed to be the right one, as the Omega's smile widened and his eyes disappeared more into the little crescent moons.

“I would love to.”

Jimin was a little excited about picking their food, he was determined to find something that Jungkook would like. He'd read several articles about this restaurant and had an idea of what their specialties were, and what the best dishes were. He opened his menu and read through the choices with a discerning eye, looking for something special. He decided to go with the saffron risotto and the langoustine ravioli. There was something weirdly erotic about picking their food, and he wondered if Jungkook would let Jimin cook for him sometime. The idea of watching the Alpha eat something he made himself had him feeling warm. He clenched his thighs together as a mental

image of Jungkook's strong jaw flexing as he chewed cut through him, bringing back his earlier arousal.

The waiter returned with two glasses and the bottle of wine that they had ordered, pouring two portions and setting the bottle on the table between them. Jimin ordered their food easily and the waiter disappeared with the menus and Jungkook's first wine glass, leaving them alone again.

Jimin wasn't sure what to say to Jungkook as the Alpha looked back at him, as if still waiting for an answer to his earlier question. Jimin considered lying about his reasons for becoming a sugar baby, but he didn't really want to lie. Jungkook had been honest, and he should have the courtesy to do the same. If it didn't work out, at least he'd get an amazing meal and a good bottle of wine out of the deal. That was something.

He didn't want the Alpha to think he had all this experience and expect him to know a lot about sex, because he was pretty sure that as soon as things started to get hot and heavy, it was going to be glaringly obvious that he was inexperienced. He took a deep breath to calm his nerves before starting to speak. Honesty was the best policy, especially in this situation, where the truth would be so easily discoverable.

"Look, I'm just gonna be honest here... I have no idea what I'm doing. I don't really have that much experience with sex and I signed up with Magic Shop because I lost my job and couldn't find another one. I'm just a broke college student with bills and tuition to pay. I will admit that it's about money, but at the same time... well, it's a little bit about sex too."

"Oh? Tell me more." Jungkook leaned an elbow on the table and rested his chin in his hand, looking at him with rapt attention.

Jimin felt his face go hot again, and he reached for his wine glass. He took a fortifying sip of wine and sat his glass back on the table. He opened his mouth to speak, but Jungkook interrupted him before he could speak.

"What happened to your hand?"

The Alpha stared at the purpling knuckles that looked extremely painful, and recent, judging by the redness of the skin around them. Jimin pulled his hand back and cradled it protectively against his chest. Jungkook's eyes narrowed. It was clear that Jimin had hit someone or something, the question was why? Had he been in a fight?

"Oh... that." He watched as Jimin's expression got a little smug. "Some jerk Alpha on the train thought it would be fun to grope my ass on the way here. I thought it would be fun to knock him unconscious."

Jungkook's brows rose in surprise again. His pretty boy was a little firecracker and full of surprises. This knowledge only made his attraction stronger. Though, the thought of someone touching him, and especially touching him against his will had his inner Alpha snarling with anger. He told himself that it was just because he was an Omega, and he would feel the same about anyone. If he repeated that to himself enough, he might even start to believe it.

"Are you okay?" Jungkook asked, giving him a once-over looking for injuries.

"Totally fine. It's not the first time or the last time I've had to deal with a groper on the train or bus. It's not a big deal." Jimin waved off the concern with a flippant hand.

It sounded like a big deal to Jungkook, but it wasn't really his place to comment on Jimin's life. He

wasn't his boyfriend, hell, they weren't even friends. They were acquaintances at best, and he wasn't going to push his opinions on the Omega who seemed to have handled the situation well enough on his own.

"Well, I hope you broke his damn nose."

Jimin giggled, making Jungkook's stomach dip at the pretty sound and smiling face of the Omega.

"I think I did actually." Jimin leaned forward and rested his elbow on the table, putting his chin in his hand and mirroring Jungkook's posture. "So... we were talking about sex."

Jungkook watched as Jimin licked over his bottom lip and grey eyes met his with an expression that was questioning and a little teasing. Jungkook could smell the sweetening in the air between them and had to hold in a growl as he caught the scent of Jimin's slick. His cock jerked at the knowledge that the Omega was aroused, was already wet for him. Fuck he wanted to skip dinner and go straight home with him.

"We were... you were telling me why you wanted to be a sugar baby?" Jungkook prompted.

"Ah yes. Well I'm not looking for a mate. Alphas my age get attached too quickly and want to jump straight to committing themselves for life. I just want to have a little fun, and I don't want to have to deal with all the petty, clingy, possessiveness that comes with dating an Alpha my age." There was a short pause where they stared eye to eye, studying each other. "I just want someone who will give me a decent orgasm."

"I can definitely help with that."

Jimin quirked his lips and gave him a penetrating look. "Can you?"

The challenge was there, and it had Jungkook's Alpha fraught with tension as he fought the urge to bend the Omega over the table and make him scream so loud the entire restaurant would hear him beg for Jungkook's knot. He satisfied himself by reaching his hand forward and swiping a thumb over Jimin's pretty bottom lip, then pressing it inside his mouth. His thumb was surrounded by delicious warm wetness as the Omega gently sucked on the intruding digit. He pressed his thumb down, trapping the Omega's tongue under it for a moment as he leaned forward and spoke lowly to him.

"I most definitely can, pretty boy. I'm gonna have so much fun with you, making you beg for my cock."

Jimin was hard and he was wet, too wet for a public place. He felt an urge that he'd never felt before. He wanted to submit, to turn his eyes down and whine in obedience. He was shocked by his own desire to let himself be reigned over by this Alpha. It was unfamiliar, but it had him aching between his legs as his body dewed with arousal.

Jungkook was going to cum. He was so totally about to blow a fucking load right in the middle of this restaurant as Jimin's eyes closed and he let out a little whimpering noise. He could smell his slick so strongly he knew his underwear must be soaked. Jimin was not only wet for him, but he was submitting to him, accepting Jungkook's control and allowing it freely. Fuck. He slid the thumb in his mouth out and pushed back in slowly, repeating the motion a few times, fucking his finger into the warm, slick softness of the Omega's mouth. He heard footsteps outside their little room, and remembered where they were. He pulled his finger free with a little 'pop' sound and a tiny gasp from Jimin.

The Omega's eyes opened and looked at him. The grey orbs were glazed with lust and his bottom lip was wet and shining in the soft light. Gods, this had to be the most beautiful male to ever exist. His chest was rising and falling rapidly, pupils blown and cheeks flushed. He looked ready to be fucked. But before he could do anything about the look, the partition was pushed aside and he watched as Jimin came back to himself. His eyes cleared and he sat back, pushing his hair back from his face and taking a deep breath.

"Excuse me. I need to use the restroom."

Before Jungkook could say anything, Jimin was up and walking out of the parlor. He wanted to follow after him, but knew it wasn't a good idea. He wouldn't be able to stop himself once he got started. He sighed and sat back in his chair as the blushing waiter put bread on the table and excused himself. Jungkook knew why he was blushing. The room smelled like slick and probably a little like cum, given the amount of pre-cum he was producing.

He used the opportunity to get himself back together a little. At least, as best as he could manage with a raging erection. He took his suit jacket off and let it drape over the back of his chair, loosening his tie and unbuttoning the top button of his shirt, suddenly sweltering in the small room that still smelled like vanilla bean scented slick. He took a few deep breaths, trying to ignore the scent that filled the air and clear his head. He needed to calm down. There were still things he needed to discuss with Jimin.

Jimin walked quickly to the restroom, eyes on the floor as he rushed past tables. He tried to ignore the warm squish of slick between his legs with every step, but knew that he must smell like arousal to a point that others noticed. He pushed into the bathroom and locked himself in the first stall, leaning back against the door and trying to even his breaths. He was pretty sure he'd never been this turned on in his life. He was so hard that it was starting to hurt, and they hadn't even done anything yet. He needed to chill out and stop being so horny in the middle of dinner.

Jimin took deep breaths to clear his head, running his hands through his hair and giving the blond strands a little tug. He quickly pulled his pants and underwear down and tried to clean up the copious amounts of slick that had gathered in his boxers. It was a losing battle, but he wasn't about to throw his slick soaked underwear away in a public bathroom. Especially not a restaurant this nice. He needed the extra layer of protection anyway, since he doubted Jungkook was done turning him on.

He did his best to clean up, then went to the sinks to wash his hands. He studied his face in the mirror, noticing how red his cheeks were from blushing. He dried his hands and pressed them to his cheeks, trying to cool the skin, but it didn't actually help much. He ran his hands through his hair, fixing it back to normal. He closed his eyes and took a deep breath. He needed to talk to Jungkook about his payment, this wasn't a date. It was a business deal, and he needed to get his head in the game. There was time for sex later... hopefully.

As Jimin pushed the partition aside and re-entered the parlor, he almost turned right around and walked out. Jungkook's jacket was off, his tie loose and sleeves rolled to his elbows. Jimin's eyes raked over every bulge of hard muscle that he could see under the white cotton. His eyes trailed down to the bared forearms, biting his lips at the tawny skin and visible veins that threaded under his skin. He tried to ignore the shot of arousal that slid down his spine as he closed the partition and walked to his chair.

"Hi." Jimin said as he sat in his seat, grabbing his wine and draining the glass, hoping that the drink would help bolster him up.

"Hi." Jungkook smiled as he watched Jimin drain his glass. "So... before we get distracted again,

we need to discuss the financial side of this arrangement.”

“Agreed.” Jimin gave a nod and a little smile as Jungkook refilled Jimin’s wine glass and topped off his own.

“Would an allowance of \$10,000 a month be acceptable to you? Obviously that wouldn’t include gifts and trips and things like that.”

Jimin felt his mouth drop open. There was no way he’d heard that right. He closed his mouth and swallowed reflexively.

“I-I’m sorry... did you just say ten thousand dollars a month?”

“Yeah. Is that not enough? I would be willing to go up to fifteen.”

“Jesus Christ, Jungkook. That’s a fortune! I mean... there’s no way that sex with me is gonna be good enough to pay that kind of money. I assure you, that I’m not worth that much.”

Jimin was twisting his hands in his lap, face a map of open, honest confusion as he looked at Jungkook. The Alpha felt himself rankle at the idea of Jimin thinking he was worth so little. He had no idea how much Jungkook would give for a single night with him. He felt like ten thousand a month was honestly probably too low.

“I have a feeling you’re going to be worth every penny of it, pretty boy. So, what do you say?”

Jungkook held his hand out over the table and Jimin stared at it in shock. He reached forward and grasped the large, warm palm and shook it.

“Deal?”

“Deal.”

Somehow it kind of felt like making a deal with the devil as he looked into those dark, hungry eyes. But Jimin couldn’t bring himself to regret taking the Alpha’s offer.

“Now that the money is out of the way, let’s talk about some other aspects of our little deal.”

“Like what?” Jimin looked up at him with his pretty grey eyes.

“Well, like what I’m going to need from you, and what you’re okay with.”

“Okay. I filled out a list of sex things at Magic Shop... did they not show you that?”

Jungkook ran through the list of delicious ideas that Jimin had checked off on his paperwork and gave a small, pained smile. He was pretty sure it wasn’t good to hard for this long, his balls were starting to ache from the prolonged arousal.

“They did show me it sweetheart, and I can’t wait to do all those filthy things with you. But I’m more talking about your schedule and mine. When we will meet, where we will meet, that kind of thing.”

“Oh. Of course.”

Jimin flushed with embarrassment again. Of course that was what he was talking about. He needed to get his head out of the gutter for a single minute and focus on the conversation.

“My schedule is a bit hectic, so I will probably mostly call for you at night, generally after at least 7 o’clock. I also work a lot of weekends, so those times will be scattered as well. Basically, what I’m asking is, are you willing to come when called?”

That question had such delicious double meaning, but either way the answer was yes.

“Yes, of course. I’ll get you a copy of my schedule, but basically I have classes Monday thru Friday. Monday ends at 5:00, Tuesday at 2:00, Wednesday at 3:00, Thursday at 5:00 and Friday only goes til’ noon. I’m totally free on the weekends.”

The Alpha let the idea of spending an entire weekend in bed with Jimin cut through him. He needed to get a secretary or an assistant or something. He was going to need more free time, that was for sure.

“How would you feel about meeting me at my office after hours on occasion?” Jungkook asked wryly, raising a brow and eyeing him with dark interest.

Jimin felt a surge of warmth coalesce between his legs again. He had no idea how he still was producing slick. His body had to run out at some point he thought, and he’d been half-wet all day. But the image of fucking Jungkook in a big fancy office, probably with a lot of windows was the most tantalizing taboo image.

“I think I could manage that.”

“You really are perfect. Such a pretty boy with such adventurous tastes.”

Jimin felt his face get hot again and cursed himself for being such an uncontrollable blusher. He looked down and bit his lip to try to hold his smile back. He really didn’t need Jungkook knowing how much his praise was affecting him. He reached forward and took a little roll from the basket that the waiter had brought, tearing a little piece off and putting it in his mouth. He tried to focus on chewing, on figuring out what was in the bread by taste. He needed a distraction.

Jungkook watched the Omega as he got shy again. He wondered exactly how inexperienced he was. Jimin had said he didn’t have a lot of experience, but he was only realizing that he probably wasn’t downplaying it. The list of kinks he’d seen in the file had been quite extensive, but they way he reacted to the slightest praise, the smallest amount of dirty talk had Jungkook wondering if most of his experience wasn’t with porn or books. He watched him pick at the roll he’d taken from the basket and wanted to coo at how cute he was, tearing little bites off and nibbling on them.

He was far more innocent than Jungkook had originally thought, and that knowledge was excruciatingly delicious. He was going to show his pretty boy all those dirty things he wanted to see and experience. He wanted very much to corrupt him, to wreck him so thoroughly that he’d feel him for days afterward. Jungkook picked up his wine and sipped at it, watching Jimin across the table, enraptured by him.

“How many Alphas have you had?”

Jimin almost choked on his bread, coughing and finally swallowing before taking a sip of his water. That question had been unexpected, but he guessed it was a fair question. He wondered if that information had been in his portfolio. Probably not. He hadn’t gone into specifics anyway, so they wouldn’t know the whole story.

“Um... none, actually.” Jimin rubbed the back of his blond hair awkwardly.

“Betas?”

“None.”

“Are you a virgin?”

“No. I’ve had sex. He was an Omega like me.”

“An Omega?”

This had to be a joke. Because if the only sexual partner he’d ever had was another Omega, he might as well be a virgin. Good god, what had he gotten himself into? Could he actually do this? With an Omega who was basically untouched? The idea of him being the first Alpha ever to take Jimin shot straight to his gut and down to his cock. He was the luckiest Alpha in the world, he was completely certain.

“Yeah, he was a friend from high school. We agreed to be each other’s first times…” Jimin paused and Jungkook watched as he looked down, suddenly looking a little upset. “I know I’m not… probably what you were expecting. I understand if you want someone with more experience, who knows what they are doing.”

“My little pretty boy, so sweet. I don’t want someone else. I want you.”

Before Jimin could respond, they were interrupted by the waiter delivering their food. He set their plates on the table and left after a making sure they didn’t need anything else. Jungkook looked across the table to see Jimin peeking up at him through his lashes with a soft little smile pulling at his lips.

“I want you too.” The words were so quietly spoken that Jungkook almost missed them, but as he heard them his inner Alpha howled in triumph.

Jimin thought Jungkook was much less intimidating when he smiled. It made him look much younger and made him seem more approachable. Jimin felt himself relax slightly. Jungkook still wanted to go through with their arrangement. He told himself that his excitement was just about the money and not about wanting to please the Alpha. Because that would be ridiculous. They had only just met and they were basically friends with benefits. There was nothing more to it than that.

They ate their dinner quietly, both thinking over what had been said and agreed upon, and about the possibility of this night ending with amazing sex. Jungkook had to admit that Jimin knew how to pick an excellent meal. The food was exquisite, and he wondered what kind of food the Omega specialized in. They occasionally stole glances at each other between bites of food, sometimes catching each other in the act and smiling a little.

Even though the meal was quiet, it wasn’t awkward or stilted. It felt strangely comfortable. They were two near strangers, but somehow felt at ease. Maybe it was because there wasn’t any deception between them. It wasn’t like the usual date where both parties tried to pretend that sex wasn’t the first thing on their mind, and that you really cared about your date’s three cats and all the people at their job. Exhausting.

They both knew where this night was headed, so the atmosphere wasn’t one of polite interest and discretion, but of desperate anticipation. Because they were going to fuck, that much was clear between them without needing to be said. After their meal, Jungkook was taking Jimin back to his apartment. He was going to get him so wet and pliant under his hands and mouth that he would be able to take his cock without pain, and then he was going to fuck him. Hard.

When the waiter brought the check, Jungkook handed over his card, then left an extravagantly

large tip. He thought it was the least he could do since the poor waiter had had to deal with them smelling like sex all night and had been a consummate professional. He had earned it. Once Jungkook signed the receipt he looked to the Omega across the table with a little half grin that was full of mischief. He stood and slipped his jacket back on and offered Jimin his hand.

## Chapter End Notes

Please leave a comment.



# Good Boy

## Chapter Summary

Jungkook takes Jimin back to his place for the evening.

## Chapter Notes

Please enjoy!

I'm gonna take a few days break from this story and work on some of my other WIPS and things. So just an FYI, in case you will be waiting for another update tomorrow.

Also, yes I am using American currency values. Mostly because it's easier and I'm a lazy person.

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

Jimin took the offered hand and felt a small shiver go through him at how warm Jungkook's hand was compared to his. As he was pulled along toward the front, he could feel how warm the Alpha's whole body was. He radiated heat and it made the impulse to curl up in his lap return. Jimin's family often told him he was like a kitten because he liked to nap in warm places, curled up in anything he could find to make a nest out of. He knew his mother had a whole collection of pictures of that very thing. They all teased him about it, but that didn't stop him from doing it. He liked to be warm. Sue him.

They got their coats at the door, and Jungkook took Jimin's backpack, despite his protests. They walked out to the valet and waited for the Alpha's car to be brought around. It was already getting dark, and the cold was getting almost unbearable. Jimin started inching toward Jungkook as they waited, drawn by the warmth rolling off the Alpha. He moved closer and closer until he was pressed to his side, shivering, arms wrapped around himself, trying to conserve heat. Jungkook seemed to realize what he was doing, and pulled the Omega in front of him, opening his coat and drawing Jimin inside, holding it closed around him and letting Jimin share his body heat.

A full body shudder wracked the Omega as he was instantly warmed. He pressed his nose into Jungkook's chest and took a deep inhale of his scent. He nuzzled in closer stepping forward until they were pressed together. He could feel Jungkook's arousal against his abdomen and it had him weak in the knees. He was so fucking ready for this. He wanted Jungkook inside him so badly he was out of control. His Omega half wanted to whimper and beg to be knotted, to be filled, to drop to his knees and plead with the Alpha to please fuck him right now, no matter who was watching. He just pressed his forehead against the Alpha's strong chest and let out a small involuntary whine.

"Don't worry, pretty boy. I'm gonna take care of you."

The reassurance was much more comforting than it probably ought to have been, all things considered, but he wasn't going to start picking apart every word and action. This might be about sex, but that didn't mean they couldn't be friends too. Friends comforted each other, and hugged.

He was reading too much into things. Jungkook was just being nice. They were going to have sex regularly after all, so it made sense that the Alpha would want to be on good terms with him and would want him to trust him.

When he heard a car behind him, Jimin turned to see a big, black SUV. He didn't know anything about cars at all, but it looked really nice and expensive. As soon as he was released from the confines of Jungkook's coat, he was instantly shivering again. The Alpha opened the door for him and ushered him into the rapidly warming interior. Jimin climbed up into the passenger seat and put on his seatbelt as Jungkook got into the driver seat and did the same.

"Here, this should warm you up." Jungkook turned the heater up a few notches and pressed another button that made the seat under him start to warm.

Jimin let out a quiet moan at being surrounded by heat. "Thank you... gods I feel like I haven't been properly warm since August."

Jungkook was still stuck on the moan, wanting to hear it again. He pulled himself back to present.

"Probably because your jeans have no knees and your jacket is way too thin for the dead of winter." The Alpha said, pulling away from the curb and starting the drive to his apartment.

Jimin looked down at his torn kneed jeans, feeling a little embarrassed. Honestly it was the best he had at the moment. He didn't have much money to spare on clothes. Most of his wardrobe consisted of shirts and jeans he'd owned since he was in high school. His tuition and bills always came first, which left very little in the way of funds for self care.

"Sorry. It's just... kinda all I have right now." Jimin said quietly, looking out the window.

"Hey. None of that. You've got a proper sugar daddy now." Jungkook's voice was smiling and a bit teasing. "I'll take you shopping sometime and get you some decent winter clothes, maybe a nice suit for events I'm gonna drag you to as my 'date' and maybe some pretty things for you to wear just for me."

"What kind of pretty things?"

Jungkook kept one hand on the wheel, but the other reached over and rested on his thigh, squeezing gently.

"I want to see you in some pretty, lacy panties for me sweetheart. Or in some silky lingerie. I bet you'll look stunning in red silk."

The idea made him have to bite his lip to hold in a sound. He wanted to wear pretty things for Jungkook. Wanted the Alpha to think he looked beautiful and soft and sexy.

"I want to look pretty for you Alpha." The hand that was on his thigh, gripped harder at the words.

Jimin had no idea the effect he was having on Jungkook's body. He was so close to pulling over and just letting Jimin jerk him off to help ease the constant throbbing of his cock. Calling him Alpha... Fuck. He was so weak for this pretty boy, and he was certain that after he stripped him out of his old, baggy clothes he was only going to be more addicted. He'd gotten a little preview of him when he'd held him inside his coat. He'd felt his slender, light-boned figure against him and known that what was hidden under the clothes was something to be savored.

"You're already pretty, sweetheart."

Jimin bit his lip as a little smile overtook his face. He really had it bad for getting praised by Jungkook. He could feel himself getting wetter and wetter as he was surrounded by the Alpha's scent, and the warm hand on his leg massaged the muscle. The heat of the seat under him wasn't really helping matters either. Everything was so overwhelming, but he wanted to be overwhelmed. He wanted to be completely lost to Jungkook. His inner Omega was dying to submit to him entirely and let the Alpha use him however he saw fit. He knew Jungkook would make him feel good.

"Jungkook... it hurts." Jimin whined, hips shifting slightly as it trying to alleviate the pain.

"I know, pretty boy. We're almost there." Jungkook's voice was strained. "Fuck, I can smell your slick. You're already wet for me, aren't you Baby?"

Being called Baby by this Alpha had his control slipping further out of his hold as his Omega half struggled to the forefront. He had never had to fight against his nature like this outside his heat, during which he always remained completely secluded. An Omega in heat was likely to accept any Alpha around, just for relief, so he had to be careful during his fertile days. Right now though, it wasn't the instinctive desire to be impregnated that took over when he was in heat, but a different kind of need. He just wanted Jungkook to take him for no reason other than that he wanted it.

"Ngh... yes. I'm so wet for you Alpha. Just for you."

Jungkook was so fucking close to his apartment, and he was dying to get there already. Jimin's words, the scent of him in the confined space, the scent of his slick so strong that Jungkook's mouth was salivating for a taste. He pulled into the underground garage and found his parking space quickly, turning the engine off. He hopped out and quickly grabbed the backpack from the backseat before walking around and helping a shaky Jimin out of the car.

As soon as they were in the elevator, Jungkook pushed the button for the top floor where his apartment was located. The Alpha sat the backpack by his feet as the doors slid closed. One moment they were standing side by side in the elevator as it began to move, and the next Jungkook had Jimin pressed against the wall. He wrapped a hand around the back of his neck and pulled him in for a hard kiss that turned feral almost instantly, teeth and tongues meeting in a clash of need and heat. Jungkook's deep growl mixed with Jimin's high-pitched whimpering moans. It felt like only a single moment that the kiss lasted before the elevator dinged, announcing their arrival on the correct floor.

Jungkook didn't want to pull back from the kiss, but he knew they needed to get inside his apartment. As he broke the kiss, Jimin chased after his lips with a little whine. He was completely lost to his inner Omega, and Jungkook had never seen anything so hot as Jimin opening his glazed eyes and looking up at him, mouth slightly parted as he panted heavy breaths, lips red and kiss swollen. He stepped back and grabbed the backpack from the floor, pulling Jimin along with him out of the elevator and to his apartment door.

He fumbled with his keys for a moment, finally getting his door unlocked and swinging it open. He pulled the Omega inside with him and swung the door shut. As soon as the door clicked closed, Jimin leapt into his arms, wrapping his legs around his middle and arms around his neck. Jungkook caught him under the thighs and slammed his back against the closed door, finding Jimin's mouth and resuming their kiss. The heat hadn't subsided, and they kissed like the breath from the other's mouth was the very oxygen that was keeping them alive. Jimin's hands tangled in Jungkook's black hair, tugging on the strands and pulling him closer, wanting Jungkook as close as physically possible.

Jimin was the one who pulled back from the kiss first, trailing hot kisses down over his jaw and to his scent gland, where he licked at the spot with his warm, soft tongue, causing a surge in

Jungkook's scent that had Jimin making a noise almost like a sob as he continued. If he kept that up, he would be completely covered in Jungkook's scent for days. The Alpha was in pain from the prolonged arousal, needing to get Jimin naked and get his damnable slacks off, to at least relieve some of the ache.

Jungkook pulled Jimin away from the wall and started toward his bedroom, not bothering to take his shoes off. He made his way through the dark apartment by memory, not turning on any lights until he got to his room. He quickly flipped the light on because he wanted to see Jimin. He didn't want to miss a single detail of his face and body. He turned his face and nuzzled against the side of Jimin's head which was all he could reach with the Omega still tonguing and softly sucking over his scent gland.

"Let's get you out of these clothes, Baby."

Jimin was drunk on the scent of coffee and dark chocolate, head hazy and body buzzing with sharp-edged desire and sensation. He was completely at Jungkook's mercy at the moment, and he allowed himself to be sat down, somewhat reluctantly. He looked up at the Alpha and felt a fresh wave of slick gush from him as he took in his shining, swollen lips, dark hair mussed by his own hands, and eyes so dark with desire they were almost completely black. A shiver of awareness bloomed over his skin at the hungry, penetrating look that Jungkook gave him.

The Omega watched in awe as Jungkook shrugged his coat and suit jacket off, revealing the white shirt again. Jimin reached up and pulled at the necktie, wanting it off, wanting everything off. He wanted the Alpha completely bare, he wanted to see every inch of his tawny, golden skin. He gently extracted the necktie and dropped it to the floor. His fingers fumbled at the buttons of his dress shirt, half tempted to just rip the thing open when Jungkook's warm hands wrapped around his shaking ones, stilling him and making him look up into the dark gaze.

"Off... off." Jimin whined.

"It's okay, pretty boy. Let me."

Jimin pulled his hands back and watched as the Alpha made quick work of the buttons on his shirt, before pulling it open and letting it drift to the floor too. Jimin was stunned by how muscular Jungkook was. His arms were corded with muscle, his torso a rigid expanse of rippling abs. Jimin wanted to feel him skin to skin, and started pulling on his own clothes without success. He was so overwhelmed by his Omega half that he was having trouble functioning normally, but thankfully Jungkook was in better control and helped him get his coat and shirt off, leaving them both bare from the waist up.

Jungkook was about to pass out as all the blood in his body surged through his head. Jimin was so damn sexy, his skin was pale and velvety smooth, the line of his body was unbelievably perfect with a tiny waist giving way to wider hips and thighs. He was completely flawless, a perfect delicate beauty. He was frozen in place for a few moments, just looking at him. He could feel the blood rushing through his veins as his heart pounded inside his chest like it wanted to escape his ribcage.

Jimin felt shy as he watched Jungkook look at him. The Alpha's expression was one of desperate hunger as he eyed Jimin's slender form. The Omega bit his lip and slid his trembling hands to the waistband of his jeans, popping the button and pushing the zipper down. He was so nervous, but he wanted the Alpha to see him, all of him. He pushed his jeans and boxers down together bending to shuffle them down his legs until they dropped in a pile at his feet. He stood and kicked them to the side, taking a deep breath before looking back up at Jungkook, stomach twisting with a mix of anticipation and hesitance. He was met with a look that seared him, it went through his body like a

shockwave and left him bereft of anything but his desperate desire to have the Alpha's hands on him.

Jimin was so fucking pretty. Jungkook felt like he could look at him for hours and hours and never grow tired of seeing his beauty. His fully naked form standing in front of him was almost too much. It had every cell in his body vibrating like a just-struck tuning fork that was attuned to the frequency of one Park Jimin. He took a deep breath to try and get his head back on his shoulders and out of the clouds. He reached for his belt and opened it with a quiet clicking sound and opening his slacks. Jimin's grey eyes were fixed on his hands as they hooked in the waist of his pants and pushed them down, letting them fall to the floor with a gentle clatter of his belt buckle.

Jimin felt his mouth water at the sight of Jungkook's hard cock, it was enormous compared to his, even compared to his toys that he used during his heat. It was the same color as his tanned skin, with an angry red tip that was glistening with pre-cum. Jimin fell to his knees, wanting to taste, to feel the hard, hot organ in his mouth. He wanted to make Jungkook feel good. He looked up at the Alpha for permission, hands slowly sliding up the hard, muscular thighs toward his hips. Jungkook gave him a little nod and Jimin used his hands to gently angle his cock downward so he could press his lips to the head before opening and sucking the tip into his mouth with a soft moan. The salty taste of pre-cum burst on his tongue and made him ache for more of it as he started a slow advance and retreat, head bobbing back and forth as he took as much of the Alpha in his mouth as possible, using his hands to stroke the base in time with his mouth.

Jungkook was absolutely certain he'd never felt something so amazing in his entire life. Jimin's mouth was so soft and wet, so warm and perfect. Add the feeling to the visual of the blond Omega on his knees for him and he was already close to cumming. He could see the full lips stretched around his cock as he sucked him.

"Fuck, Baby... you're doing so good. Such a good boy for me." Jungkook said as he buried one hand in the soft blond hair, gripping it in his fist and using it to guide Jimin's movements.

He felt Jimin shiver at the praise, and whimper around his mouthful.

"You like that pretty boy? You like me telling you how well you take my cock?"

This got another whimper, and Jimin's grey eyes opened and looked up at him pleadingly. He saw a sheen of tears on his lashes and felt a powerful surge of heat coalesce in his gut. His pretty boy was so perfect, so submissive and pliant for him. He felt his balls starting to draw up as his body prepared to orgasm, ready to explode.

"I'm gonna cum, Baby. So close... fuck. You feel so good. You gonna swallow it all, sweetheart? You gonna be a good boy for me?"

Jimin wanted to nod, but he couldn't. His head was being guided by the hard fist tangled in his hair, the Alpha fucking into his mouth. It was everything Jimin had ever imagined it would be, finding an Alpha who could properly dominate him and make him feel small, who could pull all of Jimin's desires to the surface and allow him to just feel. In that moment he had let go of all his responsibilities, all the stress in his everyday life with bills and school and work and family. He was just heat, need and obedient, docile submission. All he had to do was what Jungkook told him to, it was so freeing to feel all his tension bleed from him and be replaced by desire.

His jaw was starting to ache from holding his mouth open so far for so long, but he didn't care. The hot length that was invading his mouth was starting to twitch and throb, close to orgasm. Jimin did what he could, using his tongue against the underside and sealing his lips on every outward stroke, pulling his cheeks in to create suction.

“That’s it... so good... ah, ah, ah... fuck. I’m cumming, Baby.”

Jimin felt the hot bursts of the Alpha’s release hit the back of his throat, and he choked a little, some of the cum leaking from the seal of his lips around the Alpha’s cock. He felt his eyes watering as he tried not to cough, to hold it in his mouth. He wanted to be good, he wanted Jungkook to be pleased with him and praise him again. Jimin used his hands to help milk the last of the Alpha’s cum from him, into his mouth. He let his hands explore the knot at the base of his cock as he felt the hand in his hair release and he pulled back.

He kept everything in his mouth as he let Jungkook slide from between his lips. His cheeks were slightly puffed out at the mouthful, throat still tickling with the need to cough, but he suppressed it. His eyes met Jungkook’s dark ones as the Alpha looked down at him. The Alpha took Jimin’s chin between his fingers, tilting his head up. He used his thumb to encourage Jimin to open his mouth so he could see.

“Look at what a good boy you are... Holding all my cum in your mouth. Such a pretty baby.”

Jungkook dipped his thumb down into Jimin’s mouth, then pulled it back, swiping the finger coated in his seed over Jimin’s lips, making a circle all the way around.

“Swallow for me, pretty boy.”

Jimin was shaking uncontrollably as he closed his mouth and swallowed. The first swallow went okay, but he couldn’t suppress the tickle in his throat anymore and he turned his face down as the cough worked up from his chest, the cum left in his mouth pouring down over his chin as he sputtered. He felt tears pool in his eyes. He’d failed.

“I’m sorry... Alpha, I’m sorry.” Jimin whimpered, turning his face down farther as he felt the tears leak over and run down his cheeks.

Jungkook crouched in front of him and tilted his face up to look at him. Jimin wouldn’t meet his eyes, but he had crystalline tears tracing down his cheeks, wetting and tangling his thick lashes. His lips and chin were shining with pearly cum. The Alpha used his thumb to wipe it away as he gave Jimin a soft smile. Just as Jungkook reached over to wipe his thumb on his slacks, Jimin caught his wrist, pulling his hand back toward him. He licked the cum off the Alpha’s finger and sucked it into his mouth, looking at him with pleading eyes. Asking for forgiveness. Jungkook just brushed his blond hair back with his other hand and pressed a soft kiss to his slightly sweaty forehead.

“It’s okay, Baby. You did good. I’m so proud of you.”

Jimin’s whole body lit up at the words, it was exactly what he wanted to hear. He felt the tears in his eyes tip over leave scalding tracks down his cheeks. Jungkook was proud of him. He pulled the thumb out of his mouth and looked up at the Alpha with wide, watery eyes.

“Please Alpha... It hurts. Please...”

Jungkook glanced down to see Jimin’s thighs shining with copious amounts of slick, a little pool had formed under him. The Omega’s thighs were quivering and his cock was flushed purple at the tip. It did look extremely painful.

“I’ve got you, pretty boy. I’m gonna make it feel better.”

Jungkook stood, helping Jimin up too. The Omega’s legs were shaking and weak, but he was able to stand and take the few steps back toward the bed. He didn’t crawl up onto it however, he just paused and looked up at him.

“I... I’m gonna get your bed dirty...” Jimin whispered, shifting his stance so his thighs slid against each other wetly.

Jungkook could literally not care less. Fuck the bed. He wanted Jimin so fucking wet that he’d need a new mattress.

“I don’t care, Baby. Go on. Get up there.”

Jimin nodded and turned, trying to climb up onto the bed, but failing with his muscles still weak and quivering from arousal. The Alpha was distracted by the perfect, round ass before him for a few moments, letting his brain wander into thinking about watching his cock disappear between those lush, pale cheeks. He was drawn back, by Jimin’s struggle, Jungkook smiled and helped him along, grabbing his hips and helping lift him up onto the black bedding. He watched as Jimin crawled to the center of the bed and let his body collapse, rolling onto his back, bending his knees and letting his legs fall open. He could see Jimin’s soft, pink hole shimmering with wetness as the Omega’s legs opened.

Jimin watched as the Alpha crawled up onto the bed, prowling toward him like some fierce, virile beast, muscles bunching and releasing as his arms accepted his weight and moved him. Jimin was so aroused it hurt, it was almost like being in heat, his need was so great in that moment. He unconsciously spread his legs wider as Jungkook crawled over him, wanting to accommodate him in the cradle of his body. The Alpha still radiated the same heat as he hovered over him, and it made Jimin’s skin erupt in goosebumps as he felt the warmth reaching out to him in the small distance between their bodies.

Jungkook kissed him again, this time a little slower, a little more controlled, but still full of that same fiery passion and desire. Jimin was surprised he wanted to kiss him after he’d gone down on him, but it didn’t seem to bother him as he licked into his mouth, dominating him completely. Jungkook broke the kiss to trail his mouth down over Jimin’s jaw and neck, pausing to mouth over his scent gland with tongue and teeth, making Jimin’s vanilla bean scent bloom so strongly that he could almost taste it on his skin. He was careful not to mark his neck, even though he wanted to badly. It wasn’t right to make Jimin walk around with a hickey that he’d have to explain to his friends and classmates.

Everything was so hot, so overwhelming as Jungkook licked and teased at his scent gland. Jimin couldn’t remember the last time it had even been touched by anyone but himself. It had always been a sensitive spot for him, sometimes when he was touching himself, he’d press on it and caress it with his fingers. But that was nothing compared to the feeling of Jungkook sucking over it, hot mouth burning his cool skin. He felt a tension in his lower belly start to gather at the feeling, arousal building up higher as he began to seize up all over his body. Was he about to cum just from Jungkook’s mouth on his scent gland? He guessed so as he felt the fluttering of his release tease at him from within.

“I-I’m gonna cum... Alpha... I’m gonna cum... please don’t stop... please...”

Jungkook was surprised by how sensitive Jimin was if he was about to cum just from having his scent gland teased. He thought about stopping, making Jimin wait to cum until he was inside him, but he also knew Jimin was hurting and needing a release. It would be easier to get him to relax enough to take his cock if he wasn’t so tense. He scraped his teeth over the spot he had been teasing and gave one more suck before the Omega went rigid underneath him, back arching and head tipping back as a hot rush of slick sprayed between them. He hadn’t known Jimin was a squirter, the knowledge made him smirk against the skin under his mouth. What a delight his pretty boy was turning out to be. He pulled back as the body under him went lax.

“You made a mess, sweetheart.” Jungkook growled softly, watching with pleasure as Jimin went pink again.

“S-sorry. I didn’t know I could... I mean, I’ve never... you know.”

“Was that the first time you squirted, pretty boy?” Jimin nodded. “You want my cock that badly, Baby?”

“Yes...” Jimin whimpered. “Please Alpha...”

“Such a good boy. You’re gonna take me so well, Baby.”

Jungkook sat back a little so he could reach a hand between Jimin’s legs. The Omega gasped as soon as the tip of his finger brushed over his hole. He drew a little circle around the tight, pink bloom and was rewarded with a flutter and a small rivulet of slick that he caught on his finger. He coated three of his fingers in Jimin’s slick before gently pressing the first one inside and groaning at the tight heat that surrounded the tip of his finger. He gently worked the finger inside, until he was knuckle deep before slowly starting to move it until he was sure that Jimin was relaxed enough for a second, then a third.

Jimin was burning as the Alpha slowly fucked him with three fingers, stretching him open and preparing him for his cock. He was ready, he wanted Jungkook inside him. He wanted it so badly he was ready to do anything. He arched his back and pressed down on the fingers inside him, wanting something deeper, bigger, more. The Alpha pulled his hand back and out of him. Jimin whined at the feeling of emptiness, but gasped and purred at the feeling of Jungkook leaning over him again, the tip of his cock pressing against his hole. Yes. Hell yes. This was exactly what he wanted.

“You ready, pretty boy?”

“Yes! Fuck... yes, Alpha.”

The Alpha had to keep an iron grip on his control as he pushed forward and slid inside just enough for the tip to breach the tight ring of muscle. His instinct was to bury himself to the hilt, but he knew that this first time, he needed to go slow. Jimin wasn’t used to accommodating an Alpha’s size, and he didn’t want to hurt him. But god he was so tight and warm and wet.

Jimin gasped as he felt Jungkook slowly working himself deeper and deeper inside him. The stretch burned a little bit, but the pleasure was greater. He felt completely overwhelmed. Conquered by the Alpha as he pushed forward more and more. Jungkook was so huge inside him as he finally slid in that final inch and their bodies met, Jungkook’s hips against his ass. By the time he was fully seated Jimin was panting, and flushed, out of control as his Omega half took over again. He didn’t know what to do, he needed the Alpha to tell him what to do.

“God... it’s so big. Fuck, Alpha... tell me what to do... what do I do?” Jimin panted out between heaving breaths.

“Shh... It’s okay. Just breathe. You’re doing so well. You feel so good, sweetheart. So tight and wet for me. I’m gonna fuck you so good, Baby. Gonna make you cum again. Gonna fill you up.”

Jungkook started by moving shallowly, just a little at a time letting Jimin get used to the feeling. But he was too starved for this Omega to be slow and gentle for too long. Soon he was pulling out to the tip and slamming back in, bodies meeting in a slap on each hard thrust. The only sounds in the room were their moans and gasps mixed with the obscene sound of Jimin’s hole making wet



noises as Jungkook fucked him hard and deep, pushing in as far as he could on each downstroke and grinding his hips against him, shifting the cock inside him at its deepest point.

“Look at you, pretty boy. Taking my cock so well in your wet little hole. You’re drenched for me, Baby... making such a mess.”

Jimin’s whole body felt like it was thrumming with his rapid pulse, his only attention for the feel of the cock pounding into him and the filthy words the Alpha was growling in his ear. He was throbbing between his legs, cock hard again. He was so close, so, so close when Jungkook pulled out of him.

“No, no, no...” Jimin whined, hands scrabbling at the Alpha’s shoulders, nails scratching at the skin, panicking because he thought the Alpha was stopping.

“I’m not stopping, Baby.” Jungkook soothed, brushing his hair back from his face for a moment, letting him calm down. “Get on your hands and knees.”

Jimin did as he was told, rolling over and raising himself up with Jungkook’s help so he was on all fours. He felt Jungkook’s hands on his ass, kneading the soft flesh in his warm hands and pulling his cheeks apart, exposing his hole to the cool air of the room and making him whine, both from the cold air on his heated entrance and embarrassment as Jungkook looked at his most private flesh. One of the Alpha’s hands let go, but the other stayed in place, still keeping him exposed. He felt the tip of Jungkook’s cock brush over his entrance and he looked over his shoulder to see the Alpha holding his length in his hand, positioning himself at his hole.

There was no slow entry this time, no gentle buildup. Jungkook slid all the way in with one thrust, hands going to his hips and gripping hard before he started up a brutal pace that had Jimin crying out, arms shaking as he tried to hold himself up. The Alpha pulled him back to meet every thrust, fingers digging into his hips with bruising force. Jimin had never felt so much pleasure as he was relentlessly fucked with abandon, it was the most intense sensation he had ever felt, and it had his arms going weak. He dropped down to his elbows, leaning his head down and pressing his forehead against the mattress as he let himself be overwhelmed by bliss. He moaned on every thrust, little squeaking, noises that he couldn’t control spilling from his lips as he was brought back to the edge of climax.

“That’s it... that’s it, Alpha. Right there... fuck... I’m gonna cum.”

Jungkook had never seen anything like his cock pounding in and out of Jimin’s tight, pink hole. It was dirty and raunchy and perfect. The Omega’s ass was truly the best he’d ever seen, round and soft, it jiggled slightly with every inward thrust. He could feel Jimin’s channel clenching and seizing as he approached his climax, and it had him ready to cum as well, base of his cock tingling as his knot began to form.

“You just take it, don’t you Baby? You take my cock like you were made for it. You gonna cum for me, pretty boy? Come on... cum on my cock. You gonna take my knot? My good boy.”

That was all it took for Jimin to rocket off the edge of release, vision going white and coming back slowly with little pops of black, head swimming as he felt Jungkook bury himself to the hilt and heard his deep moan as his knot formed and locked them together. Jimin whined in satisfaction as he felt the hot bursts of cum filling him up. The Alpha had cum inside him, knotted him and stretched him open almost painfully around his swollen base, but it was perfect. It had the docile, submissive part of him back in control and he couldn’t stop the words that spilled from his lips.

“Was I good for you, Daddy?”

Jungkook felt his cock throb again inside the Omega at the question. Gods, he had really found the perfect little sugar baby. Beautiful, filthy and submissive. Though he got the impression that no one else had ever seen this lovely part of him before. That filled him with more satisfaction than it probably should. Jungkook leaned down and peppered kisses over Jimin's neck and shoulders.

"You did so good. You took me so well, Baby. Daddy is so proud of you for taking his knot."

Jimin felt himself start to purr, at the words. He was so sated, sleepy and happy. The Alpha was pleased with him, proud of him. It made all the tension in his body ease and he just focused on the feeling of the knot stretching him open slowly relaxing until Jungkook was finally able to pull out. It left him feeling horribly empty, and he whined at the feeling of the warm cum sliding out of his fluttering entrance.

He finally let himself collapse on the bed, muscles giving out entirely. He lay still, just breathing as he felt Jungkook fall to the side of him. Jimin turned his head to look at the Alpha, who was looking back at him with a little smile that Jimin returned. He wanted to curl up against the Alpha's warm body and sleep, but as he came back to himself, he realized that wasn't part of this. It was time for him to go. He'd done his part.

"Can I take a shower before I leave?" Jimin asked, trying not to show the disappointment he felt at having to leave.

"Oh... yeah. It's through that door." Jungkook pointed to a door off the bedroom.

"Thanks."

Jimin rolled over and got out of bed on shaky legs, taking in the room for the first time. It looked like something out of a magazine, decorated in a dark grey and black with one wall all windows, it was chic and modern to the extreme. He focused on the door ahead of him and resisted the urge to look over his shoulder as he stepped into the bathroom and closed the door, hand searching the wall until he found a lightswitch and flipping it on. The bathroom was just as nice, and just a modern. His eyes were drawn to a huge bathtub that he wanted to get in and never come out of. Maybe next time he'd ask if he could take a bath.

He walked to the shower and opened the glass door, reaching in and turning on the water, waiting a few moments for it to warm up and then stepping in. He couldn't hold back a small moan at the feel of the scalding hot water cascading down over him. His shower never got this hot, it felt like he was being defrosted all the way down to his bones as he stood under the spray for a few moments. He looked around and spotted the soaps and shampoos on a little shelf, he reached for the shampoo first, washing his hair quickly and rinsing. Before he washed his body however, he had to spread his legs a little and reach down between them. He used gentle fingers to coax the Alpha's seed from him. It was more upsetting than it had any right to be, but he tamped down on that impulse right away. He grabbed the bodywash and lathered up before rinsing off and reluctantly turning off the water.

He stepped out and grabbed a towel off of a nearby rack, it was heavenly soft and soaked up the water from his hair and body far better than his own, raggedy old towels. Once dry, he wrapped the towel around his hips and walked back into the bedroom. Jungkook wasn't on the bed anymore, Jimin walked toward the door to the bedroom, but the Alpha appeared before he reached it. Jungkook was wearing a pair of black sweatpants now. The moment was a bit awkward, but there was nothing for it. Jungkook reached out his hand, and in it was a check. Jimin took it with shaking hands, looking at it and realizing that this was real. The Alpha had just handed him a check for fifteen thousand dollars.

Jimin looked up at Jungkook with something akin to awe on his face. He knew that the Omega was struggling financially, and it felt good to help him out. He'd been magnificent in bed, and honestly was worth every penny. He was looking forward to taking him lingerie shopping and shopping for some decent winter clothes. He knew they weren't a couple and that was probably not ever going to happen, since neither of them were looking for that kind of connection, but it would be nice to at least be friends. Jimin was a sweet Omega and he wanted to make sure he was taken care of and had all the things he needed.

Jimin was struggling for words. This was a lot of money, and it was going to change his life so much. He felt lighter as some of the weight of his worries was lifted from his shoulders. He was so grateful, but he didn't know how to express it in the right words. Thanks for paying me to have amazing sex with you? His inner Omega was still riled up by being in the Alpha's presence. It wanted to cuddle, it wanted post sex spooning and naps, followed by more scenting and possibly another round of sex. But Jimin's reasonable half knew it was just sexual attraction and intimacy. Being scented and properly fucked was making him clingy, he wasn't in love. Hell, he wasn't even in 'like'. If anything he was in lust. He and Jungkook were just two people with amazing sexual chemistry coming to a mutually beneficial arrangement.

"Thank you. I'm not sure what else there is to say... but, thank you so much."

Jungkook gave him his little half smile and ruffled Jimin's wet hair.

"You're welcome, and thank you. I'm actually going to get a decent night's sleep for once."

Jimin smiled back before bending down and picking up his clothes off the floor. Everything smelled so much like his slick that he wasn't sure what to do. There was no way he could take the bus in these clothes, especially not this late at night. That was asking for trouble. He probably shouldn't even take a cab if he was going to be reeking of arousal.

"Do you need something clean to wear? I'm sure I've got some sweats that might fit if you tighten the drawstring."

"Yeah, actually. That would be great."

Jungkook headed to his closet and rifled around for a few moments before producing a pair of sweats, a white t-shirt and a big, thick hoodie that would be enormous on Jimin, but it looked so warm he couldn't refuse. Everything was hopelessly oversized. He had the pants rolled up at the waist three times and the sleeves of the hoodie pushed up so he could use his hands. But it was warm and soft and that was all he cared about at the moment.

Jungkook brought him a plastic bag to tie his dirty clothes up in, to block the scent from spreading. Jimin followed him out into the living room, looking around as they passed through. It was very nice, with high ceilings and another wall of windows that looked out on the view of the city. As they passed the kitchen Jimin froze. It was a fucking dream kitchen with counterspace galore and a gas range with 6 burners, a double oven off to the side and a giant two door fridge. He was in love with this kitchen. Though he had to admit it looked like it rarely got used.

"Jimin? What's up?"

Jimin snapped back to attention, realizing he'd been lost in admiring the kitchen for way too long.

"Sorry, I was just looking at your kitchen. It's so nice. Ugh... the things I could cook here."

Jungkook laughed at the starstruck look on the Omega's face as he continued to eye his kitchen.

“Maybe you can use it sometime. I don’t get a lot of home cooked food, so if you wanted to make dinner some night, I wouldn’t mind.”

“Really?” Jimin turned to him with an expression of pure excitement.

“Yeah. We’ll figure something out.”

As they reached the entryway, Jimin grabbed his backpack and stuffed the bag with his dirty clothes into it and slipped the check in the front cover of one of his textbooks. He turned back to Jungkook and pulled his cell phone out of the hoodie pocket.

“We should exchange numbers so we can keep in touch.” Jimin said, unlocking his phone and opening the option to add a new contact before handing it over to Jungkook. “Here put in your number.”

The cell phone was ancient and cracked. Jungkook was surprised that it worked at all. He added cell phone to the list of things he needed to buy for Jimin, but he just typed in his number and handed the phone back. Jimin typed his name in and sent a text, they heard a little chime from the other room, as the message went through. Perfect.

“You’re not taking the bus are you? It’s kinda late for that. Do you need a ride?”

“No. I was just gonna grab a cab outside.”

Jimin shrugged his backpack on and turned to him with a smile. He held his hand out and Jungkook laughed and grasped it, shaking hands. It seemed a weirdly formal way to end a night of sex, but he kind of liked it.

“Goodnight, Jungkook. I’ll text you my schedule so you have it.”

“Goodnight, Jimin. I’ll call you when I have more free time.”

They let go of each other and Jungkook opened the door to let Jimin out. He watched as the Omega walked to the elevator and hit the button before closing the door and leaning back on it. That had been the best sex of his life and now he was exhausted. He locked the door and headed back to his bedroom. As soon as he entered, he slammed into a wall of vanilla bean scent mixed with sex. He quickly changed the bedding, tossing the used ones in the hamper for the housekeeper to wash before taking a quick shower. He plugged in his phone, made sure his alarm was set and flopped into bed, asleep almost before he hit the pillow.

Jimin rode the elevator down and got out at the lobby, walking quickly outside and into the cold, pulling the hood of his sweater up. The thick hoodie was actually warmer than his usual coat, and helped block most of the chill. He jogged to the curb and flagged down a taxi, hopping in and giving his address. The cab ride was almost 30 minutes, and cost him 45 bucks, but it was worth it as he stepped out in front of his complex and rushed up the stairs to his little apartment, turning on the heater as soon as he entered. With the money Jungkook had given him, he could allow this one luxury of his heater.

The apartment smelled like burning dust as the neglected heater kicked to life, but it warmed the small space quickly as Jimin went into the bathroom to brush his teeth and by the time he came out the place was less of an icebox. He took the sweats off and threw them over the back of his tiny, sagging, olive-colored couch, but left the warm sweater on as he crawled up into his nest. He plugged in his cell phone and set his alarm for the next day before curling up into a little ball under the piles of blankets on his bed and fell asleep, warm and cozy for once.

## Chapter End Notes

Please leave a comment.

# Well-wishers and suspicions

## Chapter Summary

After their night together, Jimin and Jungkook's friends suspect that they have been seeing someone.

## Chapter Notes

Please enjoy

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

Jungkook woke well rested and smiling as the first thing he smelled was the pretty vanilla bean scent of Jimin, reminding him of the night before. He hadn't realized how much sex affected his mood, but he felt much more like himself than he usually did as he got up and got ready for work. It was like the cloud that constantly hung over him was gone and he was all the better for it. He was smiling as walked into the office, a real smile with teeth and everything. People were looking at him with puzzlement again, but some of them smiled back and gave small waves or nods, even a few, 'Good morning, Mr. Jeon' here and there.

He took off his coat and hung it up, sitting down at his desk and going through emails, counting the minutes until Yoongi would appear. The other Alpha always seemed to know when something was going on with him. It was his weird superpower, and he was right when no less than fifteen minutes later he appeared in his office and sat in his usual seat across the desk, looking like his usual serious self.

"You got laid." It was a statement. Not a question.

"Yoongi... seriously." Jungkook rolled his eyes, but his friend ignored it like he knew he would.

"I thought that maybe you had the other day, but no. You definitely got laid this time. You reek of vanilla and you haven't stopped smiling."

"Okay, you caught me. I got laid. Can I work in peace now?"

"Who was it? Did you find a boyfriend?"

Jungkook sighed. "No, I don't have a boyfriend. It's none of your business. Didn't we just have this conversation?"

"Yeah we did. I didn't believe you then, and I don't believe you now. I think you're hiding something from me."

"I'm an adult. If I don't want to tell you every detail of my life, you know it's okay, right? The world isn't going to end if I have a few secrets from you."

Yoongi just looked at him with narrowed eyes and pursed lips for a few moments before seeming

to give up.

“Alright, fine. Don’t tell me. I’m gonna figure it out at some point anyway. I always do.”

“Good for you.” Jungkook said absentmindedly as he turned his focus back onto work, reading the email that had just come through.

Jungkook had been at work for a total of two hours when he realized that he was going to have to stay late for the next few days. Very late. Which meant that he wasn’t going to get to fuck Jimin again until at least Friday or Saturday. He was sitting under piles and piles of paperwork that he really shouldn’t be dealing with personally. He picked up his phone and dialed the HR department. He was answered by the head of HR, Kim Myungjun.

“Mr. Jeon, how can I help you today?”

“Could I get you in my office this morning when you’re available?”

“Of course. I’ve got a meeting in an hour, but I’m free until then if now is a good time?”

“Perfect, come on up.”

Jungkook went back to his work while he waited on the HR Director to arrive. Hearing a knock after a few minutes and calling for them to enter, it was Kim Myungjun.

“Mr. Kim. Please have a seat.”

“Thank you sir. What can I do for you today?”

“I need an assistant.”

Mr. Kim’s eyebrows rose slightly, but otherwise his face was stoic.

“I would be happy to find you an assistant. What are you looking for precisely? Just someone to do admin work and data entry, or are you looking for someone to take on more responsibility?”

“Ideally, I’m looking for someone who will eventually take over most of my accounting and finance duties so I can start to focus more on engineering and development. That won’t be for a while though. I want the best of the best, I’m not giving anything up to someone who can’t handle it.”

“I see. I will see what I can find for you. I’m sure I will find just the right person. You know... I heard that Kim Namjoon over at Gaon Technologies was looking around. If we could snatch him up that would be a huge blow to one of our biggest competitors.”

Jungkook knew of Kim Namjoon the Alpha was a force to be reckoned with in the boardroom. He had a reputation for being the best, and for good reason. He’d been hired by Gaon Tech when the company was on the verge of bankruptcy and had managed to steer them clear of the disaster that seemed inevitable. He wondered what could have caused a rift big enough to have their CEO looking to leave.

“Do you know what happened?”

“Their board of directors has been shutting him out of a lot of the financial planning decisions now that the company is on the upswing. A lot of people say that they hired him originally so that they’d have a scapegoat for the company’s failure, but now they’re trying to claim credit for his

success.”

Jungkook wasn't really surprised by that news. It was one of the reasons he and Yoongi had never allowed any donors to have stock or say in the running of Cypher Technologies. They didn't have a board of directors. They had a board of two, and that was Jungkook and Yoongi. That was one of the reasons their company had been so difficult to start up, but also the reason that they continued to have success. A board of directors would have approved the use of cheaper, lower quality parts without hesitation, because all people like that ever saw was the bottom line, not the whole picture.

He thought for a moment about Kim Namjoon. He was the perfect candidate for taking over Jungkook's responsibilities. He felt a little bubble of hope swell in his chest at the idea of actually getting back to R&D and leaving the accounting and strategizing mostly to someone else. Of course, he'd still be involved in it to some point, but that was okay with him. He liked helping to run the company, he just didn't like getting muddled down in the details and losing sight of his original vision. He'd started this company to make amazing technology, but he'd gotten caught up in the spiderweb of corporate dealings. It was time to get back to basics.

“Do it. Call him and see if he'll meet with me.”

After Mr. Kim left, Jungkook sat back in his seat and thought about the future of his company. He knew that if they were going to break into the forefront of the tech world, he needed to be involved in the development. He wasn't vain about it, but he knew he was one of the best in the world. He had always had an affinity for technology, and as he'd gotten older he'd realized that it was actually a rare gift. He wasn't using his gift anymore in his current role.

As he thought about his decision to finally look for a successor, he realized what had finally reached through to him. It was Jimin. The way the Omega had talked about his dream of becoming a chef and owning his own restaurant had reminded Jungkook of his own college days when he'd been so full of hope and optimism at the amazing future of technology and how he would help shape it with his own hands. That dream had gotten lost somewhere along the way. He guessed Jimin had turned out to be a treat in more ways than one.

Thinking about Jimin was making him horny. Flashes of the previous night ran through his mind, making his body warm. The Omega was so sexy. He'd felt so good under him, he'd been better than Jungkook had hoped. He'd let Jungkook have control without question and he'd been so eager to please. The Alpha had been able to tell that it wasn't just him playing it up for the money. Jimin legitimately had enjoyed their sexual encounter, and that was the best part. Sure, he was paying him to be his sugar baby, but Jimin wanted him too. That was undeniable.

He wished his pretty boy was here now, he'd sneak them off to his private bathroom and fuck his mouth again. Or bend him over the counter and fuck him hard while the Omega tried to muffle his sounds. What a lovely idea. Opened his phone and looked at the schedule that Jimin had sent him. He had classes until 2 o'clock today. He opened the texting app and typed up a quick message with a smile.

Jungkook: Good morning, pretty boy. I'm missing your mouth already. Why don't you send me a picture of those pretty lips of yours?

Jungkook watched the screen for a moment. Three little dots at the bottom showed that Jimin was texting back.

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Jimin woke when his alarm went off, turning over and feeling the soreness in his ass and lower



back, but that didn't even register past the fact that he was amazingly, blissfully warm. There was no cold leaking into his covers from outside. His whole apartment was warm from his heater, and it made getting out of bed a thousand times easier. He rushed through his morning routine, knowing he had to stop at the bank to deposit his check before he went to his first class. He pulled the bag with his clothes from yesterday out of his backpack to get his coat, but everything in the bag had taken on the scent of his slick. He couldn't wear his normal coat until after he washed it.

Jimin threw on an old black t-shirt and pulled on the thick, warm hoodie that Jungkook had let him borrow. The sweater was warm and soft and immediately had him feeling sleepy. It was so oversized and thick it was like wearing a blanket. Jimin zipped up his backpack and headed out, locking his door and jogging down the stairs and down the street to his bus stop. He tucked his hands inside the long sleeves and waited, shivering. The hoodie was warm, but his jeans were another pair full of holes. He ignored the chill and focused on the fact that he was about to deposit fifteen thousand dollars into his bank account. He couldn't stop smiling as his bus arrived and he jumped on.

The bank was busy for such an early morning, but he filled out his deposit slip and waited his turn in the long line of people most of whom were in business suits. The suits and ties had him thinking of Jungkook. Would the Alpha be at work already? He thought he probably was. He imagined how the Alpha must look in his fancy high-rise office. He was certain that Jungkook would be sexy when he was being all big boss and commanding. He remembered him asking if Jimin would come see him at his office after hours. Maybe he'd get a chance to find out for himself.

He let his mind drift through fantasies of what Jungkook might do with him at his office and he felt his cheeks get warm. He turned his thoughts away from the possibility of hiding under the Alpha's desk and sucking him off and toward school. That was always a safe bet. He thought about his first class of the morning, which was all about knife techniques. He'd been amused when he'd seen the option on the class sheets, but it was actually one of the most helpful classes he had. He'd learned so much about the proper way to prepare ingredients in that class that it was insane how much he'd been doing wrong.

When it was finally his turn, Jimin made his deposit, then withdrew enough cash to pay his rent. He tucked the money into his backpack and left the bank feeling light as air. It was gently snowing again as he exited the bank and he looked up at the sky with a smile, opening his mouth and catching a snowflake on his tongue with a giggle. He practically skipped to his bus stop and waited, watching the snow fall and his breaths puff out little white clouds. As he waited the snowfall got heavier and heavier until it was a flurry of white outside the little shelter where he waited for the bus.

He put his hood up before he dashed forward and onto the bus when it stopped in front of him, shaking the snow off as he entered the warm confines of the bus and took a seat. He rode to the stop that was closest to his school and hopped out, running down the sidewalk the two blocks to campus, and rushing into the building. His wet shoes skidded on the already slippery floor and he almost fell but was caught before he completely lost it. He looked up to thank whoever had helped him and gave a weak smile when he saw his ex-boyfriend Kang Daniel.

"Woah there! You okay?" Daniel asked as Jimin righted himself.

"Yeah. I'm fine. Thanks."

Jimin shook the snow off himself, brushing at the hoodie where the ice had started to melt and soak into the cotton.

"How have you been?"

Jimin looked up to see Daniel looking at him with a little half smile, a little hopeful. Jimin felt bad that he'd hurt the Alpha. He was a good guy, very sweet and gentle. He just wasn't what Jimin was looking for. He knew that half the Omegas on campus would trade their left arm for a chance with the handsome Alpha.

"Fine. You?"

"Good. I was gonna ask..." Daniel paused and Jimin could see in his face that he'd caught the scent of another Alpha on Jimin by the way his brows lifted quizzically. "Are you seeing anyone right now?"

Jimin felt awkward. He wasn't really 'seeing' Jungkook the way Daniel meant, but he thought that maybe a clean break would convince the Alpha to give up on his crush. There was no such firm goodbye as saying hello to someone else. So he lied.

"Yeah, I am. How about you? Anyone special in your life?"

"No... I guess not."

Jimin gave him a sad smile and patted his back consolingly.

"That's too bad. I'm sure you'll find someone. Anyway... I gotta go. Time for class. Later, Daniel."

"Later..."

Jimin headed off to class quickly, keeping his head down and turning at the first corner. He really did feel bad for shutting the Alpha down. He knew that Daniel had had real feelings for him, and that was really sweet, but Jimin would only be hurting him more by letting him think that they had a chance. If he was being totally honest with himself, the reason they'd never had sex was because Jimin hadn't felt attraction to him like that. He had unrealistically high expectations about sex and how he wanted an Alpha to act and to treat him.

Daniel was very kind and sweet, but that was kind of the problem. Even on the few occasions that they had made out, the Alpha was always trying to slow things down. He wanted to make love and romance someone, and that was beautiful and very touching. But Jimin hadn't even gotten aroused by it. He didn't want romance. He didn't want to make love. He wanted someone to hold him down by the hair and fuck him until he saw stars. He wanted someone to dirty talk him until he was wet and aching and so turned on that he'd cry and beg to be knotted. Was that so much to ask?

Maybe it was, but it wasn't like he could change himself to suit someone else's tastes. He'd gotten his first look at hard and dirty sex with Jungkook and he didn't think he'd ever be able to accept the soft and sweet lips and hands of someone like Daniel now. He smiled a little to himself as he thought about the fact that he'd get to fuck Jungkook again soon. He had to admit the sex was amazing between them, and Jimin was already ready for round two, even if his lower back and ass were still sore. He didn't care, he'd let the Alpha do whatever he wanted to him. He knew now that Jungkook was made for sex, and he wanted another taste of the dark need that the Alpha had awoken inside him. The need to be dominated and to submit. The deep and abiding need to please.

Jimin made his way into the classroom and pulled his hoodie off, hanging it over the back of his chair to dry the hood and shoulders. He sat down at his usual work station next to Jackson who shared most of his classes with him. He only had one class that wasn't shared with either Jackson or Mark, the couple had become his closest friends in Seoul. His childhood best friend Taehyung still lived back in Busan, and Jimin only got to see him at holidays. He should probably call him

before the other Omega drove to Seoul and showed up on his doorstep with a chip on his shoulder. Tae seemed to forget that the phone worked both ways, and always got angry when Jimin didn't call him regularly. He always thought it was funny to point this out when the Omega got huffy with him about his lack of phone calls and texts.

"Morning, Jackson." Jimin said as he sat down.

"Morning... Why do you smell like an Alpha?" Jackson was giving him the biggest smile like he'd just won the lottery. "Did you finally get laid?"

Jimin slapped him in the back of the head as he practically shouted that question, making everyone in the class snicker.

"Say it a little louder, why don't you?" Jimin hissed through his teeth.

"Okay. DID YOU FINAL-" Jimin covered his mouth with his hand to shut him up, but the Alpha just licked his palm and Jimin pulled his hand back with a grimace.

"Ew. Don't lick me. I'm telling Mark." Jimin wiped his hand on the Alpha's shirt.

"I'll tell Mark you had your hands all over me." Jackson defended.

"You think he'd believe that?" Jimin quirked a brow at the Alpha, who's face went a little pale.

"Please don't tell him." Jackson begged, and Jimin laughed.

"Fine."

"So... who's the lucky Alpha?"

"Don't worry about it. It's no one you know."

"A mystery! Yes. I'm on the case." Jackson leaned close to him as if studying him intensely. "Was it a one-night-stand?"

"Jackson. Stop."

"No? Maybe an old flame came to town for a visit?"

"Jackson." Jimin deadpanned.

"That's a no. Friend with benefits?"

"I'm telling Mark you licked me."

"Come on... Just tell me." The Alpha begged, giving him the big puppy dog eyes.

"Okay fine. I'll tell you... come here." Jimin crooked a finger to get the Alpha to come closer, his face lit up with anticipation. Jimin lowered his voice and whispered into Jackson's ear. "It's none of your business."

"Aww.... Jimin..."

"Class is starting."

They both turned toward the teacher and listened as he started to speak. Jimin could feel Jackson

giving him the pleading stare from his peripheral, but he kept his attention solely on the teacher, ignoring his pouting.

Just as class was starting to wind down, Jimin felt his phone vibrate in his pocket. He looked around and saw Jackson across the room talking to the teacher. He pulled it out and unlocked it, opening the text message and feeling a hot wave of arousal slam straight into his gut as he read the message from Jungkook. Typing back quickly.

Jungkook: Good morning, pretty boy. I'm missing your mouth already. Why don't you send me a picture of those pretty lips of yours?

Jimin: I'm in class, but we're about to be dismissed. Give me five minutes.

Jungkook: I'll be waiting.

Jimin finished cleaning up their workstation quickly and gathered up his things, grabbing the hoodie and throwing it over his arm, ready to go. When the professor dismissed them Jimin was the first out the door. He quickly made his way down the hall and into the same unused classroom he'd used to check his email the day before. He pulled up his camera and took a few pictures of himself, just lips and neck and picked the best one.

Jimin: (pic attached)

Jungkook: Look at my pretty baby and his soft lips. I can almost feel them stretched around my cock.

Jimin leaned against the wall and tipped his head back in a few short soft thuds against it as he tried to get himself under control. It was a damn text message, but he could almost hear the Alpha's voice in his head and how he would sound saying it to him. He looked back at his phone and typed his response.

Jimin: You could feel them for real if I come over tonight

Jungkook: You missing my cock already? You want Daddy to fuck your mouth again?

"Fuck..." Jimin was hard and he was starting to get wet. He pressed the heel of his hand against his erection, trying to do something to alleviate the pain as it was trapped in his tight jeans.

Jimin: Yes

Jungkook: Are you getting wet for me right now?

Jimin: Yes

Jungkook: Good boy

Jimin whined at the message, feeling slick slide down his crack and under his balls. He shouldn't be getting this turned on by text messages.

Jimin: Alpha please let me come see you tonight

Jungkook: I'm gonna be working late tonight sweetheart

He whimpered as disappointment swelled in him. He wanted Jungkook to fuck him again. He was about to blank the screen and put it away when he heard the little swish of a new message arriving and looked down.

Jungkook: You want to come see me at my office after hours? We'll be all alone

Jimin: Give me a time and place. I'll be there

Jungkook: 7 PM, Cypher Technologies building. Text me when you get here. I'll have to come let you in

Jimin: Ok. I have to get cleaned up and get to class. I'll see you tonight.

Jungkook: See you later pretty boy

Jimin was so horny he felt like he was going to combust from the amount of desire swelling inside him. He just took a few deep breaths and gathered his things before slipping out of the classroom and making his way quickly to the nearest bathroom, where he locked himself in a stall and cleaned himself up again. He had a feeling this was going to become a regular occurrence. He washed his hands and ran to his next class, Business Management.

The class was boring, but he took notes and listened attentively, mind only wandering a little bit. This was the only class he didn't share with Jackson or Mark. They both had it as well, but at different time slots. He was relieved when class was dismissed. He had one last class before he was free for the day, and it was one of his least favorite. Basics in Accounting. The class was all math, and he was terrible at it. But if he wanted to own a business, then he needed to know something about accounting. He suffered through the class, and sighed when they were given a mountain of homework.

He didn't worry too much, he had a week to get those things done. He left campus and headed to grab a quick lunch, stopping in a little café and sitting alone at a table in the far corner. He used the opportunity to look up the address of the Cypher Technologies building. It was close to Jungkook's apartment, no shock there. He'd have to take the train to get there. He'd probably catch a cab home again though. No problem.

He ate quickly after his food arrived, and headed out. He needed to do laundry this afternoon, and pay rent. He was walking to the bus stop when something in one of the storefronts caught his eye. It was a mannequin wearing red silk and lace panties. He remembered Jungkook saying he'd be stunning in red silk. He hesitated for a moment, but bit his lip and walked forward, pushing the door open and entering the small shop.

He'd never been in a lingerie shop before, but he'd browsed online a lot. He knew what size he was and everything. He'd wanted to buy some panties for a while, but hadn't wanted to spare the funds on something that it was likely no one was ever going to see. But now he had more money in his bank account than he'd ever had and someone to show them off to. He browsed the selection and picked out a handful of different colors and styles, including the red silk ones. He paid for them with his debit card and tucked the hot pink bag in his backpack before going back out onto the street. He smiled all the way home and through doing his laundry and even working on his accounting homework.

When the time was drawing near, Jimin went into his bathroom and changed into the silky red panties. They were so soft against his skin and he studied himself in the mirror. They were so pretty and they made him feel sexy. He put on a little bit of makeup, just enough to highlight his features and added a layer of strawberry lip gloss that made his lips shiny and pink looking. He put his jeans and shoes on, pulling on the big hoodie that Jungkook had given him, since it was warmer than his coat and it was still snowing. He emptied his backpack and put spare underwear and a pair of jeans inside, wrapped in a plastic bag, knowing he was probably going to need them.

He skipped out of his apartment and to the bus stop, catching the bus that took him to the nearest subway stop. The train was fairly busy, but the 5 o'clock rush had already come and gone. He made his way across town without incident and before long he was standing at the base of a giant steel and glass monstrosity of a building. His eyes went wide as he looked up at it, he couldn't even see the top from this angle.

He pulled out his phone and sent a text to Jungkook.

Jimin: I'm here

Jungkook: I'll be right there.

Jimin waited at the doors, looking in through the glass at the dimly lit lobby. It was obviously after hours, only the barest lights were left on. Jimin watched as an elevator opened in the distance and Jungkook appeared, walking toward him through the lobby. His inner Omega was already panting as he watched the sure, confident stride of the Alpha coming closer and closer. He watched as the Alpha swiped a card somewhere on the other side of the glass and the doors slid open. Jimin walked in and watched Jungkook type a series of numbers into a keypad. The doors closed and the light on the keypad went from green to red. He turned and walked up to Jimin, wrapping a warm hand around the back of his neck and sending shivers down his body.

"Hey there, pretty boy."

"Hi." Jimin said, smiling up at him as his heart pounded in his chest in anticipation.

"Let's go."

## Chapter End Notes

Please leave a comment.

# Late Night at the Office

## Chapter Summary

Jungkook takes Jimin up to his office for some late night fun.

## Chapter Notes

Please enjoy.

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

Jungkook released his hold on the back of Jimin's neck and turned, walking toward the elevators. Jimin followed him to the banks of elevators and into one of them, watching as the Alpha hit the button for the top floor. The elevator zoomed upward and Jimin watched the little lights above the doors count upward until it finally stopped and they stepped out. Most of the lights were off, but other than that the place looked exactly like the offices he had seen in TV shows and movies as they wended their way through halls and finally entered a large, elegantly decorated office that must be Jungkook's because his scent was strong here, like he'd spent a lot of hours in this place.

Jimin shrugged out of his backpack and set it aside. He looked up at Jungkook and the Alpha gave him his cocky half-smile before turning and walking behind his desk. He sat in his big, leather chair and looked at Jimin expectantly, crooking a finger.

“Come here sweetheart.”

Jimin did as he was told walking around the desk to stand in front of Jungkook. The Alpha was just as sexy as Jimin had pictured sitting at this desk in his dark suit. Jimin felt the soft silk of his panties shift against his skin and it caused a jolt of arousal to shiver down his spine and coil into a hot, needful tension in his belly. He wanted the Alpha to see the panties. He wanted to show him his gift.

“I... I got you something Alpha.” Jimin's face went warm as he watched the pleasant surprise light up Jungkook's face.

“And what is it?” He held a hand out as if waiting for Jimin to put something in it.

“I have to show you.”

“Okay, Baby. Show me.”

Jimin reached for the edge of the hoodie and pulled it off, dropping it to the floor, quickly followed by his t-shirt. He toed off his socks and shoes and hesitated at the button of his jeans.

“Close your eyes.” Jimin whispered softly and Jungkook did as requested.

Jimin pushed his jeans down and kicked them aside. He felt horribly and perfectly exposed in just his red silk panties, the big wall of windows on one side. He pushed his blond hair back and took a

few steps back to give the Alpha a full view of him.

“Okay. Open them.”

Jungkook blinked his eyes open and looked at the Omega standing a few feet away from him in nothing but red silk panties. His cock pulsed and his balls ached like he was about to cum. His pretty boy was so obedient.

“Oh, Baby... look at you. You’re so pretty for me. Turn around, let me see the back.”

Jimin did as he was told at once and Jungkook groaned at the sight of his perfect, ass in red silk and delicate lace.

“Come here, pretty boy. Come sit in Daddy’s lap.”

Jimin’s knees were weak, his stomach in knots as he turned back around and rushed forward to the Alpha almost losing his balance and catching himself on Jungkook’s shoulders. He climbed up into his lap, straddling him. He felt himself getting pulled back into his submissive headspace, where all he knew were the Alpha’s commands, and his need to please him to be good for him.

“Do you like them?” Jimin asked, hands moving down to run fingertips over the soft silk.

“I love them, Baby.”

Jungkook carded his fingers through Jimin’s hair to the back and grabbed a handful of it, not gripping hard enough to hurt, just enough to control his movements. He leaned forward and gently bit the Omega’s bottom lip, tugging on it with his teeth for a moment before pulling back.

“You’re such a good boy. Looking so pretty just for me. Wearing silk panties for Daddy. I think you deserve a reward sweetheart. You want me to give you a reward, Baby?”

“Yes... please. I’ve been good.... I’ll be good for you. I promise.”

Jimin didn’t even know what he was saying, he was just rambling whatever nonsense came to his head. He wanted Jungkook to kiss him, to touch him, anything. He felt himself leaking slick and tears came to his eyes as he realized he was ruining the panties. He couldn’t help getting wet when the Alpha was talking so dirty to him. He swayed forward wanting to kiss Jungkook, but the hand in his hair stopped him. He hiccupped a little sob as he was overwhelmed by his need for affection for attention.

Jungkook was sure that there was no Omega on earth as sexy as this one in his lap. He was so beautiful like this with red cheeks and teary eyes, lips shiny and parted. He was such a needy little thing, and it made Jungkook want to wreck him completely until he was nothing but a shaking, crying mess, covered in sweat and cum and slick, so wrung out and sensitive from being fucked that he’d be begging him to knot and end it. He knew that would have to be for another day when they were somewhere with a real bed and more time to spend. For now he wanted to reward him for being so obedient.

He used his grip on the Omega’s hair to pull him in for a hard kiss. Jimin moved his mouth with him, rolling their tongues together. Jungkook tightened his grip in Jimin’s blond hair and held him in place harder as he pushed forward, kissing him with bruising force. The Omega was whimpering and moaning into his mouth, and he could feel the slight body on top of him shaking and trembling with need. He ripped Jimin back from him with a hard yank on his hair.

“You ready for your reward?” Jimin tried to nod, but the hand in his hair prevented it. “Use your



words, sweetheart.”

“Yes Daddy... I’m ready.”

“Good boy. Now, get up and bend over the desk.”

Jimin nodded and slid backward off of the Alpha’s lap to stand up again on his shaking legs. He turned and put his hands on the surface of the desk, and bending down until his front met the polished wood of the desktop. He gasped at how cold it was and whimpered as goosebumps raced along his skin. He heard Jungkook stand behind him and felt the Alpha take his wrists and lead his hands over his head, wrapping his fingers around the opposite edge.

“Keep your hands here, Baby.” Jungkook husked right in his ear. “Be a good boy for me while I give you your reward.”

“Okay.”

Jungkook straightened up and then sat back in his chair. He spent a few moments just admiring the view of Jimin’s round ass encased in red silk. Gripped the Omega’s ass in both hands and kneaded the soft flesh, causing a tremble to go through Jimin’s body. He released the grip to trace fingers over the wet silk, feeling the slick-soaked material with soft fingers.

“You got your new panties all wet.”

These words caused a little hiccup from the Omega. His voice sounded teary when he spoke.

“I’m sorry Daddy. I didn’t mean to ruin them.”

Jungkook slid his hands up over the Omega’s hips and back, rubbing the skin reassuringly.

“It’s okay, Baby. I’ll buy you some new ones. I’m gonna get you so many pretty panties to wear for me. Don’t worry. I want you all wet and slick for me. You’re just perfect right now, so needy and soaked. Beautiful.”

Jungkook’s words helped Jimin to calm down. Jungkook thought he was beautiful like this, and that made everything okay. He was still shaking as he felt the warm hands hook in the waistband of his panties and pull them down just under his ass before he was being spread open and the cool air met his fluttering entrance. The cool air didn’t last long, because it was quickly replaced by a warm, wet tongue. Jimin jolted and felt the muscles of his thighs quiver and spasm as the Alpha licked over his entrance.

Jungkook pulled back just enough to talk.

“You taste so sweet, Baby. Gonna eat you up...”

Jimin’s hands were white knuckled as they gripped the far edge of the desk. Jungkook’s mouth was back on him, licking over his hole then gently sucking at him. He was in heaven at how warm the mouth on him was. The Alpha’s mouth was burning hot against his sensitive entrance and it had him crying out and shaking. He could already feel the tightness in his lower belly as he listened to the obscene wet sounds of the Alpha’s lips on him mixed with the deep purring growl.

Jungkook felt absolutely feral as he worked Jimin with his mouth, tasting his sweet vanilla flavor as he lapped up the slick that was sliding from the Omega’s clenching, pink entrance. The sounds Jimin was making were lovely. His quick whimpering breaths almost like sobs. When he finally pushed forward and slid his tongue inside, his mouth was flooded with slick. He heard Jimin

moan, high and thready a shivering, needful sound. He swallowed and pushed his tongue back inside Jimin, going deeper, then retreating and repeating over and over, fucking him with the slick muscle.

Jimin was going crazy, hands dying to let go of the edge of the desk to reach back and hold the Alpha by the hair and work himself back against his mouth. But he was good, and he resisted the urge, letting the Alpha have control. He could feel his orgasm coming, the tension in his belly had him clenching up, toes curling as he approached his end. His back arched involuntarily, as if to present himself better for the Alpha, and that got a deeper growl and the tongue that was fucking him increased speed. He could feel the Alpha's jaw working as he tongue-fucked him. He came hard and fast, it slammed into him, and he felt slick gush from him, but the Alpha sealed his lips around Jimin's hole and sucked the liquid into his mouth, keeping his lips pressed to him until the last twitches of his orgasm fluttered away.

Jungkook pulled back, mouth full of Jimin's sweet vanilla bean flavored slick. He was as sweet in taste as he was in disposition. Jungkook reached forward and pulled the silk panties back up into place before wrapping his hands around the Omega's hips and pulling him back from his place on the desk. Jimin was pliant and moved willingly at the lightest touch, still hazy from his orgasm. He let himself be positioned in front of the Alpha on his knees, right between Jungkook's open legs. Jungkook looked down into the grey eyes who's pupils were blown so wide the grey was just a rim around the edge. His pretty boy was already so fucked out. What a treasure.

He used two fingers to tilt Jimin's head up and open his mouth before leaning forward and letting the mouthful of slick trickle slowly down into the Omegas mouth. Jimin didn't resist, he just looked up into his eyes as his mouth was filled with a mix of his own slick and Jungkook's saliva. Jungkook pulled back once he had finished and looked down at the pleading eyes that were still focused on him. He used his grip on Jimin's chin to push his mouth closed.

"Such a good boy..." Jungkook said quietly, brushing a fingertip over the Omega's slick lips. "You just let me do whatever I want to you, don't you? So eager to please Daddy."

Jimin wanted to answer, but his mouth was still full of his own slick, so he just nodded and tried to convey his feelings to Jungkook with his eyes. He would let the Alpha do anything to him. He would do anything to make his Daddy proud of him. He was different with Jungkook than he'd ever been with anyone else. The Alpha brought his inner Omega out and let him express his deepest and most secret inner need for submission. His need to be dominated and controlled by someone who would know how to make him feel small and safe. Jungkook was the first Alpha he'd met who had made him feel that way. It was nice to have someone to share this with. They weren't courting, they were fucking and that let Jimin allow himself to show this side to him. He didn't need Jungkook to feel like Jimin was the kind of Omega you take home to your parents, and that was the most freeing thing. He was just himself, bare and raw and uninhibited. It was a powerful thing.

Jungkook wrapped a hand gently around the Omega's throat, he didn't squeeze or press on his neck, just held it softly. He wanted to feel his throat work as he swallowed. He looked down into the grey eyes that were full of desire and attention. The Omega was waiting for his command.

"Swallow it for me, Baby."

Jimin warmed at the command. He remembered how he had failed the day before and was determined to do it right this time. He took a deep breath through his nose and swallowed twice in quick succession. He looked up at Jungkook and opened his mouth, sticking out his tongue to show he'd done it. The pleasure on the Alpha's face was all the reward he could ever want, but as

he thought that he remembered their texts from earlier. Maybe he wanted one more thing...

“You promised Alpha.” Jimin said, voice a little thick from swallowing the mouthful of syrupy slick.

“What did I promise, sweetheart?”

“To fuck my mouth.” Jimin looked down, biting his lip as if ashamed for wanting it.

“My sweet boy. Always remembering my words. You’re so good for me, Baby.”

Jungkook leaned forward and carded his fingers through Jimin’s hair softly. The gesture was strangely gentle, but Jimin loved it. He let out a little purr and turned his face into the hand as it tucked a strand of hair behind his ear. It made him think of how his family told him he was like a kitten, but for once it made him happy instead of annoyed because Jungkook laughed and he looked up to see a smile stretching the Alpha’s lips. The hand petted the side of his face gently, fingertips running over the skin of his cheek and jaw. Jimin’s purr increased at the affection and attention from the Alpha.

Jungkook sat back in his chair and Jimin watched with bated breath as he unbuckled his belt, the click of metal making his heart race, then re-double as the button was popped and the sound of a zipper being dragged down set his teeth on edge. Jungkook pushed his pants and underwear down just enough to expose himself. Jimin whined in the back of his throat as he watched the Alpha take his cock in hand and give a few slow strokes. He wanted to be the one touching him, making him feel good. His small hands went to the Alpha’s thighs, curling into little fists as he waited to be allowed to touch, to taste.

Jungkook watched Jimin’s face as he looked at his cock with such desperate want, lips parting in unconscious invitation, pink tongue peeking out just a little. He’d never met an Omega who loved cock so much, and he was enthralled by Jimin’s desire for him. The small, trembling fists resting on his thighs showed him how hard Jimin was trying to hold back. It was adorable. Jungkook used the hand that wasn’t stroking himself to reach forward and wrap around the back of the Omega’s head, pulling him forward to his lap.

Jimin came willingly, making a small, pleased noise. Jungkook held Jimin’s head in place with his palm as the other hand wrapped around the base of his cock and directed it toward the waiting mouth. He tapped the tip of his erection against the Omega’s lush lips a few times. Jimin opened his mouth and stuck his tongue out, an offer. Jungkook repeated the tapping against his tongue, enjoying the wet little smack sounds it made. The Alpha finally angled his cock downward and pulled Jimin by the back of the head. The Omega’s lips parted and he opened as Jungkook pushed him down on his cock.

Jimin whimpered as Jungkook’s hand gripped his hair and slowly started to move him up and down his shaft. The weight of the Alpha’s cock in his mouth was perfect. The salty taste of pre-cum increasing his fervor as he let his mouth be used to the Alpha’s liking. He gagged when the tip of Jungkook’s cock hit the back of his throat, coughing slightly as Jungkook pulled him back off of his length and let him gasp a few breaths. He could see a string of thick saliva still connected him with the Alpha’s erection. Jungkook’s hard length was glistening and shiny with his spit and it made Jimin ache to have it back in his mouth.

“Do you know how to deepthroat, Baby?” Jungkook asked, tracing the tip of his cock over Jimin’s lips.

Jimin shook his head, and felt disappointment swell in him as he saw the Alpha’s small nod.

Jungkook didn't look upset by the fact, but Jimin felt bad that he couldn't do something the Alpha wanted.

"I'm sorry." Jimin said, voice hoarse and a little raspy. "I've never... really done this to anyone but you."

"That's alright, sweetheart. Don't worry about it."

But Jungkook could see that Jimin was worried. He whined softly and looked up at him, tears in his eyes again. The Alpha released the grip he had on his hair and slid the hand around to his chin, tilting his face up and swiping a thumb over his bottom lip. He slid the digit inside his mouth and smiled as the Omega sealed his lips around it and sucked softly in little pulses like a baby did with their thumb. It made him so fond of the Omega in that moment, he was truly precious.

"You're still my good boy, right?" Jimin nodded vigorously. "That's right. Now come back here, Baby. I'm not done yet."

Jungkook pulled his thumb out of the Omega's mouth with a little 'pop'. Jimin didn't wait to be guided this time, he just leaned forward and enveloped him with his mouth. He started with a slow pace for a few moments, but quickly hastened his speed. He took as much as he could on each downward stroke, accidentally gagging himself a few times when he pushed down too far and the tip hit the back of his throat, but powering through. He had strings of saliva dripping from his chin, and tears leaking from his eyes, but he didn't stop. He wanted the Alpha to cum in his mouth again, and he knew he was close. Jimin's nails dug into the Alpha's clothed thighs as he felt the length in his mouth starting to twitch and pulse on the upstroke. Just as Jungkook buried his hand in his hair again, and he heard his panting breaths begin to hitch... they both heard the distant ding of the elevator arriving on their floor and froze.

Their eyes met, both wide with panic, Jimin was still halfway down his cock and his balls were drawn up tight, ready to cum. They unfroze at the same moment, Jimin pulling back and looking up at him as he released the grip on his hair. The Omega scrambled across the floor, grabbing up his clothes as they heard footsteps approaching down the hallway quickly. Meanwhile, Jungkook grabbed a wad of tissues from the box on his desk and wiped the slick off of his mouth and chin. There was a bathroom attached, but Jungkook knew there was no time to get Jimin inside it.

"Under the desk." The Alpha hissed and Jimin did as he was told, crawling under the desk just as the door to the office banged open and Yoongi appeared in the doorway.

"Jeon Jungkook! What the hell is going on?" Yoongi growled.

Jungkook froze for a second, thinking Yoongi knew about Jimin.

"I can explain."

"You damned well better explain why I had to hear from Mr. Kim in HR about you making an offer to Kim Namjoon! I thought we were business partners. Why am I only hearing about this now?"

"Oh, that." Jungkook let out a breath he hadn't realized he was holding. This was about him finding a replacement for his job. He could deal with this.

"Yeah. That."

Jungkook was trying to focus on the conversation, but he was painfully aware of Jimin so close to his still hard cock. The only position he'd been able to manage put him mere inches from the

Alpha's length and he could feel the Omega's hot puffs of breath against his exposed length.

"I met with him earlier today, and he suggested that if I'm looking for someone that Kim Namjoon has been looking around, trying to leave Gaon Tech. I haven't made anyone an offer yet because we haven't even met. If you recall, you were only in the office for a few hours this morning, then gone the rest of the day. I was going to talk to you about it tomorrow."

"Oh." Yoongi seemed to realize that he was angry over nothing. "Well, you still should have come to me first."

"Alright. I probably should have come to you first, but let me remind you it was your suggestion to find someone to take on my role so I could get back to R&D."

Yoongi took a deep breath rubbing a hand over his face as he tried to calm down. Jungkook watched as his eyes narrowed and head tilted, nose turning up as he sniffed at the air.

"Why does your office reek of sex?"

"I don't know what you're talking about." Jungkook met the other Alpha's eyes with a deadpan expression, not revealing anything.

"I'm talking about the fact that this room smells like vanilla and slick and cum. Did you sneak your secret boyfriend in here and fuck him?" Yoongi took a step forward and sat in his usual chair across the desk from him.

Jungkook wanted him to leave, his balls were aching from having his orgasm so abruptly cut off. Yoongi was being extremely rude right now, and as long as people were being rude, Jungkook decided that he might as well join in. He casually slipped one hand under the desk and used it to tilt his cock down toward Jimin. The Omega obviously understood what he was asking for because he felt his tip get surrounded by the wet heat of Jimin's mouth almost at once. Jungkook bit the inside of his cheek to keep from showing anything with his face.

"I don't have a secret boyfriend." Technically true, Jimin wasn't his boyfriend.

"Uh-huh. See... somehow I don't believe that. Because you smelled like vanilla this morning when you got to work and now your office smells like vanilla and sex. Put two and two together... and voila. Secret boyfriend."

"Your powers of deduction are astounding." Jungkook said distractedly, shuffling through papers on his desk with no real purpose, just giving himself an excuse to look down because Jimin was slowly moving his head up and down his cock with perfect, wet suction that had him close to blowing already. But he wasn't going to cum with Yoongi sitting only feet from him.

"I'm not saying I'm Sherlock-fucking-Holmes. I'm saying that you're hiding something and I'm supposed to be your best friend. So spit it out. What's going on?"

"Yoongi... can we talk about this later? I'm trying to get some work done so I can be home by midnight."

The other Alpha made a grumpy noise but stood and turned toward the door.

"Fine. We'll talk about this tomorrow." Jungkook could hear him grumbling under his breath as he walked toward the door. "You'd be home earlier if you weren't fucking in your office after hours... but what do I know? I'm just your best friend who's known you since kindergarten, but don't mind me..." The words cut off as the door was slammed behind him and his footsteps

retreated back down the hallway.

As soon as the footsteps had faded far enough and he heard the distant ding of the elevator, Jungkook reached under the desk and pulled the Omega off his cock, pushing back from the desk a little to give him more room to work. Jimin scrambled forward at once and took him back in his mouth. There was no buildup, they both knew he was close and Jimin was bobbing his head in fast little jerks, hands working the part that wouldn't fit in his mouth. Jungkook's hands gripped the arms of his chair as his hips stuttered upward, pushing himself into Jimin's mouth as his orgasm overtook him. He threw his head back against the back of his chair as he exploded into Jimin's waiting mouth.

Jimin was ready this time, and didn't choke when Jungkook shot his cum into his mouth. He just kept moving his mouth and hands until the Alpha was done. He pulled back and looked up at Jungkook, mouth still full. He grabbed the Alpha's hand and brought it back to his neck, just like it had been earlier. He looked deeply into Jungkook's eyes as he swallowed, knowing the Alpha could feel the movement of his throat under his hand. Jimin felt himself go weak now that his task was done, he let himself fall backwards lightly to sit on his butt, hands going to his knees and rubbing the tender skin lightly. He'd been on his knees on the hard floor for a while and the skin was red.

Jungkook watched this with a little half smile. His pretty boy must have been hurting for a while, kneeling on the marble floor, but he'd done it without complaint. The Alpha reached down and fixed his pants, pulling them back up and fastening them. He was still mostly hard, and could definitely go for another round, but he actually did have work to do. He leaned forward and helped Jimin up, pulling the Omega into his lap. He knew he was getting slick on his slacks, but he didn't care. He already smelled so much like slick from eating Jimin out, a little more wasn't going to hurt anything. He pushed the sweaty blond hair out of the Omega's face and pressed a kiss to his cheek.

“You did amazing, Baby. You're so good for me. My good boy. Pretty boy.”

Jimin couldn't stop himself as he started to purr, so pleased with the praise that the Alpha was giving him. He turned and nuzzled against Jungkook's neck, right over his scent gland. The dark scent of coffee and chocolate swelling as he rubbed against his skin with his nose and lips. His breaths were short and clipped as he gave tiny, kittenish licks to the spot, feeling needy and shaky as he tried to surface from his submissive headspace. Jungkook's hands were still petting his blond hair softly, soothing him.

“You okay, sweetheart?”

“Yeah... I just need a minute.” Jimin whispered against his neck.

Jungkook wanted to take Jimin home and fuck him again. He was completely hard again, the feel of the slight, warm body in his lap, gently vibrating with his soft purr mixed with the little licks on his scent gland were working him back up. He knew that wasn't an option though. He really did have work to do, and he needed to get back to it. But he waited patiently for Jimin to calm down, his purr lessening slowly until he was quiet and still and he finally pulled back from Jungkook's neck, where he had retreated. The Alpha pushed the blond hair back out of his face and gave him a soft smile, which Jimin returned with a shy one.

“Where's the bathroom? I need to clean up.” Jimin said, breaking the quiet.

“I have a private bathroom, right through there.” Jungkook pointed to a small door situated between two large bookshelves full of a mix of books, decorative items and what looked like awards made

of different colored glass.

“Thanks.”

Jimin stood from Jungkook’s lap and crouched down on shaking legs to get his clothes from under the desk, gathering them up and walking around the desk to grab his backpack and head into the bathroom. Jungkook watched him go, clenching his teeth at how his ass moved when he walked, still encased in damp red silk. Gods, that had to be the finest ass anyone had ever had. It made the Alpha want to follow him into the bathroom and fuck him, but there was no time.

Jimin closed the door to the bathroom and leaned against it for a moment. He was already hard again, balls aching and close to cumming for a second time that night. The things that Jungkook said and did to him made every cell of his body sing with desire. He closed his eyes and took a few deep breaths, calming himself down and clearing his head. It was easier in the confines of the bathroom, without the smell of the Alpha so strong in his nose. His erection began to flag, mostly due to the cooling slick that was making goosebumps rise on his skin.

He pushed his panties down and let them fall to the floor before walking to the sink and looking at himself in the mirror. He looked like a mess. His hair was mussed and tangled, slightly damp from sweat. His lips were swollen and red from use, his eyeliner was smudged and tracked down his cheeks from his tears. He looked completely wrecked, and he kind of loved it. A small part of him wanted to leave himself like this and walk down the street so everyone could see how well fucked out he was. He would obviously never do that, but the thought had a little ball of desire pooling in his stomach again.

He pushed his dirty thoughts aside and grabbed a few paper towels from the dispenser, wetting them in the sink and wiping at his face, erasing the ruined makeup as best he could and cleaning the mix of cum, slick and saliva off his chin, neck and chest. He tossed those away and grabbed more, starting on his stomach and moving down between his legs to his thighs and ass. He cleaned himself as best he could, mostly erasing the scent of arousal from his body, and the rest would be suppressed by his clothes. He pulled the clean boxers out of his backpack and slipped them on before pulling on the rest of the outfit he’d been wearing earlier. His hair was still a mess from the Alpha’s rough hands and his own sweat, he didn’t have a brush, so he fingered through it as best he could, pushing it back from his face.

When he was finally presentable, he wrapped his wet panties in several layers of papertowels, tied them up in the plastic bag he’d brought and shoved it back into his backpack. He gave himself one final review in the mirror, shrugging when he realized that was about as good as it was going to get. He grabbed up his backpack and headed back out into the office. Jungkook’s head turned to him as soon as he came out, his dark eyes moving up and down his body as if still picturing him naked. The Alpha stood and walked to him, stopping right in front of him.

Jungkook turned the Omega’s face upward with a finger under the chin. All the makeup was gone, the evidence of how Jungkook had wrecked him. It made the Alpha sad to see it gone, but he did think Jimin was prettiest with a bare face. He thought that one weekend he’d have to invite Jimin over for the day and get him all messy, eyeliner running and smudged and just keep him that way for the rest of the day, just so he could admire his work. He could still see a small smudge of eyeliner at the corner of Jimin’s eye. He licked his thumb and wiped the little smudge away, getting a brilliant smile from the Omega.

“Let me wash my face real quick, then I’ll take you downstairs and let you out.”

“Sure. Take your time.”

Jungkook turned and disappeared into the bathroom. Jimin walked along the shelves and looked at the various glass and metal awards, reading the engravings on them and whispering them to himself as he studied them.

“Technology Vendor of the Year... Excellence in Software Innovation... IT Achievement of the Year – Information Technology and Software... Startup of the Year... Shaping Information Technology... Supporting Omegas in Information Technology... Most Innovative IT Hardware...” There were more up on higher shelves that he couldn’t read. “Jesus... how many awards do they have?” Jimin mumbled to himself as he made the circuit around the office, looking at all of Jungkook’s achievements.

Jimin was actually very impressed by how much Jungkook had achieved at such a young age. He must be very intelligent to have created this business and grown it so much. Jimin only hoped that he could make his dreams come true the way that the Alpha had done. He let his mind wander to the conversation he had overheard between Jungkook and his business partner. The way they bickered reminded him of himself and Taehyung. It was a playful kind of fighting full of an underlying friendship and understanding. It was kind of nice to know that Jungkook at least had some good friends in his life. Maybe he wasn’t in love with the Alpha, but he did like him as a person and wanted good things for him.

When he heard the bathroom door open, Jimin turned and saw Jungkook coming out with his jacket and tie in his hand, top few buttons of his shirt undone. The white shirt clung to his chest where he’d obviously splashed water a little too vigorously. The front part of his hair was wet and dangling into his face. Jimin was stunned by how fucking hot he was, feeling himself start to get turned on again. He looked away and focused on the title of one of the books on the shelf, trying to distract himself. ‘Innovation Policy: A Practical Introduction’ He had no idea what that was about but it sounded boring as hell. He focused on that and let his arousal bleed away. Something about Jungkook just made him desperate for him. He’d never been the type who couldn’t control himself like that, but the Alpha broke those boundaries so easily.

“You ready?” Jungkook asked.

“Yep. Let’s go.”

Jimin followed Jungkook down the hallway to the elevators and into one. They rode all the way down in silence, occasionally glancing at each other and looking away, not sure what to say. When they reached the glass doors, Jimin paused and looked up at the Alpha when he didn’t move to unlock the doors. Opened his mouth to ask what was wrong when Jungkook wrapped a hard hand around the back of his neck and pulled him in for a kiss. Jimin let out a small, soft noise of surprise, but went willingly as he was drawn in. He curled his hands into the damp front of the Alpha’s shirt and returned the kiss with fervor, opening and letting Jungkook plunder his mouth.

The kiss ended as abruptly as it had started, with the Alpha pulling away without warning. Jimin swayed toward him like his body was chasing the kiss, but he steadied himself. Jungkook pressed one more kiss to his lips and smiled at him in a way that had Jimin’s stomach filling with butterflies. He had to force his hands to release the Alpha’s shirt from his grip and back down to his sides. He watched as Jungkook pulled a card out of his pocket and swiped it through the little reader by the door. The glass doors parted and Jimin was hit by a sobering gust of freezing cold air. He came back to himself all at once as the icy wind blew through his clothes and he turned to Jungkook, raising a hand in farewell.

“Goodnight, Jungkook.”

Jungkook pulled his wallet out and handed Jimin a wad of cash. When the Omega looked up at him



in confusion, he just smiled.

“For the cab fare.”

“I’m pretty sure there isn’t a cab in this city that costs five hundred dollars.”

The Alpha just reached forward and ruffled his already messy hair with a laugh.

“Goodnight, pretty boy. See you next time.”

Jimin could feel the Alpha watching him as he hurried outside and flagged down a cab, quickly slipping into the backseat. He turned and watched as Jungkook typed the code into the little box and turned back toward the elevators. His attention was called by the cabbie, who wanted an address. The Omega gave him the address for his apartments, and when he turned back to look, the Alpha was gone.

## Chapter End Notes

Please leave a comment.

# Going Out of Town

## Chapter Summary

Jungkook has to go on a business trip.

## Chapter Notes

Please enjoy.

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

Jimin was exhausted when he got back to his apartment, but happy as he walked in and the place was warm still. He thought about showering before bed, but ended up just brushing his teeth and slipping into his nest in nothing but his boxers. He told himself that he wasn't showering because he was tired and didn't want to sleep with wet hair. It had nothing to do with the fact that Jungkook's Alpha scent was all over him making him feel small and safe and soft. He was just sleepy.

He plugged in his phone and set his alarm, setting the device back on his nightstand. He lay in the darkness for a few minutes, mind replaying the scene at Jungkook's office. Jimin had no idea how Jungkook was able to know what he wanted and needed without him having to tell him. It was like the Alpha reached right down into the core of him and pulled the most desperate desires to the surface and brought them to life. Honestly, Jimin had worried that he'd never find someone who would make him feel so pretty and filthy. He knew that what he had with the Alpha was temporary, but that didn't stop it from being amazing and more fun than he'd had in his life.

He thought about the Alpha asking him if he could deepthroat, and his negative answer. He wanted to please Jungkook, to give him something back in return for all that the Alpha was doing for him. He reached over to his nightstand in the dark, fingers scrambling across the rough wood surface until he found his phone. He unlocked it and held it close to his face, squinting at the bright screen in the darkness. He opened the browser app and did a Google search.

Search: How to deepthroat

He sifted through the results, half of which were just porn, and found a few actually helpful articles. He read through them carefully, logging the information and tips for later. One website said that practicing with a toy first was best because it would help you get used to the sensation and learn to control your natural response of gagging. Jimin had a few toys in a little box under his bed that he used mostly for heat or when he was particularly needy and jerking off wasn't enough. He sat his phone down and leaned over the edge of his bed, rifling around until he found the small shoe box. He grabbed it and pulled it up, taking the lid off and using the light of his phone to pick out a toy.

He selected a long baby pink one that was smoother than the others. He thought that it would be better not to have any texture to create resistance. He grabbed it and tossed the box down to the end of the bed. He felt kind of dirty doing this in the middle of the night, it reminded him of being a

teenager and trying to masturbate without his parents hearing or finding out. He slid the toy into his mouth, the slight taste of rubber a little off-putting but he let his saliva coat it as he worked it in and out of his mouth a few times.

When he felt he was ready, he pushed it back farther to the back of his throat. He gagged immediately and pulled the toy out, gasping for a moment before opening back up and doing it again. He breathed deeply through his nose and prepared himself for the sensation, focusing on controlling his throat. This time he didn't gag. He still felt the urge to gag, but he suppressed it. He held the toy there for a few moments then pulled it back a little. He worked in small degrees, first just letting the tip barely brush the back of his throat, then relaxing and letting it slip down his throat just a little. That caused him to gag again immediately. He kept trying little by little until he could get about an inch of the thing in without immediately gagging.

He pulled it out of his mouth and coughed, throat a bit sore. He grabbed his phone and saw that he'd been trying to deepthroat for almost an hour. He was going to be exhausted the next day. He climbed out of bed and went to the bathroom, washing the toy and drying it before returning and putting it back in the box and sliding the box back under his bed. There was more time to work on learning to deepthroat later. He was going to be a total zombie at uni tomorrow.

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Unsurprisingly, Jimin woke up with a sore throat. His voice was raspy and it sounded like he was getting sick. He knew he was not in fact getting sick, but was hoarse from his late night experimentations. Maybe he had overdone it for his first time trying. Probably. He had a tendency to overdo things, and it wasn't that surprising. He'd been right about being dead tired today, and he had to drag himself out of bed and into a shower. He dressed in his usual comfortable clothes, throwing Jungkook's big sweater over the top of everything to keep himself warm.

Snow had come in the night, and was still falling. Everything was covered in a thick layer of white. The streets had all already been cleared in the early morning, the curbs piled high with dirty grey snow. Jimin waited at his bus stop, shivering and thinking that he needed to go shopping this weekend. He needed some warmer clothes, and now that he had a little money, he would be able to go home for Christmas and buy gifts for everyone. The thought had him smiling. He missed his parents and brother, as well as his best friend. Being able to see them at the holidays was one of the things he looked forward to the most.

He took his usual bus to school and stopped by the little café to buy a coffee to help him wake up and to soothe his sore throat. When he arrived to his marketing class, Jackson and Mark were both there already and he took his seat next to them with a smile, pulling out his textbook and notepad, ready to take notes on the class.

“Good morning, Jimin. Did you sleep well?” Mark greeted, leaning around his Alpha to look at Jimin.

“Well enough, I guess.” Jimin rasped through his sore throat.

Jackson leaned away from him hissing like a cat and putting his fingers up in a cross like he was warding off a demon.

“Are you getting sick?” The Alpha asked, pulling his shirt up over his nose and mouth.

Mark smacked his Alpha in the chest and leaned around him, reaching to put a hand on Jimin's forehead.

“You don’t feel like you have a fever.”

“I’m fine. I must have just slept with my mouth open or something.”

Jackson seemed to relax, but now he was looking at Jimin with a different suspicion, the corner of his mouth pulling up.

“Slept with your mouth open? Is that what we’re calling it now? Cause you sound a lot like Mark after he su- Ow.” Jackson was cut off by a smack to the back of his head from his Omega.

“Finish that sentence, and you’ll be sleeping on the couch for a month.”

Jimin was giggling at their antics as the Alpha turned to his Omega and his haughty expression melted instantly at the no-nonsense look his Omega was giving him. Jimin’s phone vibrated in his pocket and he reached for it automatically, pulling it out and seeing that he’d just gotten a message from Jungkook. He felt the little smile tug at the corners of his mouth and bit his lip.

“Ooooh... Who is it?” Jackson asked, wiggling in his seat like a child. “You’ve got that good dick smile on.”

Jimin burst into laughter. “What in the hell did you just say?”

“Actually I kind of have to agree. That’s a good dick smile if I ever saw one.” Mark said, eyeing Jimin suspiciously.

“Babe!” Jackson said, looking touched and putting a hand on his chest. “You are truly my soulmate. But if we’re talking about good dick, then after class we can go- Ow.”

“Would you stop for one minute? We’re talking about Jimin here.”

“Oh. Right.” Jackson turned back to Jimin with a big smile. “So... who is it?”

“No one.” Jimin said, hiding the screen against his chest. Jackson plucked the phone from his hands and handed it to Mark then moved to block Jimin as he squawked and tried to get it back. “HEY! Give that back.”

Jimin was trying to reach around Jackson to get the phone from Mark, but was unsuccessful. Thankfully his phone was locked, but he hadn’t opened the message from Jungkook, so Mark could still read the new one on the lock screen. He needed to change his settings.

“Good morning, pretty boy. Last night was fun, but I’ll be out of town for a couple days, so we won’t be able to get together until Friday night. I’ll let you know a time later.” Mark read aloud.

Jimin felt his face burning, but was secretly thanking the gods that there was nothing in the message worse than that. Jungkook had a filthy mouth, and he was lucky that the message was fairly innocent. Jimin wrested one of his arms free from Jackson, snatching his phone back and shoving it in his pocket. He glared at the pair of them while they turned twin smiles on him. Jimin just looked toward the front of the class and prayed that class would start before they started in on him.

“Minnie... do you have a boyfriend?” Jackson sing-songed, poking Jimin’s cheek trying to get him to look at them.

“No. Shut up.”

“Aw... Minnie has a boyfriend!” The Alpha practically yelled and Jimin shushed him.

“Shut the fuck up, Jackson.” Jimin hissed.

There were a lot of Omegas at the university who were still mad at Jimin for breaking Daniel’s heart. Though Jimin didn’t understand why. When they’d been together those same people were just as quick to say that they were a bad couple and wanted them to break up. Now they were angry that they’d broken up. Jimin thought secretly that they all needed to get over it, including Daniel. It had been almost a year ago, and the Alpha still seemed to be holding out hope that Jimin would change his mind. He thought that what Daniel really needed was to move on and find a new boyfriend or girlfriend. He had all the options in the world, and of course he focused on Jimin... the one Omega on campus who wasn’t romantically interested in him.

Before the couple could start in on him again, their class started and Jimin shushed them both. After class released, Mark and Jimin both headed toward their next class, Jackson giving his boyfriend a kiss that was almost too lewd for public. They finally parted when Jimin started dragging the other Omega away by the arm. Jackson kept pace with them for a few moments, but finally let them break away as they turned a corner.

“Bye, Babe! Love you. Let me know if you wanna skip out on class and get your ass ate in my car.” Jackson called after them, making several people around him burst into laughter. The Alpha didn’t react at all, he was really shameless.

“Love you too. And don’t yell things like that in the hallway!” Mark called back.

“What am I supposed to do, pretend I don’t wanna eat your ass? Never gonna happen, Babe.”

“You guys are disgusting.” Jimin said as he pulled Mark along to their next class, Advanced Culinary Techniques.

“Your boyfriend doesn’t eat you out? That’s sad. With an ass like yours... a true crime against humanity.” Mark teased.

“I don’t have a boyfriend.”

“So... what is he just like a fuck-buddy slash friends with benefits kind of thing? Cause we all know you’re getting fucked down by somebody.”

Jimin knew he would only make his friend more suspicious if he kept denying it, so he told a half-truth to get his friend off his back.

“You and Jackson are both the damn same. Fine, yeah. We just... both have needs and we click pretty well in bed together. So, we’re helping each other out. It’s just for fun. Neither of us are looking for anything serious, so it’s perfect.”

“I see.”

“You’re totally judging me right now.” Jimin accused.

“I’m not! I’m just worried that you’ll get hurt.”

“I’m fine. I promise. I’m not going to fall in love with him, and he’s not going to fall in love with me. We’re just friends having casual sex. It’s not a big deal.”

“If you say so.”

“I do say so. Don’t worry about me. Go on to class and save a seat. I need to use the restroom.”

“Alright. See you in a few.”

Jimin turned into the bathroom and locked himself in a stall, pulling out his phone and texting Jungkook back quickly, smiling and biting his lip.

Jimin: I’m gonna miss your cock Daddy... but we can have fun when you get back. Hope your trip goes well.

Jimin waited for a few moments to see if Jungkook was going to text him back, and smiled when he saw the three dots at the bottom showing that the Alpha was messaging him.

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Jungkook woke up exhausted and still hard as fucking diamonds when his alarm blared at him. He’d ended up staying at the office until almost midnight. He should have just fucked Jimin while he was there and stayed an extra hour. At least then he wouldn’t be suffering from blue balls. He kind of wished the Omega was in bed with him, then he could pull him closer and slide back inside him while he was all pliant and sleepy. He bet Jimin was a sight to behold in the morning when he was messy-haired, warm and soft. He’d have to get him to stay over one weekend and find out for himself.

He reached over and picked up his phone to check the time. He sighed when he realized he didn’t have time to lay in bed and fantasize about his pretty boy. He needed to get up and head to the office. He’d stayed late the night before and gotten enough work done that he’d be able to leave close to on time today. He felt a little smile tug at his lips as he thought of getting Jimin over to his house tonight and spending hours in his bed, making the Omega fall apart under his hands and mouth until he was a sobbing, whimpering mess, begging for his knot. Perfect.

He’d only met up with him twice, but he was already addicted how Jimin got so desperate to be touched and taken, the way his whole body trembled when he was out of control. He’d never met an Omega who turned over power to him like that. Jungkook was very dominant in bed, and some Omegas got overwhelmed by him, needing him to reign himself in from being so controlling. It always soured his experience when he had to water himself down to be palatable to a bedmate. He’d known from the moment Jimin had sat across from him at that table at Persona that he was different.

Jimin hadn’t shied away from his little testing shows of dominance. When he’d slid his thumb into his mouth and trapped his tongue under it and the Omega had immediately closed his eyes and whimpered, he’d known he was just what he needed. Jimin was so naturally submissive, but he got the impression that that was only in the bedroom. He recalled the bruised knuckles that the Omega had said were from punching an Alpha on the train. Outside of sex, he doubted that Jimin let himself be told what to do in any matter. Maybe that was why he needed the release of being dominated. Jungkook was glad to provide that service, he had no qualms about helping the pretty Omega escape from his responsibilities and stresses for a few hours.

The Alpha was very satisfied with his plan to leave work on time and get Jimin back in his bed that evening as he dressed and headed to work, planning to text Jimin in the course of the morning and invite him over to his place after work. However, all his carefully laid plans were ruined by the arrival of an extremely irate and angry Yoongi barging into his office almost as soon as he’d settled at his desk. His friend and business partner settled at the desk across from him with a scowl.

“The fucking manufacturing plant is acting up again. I’m so sick of dealing with their shit. I got word this morning from the QA team, and they’re telling me that the plant has gone ahead and

begun to lessen quality on materials regardless of our numerous meetings, calls and emails telling them not to. So, I'm fucking done. They're out. I'm not warring with them anymore."

Jungkook wasn't really surprised, he'd been expecting something like this to happen for a while. The facility that manufactured for them, OTR Manufacturing had been in business for over fifty years, but when the original owner had passed away and left the management to his sons, the quality of service had quickly gone downhill. The sons did not understand the premise that the customer comes first, and the quality of their production had hit a steep decline.

"Agreed. So, what's the next move?"

"We need to find a new manufacturing plant. I've been prepared for this for a while, and we're going to tour three plants that have the capabilities we're looking for, or at least close. Our flight leaves today at 1:00 PM, so you need to go pack a bag we'll be gone until Friday afternoon."

"Alright. Send me all the info you have on the places we're visiting. I want to do some research before we show up, so I'll be able to tell when they're blowing smoke up our asses about what they can do. I don't want to be back in this situation again." Jungkook said, trying not to frown as his plans to get Jimin naked in his bed were smashed to pieces.

"No problem. I'll have my secretary email it all to you."

After Yoongi left, Jungkook organized all the stacks of paperwork on his desk and made notes on them, planning to hand them off to various employees to finish up. He hated to do it, but it was the kind of thing he needed to start letting go of. He had over 500 employees and there was no reason he should be working until midnight. He needed to learn to delegate or he'd never get free from the chains of his workaholic/perfectionist nature. It was for the best.

He handed off his stacks of work and took the elevator down to the garage, pulling out his phone as he got in. He was so disappointed that he was going to miss out on so much amazing sex while he was out of town. But work was still priority number one, and he was beyond tired of dealing with the problems OTR Manufacturing had been causing them. At the end of the day, Cypher Tech was the customer and it shouldn't be up to them to make their vendors do their jobs. That was the beauty of a free market, there was plenty of competition, and he was pretty sure that their current manufacturer had no idea how big of a hit they were about to take. Jungkook had no pity for them. They'd been given chance after chance to clean up their act and had failed to take action.

Jungkook opened Jimin's contact and typed a message to him as he rode the elevator down.

Jungkook: Good morning, pretty boy. Last night was fun, but I'll be out of town for a couple days, so we won't be able to get together until Friday night. I'll let you know a time later.

The Alpha didn't receive any immediate response, so he assumed Jimin was in class. He slipped the phone back in his jacket pocket and headed to his car. The Audi SUV was one of four cars he owned, but probably his favorite currently. It was bigger and roomier than the others, and at the moment still held traces of Jimin's sweet vanilla bean scent inside. The smell of the Omega never failed to have his cock stirring in interest; there was just something so sexy about him. He smelled and looked so sweet and innocent, literally a little vanilla baby. But Jungkook knew what hid under the cute exterior was a needy, cock-hungry boy that wanted to be praised and dominated, fucked hard.

He drove home and started packing a bag. He took several of his more casual business appropriate outfits as well as his steel toed boots. Manufacturing plants weren't the place for neck ties and fancy suits. He threw minimal toiletries into a bag, pulling out cash from his safe as well as his

passport and travel documents. He had everything ready in under an hour. Just as he was about to leave and head back to the office, his phone dinged in his jacket. He pulled it out and saw a new text from Jimin. He smirked as he sat on his couch to text back.

Jimin: I'm gonna miss your cock Daddy... but we can have fun when you get back. Hope your trip goes well.

Jungkook could picture Jimin blushing and biting his lip, getting all pink and shy. It made him wonder where the Omega was. He tried to tell himself that he didn't care if other Alphas saw his pretty boy getting all blushy for him. It wasn't his business.

Jungkook: Have you been missing my cock Baby? You wish I would have fucked you last night?

Jimin: Yes. But I know you're busy.

What a treasure the little Omega was. He was going to have to increase his allowance for being such a little treat. He decided that getting a sugar baby had turned out to be an amazing idea. All the best parts of a relationship without all the nonsense and clinging, interference in his life. That was the main reason he'd avoided finding a boyfriend or girlfriend. He'd learned his lesson time after time that he wasn't the type of Alpha that Omegas were looking for long term. His last relationship had ended because his boyfriend wanted to be dominated in every aspect of his life, except sexually. He'd wanted Jungkook to approve of every outfit he wore and little thing he did, but in bed expected to be pampered and romanced. He wanted Jungkook to make love to him. His ex would get all fussy when he'd pull his hair too hard or get too rough.

However, Jimin just took what he was given and was grateful for it. It was probably Jungkook's favorite thing about him. He let Jungkook be rough and controlling and the Alpha knew he got off on it. He liked it. That was no secret. He got so wet and needy, whimpering and purring, as the Alpha took complete control of him. The way he moaned like he was in desperate pleasure as his mouth was fucked. He liked Jungkook using him and treating him dirty and he liked being told he was pretty, that he was a good boy for letting Jungkook do as he pleased with him. He could feel his cock hardening in his slacks as he typed back.

Jungkook: Were you happy with what I gave you?

Jimin: Yes

Jungkook: But you could take more?

Jimin: I'll take whatever you want to give me Alpha. I'll be a good boy for you.

Fuck. He so didn't want to go out of town. He wanted to tell Jimin to blow off all his classes for the rest of the day and come over so he could fuck him. He thought about Jimin's jeans full of holes and thin coat. He wanted to get him some nice things, a new wardrobe, a new cell phone, a whole dresser full of silky, lacy lingerie... Because if any Omega deserved it, then it was Jimin.

Jungkook: I know you will sweetheart. You're always such a good boy. When I get back I'm gonna take such good care of you. You wanna go shopping, Baby? I'll buy you whatever you want.

Jimin: Really? Whatever I want?

Jungkook: Yep. You name it. It's yours.

The three dots on the bottom of the screen kept appearing and disappearing like Jimin was typing and then changing his mind. It made him desperately curious.



Jungkook: What is it Baby? What do you want? Tell me. I won't judge you.

Jimin: It's something really expensive and it would just be for me, and maybe you if you wanted... It's so impractical.

Jungkook smiled at his phone, Jimin really had no idea how much money he had. How much money he would spend on him. Jungkook didn't really need anything other than the things he already owned. He was a billionaire for christsakes, if Jimin asked for a car he'd take him and let him pick one out. Actually... that wasn't a bad idea. It would keep him from riding the train and bus late at night. He'd be able to come and go safely from his apartment at all hours. He'd have to think about it.

Jungkook: Tell me. I promise I'll buy it for you. You want a car? A house? Lifetime supply of chocolate? What?

Jimin: Alpha... stop making fun of me.

Jungkook could picture his petulant expression, lips pouted and nose turned up. He could imagine him getting all red and his hands balling into fists. Cute.

Jungkook: I'm totally serious.

Jimin: I was going to ask for a pair of Christian Louboutins... just for me to wear in private and feel pretty. I've always wanted a pair. But they're really expensive.

The Alpha had no idea what the hell that was. He did a quick online search... high heels. Jimin wanted a pair of high heels to wear in private. Jungkook felt his cock throb at the mental image of Jimin in the black patent leather heels in the picture he was looking at. He glanced at the price and laughed. Jimin was definitely getting those, and probably several other pairs. He wanted to watch him walk around in just panties and heels. He noticed that the shoes in the pictures all had red soles. It must be a brand thing. He was already aching hard from imagining Jimin in them, bent over the edge of his bed or sitting in his lap while he worked on his side project.

Jungkook: Oh hell yes. I'll buy you as many pairs as you want as long as you wear them for me, pretty boy.

Jimin: I think I'll look pretty for you Daddy

Jungkook: I know you will.

Jimin: I have to go or I'm gonna be late for my next class :((

Jungkook: Go on, sweetheart. I'll call you tonight. I want to hear what sounds you make while you touch yourself for me, Baby.

Jimin: I'll be waiting

Jungkook groaned and leaned his head against the back of the couch. Jimin was such a little tease, and the image of the Omega in high heels had him dying inside. Fuck. He was gonna lose his damn mind if Jimin kept this up. He wished he had time to jerk off, but he really didn't. He still had to go back to the office for a meeting, then he and Yoongi had to get to the airport in time to get through security. He just sighed and adjusted himself. He'd thought that getting a sugar baby would mean less sexual frustration, not more. But he'd been half-hard since the first time he'd fucked Jimin and he didn't see that changing anytime soon.

## Chapter End Notes

Please leave a comment.

# Late Night Phone Calls

## Chapter Summary

Jimin and Jungkook share a late night phone call.

## Chapter Notes

Please enjoy.

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

Jimin really had to stop getting wet in public. He was going to start attracting Alphas like flies if he constantly smelled like an Omega in heat. He cleaned up quickly, washed his hands and jogged off to class, arriving just in time. He smiled as he thought about Jungkook buying him a pair of Louboutins. He'd wanted a pair since he was a teenager. He'd seen an Omega on TV wearing them and he could still remember watching as she'd walked away, how her red soles had flashed with every step. He thought she'd seemed so powerful and sexy. It had placed a vision of himself wearing them deep in his brain. He almost couldn't believe his own daring at asking the Alpha for them, but Jungkook said whatever he wanted... and that was what he wanted.

He actually did own one pair of heels, they were bright red and buried deep in the back of his closet. They were cheap knock offs he'd bought for ten dollars at a small vendor downtown a few weeks after he'd moved to Seoul. Sometimes he would take them out and put them on and just lay in his nest, looking down his legs and studying them. He'd hold his foot up and roll his ankle, admiring how pretty his feet looked in the shoes. Of course, they were half a size too small, because he'd been too embarrassed to admit they were for him, and try them on, so he just bought them by what he thought would fit him. He'd been close enough. He could still get them on and admire them, which was all he really wanted them for anyway.

He turned his attention to the teacher as class began, putting aside thoughts of Jungkook and high heels and tried to pay attention as they were given their instructions for the day. Jimin and Mark always had a good time together in this class. It was one of Jimin's favorite, because it really tested the limits of his skills, and he was always learning new things. He had to admit that the other reason was that he just loved to eat all the things they prepared, tasting and testing each dish. Today they were learning how to properly cook lamb, one of the hardest dishes to perfect.

Mark didn't bring up Jimin's love life again, for which the Omega was grateful. They focused on class and more interesting subjects as they worked, finally letting Jimin get comfortable again. He didn't want to talk about Jungkook. His relationship with the Alpha was private, and he wanted it to stay that way. It wasn't anyone else's business. He was a young, single Omega who was having a good time with an Alpha. There was nothing more to it. He had found an Alpha who made him feel good, who was a lot of fun in bed and that was all there was to it. He knew this wasn't the end of it, but it was at least a ceasefire, so he was okay with that for now.

“So Jimin, have you found a new job yet?” Mark asked as they prepared ingredients for their meal.

Yeah, he'd found quite a few jobs. Blowjob, handjob, rimjobs... but he wasn't going to tell his friend about that. So he lied. Again. He was lying a lot lately, and probably needed to take a look at himself in the mirror and ask why he had to hide so many things from the people he loved.

"Yeah actually. I got a job as a housekeeper." Jimin picked a boring job on purpose, knowing it wouldn't cause too much in the way of followup.

"Oh? That's cool. Have you started yet?"

"A couple days ago. It's pretty boring."

"I imagine. I hate doing my own chores. I can't imagine doing someone else's."

Jimin just smiled and laughed with his friend, changing the subject.

As soon as his final class dismissed, Jimin caught the bus back to his apartment. He stumbled into his little place, kicked off his shoes and collapsed into his nest utterly exhausted. He'd been up far too late the previous night and hadn't gotten enough sleep. He dozed off almost at once, not even bothering to take his jeans off, he rolled up in his thick, comforter like a burrito and fell asleep instantly.

He wasn't sure how long he'd been sleeping when his cell phone woke him up, but as he blinked his heavy eyelids open, he saw that the orange light of twilight was streaming in through his window. His mind instantly went to Jungkook. The Alpha had said he would call tonight. Jimin smiled, still on the edge of sleep as he worked a hand down into his jeans pocket inside his tight, blanket burrito pulling it out and answering without checking the screen.

"Jungkook?" Jimin mumbled, groggily.

"Who the hell is Jungkook?"

It was Taehyung. Jimin mentally slapped himself as he yawned and started working his way out of his blanket trap.

"Oh. Hey TaeTae, what's up?"

"Don't even try it. Who's Jungkook?"

Jimin facepalmed himself as he realized what he'd just done. Tae was even worse than Jackson and Mark. He'd never let this go without an answer, and Jimin wouldn't put it past the other Omega to take a train from Busan to come check on him.

"He's my new boss." Jimin said, flopping onto his side as he was freed from this covers.

"New boss? What happened to your old boss?"

"The restaurant closed. I got a new job as a housekeeper for some rich Alpha."

"How come this is the first I'm hearing of this? Are you okay? Do you need money? You want me to come stay with you for a few days?" Taehyung sounded deeply worried, on the edge of packing a bag and heading for Seoul.

"Tae! Relax. I'm fine. I've already got a new job. Everything is fine."

"I don't like the sound of this new job. What kind of Alpha has a single Omega as a housekeeper? Is he harassing you?"

“He’s safe. He’s not gonna hurt me. You worry too much, Tae. I’m an adult and I can take care of myself.”

“Hm... I still don’t like it. What if he tries to ravish you or something?”

“Ravish me? What is this one of those regency romance novels you love?” Jimin teased. He put on a fancy voice, mocking those old timey romance movies Tae had always made him watch. “My lord? Are you here to ravish me? But I’m just an innocent chamber maid... Your father would never approve!”

“Hey! It’s not my fault that Alphas these days don’t know how to treat an Omega. Is it so much to ask for someone to romance me and kiss the back of my hand and open doors for me, but then behind closed doors pull me into his arms and just...”

“Ravish you?” Jimin added helpfully with a laugh.

“Yeah.”

“I don’t know. Maybe if you weren’t stuck in our hometown you’d have a bigger dating pool. There’s got to be someone out there for you. You’re hot and smart and kind. You’re a catch.”

“Aww... thanks Minnie. But don’t think I’ve forgotten about you and your mysterious boss. Why would he be calling you at 7 o’clock on a Wednesday? I’m gonna talk to your parents, there’s no way they’ll allow this.”

“He had a conference call this evening that he was taking from home. I don’t usually go over this late. He just didn’t want interruptions on his call. It’s fine.” Jimin was lying wildly at this point, just trying to diffuse the situation. “I was waiting on him to call me and let me know if I should even come tonight. He said if it got too late, I could just skip today.”

“Oh. Well, alright. But you better tell me if he steps even one toe out of line. I’ll kill him.”

“I know, I know. You think I forgot how you kicked Kim Jiwoo in the balls in high school when that asshole wouldn’t take no for an answer? He had to have testicle retrieval surgery.”

“Truly my crowning life achievement.” They both lapsed into giggles for a few minutes at the old memory.

“So, what’s going on Tae? Did you need something.”

“I was just calling to make sure you’re coming home for Christmas? We all miss you. I never get to see you anymore. I don’t even remember your scent.”

“I am coming home for Christmas. I’m not sure exactly what days yet, but I’ll let you know as soon as I have it scheduled.”

“YES! I’m so excited! I can’t wait. Are you coming alone, or have you finally found a boyfriend?”

“I’m coming alone, nosy. Don’t put any ideas in my Eomma’s head. I’ll never hear the end of it.”

“I’m not promising anything. She’s relentless.”

Jimin heard his line start to beep and he pulled the phone away from his ear to look at the screen. Jungkook was calling. Jimin felt his cheeks get hot at how clandestine their secret relationship felt.

“My boss is calling. I have to let you go. I’ll call you later.”

“Okay. Fine. Don’t forget to call me though!”

“I won’t! Love you.”

“Love you too. Later.”

Jimin took a deep breath, then switched lines.

“Jungkook?”

“Hey, pretty boy.”

The deep voice made a shiver go through his whole body, lighting up every nerve ending and causing waves of goosebumps to tighten his skin.

“Hey...” Jimin hadn’t meant for his voice to be so breathy.

“Where are you?”

“In my nest.”

“Oh? What color is your nest, Baby?”

Jimin eyed the ancient assorted bedsheets that made up the canopy of his nest and the mishmash of different colored pillows and blankets that were piled around him. There was no one dominant color to latch onto everything was just a mix of things he’d owned forever. He was pretty sure there were some things in his nest that he’d owned since he was just a pup and his mother had set up his first ever nest.

“Uh... a mix of colors, I guess.”

“I bet you’re pretty in your nest.”

Jimin felt his stomach fill with butterflies, arousal slowly building in him the more the Alpha talked.

“It’s my special place. I like it here cause it’s warm and soft and everything smells familiar. But... I like to nest anywhere. Especially warm places.”

Jimin snapped his mouth closed. Why was he telling Jungkook this? It had no bearing on their relationship. Jungkook wasn’t his boyfriend. But the Alpha’s next words made some of his self-indignation wash away.

“You’re cute. Are you warm right now?”

“Yeah. I just woke up from a nap.”

“I wish I was there. I want to see how sweet you look when you just wake up. I bet you’re so warm and soft. You would be so relaxed and sleepy, I bet you’d take my cock really well.”

Jimin bit his lip and slid a hand down to cup himself through his jeans, feeling himself getting hard and wet at the mental image of waking up with Jungkook moving inside him slowly.

“I would, Alpha. I would take you so well.”

“Tell me sweetheart, are you touching yourself right now?”

“Yes.”

“What are you doing? Are you playing with your wet little hole while I talk dirty to you?”

“N-no. I’m just touching myself through my jeans.”

“Take everything off for me. I want you naked.”

“Just a sec.” Jimin set his phone aside and sat up far enough to pull his shirt off and toss it down toward the end of the bed before lifting his hips and shimmying out of his jeans and boxers. He picked his phone back up. “Okay, I’m done.”

“Good boy.”

“What now?” Jimin asked, pulling his blankets back over him, not liking the feel of the air moving over his skin.

“Now... I want you to tell me what you think about when you touch yourself. What’s your fantasy?”

Jimin felt a mix of embarrassment and arousal slam through his body, making his heart race and his face warm. He’d never really told anyone about his secret fantasies, his deepest desires. But Jungkook had already seen his list of kinks and participated in a few of them. It felt odd to think of saying them out loud.

“I want... um...” Jimin hesitated, wondering if he should try to focus more on trying to be sexy than trying to be honest.

“Tell me, Baby. Don’t hold back. I want to know.”

Jimin probably shouldn’t let himself be so easily manipulated by this Alpha, but all it took was for him to ask and his inner Omega was irresistibly subservient to his commands. He wanted to please the Alpha, he wanted to do what he was told and in return he wanted to be praised and petted, told he was good and pretty and perfect. So he began to talk, voice quiet and a little too breathy for his taste, just a shade too close to a moan.

“I think about how it would feel to be bent over and held down by the hair. I think about getting used for someone’s pleasure, like a sex doll. I want to be called pretty and told how well I can take cock, but I also want to be talked dirty to. I want to feel small and defenseless, I want it hard and rough... that’s my fantasy.” Jimin was hiding under his blanket as he spoke, even though he was alone.

“Mmm... I could do that for you, Baby. When I get home, I could fuck you until you cry. Do you want that? You want me to make you feel so much that you cry for me and beg for my cum?”

Jimin was burning. He hadn’t touched himself since he took off his clothes, he didn’t want to do it without permission, but he was wet. He was soaked, and he could feel the sheets under him dampen with his slick as it gushed from him. This was better than any porn he’d ever watched. Being talked to by Jungkook, being promised things that he was more than sure the Alpha could deliver on. It had his Omega half fighting for control, making him a little too honest, a little too needy.

“Yes... gods yes. I want it. I want it so bad... want you so bad.”

“Are you touching yourself now, sweetheart?”

“No. I want you to tell me what to do... please... help me, Alpha.”

“Touch yourself, Baby. Get your hand wet with your slick and wrap it around your pretty cock. I want to hear your little noises. I haven’t gotten to hear them nearly enough.”

Jimin did as he was told, sliding his hand between his thighs to gather slick on it and wrapped it around his cock. He whined softly as he started to move his hand, the knowledge that Jungkook could hear every noise he made had him arching and gasping as he pictured the Alpha listening to him, getting hard from his sounds.

“Mmm... does it feel that good, Baby?” Jungkook asked, voice deep and smooth.

“Yes... oh god... Alpha... nnggh... Are you hard, Alpha?”

“Oh yeah, Baby. I’m so hard, you’re doing so well for me. Making such pretty sounds.”

The speed of Jimin’s hand was increasing as he felt his pleasure building slowly, masturbating had never felt so intense before. Knowing Jungkook was listening and that the Alpha was enjoying it had him so hard and so wet he knew he’d have to change the sheets after this.

“M-more... I need more.” Jimin gasped.

“Do you have any toys?”

Jimin’s mind was totally scrambled and it took a few seconds to process the question.

“Uh... yeah. I do.”

“Get whichever of your toys is your favorite. I want to listen to you fuck yourself for me.”

Jimin bit his lip and forced his hand to stop moving, which was immensely difficult when he was so aroused. But the Alpha’s words had him doing it anyway. He was a good boy. He would follow his orders.

“Okay... Hold on. I need to get them out.”

Jimin set his phone aside and rolled over to reach under his bed and grab his box of toys. He didn’t really have much of a selection. He had the pink toy he’d practiced depththroating with, a lovely glass one that was gently ribbed with a heart shaped pink base that was probably his favorite because it was so pretty. He’d bought it a few years ago online and it was his standard one that he used for heats. It was slightly wider than the pink one, but not as long. He grabbed it and left the box on the floor next to his bed, rolling over into his spot and grabbing his phone.

“Got it.”

“Good boy. Now I want you to open yourself up with your fingers, Baby. Don’t hold back your sounds, I want to hear how it feels.”

Jimin set the toy aside and bent his knees up, opened his legs and reached the hand that wasn’t holding his phone down between them and gently slid one finger inside himself with a little sound of relief. He was already breathing hard and his voice was still a bit raspy as he moaned quietly, moving the finger in and out of himself a few times before adding another. His fingers were smaller and shorter than Jungkook’s, and he could feel the difference immediately. He wanted the Alpha’s longer, thicker fingers. They reached places deep inside him that his just couldn’t.



His early relief quickly turned to frustration as his moans turned to needy whines. He knew he was being a brat, but he wanted Jungkook. His small, short fingers were no match for the way the Alpha had made him feel. Even as he added a third finger he felt upset that he couldn't reach that special spot deep inside him that Jungkook's fingers had easily reached.

"What's wrong, pretty boy? You don't sound like you're enjoying yourself."

Jungkook's voice was calm and quiet and the gentleness only made Jimin's inner Omega more upset, more needful.

"It's not enough... I want you. Alpha, I need you."

"I know, Baby. I know. But you're doing so well. You're gonna be good for me, right?"

"Y-yes. I'll be good."

Jimin felt like he was going to cry. He wanted Jungkook so badly, but he also wanted to be good and do what he was told. So he just tried to calm his breathing and focus on moving his fingers, preparing himself. He bolstered himself with the thought that Jungkook was listening, was hard from hearing him. He was doing well, and the Alpha would be proud of him as long as he focused and listened.

"Are you ready for the toy, Baby?"

"Yes, I'm ready."

"That's good, Baby. Now I want you to put your phone on speaker. Just do it like you normally would. Let me hear your pleasure, pretty boy."

"O-okay."

Jimin pulled the phone away from his ear and put it on speaker, setting it on the pillow next to him.

"Can you hear me okay, Daddy?"

"I can hear you perfectly. Now, fuck yourself for me."

Jimin reached down next to his hip where the glass dildo was resting against him, slightly warmed from his skin. He opened his legs a little wider as he reached down with the toy and slowly slid it inside himself, gasping quietly and letting out a moan as he felt the familiar sensation of being stretched around the smooth glass. He gently worked the toy in and out, trying a few angles to hit his prostate, finally letting out a little gasp when the tip of the toy brushed it.

Once he found the right angle he moved with more purpose, sliding the glass toy in and out at a quicker pace, each time pressing into his pleasure spot. He forgot that Jungkook was listening as he got caught up in his pleasure, moving faster, pushing deeper until he had to roll over and rise up on his knees. He saw the glowing screen of the phone, showing that Jungkook was still listening. That knowledge had every cell of his body singing with pleasure and a ball of tension gathering low in his belly as his orgasm began to build.

He rested his forehead on the pillow next to the phone, one hand bracing his weight as best he could as the other continued to fuck himself, now harder, faster. He was able to get more leverage in this position and shifted back as he pushed the toy inside. The heart-shaped handle was getting slippery as slick ran down over his hand, down his thighs and dripped onto the sheets below him.

He didn't usually get this wet from just masturbating, but he was picturing Jungkook in his mind, imagining the Alpha touching himself. He let out hiccupping sobs of pleasure as his imagination was dominated with images of Jungkook's elegant hand wrapped around his cock, working himself to the sounds he was making.

"I'm close, Daddy... are you close?"

"Yeah, Baby... I'm almost there... Keep going... wanna hear you cum, sweetheart."

Jungkook's voice was slightly muffled, and a little grainy through the speaker, but he could still hear him clearly as he responded, could still make out the deep strain in the Alpha's voice. Jimin felt his own pleasure spike at the obvious arousal in the Alpha's voice. Jimin's forearm was starting to cramp from the continual use, but he ignored it as he felt the beginning stirrings of his orgasm taking hold, slowly tightening his inner muscles and making it harder to push the toy inside each time. He was letting out a string of garbled nonsense mixed with moans and whimpering, keening sounds as his orgasm built and finally he felt the dam of his pleasure break.

"I'm cumming... ah, fuck... I'm cumming..." Jimin whimpered softly.

Jimin's body seized up for a moment before going into the fluttering pulses of his orgasm. His hole seized and clenched as slick poured from him, over his hand and the toy, making everything slippery. His cock jerked as he shot ropes of pearly white cum onto both his belly and the sheets below him. As his orgasm wound down he was panting and shaking, he slowly let himself roll to the side and collapse onto the bed, pulling in great shaky breaths as he attempted to calm his racing heart. He glanced up when he heard Jungkook's voice coming from the crackling speaker of the phone, he also sounded out of breath.

"You did so good for me, Baby. Such a good boy."

Jimin was still shaking and his voice came out in a thin, quavering note as he spoke.

"Say my name... please?"

"Jimin. You were so good, Jimin. Such an obedient, needy boy for me. My precious little Minnie."

Jimin felt happiness swell inside him at the words, he'd done well.

"Thank you..." Jimin's voice was a whisper.

"You okay, Baby?"

"Yeah. I feel really good right now."

"Perfect. Well, I'm sorry to leave you off so suddenly but I've only got a few hours before I have to catch a flight to Hong Kong and I need to get some sleep."

"That's okay. I'll talk to you later then?"

"Yeah, sweetheart. I'll try to call tomorrow if I can."

"Goodnight."

"Goodnight."

He wished Jungkook were here to brush his hair back and pet him with his big, warm hands. He made Jimin feel small and beautiful, things that he rarely allowed himself to feel. His entire life

was made up of school and family and work, but since he'd met Jungkook he'd felt lighter, like some of his burden was lifting, or at least that he'd had a chance to rest before saddling all his worries again. Jimin was a happy person, and he enjoyed life's little gifts, but he still had some anxieties and worries.

He worried about disappointing his parents, who had been hard-pressed to accept his decision to move to Seoul and study culinary arts. He worried about his future and whether he'd be able to really make his dream of owning his own restaurant come true. He worried that he'd die alone. He got anxiety about a lot of things too. He knew he let the opinions of others cloud his perception of himself too much, and he tried too hard to get others to like him. One perfect example was his inability to be honest with Daniel. He already got so much animosity directed at him because of their relationship and he didn't think he could handle more by breaking the kind Alpha's heart even more. Plus, Jimin was a very empathetic person. He felt the pain of others more sharply than even his own and he found it hard to make someone else sad.

Jungkook made him feel... better. He made all of Jimin's overthinking quiet down and allowed him to have that perfect, uninterrupted internal silence for a short time. It was something he'd never had. Taehyung had tried to get him to try meditating a few times, but maybe he wasn't suited to it, because the entire time they were "meditating" all Jimin could think about was how this position pressed his ankle bone into the floor and how his a lower back was itching and the little clicking noise the ceiling fan was making was really annoying. Maybe that zen place wasn't something he could reach on his own. He needed someone else to guide him there. He needed Jungkook to guide him there.

## Chapter End Notes

Please leave a comment.

# Traveling and Tribulations

## Chapter Summary

Jungkook is forced to reveal a little about his relationship with Jimin. Yoongi and Jungkook continue to stress about finding a new manufacturer.

## Chapter Notes

Please enjoy!

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

Jungkook hated traveling at the best of times, and this was far from the best of times. He was horny, and actually had something he could do about it, but was being cockblocked by his own fucking company. He was starving, since he hadn't eaten and tired from staying up so late the previous night, and he was all around feeling less than forgiving. Yoongi seemed to sense this and left him alone to read over the documents he'd been given on the capabilities of the factories they were touring as well as using his laptop to search for more information.

This entire situation was a monumental pain in his ass, and he was actually looking forward to giving their current manufacturer the boot. He'd put up with their garbage long enough, and now they were taking time away from him that he could be spending firmly planted between Jimin's creamy thighs, licking him open and getting his pretty boy ready to take his cock. Gods, he wanted nothing more than to have Jimin with him right that moment, to push him into the first class bathrooms and fuck into his mouth and watch the lovely Omega swallow everything down. He wanted him to walk back to his seat, knees red and lips puffy and swollen from use... but no. He was here dealing with this bullshit instead of finding new things his little vanilla baby liked in bed.

So overall, Jungkook wasn't in a great mood.

They arrived in Japan at 3 o'clock and taken a cab first to their hotel to check in and drop off their belongings, then on to the factory they were touring. They had been met by one of the owners, an obnoxious and somewhat oily-seeming Alpha who showed them around the facility. All the bowing and scraping was already giving him a headache as he was told what kinds of equipment they had and what all types of manufacturing their facility was capable of. It had been apparent from the research he had been provided as well as what he'd done himself on the phone, that the owner who was giving them the tour was lying wildly about the capabilities of their factory. Not a very promising start.

When Jungkook had called him on his claims, the male had backpedaled so fast he was stumbling over his words and trying to justify his blatant lies. It was clear he was used to dealing with people who knew very little about manufacturing and was probably able to get away with these kinds of lies generally. However, Jungkook designed and engineered most of the products they sold. He was no novice when it came to the manufacturing side of their business, and he knew exactly what they needed to make their products up to their specifications. There was no doubt in his mind that

this place would be just as bad or worse than their current manufacturer. No point in making a change if it wasn't to better the company. So, Jungkook had finished the tour and he and Yoongi had taken another cab to a business dinner Yoongi had arranged with one of their biggest vendors.

"Why can't these people just be honest?" Jungkook sighed heavily as he and Yoongi were driven to their business dinner. "I would be willing to put money into a factory and help update their facilities to meet our needs if I could just find someone honest."

"I know, Kook. You're preaching to the choir here. I'm wondering if we might actually have to build a whole new factory, but that would be such a logistical nightmare. While I know that you know a lot about manufacturing on a purely knowledge level, neither of us are experts. Let's hope one of these other places turn out to be what we're looking for." Yoongi replied just as they stopped outside the restaurant.

Jungkook handed the cab fare over to the driver and he and Yoongi walked into the restaurant that smelled excellent. Jungkook was still starving and he hoped that he'd be able to satisfy at least one of his needs. He and Yoongi were both surprised to find that the Alpha they were supposed to meet was already there, and he wasn't alone. He had two young Omegas with him, one male and one female. They were clearly his children, the resemblance was uncanny. Jungkook had to consciously keep himself from rolling his eyes. This wasn't the first time that a business meeting had turned into attempted matchmaking.

He and Yoongi were both rich, successful, handsome, single Alphas. It made sense why Omegas sought after them, and Jungkook didn't really hold any grudge against that, even if he didn't particularly like it either. At least that was better than the weird parents of vendors and contractors who seemed to want to forge lasting business arrangements by basically selling their children for profit. He and Yoongi shared a glance that spoke volumes. His business partner obviously wasn't happy about this situation either.

"Jungkook, Yoongi! Let me introduce you to my children. This is my daughter Yeona and my son Hajoon."

Jungkook and Yoongi shook hands and tried not to grimace when they realized that the only way for them to sit, was one of them each next to one of the Omegas, since their father was at the head of the table. They took their seats and made polite conversation, trying to keep the topic on that of business, but generally failing as their attempts were waved off by their host. It was becoming increasingly frustrating to try and ignore the less than subtle 'hints' the father was dropping about his children being single. Well, two can play at that game.

"I know that the Seoul Arts Gala is coming up at the beginning of next month. I know you both get invitations every year." Their host said, joyfully. "Neither of my children have dates yet. Maybe you should consider going together."

"I'm sorry, sir. I actually already have a date. It's an Omega I just started seeing recently. He's going with me." Jungkook said, trying to look disappointed when he was actually ecstatic.

"Ah, well... I suppose it can't be helped. What about you Yoongi? Are you taking anyone?"

"No sir, I don't mix business and personal life." Yoongi's words and tone cut off that avenue immediately.

"What's the name of this lucky Omega you're seeing? Would I know him?" Yeona asked from beside Jungkook, turning and giving him a smile he thought was probably supposed to be alluring, but he thought was a shade too disingenuous.

“I don’t believe you’d know him.” Jungkook said, hesitating for just a moment. “His name is Jimin.”

He guessed there was no point in hiding it. Jimin was going to be attending events with him and business dinners in the future. He knew that he’d be getting the third degree from Yoongi as soon as they were out of this restaurant. Now that he thought about it, there hadn’t really been any point in hiding this from his friend. As long as Yoongi didn’t know the real nature of their relationship, everything would be fine. He’d talk to Jimin about it after he got back home. They would just pretend to the wider world that they were actually dating, that way no one would suspect the actual relationship. Then, when they inevitably parted ways they could just say they broke up. He wondered why he hadn’t thought about it before. Probably because Yoongi was right, and he’d been too horny and interested in just getting Jimin in bed to worry about anything else. Jizz might actually be the enemy of Alpha clarity after all.

Yoongi could be strangely wise sometimes.

As they rode in the cab back to their hotel, Jungkook could feel Yoongi looking at him smugly. He refused to give in and acknowledge the look. It took a total of twelve blocks for Yoongi to finally speak, and his voice was entirely too full of laughter for Jungkook’s liking. He’d been trying to keep Jimin as his little secret, but he guessed that there was no real way to keep it from his best friend. They were far too involved in each other’s lives, what with working together and being friends outside of that. This was inevitable.

“So... Jimin, huh? That’s a pretty name.”

“It is.” Jungkook deadpanned.

“Oh, come on. Don’t be a spoiled brat because I found out about your little boyfriend. It was bound to happen eventually. So tell me about him. How did you meet? What’s he like?”

Yoongi prodded him in the side and couldn’t help but smile a little as he looked at his friend and the Alpha was smiling one of his rare gummy smiles. But as he thought of what to tell Yoongi, he didn’t know what say about them meeting. He decided to go with a half truth.

“We met in a coffee shop. We hit it off and I asked him out. He’s got a busy schedule too, so we’re pretty compatible. He’s in culinary school, and he’s very sweet.”

“He’s still in school? How old is he?”

“He’s 21.”

“Wow... You’re dating a little baby Omega. How cute. I bet he’s cute.”

Jungkook’s mind wandered to thoughts of his little vanilla baby. He was very cute, but he was also so sexy. Such a tender, pliant little thing. He wondered how Jimin would look in something baby pink and lacy. He’d be so pretty in pink.

“He is pretty cute.”

“Am I going to get to meet him at any point?” Yoongi asked with a smirk at the dumbstruck look on his friend’s face.

“Maybe, but it’s still pretty new. I’ll talk to him about it after we get back.”

This seemed to be enough to quench Yoongi’s curiosity for now. They finished the ride in silence

and split in the hallway to go into their separate rooms. Jungkook had his phone out of his pocket and was dialing Jimin before he even had his shoes off. He'd been thinking about the Omega all day, and now he was looking forward to hearing his lovely boy touching himself. He just knew that the sounds he'd make while doing it would be enough to get him off. He was half hard already just from the thought.

He turned out to be right, as he talked Jimin through his orgasm he made the softest quiet whimpers that turned to louder, shivering moans. He could tell when Jimin was lost to the pleasure and forgot he was listening, and it was amazingly hot. He'd cum when Jimin did, with his hand wrapped around his cock, Jimin's desperate sounds in his ear. He could almost feel the hot, wetness wrapped around him. The Omega had been so tight when he'd fucked him, he'd never been with anyone that tight. But he'd taken Jungkook's cock like he was made for it, he'd had lovers who couldn't take all of him when he knotted, forcing him to thrust shallowly into them. It was hard to hold back from the instinct to pound in as hard and deep as he could. Jimin had taken him, and he'd cried for more, he let Jungkook use him just as he wanted without complaint, because he liked it too.

He thought that Jimin might actually be the perfect boy toy for him. Their sexual preferences were so in line with each other, and the Omega was okay with his schedule. Sure, he was paying him, but that didn't really change the facts. He'd never had anyone who truly let go of themselves the way Jimin did. It had been a little shocking how easily the Omega had ceded control of his body over to him, like he needed Jungkook to be in charge for a while, and he didn't mind in the slightest. Reigning over the Omega in his pleasure was what had given him pleasure. And when Jimin had told him his fantasy... being held down and fucked, Jungkook had almost cum right on the spot. It was one of his own personal fantasies that he'd never been able to indulge. It appeared that was about to change.

He hated getting off the phone but he really did have an early flight the next day. They were flying to Hong Kong to view another plant that he hoped would be more promising. The facility was supposed to be top of the line, but he'd seen some of the pictures in their brochure, and he was wondering if they weren't already overbooking themselves with their other customers. The warehouse photos he'd seen were all organized and neat, but he had a suspicion that this wouldn't end well either. He'd noticed the logos on the boxes for at least twelve different companies, and though their facilities were vast, he knew how many workers they employed and how many machines they could run at any given time. He decided to give them a chance and let the tour speak for itself.

Waking up at 3:30 AM to get dressed for a long day of work followed by another flight back to Korea already had Jungkook feeling agitated. Talking to Jimin last night and getting off had taken the slightest edge off, but now his body was back in revolt. He knew he would need more than just that to be satisfied. He needed the real thing. His inner Alpha was so riled up at the lack of Jimin in his bed since the first time, he was basically a bundle of raw nerves. Not exactly the best state to be in while making major billion-dollar decisions, but he'd dealt with worse than this. He was a workaholic for many years, and he could work in basically any condition, whether sick, horny or tired he always made it through somehow.

The flight was on time and Jungkook slept the few hours they were in the air, feeling slightly less irritable when he woke. By the time they were out of the airport and through the city to the manufacturing plant, it was nearly noon and he was starving. He just sighed and walked with Yoongi into the facility. His business partner was in about as good a mood as he was, but they both knew this was more important than their personal comfort, so they stayed focused.

Jungkook could see problems almost from the moment he stepped foot inside the facility. There

were stacks of boxes everywhere, manufacturer names mixed between the stacks and the lack of organization was an immediate red flag. He listened to the whole spiel that the manager of the facility gave out, and he had to admit the man was a gifted salesman. If Jungkook didn't know what he was doing, then he would probably have been fooled by him. However, Jungkook was no novice at this and he knew that they were overstating their capabilities. So he decided to do a test. If he got an honest answer, he would consider them.

“Will our business not affect your current client list? I know you have several major companies here, and I don't want to be put on the back burner for someone else whose account is bigger.” Jungkook said, watching the other Alpha for signs of dishonesty. He didn't see any, he was clearly a good liar.

“No sir! We're completely prepared to handle all your orders.”

So, that was a no. Jungkook didn't deal with liars. Not in business and not in his personal life. He had no time for dishonesty, and he was already annoyed by his current physical state. He kept his mouth closed until the end of the tour and as soon as they walked out to get in the cab that had been called, he turned to Yoongi.

“Absolutely not.” Jungkook said flatly.

“Obviously. Even I could tell that the place was a fucking circus. No way in hell are we using them.”

They had just enough time to stop and eat before they had to get back to the airport to fly back to Korea. Unfortunately, they weren't headed to Seoul where Jungkook could have Jimin over at his place. They were going to Busan, his hometown. The flight was turbulent, but Jungkook wouldn't have been able to sleep either way. He hadn't been back home since his falling out with his parents. It felt odd to be going back there. He knew he wasn't going to see his parents, and that there was absolutely no way he'd run into them in the few hours he'd be in town, but his mind still clung to the idea.

By the time they arrived it was evening already, his body exhausted and jet lagged from the multiple flights and odd hours. They went directly to their hotel and into their own rooms to crash, equally exhausted from stress and travel. He kicked off his shoes, dropped his suitcase onto the sofa and went to the bed to collapse. He wanted to just fall asleep at once, but he pulled his phone out and found Jimin's contact, typing a message to him.

Jungkook: Hey pretty boy. How was your day?

He waited a few moments, the quiet of the room making his heavy eyelids droop until he heard the little 'ding' of an arriving message.

Jimin: Good. Tiring. Honestly I fell asleep as soon as I got home just woke up when you texted.

Jungkook smiled at the phone but felt a little bad that he'd woken the Omega up from his probably much-needed sleep.

Jungkook: Sorry I woke you. I'm actually about to crash myself. Just wanted to check in on you.

Jimin: Its okay I need to get up and eat something anyway

Jungkook: Have you eaten at all today?



Jimin: Yeah, all my classes today were cooking so I got to snack a little bit

Jungkook: What are you going to have for dinner?

Jimin: IDK... Ramen probably.

Jungkook scowled at his phone. Jimin needed to eat better. Ramen was not a decent thing to eat as his only meal. Of course, Jungkook had eaten ramen as a meal countless times over the last years, so he was being a hypocrite, but he didn't really care.

Jungkook: What's your address?

Jimin: Its [insert contact]

Jimin: Why?

Jungkook: I'm gonna order you some food, Baby.

Jimin: That's totally not necessary. You really don't have to I'm fine

He smiled at the mental image he had of Jimin reading his texts, lips pouting as he huffed and got shy and a little irritated. Cute. He was so cute.

Jungkook: Do what Daddy says. Or I'm gonna punish you when I get back tomorrow.

The Alpha knew he'd pulled the winning card in the hand when the three little dots appeared and disappeared over and over for about forty-five seconds until his phone dinged with a new message.

Jimin: Ok Daddy

Jungkook: Good boy. I'll call it in now. Any allergies or anything to worry about?

Jimin: No

Jungkook: Okay. I'll order your food, then I've got to sleep. I'll be home tomorrow I'll text you with a time to meet me at my place.

Jimin: Ok Daddy

Jungkook: See you then Baby. I can't wait.

Jungkook closed the text app and made a call to his favorite delivery place. He ordered enough food to feed probably five or six people, but he didn't really care. He wanted Jimin to eat a decent meal and get a good night's sleep. Two things he wasn't going to get himself. He hung up and sent one last text before getting up to go shower before he fell asleep.

Jungkook: Your food should be there in about 20. Goodnight, pretty boy.

He got up and got his toiletries out of his little bag, taking a quick shower and brushing his teeth before pulling on boxers and plugging in his phone. He fell into bed and saw that he had a new text.

Jimin: Thank you. I can't wait to see you tomorrow

Jungkook smiled at the screen and laid back in the uncomfortable hotel bed, wishing he was at home on his pillow soft mattress and Egyptian cotton sheets with Jimin. He told himself that it was just the bed that was making him too uncomfortable to sleep. He wasn't focusing on his parents

and how close they were. He didn't care. Maybe he hadn't reached out to them, but they never reached out to him either. So, they probably had given him up as a lost cause. He took a deep breath and shut his mind off. He thought about his side project, letting the complex coding and math ease his brain away from emotion and into cold, unfeeling numbers. It helped and he managed to fall into a fitful sleep.

When he woke up, to the tinkling song of his alarm coming from his cell phone it felt like he'd just blinked, and the night was gone. His back was hurting, and he was still exhausted. His eyelids felt like sandpaper as he blinked and rubbed at them. God, he just wanted to be home. He allowed himself a few minutes to sulk in bed, but as he thought that he'd be getting to see Jimin that evening, he finally forced his tired body into motion. He dressed and packed up his meager belongings before grabbing his bag and texting Yoongi to meet him downstairs at the hotel café.

He ordered breakfast and drank several cups of complementary coffee to try and invigorate himself. When Yoongi appeared, he looked just as tired, eyes drooping and hair a little out of sorts, which was a big departure from his usual perfect appearance. Yoongi was always completely put together, from his perfectly styled hair to his crisp, fitted suits. He was never seen looking messy or casual, except by those few, like Jungkook that he considered friends. He might give Jungkook a hard time about being a workaholic and perfectionist, but he was just as bad if not worse. He was just better at hiding it.

"You look as bad as I feel." Yoongi growled, plopping into the seat across from him and grabbing the empty coffee cup and filling it from the carafe.

"I'm hoping this one works out... because I don't want to do this again." Jungkook said, pushing his hair back roughly and rubbing his eyes again. "But if past experience is any indicator, we're about to get fucked. Again."

"Ugh... Let's not even get into it. If this guy we're meeting turns out to be a liar like the rest, I'm going to lose it."

"Same."

They eat their mediocre breakfast and drink their cheap coffee that was at the very least, semi-effective in waking them both from their zombie state into something more fit for public consumption. The conversation turned back to work as they went to call a taxi. Jungkook gave Yoongi the rundown on what this new facility was reportedly lacking for their needs. He estimated that they could be brought up to scratch for about ten to fifteen million dollars investment, which for them was at least an acceptable amount if the place turned out to be the right one.

They were greeted by the president of the company Mr. Park Jinhwan. He was older than them, maybe close to their parents age, and he greeted them formally when they arrived. Jungkook immediately took a liking to him and his professionalism. He had to admit that the facility was clean and organized, clearly well managed if somewhat out of date. The equipment could be updated, but the important part was that the management was up to scratch. So, he performed a little test to see how honest the president was.

"So, we produce a lot of very advanced and high-end computer parts. Do you think your facility has the capacity to manufacture the parts our company is needing?"

Jungkook half expected another set of lies. Either they would say yes and try to update the facility with whatever downpayment Cypher Tech paid to them, or they would try and get another manufacturer to make the parts they couldn't secretly. He looked at the president and the Alpha just sighed and ran a hand through his dark hair, setting the other one on his hip.

“I’m gonna shoot straight with you. We don’t have the equipment to produce most of the parts you are going to need. I think that if your company wanted to invest the time and money into our place here, we could get up to snuff, but if we’re going to stay as-is... I know that there is no way. I’d love to have your business, it would be a huge contract for us, but I’m not going to start a negotiation based on a lie.”

Jungkook immediately felt respect for the man. He’d answered honestly even though it could lead to them losing Cypher Tech’s interest in their facilities and services. Finally, he’d found an honest person in charge of one of these places. He felt a tension leave his shoulders and for the first time gave the Alpha a genuine smile.

“That is exactly what I wanted to hear. Honestly, I was thinking we could invest some capital in this place in return for shares in your company. It’s going to be a long, drawn out process, especially if we need to build new parts of the facilities, but I think this could definitely work out. I’d really like to manufacture in Korea, it makes it easier for all parties involved.”

Yoongi took over at that point to talk to him about their finances and investors, going into accounting and tax laws and how they would affect a relationship such as theirs. Jungkook trusted Yoongi to figure out the rest. He’d done his part, he found the right facility, and though it was going to need a ton of work to get ready, it was a start. Compared to the hurdles of getting their company off the ground, updating an existing facility for their needs was a piece of cake. They went into the president’s office and talked to him for a few more hours about the various machinery they would need and supplemental staff. It was going to be a lot of research and getting quotes on various things for their accounting departments, but by the time they left, there was laid a shaky groundwork of a future collaboration.

As soon as he and Yoongi were in their cab on the way to the train station, Jungkook pulled his phone out to text Jimin. He was suddenly in a much better mood as he realized that in only a few hours time, he would be home and Jimin would be at his house, where he could finally get his hands on him again. He’d been dying to touch him for days, and the time was drawing nearer. It would only be about four hours, and he’d be back in Seoul. He was so fucking ready.

Jungkook: Hey, pretty boy. It’s Friday and I’m headed home. I should be back at my place at 7ish. Can you stay the weekend? I want to take you shopping as a reward for being such a good boy for me while I was away.

## Chapter End Notes

Please leave a comment!

# The Project

## Chapter Summary

Jimin gets assigned to work on a school project with his ex.

## Chapter Notes

Please enjoy!

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

Thursday was probably the most exhausting and fulfilling of Jimin's school days because it lasted until 5 o'clock and was all various cooking classes, which had him on his feet most of the day. Even though he went home tired, he was always happy to have spent the day cooking rather than doing math. Cooking was what he loved, it was his dream job. He had Jackson in all his classes on Thursdays and he knew that it was going to be a long day of interrogations. He was probably going to just have to tell Jackson the same lie he'd told Mark. That was, if Mark hadn't already told his boyfriend. Which he probably had. Those two had no secrets. Sometimes it was scary how much they knew about each other.

Jimin had spent the previous evening after getting off the phone with Jungkook trying to practice deepthroating again, and he'd been much more successful. He'd learned a lot from the first night of experimentation and realized that what he was doing wrong was trying to force his throat to open, rather than to relax his throat. Once he realized that, it was much easier. It had taken a little bit of experimenting and adjusting to the sensation, but he'd finally managed it. He could push the toy all the way in to the hilt, though it still gagged him a little. He was sure that was just part of it. He'd even watched a few porn videos to see how other people did it, and it seemed like gagging a little was normal. He wanted to try it on Jungkook now that he'd figured it out. He imagined that it would be better with the real thing, than with the rubber toy. The plastic taste of the toy was half of what made him gag, but he liked the way Jungkook tasted, so it might help to keep him from gagging so much.

He was unbelievably horny. Masturbating last night with Jungkook had been amazing, but he wanted the real thing. He wanted the Alpha to take him apart down to his most exposed and vulnerable state again. He'd been craving it ever since he'd walked away from the Cypher Tech building and gotten into that taxi. There was something about Jungkook that made Jimin needy and desperate. He would do anything the Alpha wanted as long as he praised him and called him a good boy afterward. Even if it was embarrassing or painful, he would do it. Because Jungkook made him feel all the things he'd always secretly wished for. He gave him all the sensations he'd desperately wanted for years. The feeling of vulnerability, to feel small and helpless, but also desirable and safe.

Jimin took his regular bus to school, the snow had still not melted, and his converse still slipped and slid on the icy pavement as he walked onto campus. He kept his balance mostly, only coming close to falling once. By the time he got into the building he felt like his nose and ears were about

to freeze off, his unprotected fingers aching with the cold. Walking inside felt both amazing and also painful as the hot air reached his frozen parts and thawed him out. He made his way to his first class, Traditional Korean Cooking, and took his usual seat. Jackson arrived only a few minutes after him, waving and rushing to their table, calling out to him.

“Jimin! Morning!”

“Morning, Jackson. You’re in a good mood.” Jimin said with a laugh, observing his friend’s wide grin.

“Mark told me about your secret bootycall.” Jackson said, wiggling his eyebrows suggestively.

“Of course he did. He has no loyalty.”

Jackson looked like Jimin had just offended every single part of him, mouth falling open and hand going to his chest.

“How dare you talk about my baby like that? Those are fighting words!”

“Fight me then. I’m not scared of you.” Jimin deadpanned.

“Aish! Minnie... why are you so scary?” Jackson whined. “I feel bad for your boyfriend.”

“He’s not my boyfriend.”

“I know, I know. He’s your... what? Boytoy? Friend with benefits? Sex pal? Fuck buddy? Take your pick.”

Jimin rolled his eyes, but honestly didn’t know what Jackson should refer to Jungkook as, seeing as sugar daddy was out of the question.

“I guess just call him my boyfriend. I don’t want to start a bunch of rumors and I know how damn loud you are.” Jimin sighed.

“I’m not loud!” Jackson screeched, making several people around them laugh and Jimin to give him another deadpan stare.

“You so fucking are. Now, shut up before people start rumors about us dating... again.”

“Ew. No offense Jimin, but I could never. Mark is my true love. He’s my forever hoe.”

Jimin tried not to laugh, but failed as he burst into giggles. Jackson was such an idiot, but that was what Jimin loved about him. He and Mark were really the perfect couple, because Mark was the only one who could keep Jackson under control, but he still shared the Alpha’s ridiculous sense of humor. Jimin buried his face in his hands that were covered by the long sleeves of Jungkook’s sweater to try and muffle his laughter.

“You are the most ridiculous couple in the fucking world.”

Jimin was using the sleeves of his sweater to wipe at the tears gathered in his eyes from his laughter as the teacher entered and called the class to order. They were too busy for the rest of class to talk much more about anything except their dishes and work. Jackson still bombarded him with questions that Jimin mostly ignored as they walked to their next class, finding Mark waiting outside the classroom.

“Mark, if you value your Alpha’s balls at all, I would get him away from me.” Jimin said to the

other Omega as they walked up to him.

“Jackson, stop bothering Jimin. He has plenty of time to figure out his relationship. Stop pestering him.”

“Okay. Fine. I’ll stop asking questions about your boyfriend. But, you know you can talk to us, right?” Jackson asked, sincerely.

Jimin smiled at his friends and nodded. They really were good friends, even if they were incredibly embarrassing idiots most of the time. He honestly thought that they had the kind of relationship that he wanted. They were so honest with each other, and they accepted all the other person’s weird qualities without question. They supported each other no matter what, even when they were mad. Jimin recalled when they’d had a bad fight a few months ago and Mark had ended up staying over at Jimin’s place. Jackson had appeared in the middle of the night banging on the door and when they’d finally opened, the Alpha had pulled Mark into his arms and cried, begging for forgiveness.

It had been a very touching scene to witness, and part of the reason why Jimin really respected Jackson as an Alpha even if he was a moron most of the time. He cared about his Omega so deeply. Mark was just as devoted as Jackson, but just a bit quieter about it. He was the secretly jealous type. Anytime someone seemed to be checking out his Alpha, he always got super touchy. Jimin always laughed when Mark would end up in Jackson’s lap when they were in at a coffee shop or something and other Omegas were getting too interested in Jackson. It was adorable. Jackson was so clueless, he didn’t usually understand the reasoning, but he got excited whenever his Omega wanted to give him attention.

Conversation went back to their usual topics as they waited for their class to start. Jimin was happily sitting with his two friends chatting when the teacher entered and called their attention to the front. When he announced that they’d be working in pairs of two, Jimin groaned. He preferred to work with Mark and Jackson, but as he looked around, someone appeared at his elbow. He turned his face and looked up into the eagerly smiling face of none other than his ex.

“Hey, Daniel.”

“Hey, Jimin. You wanna partner up?”

Jimin couldn’t think of a polite way to say no, so he just gave him a slightly pained smile.

“Sure. That would be great.”

Jimin shared a glance with Mark who looked sympathetic to Jimin’s plight as he gathered up his backpack and left to go sit with Daniel at his table. Advanced Pastries and Cakes class was also about baking. Unlike his baking 101 class it was more specialized and a lot harder because it was judged at a much higher level. They took not only composition and presentation into account, but also nutrition. It made the course much more difficult because the teacher was not the type to forgive those who slacked off in his class. Jimin did at least know that Daniel was a good student, and he would do his part of the work and make sure it was done properly. Jimin felt his stomach sink as the teacher spoke his next words.

“Take a good look at your partner, because you’ll be working with them on a big project that will take up most of this class through the next few weeks as well as some outside research and homework.”

Jimin tried not to show the discomfort on his face as he was included to scowl at this news. He could practically feel Daniel's excitement beside him, like a happy puppy whose tail was wagging. The very last thing he wanted was to spend more time with his ex, especially outside of class, but he didn't have a choice. He cared more about his studies than the Alpha's crush. Nothing was more important to him than school and if Daniel interfered with that, he was going to get a taste of the real Jimin. The one who would kick the Alpha's ass if he was trying to stop Jimin from achieving his dream.

"I am assigning you to create a completely new recipe from scratch. I want you to add some surprise element to it, and write up all nutritional information as well as your reasoning for your ingredient choices. This assignment will be due the first week of December, so you have three weeks to complete it."

Jimin wanted to groan. This assignment was going to suck. Not because he didn't want to do it, but because it was going to require him to spend an extraordinary amount of time with Daniel. Maybe they could just take on separate parts and come together at the end with a final result... probably not. It was going to require a lot of collaboration. Jimin actually thought the assignment itself sounded really fun, and would normally have loved to work on something like this. But working with Daniel... was going to make things weird. At least Daniel thought that Jimin was seeing someone, so if he started to get too flirty, Jimin could always bring up the subject of his "boyfriend" to cool the Alpha down.

"This project seems interesting." Daniel said as the teacher finished up his speech.

"Yeah."

"So... do you have any ideas about what you'd like to do?"

Jimin would 'like' to not do this at all, or to do this alone. He felt irritation build up in him as he thought of having to spend hours cooped up with the Alpha whose heart he had broken, and who still foolishly seemed to be holding out hope for him. But when he looked at the Alpha, he really was like a big puppy with his sandy hair and brown eyes. He reminded Jimin of a golden retriever and he wasn't the kind of person you could stay mad at.

"Um... maybe something with lavender? We'll have to try some things out and see what works, but I did have this one idea for a while. How about an earl-grey, lavender and lemon tart. It's unusual, but those flavor profiles are complementary. We'll have to book one of the campus kitchens to work on it after classes." Jimin gave him a soft smile as the Alpha looked so pleased with the suggestion.

"That sounds great! We'll have to check the schedule and see when there are available timeslots."

Daniel was smiling that very charming smile that made all the other Omegas swoon. Jimin wondered if there was something odd about him that he felt nothing for that look. He much preferred Jungkook's dark, penetrating gaze that made him shiver as it ran up and down his body. He had to shake his head to get his thoughts back on track.

"Sure. We'll have to do some other research to see what the best way to incorporate these ingredients together. But, I think I have the basics of the recipe written up already." Jimin said, pulling one of his notebooks out of his bag.

Jimin flipped quickly through the book where he kept all his original recipe notes for future reference until he found the page with the basics of the pastry he'd talked about. He turned the notebook around and let Daniel look at the page that was written out neatly with a little drawing at

the bottom of how the final product should look. The Alpha's eyebrows shot up as he read over the recipe and realized how much Jimin had already done in figuring out the proper measurements. He reached down and flipped a couple of pages, seeing similar neatly written recipes and tiny illustrations before Jimin reached over and took it back. He didn't usually let people look through his recipes. He liked to keep them private.

"Sorry. I was being nosy, wasn't I?" Daniel asked, rubbing the back of his neck.

"Don't worry about it. I'll copy this recipe down for you to review on your own and we can make our own notes and meet up once we know when we can get in at the campus kitchens."

"You're really talented, Jimin. You know, I always thought you were probably the best chef in our year."

Jimin wasn't really sure what to say to that, so he just tried to keep it generic.

"Thanks, Daniel. That's very kind."

Jimin pulled out a second notebook and copied the entirety of the incomplete recipe page onto another sheet before tearing it out and giving it to Daniel. They spent the rest of the lesson talking about the project. As the class was coming to a close, they made plans to meet at the library the next day at noon, both having only morning classes on Fridays. Jimin had to get the Alpha's number, and he seemed a little upset that Jimin didn't have his contact saved anymore, but Jimin pretended not to notice. The entire situation was so awkward.

Jimin worried over the project as he walked with Mark and Jackson to their next class but knew there was nothing to do about it. He tried to put his worries to the side but wasn't very successful. He made it through his last class and walked to the bus stop, wanting to head home and fall asleep. The stress of the day had given him a headache and he just wanted to lay in his bed until the pain was gone. He really didn't want to work with Daniel on this project, but he had no choice. He knew the professor was not the type to be lenient and so he would have to suffer through for the sake of his grade point average.

As soon as he locked the door to his tiny apartment, Jimin dropped his backpack and stripped down to just the oversized hoodie and boxers before climbing into his bed and huddling up in his blankets in a little ball, massaging his temples as he attempted to stop the headache. The quiet and warmth soothed him and leached some of his stress away and with it his headache. He let the familiarity and comfortable scent inside his nest lull him to sleep.

He woke to the sound and feel of his phone receiving a message. He cracked his lids to see that it was already dark inside his apartment, but his phone was glowing next to him so he reached out and grabbed it, smiling when he saw that it was Jungkook texting him. All the stress and thoughts of Daniel fled straight out of his mind as soon as he saw the contact name on his screen.

Jungkook: Hey pretty boy. How was your day?

Jimin read the message and felt a little thrill of excitement rush up his spine. He could almost hear the way the Alpha's voice would sound saying it. He typed back, an honest answer, too tired to try and be sexy or cool.

Jimin: Good. Tiring. Honestly I fell asleep as soon as I got home just woke up when you texted.

Jungkook: Sorry I woke you. I'm actually about to crash myself. Just wanted to check in on you.

Jimin wondered if Jungkook was okay. He was probably also having a really stressful time with all



the traveling and work that he was having to do. Jimin wished he was there. He wouldn't mind helping the Alpha to relieve some of his stress, but he didn't want to bring that up in case Jungkook didn't want to talk about it, so he went with the honest answer again.

Jimin: Its okay I need to get up and eat something anyway

Jungkook: Have you eaten at all today?

Jimin felt something foreign and warm bloom in his belly at the caring question. Jungkook was such a good Alpha.

Jimin: Yeah, all my classes today were cooking so I got to snack a little bit

Jungkook: What are you going to have for dinner?

He peeked his head up and looked over to his kitchen. He knew he had nothing to cook, and even if he did, his stove always gave off a weird smell that made Jimin afraid it would catch on fire if he used it too much.

Jimin: IDK... Ramen probably.

Jungkook: What's your address?

That seemed like an odd question, but Jimin answered anyway. He trusted Jungkook, the Alpha wouldn't do anything weird with the information. But he was curious.

Jimin: Its [insert contact]

Jimin: Why?

Jungkook: I'm gonna order you some food, Baby.

Jimin felt his stomach dip as he read the word 'Baby' but was still embarrassed by the gesture. Did Jungkook think that he couldn't take care of himself? He typed back quickly, feeling the pout on his face.

Jimin: That's totally not necessary. You really don't have to I'm fine

Jungkook: Do what Daddy says. Or I'm gonna punish you when I get back tomorrow.

His whole body flushed with heat as he read those words. Fuck. Jungkook always knew exactly what to say to get Jimin to be so pliant and give in. He almost wanted to be punished, just out of curiosity of what the Alpha would do, but he also wanted to be good. He typed out several responses, pausing and re-doing it several times before he settled on a simple answer.

Jimin: Ok Daddy

Jungkook: Good boy. I'll call it in now. Any allergies or anything to worry about?

Jimin: No

Jungkook: Okay. I'll order your food, then I've got to sleep. I'll be home tomorrow I'll text you with a time to meet me at my place.

Excitement flooded Jimin's whole body as he read that. Tomorrow. He'd get to see Jungkook again tomorrow and feel the Alpha's hands on him again. He was so excited, he felt himself getting slightly wet at the mere thought of what the Alpha was going to do to him when they were alone

again. He'd had a stressful few days, and Jimin wanted him to release all that tension upon him and let him be his outlet.

Jimin: Ok Daddy

Jungkook: See you then Baby. I can't wait.

Jimin couldn't wait either. He wanted it to be tomorrow night already, he was so ready for this. He'd wanted Jungkook since the first moment he'd seen his picture, and that want had only increased with every encounter. Caught up in his thoughts, he jumped when his phone dinged again, but looked down to see another message from Jungkook.

Jungkook: Your food should be there in about 20. Goodnight, pretty boy.

Jimin: Thank you. I can't wait to see you tomorrow

Jimin giggled and rolled around in his bed for a few minutes before finally getting up and pulling on sweats so he'd be ready when the food arrived. He set up his laptop on his coffee table that was missing a leg and currently had one corner propped up on a stack of books. By the time he was done, he heard a knock on his door and when he answered there was a tall Beta on the other side holding several bags that he held out to Jimin.

"Good evening sir. Here's the food you ordered."

"Oh. Thank you." Jimin said, taking the three bags that were full of more food than he'd be able to eat in the next three days.

"You're welcome. Have a great night."

"You too."

Jimin closed his door and locked it with difficulty, trying not to drop any of the food. He took it all to his coffee table and set out the numerous containers. It was a fucking feast. There was no way he could eat even a quarter of the food in front of him. He didn't want all this food to go to waste, so he pulled out his phone and took a picture of the loaded table that looked like it was about to collapse under the weight of all the food and texted it to Mark and Jackson.

Jimin: Hey... I've got too much food. You guys wanna come over for dinner?

Jimin waited a few seconds and saw the three dots appearing at the bottom of the screen.

Jackson: OFC JIMIN SO MUCH FOODDDDD! WE WILL B THR IN 10.

Jimin laughed and pulled three sets of chopsticks out of the bag, setting them out and waiting for his friends. They lived in the apartment complex down the block, so it was a short walk. He felt a little bad to share Jungkook's gift with others, but at the same time, he'd feel worse for all this food going to waste. It wasn't like Jungkook was courting him. The Alpha was his sugar daddy. This wasn't a romantic gesture. He was just being nice. There was no rule that said they couldn't be friends as well as fuck buddies. Jimin was actually glad they were on friendly terms, because it made the whole situation a lot less awkward.

But... friends didn't really feel like the right word either. He didn't have a name for what they were. Something more than friends but less than boyfriends. Lovers? He guessed that was as close as it was going to get. Jungkook was his lover. The thought made him blush. It sounded so scandalous. Like he was a lonely Omega housewife who was having an affair with the sexy

poolboy. Or a Jane Austen style heroine who was disobeying her controlling Alpha father to be in a secret passionate relationship. Jimin snorted at the thought. It sounded like something from one of Taehyung's stupid romance novels.

He was pulled out of his own silly thoughts as he heard knocking at his door. He answered and invited Jackson and Mark inside. As soon as Jackson saw all the food on the table, the Alpha pulled Jimin into a crushing hug. He knew that though Jackson and Mark weren't destitute, they were still broke college students, and a treat like this wasn't something they got often.

"Oh my god, Jimin. You are an angel! If I'm ever rude to you again..."

"I'll know you're back to normal." Jimin joked, punching Jackson's arm as he pulled back.

"Thanks for inviting us over for dinner, Jimin." Mark added, elbowing his Alpha out of the way to give his friend a hug too.

"No problem! I can't eat all this by myself."

"Where did you get all this?" Jackson asked, sitting on the floor in front of the sagging olive green couch.

"My uh... guy I've been seeing ordered it for me."

"That's kinda... romantic. Do you think he's trying to get you to be his boyfriend?" Mark asked.

"He probably likes big asses and is trying to make you gain weight without saying it. Or he just knows he's gonna be wearing down that ass this weekend and wants you to have plenty of energy." Jackson interjected, as Jimin and Mark took seats around the table on the floor.

Jimin punched Jackson's arm again. The Alpha was such an idiot, but he was still laughing as he put his laptop away and they all broke their wooden chopsticks apart and started to pick at the food. They talked with their mouths full and laughed and joked as they ate as much as their bodies could hold. Even with Jackson's bottomless pit of a stomach, they didn't even eat half of it and were sitting back massaging their bellies and groaning.

"Ugh... I'm actually properly full for the first time since I went home for my birthday." Jackson said as he leaned back against the couch.

"I think my stomach is going to burst." Mark added. "Just leave me here to die happy on your floor."

"I would, but we all have classes in the morning. So, I should clean this up and you guys should get home so you can rest up." Jimin said, standing and stretching his arms over his head with a yawn.

"I don't think I can walk that far." Jackson whined, making Jimin laugh.

"Well, the couch folds out into a very uncomfortable bed if you guys wanna sleep here." Jimin offered as he started closing up the containers of food and stacking them to put in the fridge.

"That is the most tempting offer I've ever heard, but I want to get out of these jeans and into my pajamas." Mark said as he helped Jimin to put all the food away and wipe up the table.

Once everything was cleared up, Jimin forced some of the food off on his friends before he bid them farewell and got ready for bed. Now that he was full and warm he was tired again. He made sure to set his alarm and fell asleep in minutes and slept better than he had in months. He actually

managed to get deep rest, and when his alarm went off in the morning, he woke with a smile. He was going to see Jungkook today.

That thought had him jumping out of bed and rushing to the shower. He took extra care to get ready, scrubbing his skin in the shower to leave it nice and soft, and then putting on lotion just to make sure he was as soft as possible and his skin would be velvety smooth. He even pulled out his makeup and did a little bit, just to make him look pretty. He didn't know when Jungkook would be home, but he wanted to be ready just in case. He felt naughty as he pulled on a pair of teal cotton panties with lace around the top, before pulling on the rest of his clothes. He put on a soft, long sleeve grey shirt and a pair of black skinny jeans that were ripped at the knees like most of his other pants. He still covered everything with the oversized sweater. Before leaving, he slung on his backpack, grabbed his phone, wallet and keys and left in a rush.

Jimin only had two classes on Fridays, first was French Cuisine and second was Wines in Culinary arts. He had both classes with Mark, and the two Omegas sat together still talking about the amazing food last night and Mark dropping hints that Jimin must have really made an impression to receive such attention from someone who was just a friend with benefits. Jimin just laughed his friend off, but near the end of his second lesson, he felt his phone vibrate in his pocket. He pulled out his phone and saw a new text from Jungkook that made his heart hammer in his ribs and made his cheeks flush.

Jungkook: Hey, pretty boy. It's Friday and I'm headed home. I should be back at my place at 7ish. Can you stay the weekend? I want to take you shopping as a reward for being such a good boy for me while I was away.

Stay the weekend? Jimin felt his stomach fill with butterflies as arousal slammed straight into him. An entire weekend of being fucked by Jungkook... holy shit he was getting hard. He tried to curb his body's reaction before he started to leak slick. Jungkook was going to take him shopping. He was excited. He remembered the Alpha telling him that he was going to buy him lingerie and new winter clothes. He hadn't really thought much about it since then, more distracted by Jungkook himself rather than the gifts he'd promised. Jimin was excited. It would be nice to have a few things to wear that were warmer, as he was always cold.

Jimin: Of course! I'm so excited to see you

Jungkook: I'm excited to see you too Baby. I'm gonna fuck you so good pretty boy. Gonna make you cry.

Jimin: Fuck... Daddy I'm in class. I can't do this right now or I'm gonna get wet.

Jimin really wanted nothing more than to sext Jungkook, but the last thing he needed was to smell like arousal when he went to meet Daniel at the library. He wished he could blow it off and tell him they'd meet up next week, but he was too dedicated of a student to slack off on schoolwork.

Jungkook: Okay sweetheart. I'll see you this evening.

Jimin: See you then

Mark was giving him a knowing look as he sent the message and slipped his phone back in his pocket. He tried to ignore the smirk on his friend's face, but it was impossible as it grew wider and wider until it was a full blown smile.

"What?" Jimin asked finally, annoyed.

“I’m guessing that was your mystery Alpha. You’re blushing like crazy and I don’t think I’ve ever seen you look so soft as when you were looking at his messages.”

“So what?”

“So... I think you like him. It’s cute. I didn’t know you could be so cute and sweet. You can say whatever you want about your relationship, but I know that Alphas who don’t care about you, don’t send over enough food to feed an army without having feelings.” Mark teased.

“He was just being nice.”

“Okay. Sure. Whatever you say.” Mark’s tone made it clear he didn’t believe Jimin.

As class was dismissed, Jimin and Mark split ways outside the classroom. Jimin headed to the on campus café and grabbed a sandwich and water, eating quickly as he headed to the library to meet Daniel. The Alpha had beaten him there, and was sitting at a table in the far corner alone. Jimin suppressed a sigh as Daniel waved enthusiastically to get his attention. It wasn’t Daniel’s fault that Jimin was distracted by the prospect of meeting Jungkook again later.

“Hey, Jimin. Are you ready to get started?”

“Hey, Daniel. Yeah, I’m ready.”

“I made some notes on the recipe, and a list of reference books we should consult to see what ingredients will work best.”

Daniel turned his notebook around to show Jimin all his notes and list of books for reference. Jimin felt a little bad that he hadn’t done anything the previous night, but he guessed that he’d already done a lot of the work since they were using his personal recipe. He read the list of notes quickly and was impressed at how insightful and well worded they all were.

“Great! Let’s pull these reference books and then we can get started.”

They each took two books off the list and went to find them in the massive library, meeting back at the table and starting to search through for the information they needed. They worked in relative silence for a little over an hour, making separate notes and reading from the reference books about different processes and ingredient combinations. After making notes for a while, they started to share their ideas and thoughts, winding up with three different variations of the recipe in the end. The next step would be to try them out in a real life kitchen and see what worked the best. Trial and error, the scientific method for cooking.

“So, I looked at the schedule on my way over here. There are several timeslots open at the campus kitchens for this weekend. Do you want to maybe work on the recipe Saturday afternoon, then maybe we can go out to dinner or something?” Daniel asked after a few hours of working.

Jimin felt bad for what he was about to do, but it was all for the best. He had to crush the Alpha’s hopes entirely, and it was going to sting. He tried to keep his face politely smiling.

“Sorry, Daniel. I can’t this weekend. I’m staying over at my boyfriend’s place all weekend. I’m actually going over there after we finish up here. Sorry. I’ll check the schedule after this and see if we can get an afternoon timeslot for one day next week.”

“You’re... staying over for the weekend?” Daniel asked, looking shocked at this news.

There, he’d done it. The implication was there. He was staying at his boyfriend’s place was basic

code for, 'We're gonna fuck'. Hopefully that would sink in and the Alpha would finally let go of his dreams of Jimin and him getting back together. Because it was never going to happen, no matter how sweet and nice he was, he just wasn't the right Alpha for Jimin.

"Yep. He's been out of town for a few days, so we're making up by spending the weekend together. What about you? Any big plans for the weekend?" Jimin asked with a smile that he hoped didn't look as forced as it felt.

"One of the frats is having a party. I might go to that." Daniel shrugged, looking like he was trying hard to be nonchalant.

"Cool. That'll be fun."

Now that they had their rough draft recipes, there wasn't much more for them to do. They packed up all their supplies, returned the books and parted ways outside the library. Jimin went to the campus kitchens and found an availability for Tuesday at 3:30 PM. He confirmed with Daniel that that time was okay and added their names to the list before walking off campus to the nearest bus stop. He had to get home. He'd spent four hours in the library with Daniel, and it was almost five o'clock. Jimin still had to get home, pack a bag and get all the way across Seoul during the busiest time of the day on a Friday.

He took his usual bus route home and sprinted up the stairs to his apartment. He shuffled around in his closet for a little bit, figuring out what clothes to wear, though he only had a few options. He shuffled things around in his backpack and made room to fit the clothes in along with his notebooks and textbooks, he still had homework he had to work on at some point this weekend. He put his extra clothes inside, added panties, socks and toiletries. It took a total of about fifteen minutes to get ready, and just as he was about to leave he had a thought.

He paused with his hand on the door handle and looked back at his nest. He wondered for a few moments if it was a good plan, but now that he'd had it, he couldn't let it go. His mind wandered to the box of toys under his bed, in which was his turquoise glass plug. He really only used it when he was in heat, it made doing things like showering, cooking and eating easier if you felt full. But... if he wore it over to Jungkook's place, then the Alpha wouldn't have to stop to stretch him, they could get started as soon as they were in Jungkook's apartment. Jimin was so desperate, he doubted he would have much patience for it, plus he wouldn't smell like slick on the train. He was already so excited to see Jungkook that he could feel the wetness dewing between his legs, and a plug would keep it from leaking slick into his teal panties. The last thing he needed was another incident of punching an Alpha on the train for being a handsy bastard.

Jimin slipped the backpack off his shoulders and unfastened his pants as he walked over to his bed.

## Chapter End Notes

Please leave a comment!

# The Weekend - Part 1: Reunited

## Chapter Summary

Jimin and Jungkook are reunited.

## Chapter Notes

Please enjoy!

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

Jungkook was late by about thirty minutes. It was all thanks to the godawful fucking traffic. He'd been so busy trying not to get hit on the busy Seoul streets he hadn't been able to text Jimin to let him know, but he was sure the Omega was probably waiting in the lobby. He finally made the final turn onto his street, which was thankfully dead of traffic since there were no clubs or bars down this road, just apartments. However, as he was about to pass in front of his building, he saw a familiar slight figure standing outside. He recognized the large gray sweater that the tiny, huddled boy was wearing and he could see him shaking. He stopped at the curb and pulled his cell out, noticing it was still in airplane mode. Shit.

He turned off airplane mode and all his messages flooded through. He felt like such a jackass.

5 Missed Calls

2 Voice Messages

6 New Text Messages

Fuck.

He immediately dialed Jimin and watched as the boy waiting in front of his building pulled out his cell. He felt a little thrill when he saw the Omega smile and answer.

“Hello?”

“Hey, Baby. Look up.” Jimin's head turned up and Jungkook rolled his window down. “Come get in.”

Jimin immediately started walking forward, ending the call and jogging over to the car. Jungkook unlocked the doors and smiled as Jimin got in. Now that he was close however, he could see how red his ears, nose and cheeks were. Even his tiny hands were red and raw from the cold. Jungkook immediately reached forward and set the heater on full blast, turning on Jimin's seat warmer. He reached up and brushed Jimin's blond hair back from his face. Even his hair was cold.

“Baby... why were you waiting outside? It's freezing.” Jungkook said, using the back of his hand

to try and warm Jimin's cold cheek.

The Omega was shivering and he couldn't help but notice that he still wasn't wearing a proper amount of clothes. His black jeans were ripped at the knees and he was just wearing the sweater Jungkook had given him. He angled all the vents to blow at Jimin, ignoring his own body getting too hot from the constant dry, warm air.

"I w-was but they kicked me out. They said I couldn't wait there."

Oh hell no. Somebody was losing their fucking job. This wasn't gonna fly on his watch. He brushed his hand over Jimin's cheek again. He felt horrible. He should have given him a key after their first meeting, then he could have been waiting up in his apartment, nice and warm.

"Sorry, Baby. Traffic was just really bad."

Jimin just smiled at him and turned his face into the hand on his cheek, closing his eyes and letting out a soft purr.

"It's okay. You're here now. Let's go upstairs, Alpha."

Jungkook still felt angry that Jimin had been made to wait out in the cold, and he would still be speaking with management, but for now he would just focus on Jimin. The Omega wasn't shivering anymore, in fact he seemed to be warming up nicely as his body relaxed into the warm seat. The Alpha pulled away from the curb and drove down into the underground parking garage, finding his spot close to the elevator and parking. He let the car run for a few more minutes to warm Jimin back up.

Jimin looked over at Jungkook, who was staring at him from the driver's seat with mild concern. He was fine. He'd been battling winters without heating for almost two years. He wasn't going to die from standing in the cold for twenty minutes, but the concern was still touching. Jimin couldn't help but feel himself clench around the plug that was still resting inside him as Jungkook's dark scent wrapped around him in the confined space. He knew the Alpha was sweating because of the intense heat, and it only made his scent stronger. He was glad for the plug at the moment because without it, he was sure he'd be leaking slick through his jeans by the violence of his body's response to Jungkook's nearness.

"I'm okay, Jungkook. I walk to school everyday in this weather. I'm fine."

"Somehow, that doesn't make me feel better. Do you know how to drive?" Jungkook asked.

"Yeah, of course. I got my license before I moved to Seoul, but I don't have a car." Jimin answered. "It doesn't matter. I just wanna go upstairs with you... Let's go, Daddy."

Jimin unbuckled his seatbelt and shifted around so he could lean across and press a soft kiss to Jungkook's neck, then nose softly down over his scent gland. The Alpha's scent surged forward as his nose grazed his neck lightly and pressed another kiss there. He felt the Alpha stiffen, like he was trying to hold himself back. Jimin didn't want that. He wanted Jungkook to let go of himself.

"Please... I need you."

Jungkook was confused. Jimin's scent was strong, the sweet vanilla smell that he associated with the Omega filled his nose, mixing with his own but he couldn't smell his slick. He wondered if Jimin was putting it on by acting so aroused. He took in another deep inhale but caught no scent of slick again. He turned his face and caught Jimin's lips with his own, the Omega immediately pushed forward and opened to his tongue. Jimin whined into the kiss and as he wrapped his hand



around the back of his neck, fingers digging softly into the skin there, he felt the Omega shudder under his hand as a little whimper escaped into their joined mouths. His body was telling him different things. Jimin was clearly aroused, but he still couldn't smell his slick. What was wrong?

Jungkook broke the kiss and pulled back, looking down at the Omega whose lips were red and slick with spit, pupils blown wide and chest heaving. He was most definitely turned on. There was no denying the way that the Omega's eyes slid back down to his mouth as he licked over his own plush bottom lip. He reached forward and turned off the car, as the noise of the engine and heater cut off, all that could be heard was their harsh breaths.

"Let's go, Baby."

Jungkook took both his bag and Jimin's in one hand as they walked to the elevator, the other finding Jimin's smaller one to bring him along. Just like the last time, Jungkook set the bags down and pushed his floor number. As soon as the door was closed, he moved. He crowded Jimin up against the wall as his desperation broke through. He'd wanted nothing more than this for the last three days, and now he had the Omega all to himself again. He caught the slender wrists and held them easily over Jimin's head with one hand while the other wrapped around the back of his neck and he slotted one thigh between the Omega's legs.

He could feel Jimin's erection against him as he held the Omega in place, unable to move. Jimin made a sound close to agony but still mixed with pleasure as he held him there and slowly moved his thigh against the underside of Jimin's hard cock. The Omega was shaking and letting out a breathy sound on every exhale. His back arched, trying to bring his body closer to Jungkook. The Alpha leaned down to growl in his ear.

"Been thinking about this for days, pretty boy. Thinking about how I'm gonna wreck you so good. I bet you'll be so pretty when you're all fucked out for me begging me to knot you. Gonna fill you up so good, Baby. Til you can hardly walk."

"Please... Alpha... please."

Jungkook slid the hand around from the back of his neck to his jaw, he let his fingers dig slightly into the tender joints there until Jimin gasped at the small pain.

"It's Daddy for right now, Baby."

"Yes... Daddy."

Jimin's knees felt like water as Jungkook held him against the wall of the elevator, his thigh moving between Jimin's legs. As he squirmed, he felt the plug inside him shift and press right into his prostate and he gasped at the unexpected stimulation. He was already so close to cumming. His whole body was quivering and the tip of his cock was throbbing as if he were about to orgasm. He undulated against the thigh between his legs, mouth falling open and eyes sliding shut as he let sensation wash over him.

When the elevator dinged and Jungkook released him, Jimin almost collapsed onto the floor, his body weak from arousal. He managed to catch himself against Jungkook's chest, the Alpha's arms going around his back to steady him before pulling back and taking his hand, grabbing their bags and pulling him out into the hallway. Jimin allowed himself to be led to Jungkook's apartment door and waited as the Alpha unlocked it. He was pulled inside and he heard Jungkook drop their bags before he was pulled against his chest again and the door slammed shut behind him. Jungkook leaned down and pressed his nose to Jimin's neck, breathing him in and making the Omega shudder as his sensitive scent was brushed.

“Baby... what’s wrong? Why aren’t you wet for me?” Jungkook whispered against his neck, lips brushing over his scent gland.

“I-I am... but I’ve got a plug in.” Jimin stammered, embarrassed to reveal how much he’d wanted this, how desperate he was.

“Oh fuck... Baby. You in such a hurry? You didn’t want to wait for me to stretch you before I fill you up?” Jungkook was speaking against his neck, the vibrations right against Jimin’s scent gland making the Omega clench around the plug inside him again.

“Yes. Fuck yes, Daddy. Please fuck me. I need you to fuck me. I know you’re stressed... use me. Let me take everything away.” Jimin moaned as Jungkook latched his lips over his neck and started to suck softly.

Jungkook felt a hot rush of arousal. Again he thanked whatever gods there were that he’d managed to find the lovely boy in his arms. He was so perfect. The Alpha was thrilled at how attentive and sweet his little vanilla baby was. He was a good boy, asking for Jungkook to relieve his stress upon him. He was still stressed. He could feel it in the knots in his neck and shoulder muscles. Even if they’d found a manufacturer, there was still so much work to do. He knew he should go into the office this weekend, but he wasn’t going to. It could wait until Monday. Just this once, he wanted to be irresponsible and let his dick run the show, just for a little while.

Jungkook dragged his lips up Jimin’s neck to breathe the next words directly into the Omega’s ear, knowing how much Jimin got off on the praise he showered him with.

“You’re such a perfect little baby. So sweet and pretty. So needy for my cock. My good boy.”

The words had the desired effect and Jungkook felt Jimin’s entire body go taut like he was trying to hold back an orgasm. Fuck, that was so sexy. Jungkook reached down and picked Jimin up under the thighs, the lean legs going around him automatically as he carried him off to his bedroom, he let go of one leg long enough to flip on the lights. He let Jimin down to stand in front of him, his body seeming to unconsciously sway toward him.

“Turn around. Bend over the edge of the bed.”

Jimin’s legs were weak as he turned around and took a few steps forward until he could do as he was told, laying his top half against the soft comforter. Jungkook hadn’t told him to take his clothes off, so he was still fully clothed. He waited, listening to the sound of Jungkook’s steps walking up behind him. There was something erotic about not being able to see what the Alpha was doing. He felt hands push his sweater up to his mid-back, before they moved down and gripped his ass, kneading the globes with rough hands. Jimin whined against the bed and pushed back into the hands that were fondling him over his jeans. He was startled by a hard smack against his right asscheek that stung even through the fabric of his jeans, but it only made him burn hotter, hole clenching around the plug inside him.

“Stay still.”

Jimin did his best to remain still as the hands on his ass moved up to his hips and gripped them, then he felt Jungkook push his hips against his ass. He could feel the hard length of the Alpha’s cock rubbing against him. The Alpha spent a few moments grinding his hips against Jimin’s ass, making the Omega shudder and grip the bedspread in an attempt to stay still and not push back against Jungkook. It was almost impossible, but he wanted to be good, so he gritted his teeth and whined into the bed under him.

Jungkook was very much enjoying Jimin's struggle to control his body. It was cute how hard he was trying, and it made Jungkook want to see how far he could push him, how hard he would work to do as he was told. But at the moment, Jungkook himself was struggling with his control. He could feel the ridge of something solid where he was pressed against Jimin's ass and he knew it was the base of the plug the Omega was wearing. The thought had his balls aching as he pictured what must lay under the jeans. He leaned forward and laid some of his weight against Jimin's back, hearing the whoosh of air as his weight forced Jimin's breaths to shallow.

He nipped at the back of Jimin's neck as a show of dominance and he felt the body under him go lax as he let out a deep purr that rumbled against Jimin's back. His words came out a little shaky from the vibration of his purr as he mouthed his words against the hot skin of Jimin's neck.

"Look how good you're being, Baby. You ready for me to fuck you now? You ready to get filled up?"

Jimin was gasping breaths as Jungkook's weight pressed into his back, but he loved it. It was like being trapped under the Alpha, and it made him feel so helpless. It was exactly what he wanted.

"Yes... Daddy please fuck me. Fuck me." Jimin felt tears come to his eyes as he fell into incoherent begging pleas.

Jungkook pushed himself up off of Jimin's back and reached for his hips again, reaching around the front and unbuttoning and unzipping the Omega's jeans before pulling them down to mid-thigh. He took a few moments to admire Jimin's ass encased in soft teal cotton, giving one cheek a playful smack just to watch it jiggle and bounce at the contact. Fuck, Jimin had the best ass he'd ever seen. So round and lush, he could just massage it with his hands for hours like the best stress ball in the world. At the moment though, he was desperate to get inside his pretty boy, so he slid the panties down to join the jeans.

He could see the base of the plug between Jimin's cheeks, it was a light turquoise color and made of a translucent glass or plastic, he couldn't tell. He used one hand to spread Jimin open as the other hand reached for the base, twisting experimentally to see how the Omega would react. Jimin jerked and gripped the blanket in his fists harder as he whimpered and moaned. He gently pulled the plug from the Omega's hole, enjoying watching the way his entrance widened to accommodate the widest part of the plug. Jimin's entrance was so pretty, soft and pink and contrasting perfectly with the pale skin of his ass. Lovely.

As the plug came free, the slick that had been held inside him, rushed out, sliding down his thighs, down into his jeans and underwear. Jungkook was slammed with the scent of Jimin's slick, sweet vanilla bean sugar. He felt a soft growl emanate from his chest as he was hit with the erotic scent and sight. Jimin was gasping and whining at the feeling of hot slick quickly cooling on his skin. Jungkook didn't waste any more time, he unbuttoned his own pants and pushed them down enough to free his cock and lined himself up with Jimin's fluttering hole and pushed inside, groaning as he was welcomed by an overwhelming velvety wet heat. Fuck. He'd forgotten how fucking good the Omega felt around him.

Jimin moaned deep in his throat as Jungkook pushed inside him. He wanted to cry with how perfectly stretched he was. Jungkook's cock was so big, and it hurt a little to take it all, but he was so wet, that the burn was minimal. Jimin bit the comforter as Jungkook pulled out to the tip and slid back inside in a smooth thrust. He ground his teeth into the cotton in his mouth and squeezed his eyes shut as he felt more slick sliding down his thighs as Jungkook moved inside him. He felt a hand slide up his back and grip his hair, tugging his head back hard as Jungkook thrust in with more force.

“Uh-uh, Baby. I wanna hear your sounds. I wanna hear you scream for me.”

Jungkook didn't release the grip on his hair or the position he was holding his head in, bent so that his back arched against the bed. Jimin tried to nod, but his hair was being gripped too tightly.

“Use your words.” Jungkook growled, swiveling his hips as he was at the deepest point and making Jimin gasp.

“Y-yes Daddy.” Jimin stammered through his moans.

“Good boy.”

Jungkook started to move in earnest, pulling out and thrusting back in harder and faster, making Jimin scream as his prostate was abused over and over. He could hear how lewd his moans were, but he couldn't hold them back. He was begging and whining for Jungkook to knot him. Every nerve ending in his body was alight as he was fucked hard and deep. He came without warning, his body just seized up and he felt himself cum between the comforter and his stomach. He heard Jungkook grunt as he clenched up and a shiver wracked his entire body. The Alpha didn't stop moving, he kept thrusting in as Jimin's sensitive entrance throbbed and spasmed around him.

“Fuck, Baby... you're so fucking tight... Ngh... god... You're so wet for me. Such a good boy who loves Daddy's cock.”

“Ah... god... I love it, Daddy...”

Jimin was so sensitive after his first orgasm, but he loved the feeling of Jungkook still moving inside him, even if it hurt a little he didn't want it to stop. The hand in his hair released, and moved down to press down between his shoulder blades with near-bruising force as Jungkook's thrusts got harder and more brutal. Jimin's whole body was shifting forward with the force of the thrusts, and he was completely lost to the pleasure/pain. There was drool leaking from the side of his mouth and he was almost screaming with how amazing it felt. This was exactly his fantasy, and having Jungkook be the one to make it happen was making him hard again.

He was aware that he was still fully dressed because he was sweating, he could feel the beads of sweat gathering on his forehead and making his blond hair stick to his face. The rest of his body was similarly hot, but he didn't want to stop for even a moment to get undressed. Everything felt too good, he was nothing but sensation as the Alpha pounded into him over and over. He could feel his tears running down, joining the beads of sweat that were dripping down his flushed face. He knew his makeup was probably running down his cheeks in tracks and he was probably a total mess. He adored it. He loved that Jungkook could do this to him, and he wanted more.

Jungkook loved the way that Jimin just took him, let him be in control and play rough with him. In the past, he'd been told that he was too much to handle, that his roughness in the bedroom was uncontrollable. One of his exes had said he was like a fire, he burned anything he got too near, which was a dig at him for his history of bad relationships. But if he was a flame, then Jimin was too, because they were burning together without destroying each other. Jimin was the only one who seemed to be able to stand the intensity of him for very long, and he knew that the Omega loved what he was doing. He was crying and whimpering but he was still moaning and begging for more. He loved this just as much as Jungkook.

He could feel that his own orgasm was approaching, and he knew Jimin was getting close to his second by the way his muscles were shaking and his entrance tightening up around him. He removed his hand from Jimin's back and leaned down and put his weight on top of Jimin again, the position pushing him in deeper than he'd been, making Jimin moan and whine in his throat at the

new angle of penetration. Jungkook's thrusts were still hard and fast, but they were shorter, he wanted to buried into Jimin to the hilt as he came, and he could already feel his knot forming. He leaned down to growl to the Omega, so that he would feel the heat of his words against the shell of his ear.

"I'm gonna knot you, Baby... I want you to cum for me. Mmn... Can you do that? Can you be a good boy and cum for Daddy one more time?"

Jungkook spoke the words right against his ear, then bit the lobe and tugged gently, flicking his tongue over the little steel hoop Jimin always wore. His thrusts were getting erratic, but he was staving off his orgasm as long as possible, wanting Jimin to orgasm with him as his knot formed.

"Yes! Oh god... yes... I'm almost there... fuck... agh..."

Jimin's cock was being pressed against the bedspread below him on every thrust, the soft damp cotton feeling almost too rough for his sensitive cock, but he was so close. Jungkook's words, his heat against his back and feel of being completely helpless at his mercy were taking him higher and higher on the crest of his release. Jungkook released his earlobe and attached his lips to Jimin's sweaty neck, giving a hard suck right over his scent gland and Jimin shattered apart. He came again on the bedspread, adding to the wet spot he'd created with his first orgasm and he felt Jungkook thrust twice more and then his knot formed and stretched Jimin open almost painfully with its girth. The Alpha went rigid over him and groaned deep into Jimin's neck. He could feel the jerking, kicking spasms of the cock that was locked inside him, the bursts of searing cum against his insides was so intense that Jimin felt his cock give one last little twitch before he went soft.

He lay still and let Jungkook spend himself into him. It would be nice if he wasn't swelteringly hot and dripping sweat, but he disregarded his discomfort and focused on the feel of Jungkook's heaving chest still pressed into his back, the hot bursts of air against his neck as the Alpha came down from his high. He didn't know how long it was before he felt the knot stretching him open start to decrease in size until Jungkook could pull out. He whined at the feeling of emptiness as Jungkook slid out of him. It was almost shocking how much it made him want to cry. He tried to focus on standing up, and managed to push himself up onto shaking legs.

"You alright, Baby?" Jungkook asked, wrapping an arm around Jimin from behind and pressing a soft kiss to his neck.

"Alright?" Jimin scoffed and Jungkook's stomach sank.

He'd done it again. Scared off another Omega by being too intense and rough. He'd thought that Jimin was liking what he was doing, but maybe he'd misread the situation. He tried to formulate words to apologize, to keep Jimin from leaving. But just as he opened his mouth to say something, Jimin spoke first.

"I've never been better."

That eased the tightness in his chest, and he felt like he could breathe again. He hadn't misread it. Jimin had liked what they had done. He'd liked being with him. He pressed another kiss over his neck.

"Let's get you out of these clothes, sweetheart." Jungkook said.

Jimin raised his arms up and Jungkook reached down to grab the hem of the oversized sweater and the shirt underneath, pulling them up and off, tossing them aside. He knelt down and helped Jimin out of the tangle of his pants and shoes, leaving him bare. Jimin was so pretty. He could already

feel himself getting hard again at the sight of all that pale flesh revealed. The shine of slick and cum on his thighs was obscene in comparison to how sweet and innocent he looked. But Jungkook could see all the signs of him being wrecked just starting to take shape. The tear tracks down his cheeks, the hair matted to his sweaty forehead. He was quite the sight as he looked up at him, his lips were puffy and red and eyes still slightly glassy.

“Thank you.” Jimin said with a little smile.

“For what, sweetheart?”

“You kept your word. Thank you for letting me live out my fantasy.”

“It was my pleasure, Baby. You don’t need to thank me.”

“Do you want to go again?” Jimin asked, tilting his head and looking at him curiously.

What a perfect question. It was clear that his pretty little baby was ready for him. Jimin wanted more and he was more than happy to provide it. He reached up and brushed the sweaty blond hair out of Jimin’s face, looking down at him with a smirk.

“Oh, Baby. We’re nowhere close to done.”

Jimin’s face broke into a smile and he looked up at him with such a genuine happiness that he felt his heart thump in his chest. Wow. Sometimes he forgot just how beautiful his little vanilla boy was, and he got a shock of it when he smiled or looked at him just right. He was so sweetly lovely that Jungkook knew he’d never get tired of him. He felt the small hands come up and start unbuttoning his shirt. He looked down to see Jimin’s hands making quick work of it and pushing it off his shoulders. The Alpha stepped out of his pants and shoes so that they were both bare. Jimin turned and climbed up onto the bed and Jungkook watched.

Jimin sat himself in the middle of the huge bed and looked at him expectantly, hand smoothing over the bed next to him in invitation. The sight of the small, pale Omega in his bed had Jungkook’s cock stirring again, lengthening and hardening as it curved up against his belly. He could see that Jimin was watching the progress of his erection. The gray eyes were locked on him, his lips slightly parted, tongue darting out to lick over his bottom lip.

“You like my cock that much, pretty boy?” Jungkook asked with a smirk in his voice.

“Yes... I love it.”

Jungkook was surprised by the lack of embarrassment or hesitation. There was no coy denial, no blushing, giggling evasions. Just an honest answer. How very... refreshing.

“You’re such a good boy for me. So honest and needy. Wait right there. I have an idea.”

“Okay, Daddy.”

Jungkook turned and walked into his closet, leaving Jimin alone in his bedroom. He looked over his selection of ties. He didn’t have any proper restraints, something he’d have to fix very soon, but for now this would work. He took his time selecting one, making Jimin wait in anticipation. He finally pulled one out of the back, a soft pink tie that he’d worn exactly once for one of those stupid parties that rich people liked to have a few times a year where they patted themselves on the back for being so important. The event had been pink and black theme and he’d been forced to wear the stupid tie. At the moment however, he was happy that he had it. It was close to the same color as Jimin’s soft pink nipples, and would look exquisite against his pale skin.

He walked out with the pink silk tie in his hand, and he saw that Jimin hadn't moved an inch. He was still sitting in his same spot, looking as pretty as ever. When the Omega's eyes went to the strip of fabric in his hand he saw his gray eyes widen slightly and a hot flush rise in his cheeks. His plush bottom lip was pulled between his teeth as he looked at the pink tie.

"Hold out your hands, wrists together."

Jimin complied at once and Jungkook climbed up on the bed, kneeling in front of Jimin and carefully wrapping the pink silk around his wrists and tying it, not tight enough to cut off circulation, but enough to restrict his movements and bind his hands together. When he was finished, he gave the tie a few experimental tugs to make sure it was secure, then sat back. The Omega was looking down at his bound hands, mouth slightly parted and breaths coming fast.

"Do you like it, Baby?"

Jimin started at the sound of Jungkook's voice and looked up at him, mouth still a little slack and he could feel his cheeks warm with a deep blush. He didn't know what to say, so he just nodded slowly before looking back down at the pink silk around his wrists. He'd never been tied up before and he hadn't expected it to feel so... intense. He was completely helpless right now, and that thought made his stomach clench in anticipation. He wriggled his wrists, trying to pull free of the tie, but found he couldn't. A little noise escaped his mouth as a hot rush of arousal shot through his body, making his heart race like a bird's.

"J-Jungkook..." Jimin whispered, looking up at the Alpha with wide eyes.

As soon as the word left his lips he knew he'd messed up. He watched as Jungkook's expression darkened slightly, and one of the Alpha's hands came up to his jaw, gripping it again, fingertips digging into the joints again. Jimin let out a little whimper of pain as he felt the places where Jungkook gripped him begin to throb dully. He felt tears gather in his eyes as he looked up at the face of the Alpha whose approval he wanted more than anything he'd ever wanted before, but he knew he'd made a mistake.

"What did I tell you to call me?" Jungkook asked, leaning forward so their faces were close together.

"D-Daddy... I'm sorry."

"Are you sorry, Baby? Are you gonna prove it to me?"

Jungkook leaned forward and nipped at Jimin's lips, causing a slight sting of pain as one tear fell and rolled down his cheek. Jimin nodded vehemently, but whined as the grip on his jaw only tightened further.

"Use your words, sweetheart. Tell me how sorry you are. Tell me you'll be a good boy." Jungkook growled, leaning forward and licking the tear off Jimin's cheek with the tip of his tongue.

"I'm so sorry, Daddy. I didn't mean to. I'll be good... I promise. I'll be good for you."

Jimin felt more tears escape as his body swayed forward, but that only made the ache in his jaw hurt more. He wanted Jungkook to touch him again, and tell him he was a good boy and praise him. He almost sobbed when he felt the grip on his jaw release and a gentle hand card through his sweaty blond hair.

"Okay, pretty boy. I believe you. I know you didn't mean to mess up. But you're still my good boy, right?"

“Yes Daddy... all yours.”

“Hmm... good.”

Jungkook was so fascinated by the Omega when he was like this. He'd never been with anyone so submissive, so desperate for his praise and touch or who reacted so intensely at his every word. Jimin was truly better than he could ever have hoped. He'd felt attraction to him at the coffee shop, and he'd thought he was beautiful when he'd seen him in his profile pictures. But that was nothing to how he looked down, face wet with tears, cheeks red and eyes full of a desperation that had Jungkook aching to wreck him more, make him beg to be allowed to cum.

“Lay back, Baby. Hands over your head.”

Jimin complied at once, laying back and stretching his arms up over his head, bound wrists resting on the pillows. Jungkook reached down and positioned Jimin's legs open, bent at the knee so he was completely exposed. The Alpha sat between his open legs and looked down at him, slowly moving his gaze over every inch of Jimin's body, enjoying the pink flush that spread over the pale skin his soft nipples going taut as goosebumps erupted over the soft skin. Beautiful.

Jungkook started slowly, running his fingertips over Jimin's inner thighs, almost light enough to tickle, but just enough pressure to tease. He watched as Jimin's muscles spasmed in reaction to his touch. The skin under his hands was wet and slightly cold as the slick that had run down was cooling in the exposed air. He ran his hands over the skin gently, taking his time, and watching Jimin's reaction to him. The Omega's eyes were half-lidded and focused on him where he sat between his legs. He moved his hands upward, purposefully ignoring Jimin's hard cock and tracing wet fingertips up over the hips and abdomen. He let out a little 'tsk-ing' noise when Jimin canted his hips up, looking for contact.

“Don't move, sweetheart. Stay still and let Daddy play with you.”

“Yes Daddy.”

Jungkook gave Jimin a soft smile and saw the cock resting against Jimin's belly give a little twitch. Adorable. He ran his hand through the copious slick on Jimin's thighs, then wrapped it around the Omega's erection loosely. Jimin immediately moaned at the contact, but as the Alpha started to slowly move his hand, he kept his grip slack, not giving enough pressure to bring him to orgasm, just enough to keep him hard and needy as the pleasure built up slowly.

He could see that Jimin wanted so badly to thrust up into his hand, he watched as his muscles twitched and he fought his natural instinct to seek more friction. His eyes had fallen closed and his mouth open, little sounds of pleased frustration falling from him as Jungkook continued his slow, easy touch. He kept going until the Omega seemed to get used to the pressure, and then without warning, tightened his grip and moved his hand in hard, fast strokes that had Jimin's eyes shooting open and a cry breaking from his mouth. Jungkook could tell the moment he was close to orgasm, but as quickly as he'd started, he stopped, loosening his grip and returning to his slow, gentle barely-there handjob. Jungkook smirked as Jimin's entire body seemed to be revolting against the denied orgasm, muscles fluttering and spasming, his legs jerking weakly where they were bent up and open.

“Daddy... uhn... please... please... ah... fuck...”

“Please, what? Tell me what you want.”

He could see that Jimin's bound hands were gripped tightly onto a pillow in an attempt to keep



them above his head as instructed. It was clear that the Omega was struggling for coherent thought as Jungkook's hand continued to work him slowly.

"I want... I want..."

"Yes?"

"I-I don't know! I just need... more... please Daddy..."

Jimin felt like his entire body was throbbing, the only sensation that he could focus on was the too soft hand on his cock. He needed Jungkook to make him cum. He couldn't think as his entire focus was dominated by only his need for the Alpha, and his need to cum. He felt the shudders wrack his body as he was edged, denied his orgasm and edged farther. Jimin had almost no control over what his body was doing. He was too sensitive, too keyed up. All he knew was to keep his hands clenched on the pillow and try to be still. It was so hard, when all he wanted was to reach for Jungkook, but he also wanted to be a good boy, so he fought every instinct that told him to move and tried to keep still.

"I need you to tell me, pretty boy. You want me to make you cum with my hand? My mouth? Maybe you want me to fuck you again? You want my cock back in this needy little hole?"

Jungkook used the hand that wasn't jerking him off to slide a fingertip into Jimin's clenching entrance. Jimin's reaction was almost violent as his entire body surged at once, but his muscles were weak, so it came out as more of a loose flopping of limbs. Jungkook watched as his cum from earlier leaked out as Jimin clenched again at the feeling of the finger inside him.

"Look how needy you are. Your little hole is clenching up, letting all my cum out. Do you need something in here? Are you feeling empty, Baby?"

Jungkook slid two fingers inside Jimin's fluttering entrance. He felt as Jimin immediately tightened around the invading digits, a low sob escaping his mouth. But after Jungkook slid the fingers inside, he didn't move them, he just let the feeling of fullness remain as he continued to slowly move his loose fist over the Omega's cock. He slowed his hand and stopped, feeling Jimin twitch in his hand as he whined lowly in his throat. Jungkook was giving him a chance to catch his breath and clear his head a little. This was after all, the first time he was doing this, and Jimin wasn't very experienced. He must be overwhelmed.

"Just tell me what you want, Baby. I'll give it to you. Tell Daddy what you need, pretty boy."

Jimin was breathing hard, he could still feel Jungkook's hand wrapped around his erection and the two fingers inside him, but now that he wasn't moving his hand, he was able to form a coherent thought. He opened his eyes and looked down his body to see the Alpha there, looking at him with that dark, intense gaze that seemed to go right through him. His mind was still whirling, but he was able to finally voice what he wanted.

"F-fuck me, Daddy. Please... I want you inside me. Fill me up..."

"All you had to do was ask." Jungkook said with a smile that made Jimin's insides feel warm.

The Omega couldn't suppress the whine that escaped him when Jungkook's fingers were withdrawn and the hand on his cock let go. He knew that something better was coming, but he was so sensitive that he felt empty and cold, body shivering at the lack of Jungkook's heat against him. His already streaming eyes filled with more hot tears that leaked from the sides of his eyes as he looked up at Jungkook pleadingly, wanting his warmth back, wanting him to say kind, soft things

to him until he felt better.

Jimin moaned as he felt Jungkook's hard cock push back inside him, and the big warm body settle over him, radiating his heat down onto Jimin. It was exactly what he wanted. He felt instantly better as he was filled again by Jungkook's cock, he was perfectly stretched, exquisitely full again. He let out a soft noise of approval at the feeling, and when the Alpha leaned down and kissed him, his whole body lit up like a firework. Jimin moaned deep in his throat as Jungkook slid his tongue inside his mouth as he started to move, fucking into Jimin with hard, deep strokes that matched the pace of the frantic kiss.

Jungkook broke the kiss as his thrusts got faster and pushed in deeper. They were gasping against each other's lips as they both rode the wave of their pleasure higher and higher. Jungkook nipped at Jimin's lips again, growling softly at the high pitched keening noises that were breaking from the Omega's throat as Jungkook pounded into him with increasing force.

"Fuck... Baby you feel good... ahn... you're so pretty for me. Such a good boy." Jungkook rasped against Jimin's lips, tongue slipping between Jimin's lips in a filthy slide, he ran his tongue against the roof of the Omega's mouth before retreating again.

"D-Daddy! I'm gonna cum... I'm so close... please... don't stop. Please..."

Jimin had to brace his hands against the wall to keep from sliding up the bed as Jungkook slammed into him over and over, their skin slapping and moans all that could be heard. Jimin could feel Jungkook's knot catching on his rim as it started to swell, stretching him open near painfully again and it's exactly what he needs to take him over the edge again. When he cums it's almost painful from the buildup and eroticism of the moment, he went completely rigid, muscles tensed to the point of quivering as the first wave hit him, then he spasmed and jerked as the release overtook him.

Jimin clenching up was exactly what Jungkook needed to take him over the edge as well, and his knot formed as Jimin was still pulsing around him. The feeling was so intense, the hot, velvety channel of Jimin's entrance seizing and releasing as Jungkook's orgasm rocked through him and he spilled himself deep inside the Omega once again. He was certain he'd never get tired of the feeling of losing himself in the tight warmth of Jimin's body. He'd only been with him twice, and he was already addicted. He knew that as soon as he pulled out, he'd be jonesing for another fix.

Jimin's breaths were harsh as he tried to catch his breath from getting fucked into the mattress. His whole body was sensitive, and every tiny movement of Jungkook above him made him whimper. Jungkook seemed to be able to sense his state. He was completely overwhelmed, but as the Alpha leaned down and kissed him softly, nosing over his cheeks and neck to scent him, it made Jimin calm somewhat even if he was still hypersensitive.

"That's it, Baby. Just relax. Everything's okay. You did so well. You were such a good boy for me, sweetheart. Daddy is proud of you for taking his knot. Minnie... my pretty little Minnie. So sweet and beautiful." Jungkook mouthed praises over Jimin's neck and shoulder as he waited for his knot to relax.

Jimin wanted to cry from the praise. It was so perfect. Exactly what he wanted to hear. He'd been craving this after he and Jungkook had had phone sex. He'd wanted the Alpha to comfort him and tell him he was good. It was more fulfilling than the act itself, this small private moment of sweet words and gentle reassurances. Jimin started to purr softly as contentment rose in him. He'd done well. His Daddy was proud of him. That made him unbelievably happy.

The Omega was so cute, purring at the easy praise. Jimin was a sight under him, slightly

shimmering with sweat, blond hair a mess and face streaked with tear tracks. He was still lightly flushed, but his face was content, eyes closed and mouth curved in a tiny smile. Jungkook's knot took a long time to relax, and he just scented Jimin and looked at him, mumbled quiet praises to him. He could feel the happiness radiating off of him as he continued to purr.

Once Jungkook was able to pull out, he did so tenderly, trying not to hurt Jimin, who he knew was likely tender from his roughness. He hadn't been able to go easy on him, not that he thought Jimin wanted that anyway. The Omega liked this. Jungkook knew that Jimin loved the hard, rough sex just as much as he did. They really had the perfect sexual chemistry. Now Jungkook was getting the opportunity to do something else he'd always wanted to. Aftercare. He'd never been able to get any of his other lovers to go as hard as he wanted or as many times as he wanted, and so aftercare had not been a necessary part of sex. But with Jimin... it was clear that he probably couldn't even stand, as his legs fell open, his whole body loose and weak.

Jungkook sat back and ran a gentle hand up Jimin's side, watching as his gray eyes peeked open and turned to look at him, unfocused and bleary. He felt a little pride swell his chest as a slow smile spread across the Omega's face. Jimin looked at him with complete trust and happiness, even though Jungkook knew he was probably aching in quite a few places by now. He continued to pet over his soft skin as he spoke.

"Hey, pretty boy. I need to get you cleaned up. You wanna take a shower? Or I can run you a bath if you want?"

Jimin smiled more at the mention of the bath, and Jungkook wanted to coo at him. He was so cute when he was all sleepy and fucked out. It made him want to keep him in this state as much as humanly possible.

"A bath?" Jungkook asked with a soft smile.

"Yes... if that's okay."

"Of course it is, Baby. Let me go run it for you and I'll come back, okay?"

"Okay."

Jungkook stood and went into the bathroom, immediately going to the tub that he'd never used and turning the tap, starting to warm the water up, then putting the stopper in. He tested the temperature with his hand to make sure it didn't get too hot, then went to fetch towels, washcloths and soap. By the time he returned the bath was full enough and he turned off the water. He tested it one more time to make sure it was the right temperature. He thought maybe it was a little too warm, but he remembered how cold Jimin always was and decided that was probably a good thing.

When he walked back to the bed, Jimin was dozing lightly, but he roused easily at the gentle call of his name, turning his face to Jungkook and smiling that sleepy, sex-drunk smile again that made his stomach flip. He reached forward and pushed his blond hair back from his face, feeling so tender toward the smaller male as he turned his face into his hand and nuzzled at it. He was so pretty and soft, such a little treasure.

"You ready for a bath, Baby?" Jungkook asked softly, caressing his cheek with his thumb.

"Mm-hm." Jimin nodded and tried to sit up, but Jungkook stopped him with a hand on his chest.

"Let me, sweetheart. You're tired, so let Daddy spoil you a little, okay?"

"Okay."

Jungkook slid an arm under Jimin's shoulders and one under his knees, lifting his slight weight up into his arms easily and carrying him into the bathroom. Jimin giggled as Jungkook leaned down and let him dip a foot into the water to test the temperature, and lowering him into the water when Jimin nodded. Jungkook helped Jimin settle into place, soaking in the hot water before leaning down to press a soft kiss to his forehead.

"You need anything?" Jungkook asked, looking down at the Omega who was already dozing in the hot water, arms over the sides keeping him held up.

"No... I'm perfect."

Jimin was perfect at the moment. The water was warm, hot even and it warmed him all the way down to his bones. He loved it. It was like napping in the summer sun, warm and pleasant and it made him so sleepy and comfortable as he settled down into the warm water. He had never felt so fulfilled as he did just then. He was warm, sleepy and he'd just had the best sex of his life. He was a very complacent Omega.

"That's good, Baby. I'm gonna take a quick shower, then remake the bed. Will you be okay here by yourself?"

"Mm-hm." Jimin nodded and rested his head back against the edge of the tub.

"Good boy." Jungkook ran the back of his hands down the side of Jimin's face as he said it, and he smiled as the Omega nuzzled his fingers.

Jungkook stood and turned to the shower, turning the water on and letting it warm up for a moment before stepping inside. He quickly washed his hair and body, constantly glancing over to make sure Jimin was okay. The Omega didn't move from his place at all, other than to occasionally dip his arms down into the warm water when they got cold. Jungkook stepped out of the shower and dried himself quickly, wrapping a towel around his waist before going into his room and pulling on a pair of boxers. He stripped the bedding and re-made it with clean blankets and sheets, then fetched Jimin's backpack from the foyer.

He opened the backpack and looked through the jumble of books, notebooks and clothes to find his pajamas. He didn't see anything that looked like pajamas, so he just pulled out a pair of soft, pink cotton panties and fetched one of his own shirts from his closet, setting the items out on the bed before going back into the bathroom to find Jimin still resting in the tub peacefully. It gave him huge satisfaction to see him looking so tranquil.

Jimin stirred as Jungkook knelt down next to him. He looked over at the Alpha and felt joy at his nearness. He was handsome with wet hair and no shirt. It made Jimin proud that this hot Alpha wanted him, thought he was pretty and liked his body. Jungkook made him feel so desirable in a way that no one else ever had. Even Daniel, who had wanted to court Jimin and spend sweet, tender hours together hadn't made Jimin feel like this. He didn't feel any hesitation to let Jungkook see him naked, there was no shame with him. How could there be when he looked at him like that?

"Let's get you cleaned up and we'll go to bed, okay? We've got a long day tomorrow."

"Okay, Daddy." Jimin mumbled sleepily.

Jungkook washed and conditioned Jimin's blond hair, holding his nose as he dipped down under the water to rinse his hair, then Jungkook washed his body with a soft washcloth. He was happy that none of the soaps had a scent, he didn't like to smell like perfume, it made his head hurt. Jimin whined as the Alpha slid a hand between his legs and used his long fingers to coax his cum out of

his puffy, tender hole. Jungkook helped him up and out of the bath, letting Jimin stand as he toweled him off, drying his hair and body before the air could make him too cold. Jungkook wrapped him in the towel and they brushed their teeth side by side in the mirror, Jimin moving sluggishly.

The Alpha picked him up and carried him out to the bedroom, sitting him on the edge of the bed and kneeling down to help him put on his pink panties. He slid them up his legs and helped him stand to pull them up the last bit. Gods... he was so pretty and soft. Jungkook felt his cock stirring in interest, but he turned his mind away from that avenue. Jimin was already worn out, and honestly so was he. He was seriously jetlagged and exhausted from all the travel, he needed sleep. He had two full days ahead of him to get back inside his pretty boy. Jungkook helped him into the oversized white t-shirt, that hung adorably to his mid-thigh.

He folded down the covers and helped Jimin climb up and into the sheets, covering him up before turning off the lights and slipping into the other side of the bed. As soon as he was in the bed, he reached over and pulled Jimin against him so he could spoon the Omega. Jimin seemed to like it, and Jungkook wrapped an arm around his waist, nuzzling into the back of his neck and placing a soft kiss there. It was nice to hold someone while falling asleep. Jimin was small and slight, and he fit so perfectly against Jungkook's taller frame. It was very relaxing, and they both fell asleep within minutes.

## Chapter End Notes

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# The Weekend- Part 2: Shopping Spree

## Chapter Summary

Jimin wakes Jungkook up with a surprise. Jungkook takes Jimin shopping

## Chapter Notes

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

Jimin woke up with something hard pressing into his hip, and as he blinked his eyes open, he realized that it was morning. The sky outside the floor to ceiling windows was a dusky orange as the sun was rising. He looked at the view for a moment uncomprehending, then remembered that he wasn't at home. He was at Jungkook's apartment, and the hard thing pressing into his hip was the Alpha's erection. The Alpha was obviously still asleep, breath even and slow even though he was sporting a case of morning wood. Jimin shifted slightly and realized that he was actually in the same boat, his cock hard in his pink panties.

He lay there for a while, letting himself wake up, and appreciating being surrounded by Jungkook's scent. He watched as the orange sky turned to pink, then a light purpley-blue. The Alpha spooned up behind him was still sleeping peacefully though his cock was still hard and pushing against the swell of his hip. Jimin wondered what to do for a few minutes, then remembered his practice with the toy, his attempts to learn to deepthroat and he smiled a mischievous little grin to himself. It would be a nice way to wake his Daddy up, with a nice blowjob, showing off his recently acquired skills.

Jimin shifted around slowly, trying not to wake Jungkook, but the Alpha seemed to be a heavy sleeper and didn't rouse even as Jimin wiggled out from under his arm and gently pushed him onto his back, pulling the covers down to expose the Alpha's half-naked body. The bulge in the front of his boxers was impressive, tenting the navy fabric. Jimin hooked his fingers in the waistband of the underwear and slowly eased the front of them down, just far enough to expose the Alpha's hard length.

Jimin glanced up at Jungkook to see that he was still sleeping. He leaned down and used one hand to wrap around the base and tilt the cock up into position. Jimin started slow, just licking kittenishly at the head, enjoying the sigh of pleasure he received in response to this as Jungkook shifted in his sleep. He placed open mouthed kisses over the head and down the side of the shaft, just experimenting, playing. He finally parted his lips over the tip and slid down, taking him into his mouth. Jimin enjoyed doing this so much. He'd never given a lot of thought to giving head before, but he loved doing it to Jungkook. The Alpha's scent was so strong at that juncture of his hips, a musk that you could almost taste in the salty tang of his pre-cum.

Jimin slowly bobbed his head a few times, wetting him with his saliva to make things easier. Once he felt confident that he was slicked up enough with spit, he took a deep breath through his nose and relaxed his throat, sliding down and letting the tip of Jungkook's cock breach past his tonsils and down into his throat. He gagged a little bit as the cock wasn't quite slick enough, but his gagging produced a thicker, slicker spit that made it easier to slide back off, then push forward again. He knew the moment that Jungkook woke, because he let out a soft gasp. Jimin turned his eyes up to meet the Alpha's dark ones that were blinking open sleepily and looking down at him with a mix of pleasure and surprise. Jimin maintained the eye contact as he took another deep breath through his nose and relaxed his throat, sliding down and going as far as he could before he gagged again.

Jungkook woke to the most delicious feeling of hot, tight, wetness around his cock and for a moment thought he was just having an amazing dream until he blinked his eyes open and looked down to see Jimin's gray eyes looking up at him through his lashes seductively. He watched in fascination as he took a deep breath and slid down and down until Jungkook's cock breached the tight vise of his throat. He almost came on the spot as Jimin gagged slightly and his eyes slid closed as he pulled back and took a deep, shuddering breath. Strings of thick saliva and pre-cum connected his cock with Jimin's perfect, full lips. It was beautiful and obscene, and he couldn't think of a better way to wake up in the morning.

"Good morning, Daddy." Jimin said, voice raspy and thick.

"Morning, Baby.... Where did you learn this? I thought you couldn't deepthroat." Jungkook panted, looking down at Jimin who was still lovely and filthy as he leaned back down to gently suckle on the head of his cock before pulling back to answer.

"I've been practicing Daddy. I wanted to make you feel good."

Jungkook felt a shot of possessiveness slam into his gut, and though he wanted to deny it, he couldn't. He was jealous. He hated the idea of Jimin doing this to someone else. His voice sounded colder than he meant, and he could see that it affected Jimin because the Omega frowned and pulled back farther to look up at him.

"Who were you practicing with?"

"No one, Daddy. I was practicing with a toy. I looked up online how to... do it. I was practicing alone. Not with anyone else."

That eased Jungkook more than it probably should have, but he just told himself that he and Jimin might not be "together" or "dating" but they were still exclusive. It was normal to be bothered by the idea of the person you were sleeping with having sex with others, right? But the idea of Jimin alone, practicing this on a toy just to please him made Jungkook feel a softness for the boy. He reached down and tucked the blond hair behind his ear.

"That's good, sweetheart. You're such a good boy. I don't want you to do this with anyone else, okay? It's just for us, Baby."

"Of course, Daddy. I wouldn't... I don't want to do this with anyone but you. I just want to make you feel good." Jimin said, leaning back down to mouth over him wetly.

"Good boy... Keep going, pretty baby. I want to see what you learned." Jungkook said, looking down and meeting Jimin's eyes again.

Jimin nodded and moved up to take him back inside his mouth. He focused on relaxing and not

tensing his throat as he slid back down. There was something so erotic about this, using his mouth and throat to get Jungkook off. He felt powerful as he heard Jungkook moan and he felt his hand card through his hair. He wanted Jungkook to grip his hair and fuck hard and deep into his mouth, but he didn't think his skills were quite on that level yet. The Alpha seemed to think the same, because Jimin could tell that he wanted to do it, but was trying hard to refrain. To make up for it, the Omega did his best to deepthroat as much as possible, but after a little while it started to hurt, so he slid back and used his hands on the part of the shaft that wouldn't fit into his mouth.

He moved faster now, squeezing gently with his hands. Jungkook was letting out low, pleased sounds from deep in his chest, and Jimin could tell that he was close. He felt his hands moving over the rapidly forming knot at the base of the Alpha's cock. He didn't relent, and as he got closer, Jimin relaxed his throat again and slid down almost all the way, as far as he could without trying to stretch his mouth over the knot, one last time before Jungkook arched and Jimin retreated enough that the cum shot into his mouth, instead of his throat. He knew he'd choke if Jungkook released into his throat. Jimin continued to move, working Jungkook until his orgasm was completely finished and he wilted back into the mattress.

Jimin held Jungkook's cum in his mouth, looking up the Alpha's body as he sat back and met his dark eyes questioningly. Jungkook gave a nod and Jimin swallowed, the sound loud in the quiet room. Jimin gagged a little as he swallowed, his throat still a little raw but he managed to do it after a moment. He opened his eyes and looked at Jungkook who was giving him a pleased smile. The Omega felt his face go hot at the look, suddenly feeling shy as he wondered what Jungkook thought of his surprise.

"Was it good, Daddy?" Jimin asked, looking at him expectantly.

"That was amazing, Baby. But I can see that you're all wet and messy for me now... you want Daddy to help you too?" Jungkook asked, indicating the dark, wetness of Jimin's panties and the rivulets of slick sliding down his thighs.

"Please..." Jimin begged, his cock was aching and throbbing, his hole leaking slick steadily and clenching around nothing it was going to take shamefully little to make him cum, he was so aroused.

"What do you want me to do, Baby?" Jungkook asked, propping himself up on his elbows.

"I'm so close already... please just touch me." Jimin said quietly.

"Come here, Baby. Let Daddy help you."

Jungkook sat up and scooted back to lean against the wall, waving Jimin forward. He scrambled forward onto Jungkook's lap, straddling him. Jungkook pushed the front of Jimin's wet panties down to expose his cock. It was as pretty as ever, pale like his skin with a glistening pink tip. The Alpha wrapped a warm hand around Jimin's cock and gave a few strokes, making Jimin shiver and keen at the minute contact. Jungkook smirked as he realized how hot and bothered his pretty vanilla baby had gotten while sucking him off.

"Oh... Baby, did you like sucking my cock that much? Did it get you all hot and bothered to have my cock fucking your throat?"

Jungkook brought the hand that wasn't stroking Jimin up and wrapped it around the Omega's throat lightly. Jimin nodded and canted his hips up, pushing his cock into Jungkook's tight fist that was wrapped around him.



“Use your words, Baby.”

“Y-Yes... I loved it.” Jimin stammered, still trying to increase the speed of the friction on his length.

“Yeah? Would you like it if I grabbed you by the hair and fucked into your throat? You want me to fuck your pretty face, Baby?”

“Ngh... YES... Fuck... yes...I want it!”

Jimin was so close, Jungkook hand on him and his filthy words in his ear were making Jimin so hot and shivery. He could feel the surge of his orgasm culminating in his lower belly, ready to explode.

“I know you want it, sweetheart. I know you want me to gag you a little bit... get you all messy for me. You’ll be so pretty all covered in spit and cum.”

That was all it took, Jimin’s hips stuttered as he was thrusting into Jungkook’s grip. The Alpha took control and kept working him as he shot his cum upward onto Jungkook’s abs. The Omega looked at the streaks of white against the tan skin and had to bite his lip to keep from making a sound. He liked seeing the Alpha covered in his cum... there was something oddly satisfying about it.

“We already need another shower, Baby.” Jungkook whispered, carding the fingers of his clean hand through Jimin’s hair. “As much as I’d like to stay right here in bed all day, I need to take you shopping. You need some new clothes and things. So, let’s get up and get ready.”

The pair took a quick shower, just washing off the evidence of their morning activities, brushed their teeth and got dressed. Jungkook enjoyed watching Jimin apply his light makeup, the little movements were strangely delicate. It was interesting to watch. That and he just liked looking at Jimin. He was so pretty, Jungkook thought he would never get tired of just... looking at him.

Jimin was wearing another pair of ripped up jeans, and the flannel shirt that he’d worn to their first meeting. Jungkook watched as he pulled his thin coat over the top and slipped on the same converse that he’d noticed Jimin always wore. He didn’t like the lack of layers and the thinness of Jimin’s clothes and shoes, but knew he was about to fix it. He wanted Jimin to have all sorts of nice things to wear. He was determined to give the Omega a whole new wardrobe of things that were fitting of his beauty. He remembered the request that Jungkook buy him a pair of high heels and he felt his temperature rise. He couldn’t wait.

They made their way into the mall while it was still early, it wasn’t crowded yet, but Jungkook still held Jimin’s hand as they walked. The Alpha took him into store after store, pushing him into dressing rooms with armfuls of things to try on. Jimin tried to protest several times as Jungkook selected things that he liked and bought them. The Alpha didn’t even check price tags, as he took piles of things up to registers and swiped his card without hesitation.

On their third trip to to the car to drop off more bags, Jimin pulled Jungkook to a halt and looked up at him.

“Jungkook! Isn’t this enough? You’ve spent a fortune so far. You’ve bought me more clothes than I’ve ever had in my life already.”

Jungkook laughed at Jimin’s little pout. His pretty boy was so cute.

“Baby... we’re just getting started. We haven’t even gotten to shoes, or the designer stores yet. I

just want you to have some nice things to wear. I also need to take you to get measured for a suit. There's a party in a couple of weeks I want you to attend with me, and you'll need one." He leaned closer so Jimin could hear his whisper. "Plus... I also promised to buy you some pretty things to wear for me, and some high heels. Don't you want to look pretty for me, Baby?"

"Yes..." Jimin gulped audibly, trying to keep himself from getting aroused in public... again.

"Then be a good boy and let Daddy spoil you... you can make it up to me when we get back to my place."

How could Jimin say no to that? Jungkook knew exactly where his weaknesses were, and how to push him to do exactly what he wanted. Jimin gave in with a small nod, and smiled when Jungkook leaned down and gave him a soft kiss. He led them back out to his car and added the shopping bags he was carrying to the already ridiculous amount that were taking up the back of Jungkook's SUV.

The shopping continued, and Jimin didn't protest again until Jungkook tried to take him into the Gucci store. Jimin stopped, and Jungkook did too, when the hand in his jerked him to a halt. Jimin was looking at the fancy place with wide eyes and parted lips. Jimin didn't know that much about fashion, not like Tae did, but he knew enough to know that Gucci was expensive... like hundreds of dollars for a single item kind of expensive. There was no way he could let Jungkook spend that kind of money on him.

"Why did you stop, Baby?" Jungkook asked, turning to him.

"This... is a Gucci store."

Jungkook laughed. "I know. I can read."

"It's really expensive." Jimin whispered, looking at him pleadingly.

"You're worth it, sweetheart." Jungkook answered, reaching up to tuck a strand of blond hair behind Jimin's ear.

"But..."

Jungkook's hand slid around the back of Jimin's neck and pulled him in close so he could growl lowly into his ear, fingertips digging into the soft skin of his neck.

"Are you talking back to me? I thought you said you were going to be a good boy? Do I need to punish you?"

Jimin felt a lick of simultaneous fear and arousal burn him from the inside, making him shiver. His whole body felt too light and a little numb as his heart raced and he felt the blood rush to his face.

"N-no... sorry."

"That's what I thought."

Jimin allowed himself to be led into the store and he tried on item after item of clothing with price tags that made his head hurt to even think about. When they checked out, Jimin saw the total and cringed internally at the amount of money Jungkook was spending on him. He'd bought him an assortment of clothes and shoes, and a new backpack that if Jimin was right, cost close to two thousand dollars. How much money exactly did Jungkook have? Jimin realized that it must be a lot, because he'd already paid him fifteen thousand dollars, and he was dropping cash on him like it was going out of style. They cycled through several more designer stores, each one carrying a

price tag that had Jimin's stomach clenching in sympathy for the Alpha's bank account, making another trip back to the car, which was piled high with bags and boxes.

Jimin was tired of shopping. They had been at it for hours, but as Jungkook led him back inside, they stepped into an upscale department store, headed for the shoe section and Jimin was much more interested all of the sudden. Jungkook led them through the store to a display of high heels, all of which were Christian Louboutin. Jimin rushed forward and ran soft fingertips over the pretty shoes, looking at them with a desperate kind of longing, picking them up and studying the perfect red soles. He shivered as Jungkook stepped up and wrapped his arms around him from behind, leaning down to whisper into his ear.

"Pick out whatever you want, Baby. And if I think you're holding back, I'm going to spank you when we get home. Understood?"

Jimin made a soft sound. He hadn't meant to let it escape, but it had traitorously slipped past his lips. He immediately bit his lips to stop further betraying noises. He felt the Alpha's warm breath against his neck as he chuckled darkly, arms wrapping around him tighter.

"Oh... does my Baby want to get spanked? Does that turn you on, pretty boy?" Jungkook asked quietly, lips dragging over his neck.

"N-no..."

Jimin didn't know why he was lying, all he knew was that he was feeling the warm tide of heat gather in his belly as his body reacted to the mix of Jungkook's words, his voice and the feel of his lips on his neck. He didn't want to get wet right now. He was in public and they weren't planning to do anything sexual at the moment. He just wanted to finish shopping and go back to Jungkook's apartment where they could actually do something about it... possibly while he wore his new high heels.

"I think you're lying to me, sweetheart." Jungkook said, stepping forward a little closer so that his hips pressed into Jimin from behind and he could feel that the Alpha was hard. "It turns me on too, Baby. It doesn't have to be a punishment... I could just give you some light smacks that wouldn't hurt you too badly. I bet your ass looks divine when it's all red and flushed from getting spanked. So... tell me the truth. I just want to know."

Jimin felt a slight wetness gathering at his entrance; he needed to derail this situation as soon as possible, before he was properly wet and smelling like slick for the entire mall to witness. He set the shoe back on the rack and turned in Jungkook's arms to look up at him. He knew his cheeks were flushed and his pupils probably dilated, but he knew how to get Jungkook to stop. The Alpha had given himself away last night. He did have a weakness, one that only Jimin could exploit.

"Okay... yes, it turns me on." He hissed quietly under his breath, squirming in place at the look of arrogant satisfaction that looked way too good on Jungkook. "But if you don't stop, I'm going to get wet and all the Alphas in the mall are going to be able to smell my slick..."

When Jungkook's face fell slightly, Jimin knew he'd won. Jungkook might not be in love with him, or think of him as a boyfriend, but it was an Alpha's nature to be possessive of what they saw as theirs. Jungkook was as susceptible to jealousy as any Alpha. Jimin had seen that when he'd suspected Jimin of practicing his deepthroating on someone else.

"Hmm... Well, we wouldn't want that now, would we?" Jungkook said, looking down at him still with that heated gaze. "Alright, go ahead and pick out your shoes. We have more places to go after

this.”

Jungkook turned Jimin around with hands on his shoulders and gave him a gentle push toward the shoe display. The Omega glanced back at him over his shoulder and gave him a smile so bright that Jungkook was briefly stunned by his beauty again. He didn't care about the money he was spending. Gods knew he had plenty of the stuff lying around, and if he could use it to make this pretty Omega look at him like that... well, any price was worth it.

Jimin was in heaven as he found his size and pulled pair after pair of shoes down to try on. He selected as many styles and colors as he could find, including one pair of black suede thigh high boots that had made his heart race the moment he'd set eyes on them. An associate came over to help them, and was quickly dispatched by the Alpha to go into the back and bring any more shoes they had in his size. Jimin sat on a little bench, surrounded by boxes of beautiful high heels. He took a few deep breaths and felt like he wanted to cry but suppressed it, focusing on kicking off his worn out old converse and thin, socks that had a tiny hole in the bottom of the sole on the right side.

He picked up the nearest box and set it in his lap, looking down at the pretty patent leather shiny black stilettos and feeling his heart race. He felt shy as he glanced around to see if anyone was watching him. He was still embarrassed to try these on in public, but when he looked up at Jungkook, he saw the Alpha watching him with that dark, hungry gaze. The look seared him and did wonders to erase the familiar feeling of shame that clung to him whenever he wanted to do something traditionally considered feminine, like wear high heels.

He set the shoes on the floor in front of him, setting the box aside and slipped into them. They fit like they were made for him, and as he lifted his feet up to stick them out and admire the effect he fell in love. They were so beautiful, and he felt beautiful in them. Against his will, he felt a sheen of tears fill his eyes, but he blinked them away quickly. He put his feet back down on the floor and stood. He was well balanced in the heels, and walked a few feet forward then back to test the way they felt while standing. They weren't the most comfortable shoes in the world. They were still high heels after all, but they fit him well and he could walk in them without difficulty.

Jungkook had to bite the inside of his cheek as he watched Jimin walk around the the shiny, black high heels. He was absolutely stunning, and the way the heels held him made his legs look longer, his ass fuller and perkier if that was even possible. He hadn't ever thought much about shoes, outside of the usual purchasing for himself. He hadn't realized how fucking sexy high heeled shoes could be, but he was getting a firsthand lesson as he watched Jimin sit back down and remove the shoes, placing them back in the box and reaching for the next pair. They were bright red and looked like they were suede on the outside, Jimin put them on and somehow they were even better than the first pair. The red was eye catching and as Jimin stood again and walked, he wanted nothing more than to push him up against the nearest available surface and fuck him, the feeling only increasing when those were swapped with a pair of thigh-high black suede boots.

Before Jungkook could act on those impulses however, he was distracted by the salesman returning with another stack of boxes, adding them to the ones sitting around the Omega who had sat back down on the bench. Jungkook waved him off after he left the boxes and continued to watch as Jimin tried on pair after pair and made two stacks. He knew which stack was yes and which one was no. He could see it in Jimin's face when he didn't like one of the pairs he tried. Those all went into the no stack. He leaned against the shelves as the Omega worked his way through every pair of shoes he'd collected, leaving a collection of nine pairs of shoes in the yes pile.

Jimin looked at his stack, planning to try to pick out one or two favorites to take home with him.

He didn't need this many pairs of heels that he would likely only wear either during sex or around the Alpha's apartment. He wished he had the confidence to wear heels all the time. He loved the way they made him feel, but still felt nervous to imagine wearing them in public. He leaned down to put his socks and shoes back on, but before he could reach for the stack beside him to start sorting them out, Jungkook picked up most of the stacks in his arms before inclining his head toward the three remaining boxes.

"Can you get those ones? Let's go check out and take these to the car, then it's just one more place before we can leave the mall and finish up the rest of our shopping elsewhere."

"Jungkook, I really don't need..." Jimin began, but trailed off as Jungkook gave him that hard stare again and Jimin clapped his mouth shut.

He knew he was pushing it by protesting and talking back so much, but it was impossible to see Jungkook spend so much on him without trying to stop him. Jimin's parents had raised him to be humble and this shopping trip was the farthest thing from humble he'd ever seen. But it was Jungkook's money, and if the mercurial male wanted to spend his money on him, he shouldn't complain. He just stood and grabbed the three remaining boxes and followed Jungkook to the register, where they were checked out and he paid. The total for the shoes was another mind-boggling number that he had to force himself to forget as they delivered the purchases to the car.

Their last stop at the mall was a lingerie store. The Alpha pulled him inside, and Jimin felt himself get shy again as they walked inside the shop filled with an assortment of silky, lacy undergarments. Jungkook asked for his sizes, and Jimin watched as he turned to look around. The Omega didn't really look at the lingerie, he watched Jungkook as the Alpha looked at it. Jungkook skimmed his fingers over various items, glancing at Jimin regularly as if picturing him in it before flipping through for his size and pulling things off the racks.

Jimin noticed that it wasn't all just lingerie, mixed in with the strappy, lacy and see-through items were pretty pajama sets and soft silk nighties. Jimin smiled as Jungkook seemed to have gathered as much as he could hold, watching as the Alpha took it all up to the front and gave it to the cashier to hold onto until he was done shopping. Jimin followed along, allowing Jungkook to select the things he wanted to see him in. The Omega wasn't all that picky, but he occasionally stopped to admire something, running a hand over something he thought was pretty, and the Alpha would immediately add it to his collection. He was certain that he was going to end up with one of anything in the store that didn't require breasts.

The lingerie store didn't allow you to try things on, for obvious reasons, but everything that Jungkook collected looked like it would fit him more or less. Jimin was surprised by how businesslike Jungkook seemed while they were in the store, no lewd comments or attempts to touch him. Jimin wondered why, but after Jungkook took his second armful of items up to the registers and returned to Jimin who was looking at the neat folded stacks of panties, something they had not reached yet, Jungkook bumped into him and Jimin felt that he was still hard, his cock trapped up against his body by his slacks. Jungkook made a soft grunt at the contact, and Jimin understood. He was trying to remain in control by putting on his controlled, businessman exterior.

Jimin was sorely tempted to tease him, but he knew that Jungkook was much better at it than he was, and he would come to regret it if he tried it in such a public place. He stepped forward to give the Alpha room, and could sense the approval from Jungkook for behaving himself. Jungkook brushed a hand over his neck, just over his scent gland and he heard a whisper of, "Good boy."

Jungkook knew that Jimin wanted to tease him. He could sense the playfulness in his lovely

vanilla baby, but saw as Jimin restrained himself, just giving him room. It was for the best, because he was perilously close to snapping at this point. After seeing Jimin in all the high heels, and now picturing him in all the lingerie he'd selected... he was on edge. He gave Jimin a soft praise and saw the pleasure on his face at being called a good boy. He really was too cute for words.

He looked through the panty selection that Jimin was standing in front of, and quickly gathered anything he could find in Jimin's size. From briefs to boyshorts to thongs and everything in between. He did grab duplicates of some of his favorites, specifically the plain white cotton ones, which he grabbed all he could find in Jimin's size. He had a small mountain of panties collected, and as he turned toward Jimin to tell him to follow him up to the register, the Omega reached forward and added one more pair to the top. They were high-waisted and made of lace that was completely see through. Jungkook imagined him in them, with his tall suede boots and felt a little pre-cum leak from his tip. Fuck... he was so horny he was about to combust.

He turned to carry his last load up to the front, but got distracted by a display of thigh high stockings and socks. He'd already selected quite a few garter belts, and they would need stockings to go with them as well. He felt a soft hand on his arm and looked down to see Jimin next to him, looking up at him with a shy expression, face still a little pink.

"Here, I'll grab them. Which ones do you want?" Jimin said, indicating the wall of stockings and socks.

Jungkook gave him a smile and started instructing him. The Omega blushed harder as Jungkook told him which ones to grab, which was basically one of everything. Pantyhose and thigh high socks in every color available in his size now piled in his arms, Jimin headed with Jungkook to the register and laid the haul on top of the counter with Jungkook. The female Alpha that was working the register looked at them with something between judgement and awe. Jimin could feel himself getting shy again, as embarrassment washed over him, but a gentle hand on his lower back steadied and reassured him.

It took a long time for the cashier to remove all the security tags and ring everything up, filling four large, brightly colored bags that displayed the name of the store in bold letters. Jimin wished that they were a little less conspicuous, but Jungkook didn't seem to mind at all as he paid and took the four bulging bags of lingerie. Jimin was sure that there was more lingerie here than he could wear in several months, even if he wore it everyday, which was unlikely as he and Jungkook probably wouldn't meet every day, and lingerie wouldn't likely be involved a lot of the time. It felt downright frivolous, but Jimin didn't say anything as they left.

Jungkook's hands were full of the bags, so he couldn't hold Jimin's hand to keep them together in the now busy crush of the crowd, but he smiled when he felt a small hand grip into the side of his shirt. He glanced down to see Jimin scooting closer to him as the crowd got denser as they neared some of the more popular stores. Jungkook wanted to coo at how adorable his little vanilla baby was as he clung to him like a child trying not to get lost. He knew that Jimin must be used to crowds, as his main form of transport were buses and trains. Hell, he'd even told him that he punched an Alpha on the train the day they first met. But it seemed that he brought out a needier side of the Omega. It made him feel a little giddy as he realized this fact.

As they were walking, he felt a small tug of the hand on his shirt and glanced to Jimin who had slowed his steps as he seemed to be distracted by something in one of the shops. Jungkook followed his line of sight to a small, brightly colored store that seemed to sell makeup. He smirked and turned their steps toward the place, completely ignoring Jimin's apologies and exaltations that he didn't need to go in there as the Alpha led them into the store. Jimin let out a little huff and

Jungkook glanced down to see him glaring at him with exasperation.

Jimin felt bad enough already for Jungkook buying him things that the Alpha wanted him to have, but now it felt like he was begging for him to spend money on him. He looked at the Alpha with big, pleading eyes. He hated feeling like a mooch. He felt like he was just feeding off of Jungkook like some kind of parasite. Of course, he knew that their relationship was based around money, he wasn't an idiot. The fifteen thousand dollars in his account was a testament to that. He stared up at Jungkook who just gave him a look and a nod toward the merchandise that clearly said, 'Go on. I know you want to.'

Jimin tamped down his first impulse which was to try and convince Jungkook to leave. He'd been losing that argument all day, and he knew that the Alpha was as stubborn as a mule. He wouldn't put it past him to actually punish him for not letting himself be spoiled. Jungkook was such an odd Alpha, but that was what Jimin liked about him. He was different than anyone he'd ever met. He was still very much a mystery, but Jimin thought that he was kind and generous. Some people might look at their sexual encounters and think that Jungkook was being mean or domineering. But what they did together was pleasurable for both of them, and afterward when Jungkook had bathed and dressed him, cared for him and made sure he was okay... that had been the very best part.

Jimin sighed and gave Jungkook a sarcastic salute before grabbing a little basket and turning toward the shelves, starting to look through the makeup. Most of the makeup that Jimin currently had was out of date and mostly empty. He'd been scraping the bottom of his concealer for weeks, and his eyeliner was on its last legs, ready to give out. Jimin tried to be quick, selecting a few necessities. He hesitated over a tube of mascara for a few moments, but as he glanced over his shoulder, he saw Jungkook incline his head. Again, Jimin could read his meaning without words. 'Get it, I saw you looking.'

Jimin grabbed the mascara and a small eyeshadow pan with some pretty neutral colors, never having been one for colorful makeup. He was about to head to the register and paused as a display of lipsticks caught his eye... specifically a bright red one that looked just the right side of too bright. It was almost a velvety color, rich and vibrant. He reached forward and took one from the selection, bringing it up to eye level to inspect it. It was such a pretty color... but was lipstick too much?

"It would be pretty on you."

Jungkook's voice spoke just next to his ear and Jimin jumped. He hadn't heard the Alpha come up behind him, and as he was startled the tube fell from his hand and clattered to the floor. Jimin quickly crouched and snatched it back up, turning around to look up at Jungkook the little tube held securely to his chest.

"You don't think it's... too much?"

Jungkook raised an eyebrow at that, looking confused. He leaned to the side and read the tag.

"It's sixteen dollars. I think I can afford it." Jungkook said with a chuckle.

"Not price, I mean the high heels, the lingerie, the lipstick... It's not... too girly?"

"You're not a girl. So, if you wear high heels or lingerie or lipstick, it doesn't matter. You're still a boy, and a very sexy, smart and talented one. I don't see anything wrong with you liking to wear anything you want whenever and wherever you want."

It was like a dam somewhere deep inside him had been released, one that had been blocking him

from allowing himself to enjoy the things he liked that might be considered too feminine. It had always been a worry of his, that there was something wrong with him. Of course, he'd seen many other male Omegas embrace their feminine side, and he had loved the things they wore, the way they looked. But it had always seemed like a pipe dream for him. He wasn't cool or fashionable or rich, and he'd felt a little lacking to do something so bold. Suddenly he was filled with an unfamiliar bravery.

He bit his lip and dropped the little tube into his handheld basket as joy raced through his veins. He was going to look so pretty for Jungkook tonight. He smiled up at Jungkook, and giggled a little when the Alpha reached forward and grabbed a soft baby pink lipstick, a dark matte wine colored one and a clear gloss with flecks of glitter and dropped them into the basket as well. Jungkook returned his smile and Jimin felt a little thrill at the sign of support.

“Is that all you wanted?” Jungkook asked, looking at the few things in his little basket.

Jimin nodded. “I think so.”

“Okay, let's check out then.”

Jungkook tossed a few more items into the basket as they walked, grabbing things that Jimin seemed to be eyeing and adding them to the purchases, ignoring Jimin's little protests. They checked out and left the crowded mall, adding their purchases into the jumble in the back of the SUV. Jungkook and Jimin sighed simultaneously as they rested back against their seats. Shopping was exhausting. Plain and simple.

## Chapter End Notes

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## The Weekend- Part 3: Suits and Sex

### Chapter Summary

Jungkook and Jimin's shopping spree continues. Jimin feels bad about Jungkook spending so much on him, but Jungkook reassures him.

### Chapter Notes

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Jungkook asked him if he was hungry, and Jimin really was. He was starving, and when Jungkook asked what he wanted, Jimin gave in and told him the truth. One of his vices and something he was ashamed of loving as a culinary student. Fast food. Jungkook took him through a little burger place, getting Jimin a cheeseburger, fries and a strawberry shake. The Alpha grimaced at him as he dipped his fries in his shake, but Jimin just popped them in his mouth before doing it again and offering it to Jungkook, who shrugged and leaned over, licking Jimin's fingers as he pulled back and made a thinking face.

“Interesting.”

“Did you say we still have more places to go?” Jimin asked, turning his head toward the Alpha.

“Yes. I need to take you to get measured for a suit, and then I need to take you to get this activated.”

Jungkook leaned over and opened the glovebox, pulling out a brand new cell phone box and handing it to Jimin. The Omega took it into his hands and studied it. It looked like a new model, cutting edge technology.

“Before you protest or say I didn't have to, I'll have you know that phone is made by my company. I got it for free. I can't have you walking around with an iPhone, much less one that's five years out of date.” Jungkook said quickly as Jimin opened his mouth to do exactly that. He paused for a moment before answering.

“Oh, okay. Thank you. That's very kind.”

“I also wanted to stop by a local sex shop. There are a few things I'd like to get.”

Jimin's interest was piqued.

“Like what?”

“You’ll see when we get there.”

Jimin wanted to question further, but kept quiet. He needed to be patient, even though he felt like pestering him. But some sixth sense told him not to mess with Jungkook right now. The Alpha was on edge. Jimin knew he was close to breaking, something in the set of his shoulders told him everything he needed to know about Jungkook’s current state. Jungkook’s scent was strong in the confined space of the SUV and Jimin knew he was still hard, his eyes fell to the Alpha’s lap and he could see the bulge of his erection straining against the confinement of his slacks. He wanted to lean across and open his trousers and suck him off again, but he knew it wasn’t really the right time.

Jimin did still want to make him feel better, so he leaned over and stretched up to press a soft kiss to his cheek, nosing against him softly to share his scent. The Alpha turned his face slightly and rubbed their cheeks together, scenting him and being scented in return.

“Thank you, Jungkook.”

“You’re welcome, Minnie.”

Jimin had been tempted to call him Daddy, but thought it was best not to rile him up any more than he already was. He really was thankful, if a little overwhelmed by the sheer amount of money the Alpha had just spent on him, and he knew it wasn’t quite done. He got a brilliant idea on how he could repay the kindness in some small way.

“Can we also stop by the grocery store on the way back to your place? I’ll cook dinner tonight as a thank you.”

“You don’t have to do that.” Jungkook replied, voice low and husky in the confined space of the car.

Jimin giggled and pressed another soft kiss to his cheek.

“Now you sound like me.” Jimin teased. “I want to. I want to cook for you, and honestly I’m in love with your giant kitchen. It’s a shame that it doesn’t get used more.”

“Alright then. Let’s get all this done so I can get you back home. I’m dying to get inside you again.”

“Let’s go.” Jimin said, sitting back in his seat and putting on his seatbelt.

Jimin had never been measured for clothes before. Of course, he’d never had anything custom made for him either. Jungkook had led him into the posh little boutique/tailor and introduced him to an elderly male Omega named Yesung. The male had greeted Jungkook like a close friend and complemented Jimin profusely on his beauty and telling Jungkook that he was lucky to have found such a lovely Omega. It left Jimin stuttering out thanks and feeling shy and awkward.

Jimin stood in front of Yesung who measured various parts of his body. First his waist, then his hips, then around the largest part of his ass. He’d watched as the white eyebrows rose and felt a flush rise in his cheeks as the old man seemed to talk to himself as he worked.

“Great proportions... Probably will need to use a women’s pattern for such a small waist... unless we want a more male silhouette... It would be a shame though, to hide it...”

Jungkook was standing a bit behind the old man, watching as Jimin was measured. The Alpha spoke to the old man like they had been friends for a long time, answering his mumbled words.

“You might want to use a cut for women’s slacks on the bottom as well so they will look natural with high heels. Actually, make both types. Maybe one of each cut in navy blue and one of each cut in black... and one of the women’s cut in red.” Jungkook paused again, putting a finger to his lips in thought. “And one in emerald green.”

Jungkook couldn’t help but feel a little smug as Yesung complemented his pretty baby. Of course, Jungkook knew how beautiful Jimin was, but he got the feeling that the Omega didn’t realize it himself. Whenever he was complemented he got shy and stuttered out a thanks with red cheeks. So cute. He compared his reaction to Yesung’s compliments to the reaction he had when Jungkook did it. It was very different. He seemed to clam up and get awkward when the other Omega had complimented him. But when Jungkook complimented him, he softened and then bloomed, preening at the praise. He made a mental note to compliment him more often, shower him in praise until he was more comfortable with it. Because he deserved it, and he truly was a beauty.

“Six suits?” Jimin asked incredulously. “How many parties are we going to?”

Jungkook just chuckled.

“I tend to have a lot of events for work, so I thought we could just get you a few for some formal occasions.”

Jimin supposed that made sense, if they were going to be seen together, it would probably seem weird if he was constantly wearing the same outfit. He smiled a little at the idea of being seen with Jungkook publicly, of people knowing that the Alpha had chosen him. It made him feel warm and fuzzy to think about it. It didn’t matter if they weren’t really together, Jimin would still be his date. Jungkook had picked him out of all the people in the world, he’d chosen him, Park Jimin.

Yesung cut in before Jimin could formulate a response, for which the Omega was grateful.

“You want the wool and cashmere blend I use for your suits?” He addressed Jungkook.

“Whatever you think. I’ll leave it to you to pick the styling and fabric, same with the button ups. I trust your judgement.” Jungkook replied with a small smile.

“You had better! It’s my handywork that’s kept you up with all those hoity-toity society types all these years.”

“I’m well aware of that, Yesung and I’ve given you credit, haven’t I?”

“True enough. I’ve got a whole waiting list of clients now, but you’re always first on the list.”

Jimin listened to this conversation with interest. It would seem that Jungkook had known Yesung for a while, and must be a good client to have such steadfast loyalty and willingness to fit them in when he’d said he had a waiting list. It sounded like Jungkook wearing his suits had allowed him to build a larger client base. It made sense. Jungkook was famous in certain circles, and his fashion choices would draw attention from others. He must be a very valuable client to have.

Jimin let the older Omega measure him, posing and turning as he was instructed, as Jungkook watched and the tailor wrote his measurements down in his book. It still was a little unnerving to feel Jungkook’s eyes on him sometimes, though he knew that was ridiculous. The Alpha had seen him in ways his closest friends couldn’t even imagine. He’d seen him at his most vulnerable, when all his bravado was stripped away and he was left as the basest form of himself. Maybe that was why he seemed to have such an intense awareness of Jungkook’s eyes on him, because unlike others, he saw the mask for what it was... a disguise.

“All done.” Yesung said after a while, moving to stand with difficulty.

Jimin immediately reached down and helped him to stand, the older man giving him a grateful smile, reaching a hand up and patting Jimin’s cheek once he was righted.

“You’re a sweet boy.” Yesung said as he patted his cheek, turning to address the Alpha.  
“Jungkook, you’ve found a real little treasure here.”

“I know.” Jungkook’s eyes were still on Jimin when he addressed the tailor. “So, you want a check now, or do you want to send me an invoice?”

“I’ll just take the check. I’ve got to go to the bank later anyway.”

The tailor turned away from Jimin and picked up his book, snapping it shut as he walked over to the elegantly carved counter that held a computer and an old-fashioned 10-key calculator. He paused and typed into the calculator, the long roll of white tape paper streaming out of the end as he typed, muttering to himself.

“Two men’s cut suits... four women’s cut... cashmere blend with shirts... plus labor... and tax...” Yesung was obviously deep in thought as he was calculating the cost, and after a moment, looked up as Jungkook pulled out his checkbook from the inside of his coat pocket. “That will be... \$32,025.55.”

“What?” Jimin gasped, eyes going wide and mouth falling open.

Yesung looked at him with a smirk, one that Jungkook seemed to mirror as he looked down at Jimin and laughed at the shocked expression.

“He’s such a little darling...” Yesung cooed, making motions like he wanted to pinch Jimin’s cheeks.

Jungkook just wrapped a hand around the back of his neck and leaned down to press a kiss to his temple. His pretty baby was so cute.

Jungkook borrowed a pen from Yesung and wrote out the check quickly, tearing it from his checkbook and handing it over. Jimin wanted to stop him, but he didn’t want to insult Yesung, or insinuate his creations weren’t worth what he was charging. He was stuck between a rock and a hard place, squirming as he played with the edge of his faded old shirt, biting his lip. He didn’t find a way to protest before Jungkook was wrapping an arm around him and he was bidding Yesung farewell. As soon as they were outside, he turned to Jungkook and pulled him to a stop.

“Jungkook! That was... thirty thousand dollars...”

“I know.”

“You realize that would pay my rent for the next four years. That’s... obscene.”

Jimin could tell that Jungkook was trying hard not to laugh at him, the Alpha biting his lips, shoulders shaking.

“You’re cute.”

Jimin just huffed and turned away, pouting, which incidentally made him cuter still.

“I’m not cute.”

Jungkook stepped forward and wrapped his arms around Jimin from behind, leaning down to speak closer to his ear.

“You are cute.” Jungkook said, smiling when Jimin huffed again. “And sexy, and beautiful. My pretty little vanilla baby, so perfect. Come on, sweetheart... don’t be mad. Turn around and look at me.”

Jimin wasn’t really mad. He was mortified at the way the Alpha seemed to just toss money out like it was nothing. Jimin didn’t feel like he deserved all of this, but he didn’t know how to express that without humiliating himself. Jungkook’s compliments made him feel pretty and appreciated, but he really couldn’t accept anything more or he was going to die of shame at some point. He couldn’t resist the Alpha’s voice, his words. He turned around in his embrace and looked up at him, still pouting.

“Why are you pouting?” Jungkook asked, unlooping one arm from Jimin’s waist to tilt his face up.

“I’m not.”

“And now you’re lying.”

Jimin refused to meet his eyes.

“Jungkook... I don’t think you understand. The money you’ve spent on me today could pay off my student loans and pay my rent for the next year of school. I’m just... really overwhelmed. We’re just having sex... amazing, perfect sex... but even then, I feel like you’re still taking care of me. What could I possibly do to pay you back for all of this?”

Jungkook wanted to coo at Jimin as his face got all red with embarrassment and a slight sheen of tears gathered in his eyes. He was so adorable, but he didn’t want him to cry. He only wanted to make him cry from pleasure.

“Baby... I don’t mind spending money on you. I like it. And I like taking care of you in the bedroom as well. That’s what makes me feel good.” Jungkook cupped Jimin’s face in his palm and looked down at him. “I don’t think you understand what you do for me.”

“What do you mean? I don’t do anything.” Jimin said, finally meeting his eyes.

“Yes you do. I’ve had other lovers in the past, but none like you. I never thought I’d find someone who let me be myself, who would submit and let me take control. You’re special, and you deserve everything I’ve given you and more. Don’t think I’m done spending money on you. I’m far from being done. But don’t ever feel like you’re in my debt. I’m doing this because I want to.”

It was the first time that they’d talked like this, and Jimin didn’t know what to do. Usually their talks were more just about sex and teasing. He guessed that he should have realized that it probably been as hard for Jungkook to find someone who fulfilled his sexual desires as it was for him. Jimin’s mind went to those soft, slow, unbearably boring makeout sessions with Daniel and he cringed internally. Jungkook was probably dealing with the same thing in reverse. It did ease his guilt for all the money spent, now that he at least understand better where the Alpha was coming from.

“Okay.” Jimin said, turning his face into the palm cupping his cheek and pressing a kiss there.

“I’m sorry I was being a brat.”

“It’s okay, Baby. I was a broke college student once too, you know.”

Jimin giggled and it made Jungkook smile to see his mood lifted again.

“Such a pretty boy. Let’s get in the car, we have more places to go.”

Jimin gave a cute nod and let himself be pulled along to the place his car was parked. As they walked, they passed the other fancy, high-end boutiques, some for clothes and other things, but as they passed a jewelry store, Jimin’s eyes fell on a long string of pearls. The necklace was beautiful, the white pearls had a soft satiny glow that caught the light and made them unbelievably beautiful. He measured them with his eyes and knew that on him they could wrap once around his neck and still hang a few inches above his belly button. He turned his face forward again, but was pulled to a stop.

“What were you looking at?” Jungkook asked, glancing back at the window to the jewelry store.

“What? Oh... nothing. I was just looking in the windows.”

Jungkook gave him a look that said he clearly didn’t believe a word of that. He pulled Jimin back to the jewelry store window and stood Jimin there, wrapping his arms around him from behind and leaning down to speak lowly into his ear.

“Come on... tell me what you were looking at so longingly. I’ll buy it for you.” Jimin hesitated and Jungkook continued. “Was it the diamond earrings? No? The ruby bracelet? No? Hmm... oh... Was it the pearl necklace?”

Jungkook felt Jimin give an almost imperceptible little movement. He would have missed it completely if he hadn’t had his arms wrapped securely around his waist. He studied the long string of pearls that hung on a faceless mannequin in the window. He hummed softly as he pictured Jimin wearing only the string of pearls... and nothing else, just like the dream he’d had the night after he’d seen him the first time. It was a lovely picture.

“Oh, sweetheart... you’d look so pretty in pearls. How about you let me buy you that pearl necklace, and when we get back home I’ll give you one of my own?” Jungkook heard Jimin’s little intake of breath at the statement. “Just say the word and it’s yours.” Jungkook whispered into Jimin’s ear lowly before biting his earlobe and gently tugging on it with his teeth.

Jimin felt himself flame up from the inside at the words and the mental picture it created in his head. Him on his knees before Jungkook as the Alpha stroked himself to completion, the way his cum would feel landing on his skin, hot at first but quickly cooling to the ambient temperature of the room. He let out an involuntary shiver and felt wetness gather between his legs. He did want that... and he’d agreed to stop being a brat.

“I want it.”

Jungkook let out a soft approving sound. “Good boy.” Jungkook whispered the words right against his ear and Jimin felt his hot breath, the soft brush of his lips and felt his own breath quicken.

Ten minutes later they were walking out with a small bag that contained within it a velvet jewelry box containing the long string of pearls. Jimin had been surprised by their weight as he’d held the necklace. He’d never held real pearls before, only cheap knockoffs made of plastic. But real pearls were heavy, and he thought the weight around his neck would feel unbearably erotic as the smooth, solid pearls slid against his skin.

Jimin looked down at the little bag in his hands and then up at Jungkook with a smile. He’d decided to just go along with the Alpha for today. He still wasn’t totally comfortable with the idea

of someone spending money on him like this, but it seemed to make Jungkook happy to spend money on him and he wanted the Alpha to be happy. So he went along with his desire to spend more money on him, at least for now. He assumed that maybe after this first splurge, he would get it out of his system.

Getting the new phone activated was easy enough, though Jungkook insisted on increasing his data plan and setting it up to bill directly to his account. Jimin didn't protest, though he wanted to, and he could see that Jungkook was expecting it, but also pleased when Jimin kept quiet. The small approving smile sent the Omega's stomach swooping with happiness. He was probably too easy to fall into wanting Jungkook to be proud of him. All it took was a look or a smile and Jimin melted completely and became putty in Jungkook's hands.

The sex shop that Jungkook took him to was larger and more high-end than the ones Jimin had been in. The exterior was discreet and classy, and the inside looked like what Jimin thought a vampire's house would look like in a soap opera. Everything was black and red, the windows draped with heavy bloodred velvet and the floors black marble. The walls were a dark brocade patterned wallpaper. Jimin thought the place was pretentious. Something of his thoughts seemed to show on his face as the Alpha led him inside because Jungkook leaned down to whisper to him.

"Not to your taste, Baby?"

"Maybe if I wanted to have sex with the Vampire Armand, but otherwise not really." Jimin said, eyeing the black chandelier.

Jungkook chuckled and pressed a kiss to Jimin's temple.

"I'm not going to argue there, but they have a good selection, so we'll just deal with the obnoxious décor."

Jimin wondered how many Omegas Jungkook had brought here and felt an uncomfortable weight in his gut at the thought, so he turned his mind away from that. They were greeted by a tall, stern looking woman in an elegant pantsuit who asked if they needed any assistance, but Jungkook declined and they walked farther into the store. Jimin had to admit that the place was swanky and the items he saw on the shelves were all expensive looking, unlike the normal stores he'd been inside, but the items themselves looked familiar. They were just the same as anywhere else, but he guessed these must be the rich man's version of them.

The place seemed to be separated into a couple of different sections. One section was all lingerie and sexy roleplay outfits, one section seemed to be your basic sextoys and other necessities, and the last section was all leather and chains and shining metal. Jungkook got a basket and Jimin followed along dutifully behind him, fingers curled into the fabric of his shirt as he let himself be led along. However, unlike in the other stores, Jungkook seemed more intent here. Instead of simply grabbing anything that struck his fancy and tossing it into the basket, he seemed to deliberate on his choices longer.

Jimin watched as Jungkook selected a variety of plugs, in various colors and shapes a few various sex toys like vibrators, dildos, anal beads, a whole assortment of things that had Jimin's heart pitter-pattering inside his chest like a scared bunny. But it wasn't fear, it was excitement. Fuck... he was getting wet as he watched Jungkook's hands pick up various items and turn them studying them like some connoisseur. Which was completely ridiculous. No one should look sexy while studying a string of anal beads. It wasn't fair. Though, as Jungkook's eyes slid over to him and he gave him his signature, 'I-can-see-right-through-you' smirk, Jimin realized that he KNEW. He

knew what he was doing. He was being a tease.

‘Well... two can play at that game.’ Jimin thought, if this was enough to get him hot and bothered... it would totally work on Jungkook as well. Right?

He turned his attention away from the Alpha purposely and toward the shelf in front of him. He let his gaze wander over the items, looking for anything that caught his interest. He decided that true interest would be more tempting. He had to do to Jungkook what he’d been doing to him. Make him imagine what it would be like to use these items on him. He could do that. He reached forward and picked up a baby pink plug made of glass that had a base that was much wider than any that Jungkook had picked out. Jimin picked it up and turned it over and over in his hands, studying it from every angle. It looked like it was maybe a little smaller than Jungkook’s knot in diameter. It wasn’t the kind of plug you would wear out of the house, that was for certain.

Jimin, so intent on the object in his hands jumped and almost dropped it when he felt the Alpha’s large hands slide around his hips from behind and a warm gush of breath next to his ear.

“Oh, sweetheart... I might have been underestimating you. I didn’t realize you wanted to be stretched open so far.” The Alpha’s hands slid up his sides to his elbows and down to Jimin’s hands, taking the plug from him and examining it himself. “Is that what you want Baby? You wanna feel like you’re walking around with my knot stretching you open? You want it to hurt a little? I promise I’ll kiss it all better if it hurts you.”

Jimin’s plan had just backfired in a very unexpected way. He’d been trying to rile Jungkook up, and it seemed he had succeeded if the hard ridge of the Alpha’s cock that was pressed against his ass was any indication. But now that sexual desire was turned toward him, making his original predicament worse as he felt a small rush of slick inside the confines of his panties.

“Stop...” Jimin whispered with less authority than he’d wanted.

“Are you getting wet? Are you all slick for me, even here, in a public place?” Jungkook asked, taking a deep breath as if to answer his own question. Jimin knew the Alpha could smell his arousal.

“Yes.”

“Hmm... what a needy little baby I’ve got here. No self control... no discipline. Whatever should I do with such a hungry little boy?”

“F-fuck...” Jimin stuttered out as a shiver went up his spine and he felt himself get even wetter.

“That is one option... but let’s save it for when we get home. Now. Be a good boy and let me finish up my shopping and I’ll eat you out when we get home? How does that sound?”

Jimin was shaking as he started to sink into that submissive place that only Jungkook could take him to. The Alpha’s words hit him like a bullet train, right in the gut. ‘Be a good boy.’ He could do that. He could be good. He nodded his head, but felt Jungkook’s big hand come up and turn his face so they were only inches apart where he was leaning down.

“Words, Baby. What do you say? Can you be a good boy for Daddy?”

“Yes Daddy.”

Jungkook leaned forward and gave him a small, chaste peck on the lips. That only sunk him further into that submissive space in his own head where Jungkook’s word was law and all he had to do



was what he was told.

“Sweet boy. So obedient. I want you to put anything you like into the cart, okay? I’m gonna buy it for you.”

“Okay Daddy, I will.”

For once, Jimin complied with the Alpha spending money on him without any complaint. He picked up a few things here and there and added them to the cart, feeling a swooping rush in his gut as the Alpha gave him approving looks. He didn’t pick too many things, but he did grab a few pairs of soft, thick thigh high socks that seemed extremely warm and comfortable. He honestly didn’t want them for sex, but just to wear generally because they seemed warm. He did pick out several more pairs of panties that he thought were pretty and even blushing added a pair of handcuffs made of supple white leather and lined with soft fur and a collar that matched it with big gold block letters on the front spelling out the word ‘Baby’.

Jungkook had quite a time picking out things he liked as Jimin followed along behind him, quietly setting things into the basket every once in a while. He could tell that Jimin was deep in his submissive headspace already, just by the lack of protest as the Alpha selected a myriad of expensive leather cuffs and other restraints and a variety of collars and other things that he thought might be fun. He wasn’t extremely into the whole BDSM scene, the most he really wanted was to restrain Jimin, maybe spank him and do a little dirty talk. His little vanilla baby was still a soft thing, pliant and sweet. He didn’t require much in the way of punishment, and in that regard he’d prefer to use his hand or at most, his belt.

He hadn’t had to punish Jimin at all yet, but they were just getting started on their arrangement. He was sure that a time would come for it, and he was a little excited to see how Jimin would react to it, but he wouldn’t punish for no reason. He wasn’t a sadist, he just liked... control. The Omega didn’t seem to mind handing his control over to him, and he didn’t need any extra motivation to do so. In fact, it often seemed that he was eager to give up his power and Jungkook was more than happy to take the reins for a while. He knew that he needed to get Jimin out of his subspace, because they still needed to go to the grocery store. He guessed it would have to be once they got in the car.

Jungkook led Jimin to the front of the store and paid for their purchases as Jimin just curled his hands into the fabric of Jungkook’s shirt and slightly hid behind his body, only peeking out around his arm shyly. The cashier didn’t comment on it, and Jungkook guessed that a little shyness was a far cry from the weirdest thing that she had seen in her time working in a sex shop. Jungkook took the bags in one hand and wrapped the other arm around Jimin’s shoulders, guiding him out of the store and to the car. He could feel the Omega looking up at him as they walked and as he opened the car door for Jimin he looked down at the curious grey eyes that were staring up at him with shining admiration.

“What is it, pretty boy?” Jungkook asked, reaching the hand that wasn’t holding the bags up and turning the blond’s chin up a little more so he could admire the soft planes of his lovely face.

“You’re really handsome, Daddy.” Jimin whispered as he stared up at him with those sparkling grey eyes that were open and honest.

Jungkook let out a soft chuckle and leaned down to press a light kiss to Jimin’s full lips, pulling a soft pleading sound from his pretty mouth.

“Thank you, Baby. You’re very beautiful, too.” Jungkook watched with pleasure as the Omega flushed at the praise, eyes turning down as he got shy. The Alpha just leaned down and gave him

another soft kiss. “Now, get in the car and put on your seatbelt. I’m gonna put these bags in the back and then we can go to the grocery store.”

Jimin turned away at once and climbed up into the car, closing his door and putting on his seatbelt. He looked so content as he settled in his seat with happy expectation at doing what he was told. So adorable. Jungkook stored the bags in the back with the rest of their haul and got into the driver’s seat, turning on the car and getting the heater going, reaching forward to turn the heated seat up all the way on Jimin’s side. He looked over to see the pretty blond staring at him again. He could tell that Jimin was still in his subspace. He reached over and petted a soft hand over his jaw, the Omega immediately turning his face into his palm and nuzzling at him.

“Are you alright, Baby?”

“Yeah.”

“Do you want to skip going to the store? You don’t have to cook tonight if you don’t want to.” Jungkook offered.

Jimin sat back and shook his head vehemently. “No! I want to go. I want to cook for you.”

“Okay, pretty boy. I need you to focus for just a little longer on being Park Jimin. Once we get home then you can let go, okay?”

“Okay.”

“Good boy.”

## Chapter End Notes

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# The Weekend- Part 4: Daddy's Boy

## Chapter Summary

Jimin and Jungkook go to the grocery store, go home and spend the afternoon together.

## Chapter Notes

Please enjoy the longest and most intense sex scene I've ever written.

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

Jungkook sat back in his seat and put on his own seatbelt before pulling off and driving to the grocery store that was nearest to his house. He could tell that Jimin was focusing on getting back into the right frame of mind to be in public. It was honestly kind of interesting to watch the Omega in short covert glances, trying to keep his eyes on the road. It was like he was watching him put himself back together again, zipping himself away back into the costume of his usual self, hiding the soft, needy boy that Jungkook knew was hiding underneath the surface. By the time they reached the store, it was clear that Jimin was back to his normal frame of mind, though small things seemed to show through, like the way that his pretty boy clung to his hand with his smaller one, just a little too tight.

Grocery shopping with Jimin turned out to be a fun experience. The Omega got so excited talking about this and that recipe and selecting various ingredients, asking what kinds of foods Jungkook liked and what his favorite meals were. It was all very adorable as he darted hither and yon collecting things and piling them in the cart, including several bottles of wine. Jungkook just followed along in his wake and listened attentively as the Omega talked about his passion for food and cooking and all his favorite things to make. He'd never seen Jimin so animated before, and it was strangely sexy and adorable all at once.

As they were leaving, Jungkook's cell phone started to ding with emails. He knew it was from his work account, due to the tone, so he pulled it out and found a series of emails from one of his vendors who was needing to talk to him. He sighed and sent a quick reply that he'd call back as soon as possible, but he was away from his computer at the moment. He felt all the stress of his work slide back onto his shoulders as he began to worry about supply lines and vendor dealings. It was all complicated and so boring. He couldn't wait to find a new CEO so he could go back to doing what he loved, coding and engineering new products (and fucking one very pretty and sweet little vanilla boy).

They barely managed to get all their purchases into the apartment in two trips, though Jungkook carried the bulk of it and both their hands were sore from the weight of the bags as they settled everything into a big pile in the middle of the living room floor, groceries in the kitchen. Jungkook pressed a quick kiss to Jimin's forehead, apologizing that he had to take a work call. The Omega just waved him off with a smile and began to put things away in the kitchen, discovering that almost all the cabinets were empty. The Alpha apparently never cooked because though he had top

of the line pots and pans, they didn't appear to have ever been used.

Jimin just shook his head as he put things away and then moved on to the living room, sorting out the clothes into different piles for pants, shirts, shoes, etc. When he got to the lingerie and sex toys he couldn't help but think about Jungkook seeing him wearing these things, and having the various toys and restraints used on him. It started to return his earlier arousal and neediness back into his system. Jimin ran soft fingertips over the silk, velvet, lace and cotton of the lingerie, fingering the sheer mesh of pantyhose and the soft wool of thigh high socks. He wanted to wear these things now.

Jimin felt himself softening, letting go of his guarded mask now that he was back in Jungkook's apartment, surrounded by the Alpha's scent and secure in the knowledge that no one would see him except Jungkook. He wanted Jungkook to see him, he wanted the Alpha to see his body clad in the silky, delicate gifts that he'd bought for him. He wanted to please him and pleasure him more than was probably normal, but he was sure that when it came to Jungkook, nothing about his desire was average.

He sifted through the pile of lingerie, looking at the absurd amount of it as he weighed his options, finally settling on a silky jade green set of boyshorts and a bralette trimmed in delicate black lace. He searched through the shoe boxes and came up with the pair of black patent leather heels, a pair of thigh high stockings also trimmed in lace and topped the little pile with the black velvet box containing his new pearl necklace. Just as he was getting up, he saw the bags from the sex shop and remembered the plug that he'd chosen, the pink one that Jungkook had commented on. He searched through the bags and found it, adding it to his little pile of things in his arms. He clutched the choices to his chest and raced off into Jungkook's bathroom.

Jimin pulled his clothes off, biting his lip as he grabbed the pink glass plug, washing it thoroughly in the sink and drying it before propping one knee up on the counter and reaching between his legs to stretch himself enough to get the plug inside. It took a few minutes of work, but he was able to get the plug settled inside himself. It was much bigger than an average plug, the base stretched him open like a knot would and made his knees weak and his cock hard as he braced himself on the marble countertop while trying to get used to the sensation. He took deep breaths until he felt a little calmer so he could gently wash the slick from his thighs and between his legs, not wanting it to get on the pretty silk of his lingerie.

The Omega shivered as he stepped into the silky panties, the cool material slid over his skin in a whisper soft caress as goosebumps erupted all over him and his nipples tightened into taut, tender peaks. He bit his lip as he put on the silken bralette top and it skimmed his nipples making his whole body tingle and ache, longing for Jungkook's warm touch, the heat of his body pressed against him. Jimin was already hard, the ridge of his arousal clearly visible through the silk short panties. It was both erotic and humiliating to be so aroused so quickly, but it only made Jimin's need greater. He felt that submissive, neediness come out in him as he looked at himself in the bathroom mirror and looped his long string of pearls around his neck twice. The necklace was deceptively heavy and with the first loop tight around his throat, the longer hanging loop just reached his navel, the smooth, velvety pearls sliding over his skin. He stepped first into his thigh high stockings sliding them up his legs and smoothing them with his palms before toeing into his black high heels and he felt so beautiful as he gazed at his reflection. He slid his hands over his exposed pale skin, delighting in how wonderfully sensual he felt as he gazed at his reflection.

He needed Jungkook. His whole body was alive with longing for the Alpha who seemed to break down all his barriers at once. Even just the thought of showing him, letting him see Jimin in all his wonderful lewdness had him aching more, his stretched hole clenching and pressing the bulb of the plug against his tender inner places and eliciting a soft gasp. Jimin walked out of the bathroom,

through the bedroom and out into the living room. He paused for a moment, listening for Jungkook's voice and he heard it coming from another room whose door was open. He carefully stepped toward the room, feeling the way the high heels made his hips swing more, made his gait more prowling. When he stepped into the doorway, he took in the room briefly. It was an office of some kind, the walls lined with shelves, the center dominated by a desk with three monitors atop it. Jungkook was in his desk chair, body angled away from the door and cell phone held to his ear.

Jungkook was getting annoyed at the male on the other end of the line. It was a Saturday, and normally Jungkook wouldn't care about getting work calls, but he had other much more interesting things to be doing. The issue he was asking about was not something so pertinent that it needed immediate attention anyway. But the vendor was a chatterbox, continually going off on tangents and talking and talking far beyond the point of the conversation. All he wanted was for this to end so he could get back to his pretty boy and all the things he wanted to do to him. As he casually glanced over at the doorway, he had to do a double take at the vision standing between the jambs. Jimin was exquisite in teal lingerie, black thigh highs and shiny black high heels. Jungkook bit his lip as the words on the line he should have been listening to were drowned out by a rushing in his ears.

He couldn't look away, but when the voice on the other end started to call his attention, he snapped back to reality. He didn't look away from Jimin, but he did start to give a small piece of his attention to his phone call, answering with non-committal answers as he crooked a finger at his Omega, summoning him. The Omega moved like a cat when he was wearing heels, his steps smooth and his hips swaying, but when he stopped in front of him, the Omega still blushed and put both hands over the front of his silk panties, covering the evidence of his arousal. He didn't know how his pretty boy could be simultaneously filthy and innocent. It was a mystery of the universe. Jungkook gently pulled Jimin's hands away from covering his cock, replacing them with a slow groping hand of his own.

Jimin let out a soft moan as Jungkook started to rub him through the silk of his bottoms, but the Alpha pulled his hand away, looking up at Jimin and putting a finger to his lips in 'shh-ing' gesture. Jimin bit his lip as Jungkook's free hand continued gently groping and rubbing his hard cock and as the Alpha resumed his conversation, Jimin felt so dirty. But his body was reacting without a doubt. There was something so taboo about having to be quiet. The Alpha's hand taking indecent liberties with him was making him needy and when he whined out loud, knees shaking and watery making him unstable on his high heels, Jungkook pulled the phone away from his ear and Jimin watched as he hit mute so the person on the other end couldn't hear their side.

"Come here, Baby." Jungkook said, pulling Jimin forward and letting him straddle him in the desk chair while he petted his hair and vaguely listened to the phonecall that was mainly one-sided. "You had a big day today, huh? I bet you're feeling pretty overwhelmed right now, aren't you sweetheart?"

Jimin was shivering as he looked at Jungkook from his lap and nodded.

"You've been such a good boy all day. Just relax in my lap while I finish this phone call, and then I'll make you feel all better, okay?"

"O-Okay, Daddy."

Jimin leaned forward and rested his head against Jungkook's shoulder. He let the sound of Jungkook's voice soothe him, even if he wasn't paying attention to what was being said. It didn't matter. He felt better now that he was in Jungkook's lap. The Alpha was warm against his cool skin and his body was big and muscled in a way that made him feel small. He could feel

Jungkook's arousal between his legs, it had his hole clenching again, and he had to set his jaw to keep from making a noise as the plug inside him shifted rubbing against his sensitive inner walls. He took deep breaths and relaxed against Jungkook's body, just as he was told and waited for the Alpha's phone call to be over.

Jungkook was very much enjoying the feeling of Jimin relaxed in his lap, resting against his body. He was such a sweet little thing. So obedient, and spoiling him all day had felt good. It was nice to spend his money on him. Gods knew he wasn't using it for anything but filling up his account. He decided that getting a sugar baby was actually the best choice he'd ever made. He hadn't even realized how stressed he was until he'd met up with Jimin the first time. Having these meetings with the pretty Omega to look forward to was such a pleasure.

He unmuted his call and refocused on his conversation, doing what he could to shorten the call and finally agreeing to meet up with him and his mate for a business dinner on Tuesday evening just to get off the phone. He agreed to bring a date along as well so that he could get off the call and focus on the slender body that was pressed intimately against his hard cock and diverting his attention from the male on the other end of the line. He finally hung up the call and tossed his phone carelessly onto the desk with a soft clatter that made the Omega in his lap jump at the unexpected noise and sit back to look at him. When he saw that his call was over he smiled.

“You're done?”

Jungkook reached up cupped Jimin's jaw in his hands, gently brushing his cheekbones with his thumbs.

“All done, Baby. Now stand up, I wanna get a good look at you.”

Jimin slid back off Jungkook's lap and stood in front of him, the Alpha scooted his desk chair back to take in the exquisite sight. Jimin's pale skin was glowing, the teal silk and black lace of the lingerie he was wearing set off his coloring perfectly. The lace-topped thigh highs emphasized his legs, the heels changing his stance and emphasizing his perfect body line, from his small waist to his wider hips and deliciously thick thighs. His gaze found the long string of pearls and he decided he liked Jimin in the expensive finery and resolved to buy him more jewelry as soon as possible.

“Oh, sweetheart... you look so pretty for me. Are you wearing a plug right now? I can't smell your slick, Baby.”

Jimin's cheeks went pink and he nodded, looking down at the toes of his black heels.

“Show me.”

Jimin felt that submissive side of himself move back to the forefront as he went bright red and turned around, doing exactly as he was told. He hooked his fingers in the waistband of his panties and pulled them down, just below his ass before bending forward and bracing his hands on the desk to give the Alpha a view of his hole stretched around the pink glass plug. It was that same erotic humiliation that Jungkook always made him feel. Knowing the Alpha was looking at him and both wanting him to look, and not wanting him to look pulling him in two directions at once. He heard the desk chair scooting forward, and felt the air behind him stir. The familiar warmth that Jungkook's body always exuded when he was near soaked into Jimin's skin.

Jungkook was just fascinated by Jimin. He was so fucking pretty and he let Jungkook take control with sex, and it made him harder and more aching than he'd ever felt before. Every time he had the pretty boy at his mercy, he couldn't stop himself. He loved watching him get so shy, but at the same time, love what was being said and done to him. It was the best juxtaposition of sexual traits

he could imagine, and he watched as Jimin trembled and goosebumps erupted all over him. His eyes could make them out in the bright light of his office. He reached forward and grabbed the Omega's perfect ass in his hands, pulling him open to study the perfect, pink hole that was stretched around the glass plug for a few moments. He kneaded the soft flesh in his hands roughly for a few moments before letting go and watching the soft flesh bounce and jiggle a little bit.

“Lean forward and rest on the desk and hold yourself open for me.” Jungkook instructed while running his hands up and down Jimin's quivering thighs.

Jimin did as he was told, gasping slightly when his skin met the cool wood of the desk. He moved his hands behind himself and pulled his cheeks apart to show Jungkook the plug resting in his stretched entrance. He slightly regretted using the large plug. It felt too much like being knotted and it was making his arousal rise to an uncontrollable level. His cock was rock hard, the tip wet with pre-cum from the feel of being so stretched and the knowledge that Jungkook was looking at him so intimately while he was stretched around the plug.

“Like this?” Jimin asked, trying to look over his shoulder, but not able to see the Alpha at his current angle.

“Just like that, Baby.”

Jimin gasped as Jungkook spoke, his hot breath fanned over his stretched hole. He was so close to him. Jimin whined in his throat, automatically arching his back to bring himself closer to the Alpha's mouth, wanting contact of any kind.

“Please... please, Daddy.”

“What do you want, sweetheart? You want this plug out?” Jungkook asked, pushing on the base of the plug gently with a thumb and making Jimin cry out.

“Y-yes... I want it out.” Jimin whined as Jungkook pushed on the base again gently.

“What if I want to play with you a little bit first? Huh, Baby? Would you let Daddy play with you for a little while before I take it out?”

Jimin wanted to say no. He wanted to tell the Alpha to pull it out, but he also wanted to be good. He wanted the Alpha to praise him and comfort him. So he was torn and he hesitated a moment, but knew that there was really only one answer to give.

“Yes Daddy... You can do whatever you want.”

Jimin moaned as he felt Jungkook lean forward and his lips met the skin of his ass. The Alpha opened and bit the soft skin gently, nipping at him and pulling softly on the tender flesh before pulling away.

“Good boy.”

Jungkook's fingertips gripped around the base of the plug resting inside Jimin and slowly swiveled it so it slid and rubbed against the Omega's inner walls. Jungkook smirked as he watched Jimin's back arch to present himself better. It was both adorable and erotic how sensitive he was. He kept slowly swiveling the plug inside the Omega as he used his own knees to push Jimin's legs apart so he was standing in a wide stance with his top half resting against the wood of the desk. The Alpha used the other hand to push his panties down to around his knees before sliding it back up his creamy thigh to his pretty little cock and gently wrapping his hand around it, starting to slowly jerk him off while the other hand swiveled the plug inside him, making the Omega cry out in a moan

that turned into a whimper.

“Oh... god, Daddy... ahn.... please please please.... mmn... Fuck. I'm gonna cum...”

Jimin's whole body was throbbing with his heartbeat, all feeling concentrated on the Alpha's hands. One turning the plug inside him and the other loosely stroking over his erection. He could feel himself coming apart so easily as moans and pleas fell from his lips unchecked. He knew he was speaking, but he had no idea what he was saying as his eyes teared up and his throat ached with the effort to suppress sobs. The plug was too big to be simply teasing, it was almost painful as Jungkook played with it and rotated it slowly, and yet it felt amazing. Just as he felt his orgasm building, ready to break him apart, the Alpha's hands stopped their slow ministrations.

“No, no, no... don't stop... I'm so close. Alpha... please...” Jimin whined, tears spilling over as his body trembled and shook from the force of his suddenly cut-off orgasm.

Jungkook knew he'd never get tired of this. He'd never get tired of Jimin falling apart under his hands. The Omega was so easy to take apart. His little vanilla baby... so needy for attention and affection, so desperate for his pleasuring hands. He ran his hands over the perfect ass and thighs in front of him, gripping the globes of his ass in his hands and kneading it harshly, just to feel it overspill his fingers.

“Shh... just relax, Baby. I'm just playing with you for now.” The only response he received was a quiet whimper. “You have such a perfect ass, sweetheart. Have I told you how much I like your ass, pretty boy? How much I like to watch it bounce and jiggle while I fuck you? How pretty it is when I watch my cock disappear into your soft pink hole?”

Jungkook let one finger trace whisper soft around the stretched rim that was darkened to a deeper pink by the continual stretch. When he got no response again but another soft whine, he pulled one hand back and gave a quick, stinging smack to the right cheek, watching as his round cheeks jiggled at the contact and listening with pleasure as the Omega gasped and let out a little sob.

“Answer me when I ask you a question, Baby.”

Jimin's hands were clawing ineffectually against the wood of the desk underneath him as he was completely overwhelmed with a mix of pleasure and desperate need. Jungkook's teasing was making it impossible to form a coherent thought, much less to speak in full words. The Alpha's hands felt so warm against his skin, and as he gave his ass a second stinging swat, he felt the abused skin heat and throb with his rapid pulse. Tears were leaking steadily now from the corners of his eyes, and he was biting his lips to keep from sobbing at the horrendously perfect pain and pleasure.

“I-I don't know... I... what..? P-p-please Alpha...”

“I asked you... If I have ever told you how much I like your perfect ass, Baby? Go on, answer the question.”

“I... n-no, I don't think so...” Jimin managed to stammer out, voice hoarse with tears as he tried to focus on the Alpha's words.

“Hmm... that's a damn shame. Because I love it, Baby. You're so pretty like this, when you're so desperate.” Jungkook paused and gave a little tug on the base of the plug that was settled inside Jimin, making the Omega gasp. “I bet when I pull this out, you're gonna make such a mess... What do you think, Baby?”



“M-maybe...” Jimin’s breaths were coming hard and fast. “I don’t know.”

Jungkook hummed softly in acknowledgement and wrapped his hand loosely around Jimin’s cock again, giving a few slow strokes before releasing him and using a single finger to rub tiny circles right on the tip, tracing little o’s around the slit where he would be the most sensitive. Jimin jerked and let out a soft cry of sound, but Jungkook continued his gentle teasing.

“Even your pretty cock is wet for me.” Jungkook growled lowly. “Look how easily my finger slides over your tip, you’re ready for me aren’t you, Baby? Are you ready for Daddy to make you cum?”

“Yes. Please... please, I wanna cum.”

“Are you sure, Baby? Because I’m not done with you. You’re only gonna get more sensitive if I make you cum right now.”

The pad of Jungkook’s finger was still gently teasing Jimin’s tip, gathering the precum there and using it to ease the little rubbing circles as the Omega’s back arched and he shivered out a needful moan. Jimin couldn’t comprehend some future sensitivity, he was hurting and so hard and he wanted relief, he wanted release.

“Yes! God yes. Make me cum...hah... I need it Alpha.”

Jungkook smirked. He was going to enjoy fucking him while he was so raw and sensitive from his orgasm. He wanted to watch him cry and fall apart underneath him as he fucked him, first with his tongue, and then as he knotted him over and over to his heart’s content. He wanted Jimin to be sore and sleepy. He wanted him to be so fucked out that he’d fall asleep before his knot even relaxed the final time. He wanted his pale skin all red and blotchy from exertion and crying. He wanted to see how far he could push him before he fell apart completely.

Jungkook pulled his hand away from rubbing the little circles around his tip and Jimin whimpered at the loss of contact, but moaned when Jungkook’s hand wrapped around his cock again. The Alpha’s hands were always so warm and the heat of his palm had Jimin already so close to cumming that he felt the warmth building low in his belly as the pressure on the base of his spine increased to a low tingle. There was no slow slide or gentle movements this time. The Alpha was clearly trying to make him cum. His hand was tight and his strokes steady and fast, the glide helped by the copious amount of precum he was producing.

“Oh, just look at you, Baby. You’re so needy like this. You gonna cum for me? Gonna cum like this? Bent over my desk with your panties around your knees... such a naughty boy.”

Jimin’s hands scrambled to find anything to grasp onto for purchase, and he found the edges of the desk as his orgasm built inside him. The knowledge that Jungkook’s large hand could almost completely envelop his cock had him gasping and moaning as his back arched and he rested his forehead against the desk. It felt almost like being ‘milked’, and that thought had his heart thudding harder as the hand that was stroking him quickened again. Jimin felt Jungkook’s other hand slide up the back of his thigh, to his ass, and as soon as he felt the small push on the plug inside him, his entire body went tight and he clamped down around the plug painfully. It was pain and pleasure all at once, tugging him in two directions and making it impossible to know which was greater. He screamed as his body jerked and his hands gripped the edges of the desk so hard it made his knuckles ache with the force of it.

As his release washed through him and he started to come down from his high, it was all too overwhelming. The hard desk under his body, the Alpha’s warm hand gently working him through

the last of his release, but most of all the plug inside him that was stretching him open too far for comfort. He felt a sob shake up his body, trembling up from his chest and bursting out his mouth.

“P-please... get it out... Alpha... get it out... It hurts... please....” Jimin begged between wet gasps, his whole body shaking and quivering forcefully.

Jungkook’s hand released his softening member and both his hands soothingly slid up his hips and back, petting him and trying to relax him.

“Okay, Baby... Let me take you to bed and I’ll get it out. You’re too tense right now. If I pull it out, it’s gonna hurt you. Okay? Let me carry you now.”

Jimin nodded in acknowledgement and let Jungkook help him to stand and pull him into his arms, lifting him up bridal-style. Jimin buried his face against the Alpha’s neck and licked over his scent gland, making the chocolate and coffee scent bloom over his skin. The scent of the Alpha helped to relax him, as he was carried out of the office and into the bedroom, where Jungkook laid him gently on the bed. Jungkook pulled his heels off and set them on the floor before pulling the panties down where they were around his shins and off, dropping them next to the bed on the floor.

Jimin’s string of pearls were off center and caught in his lacy bralette. His makeup was smudged and tracked down his cheeks from his tears. His cheeks were red and splotchy from crying, and his lashes were wet with tears. The Omega whimpered and opened his legs that were still clad in the lacy thigh high stockings, a request. The Alpha thought he’d never seen anyone look more beautiful than his pretty boy did in that moment. He was so perfect, exactly what he’d always fantasized about, an Omega who liked the things he wanted to do to his body, even if they were overwhelming and a little painful. Jimin matched his intensity and took what he was given. So lovely.

Jungkook climbed up onto the bed and positioned himself sitting between Jimin’s open thighs, reaching down and grabbing the base of the plug with his fingertips. As soon as he gave a gentle pull, Jimin tightened up and whined deep in his throat.

“I need you to relax, Baby. You’re too tense.”

Jimin’s mind was too hazy, too fuzzy to understand him. He just wanted the plug out. He wanted Jungkook to hold him and maybe fuck him, he wasn’t sure exactly what he wanted outside of getting the plug out. His hands were bunched in the comforter underneath him and he felt fresh tears leaking from the corners of his eyes.

“Out... out...” Jimin whined, looking down his body to see Jungkook between his legs, still fully dressed.

Jungkook tried again, but as Jimin tensed, he didn’t stop pulling, he just paused until he relaxed and he was able to slowly and gently pull it free until it slid out, followed by a gush of slick that dampened the bed underneath the Omega and the scent slammed into Jungkook, sweet vanilla bean. The release of pressure had Jimin’s back arching and toes curling as pain turned to relief and oddly, pleasure.

“F-fuck... yes.”

Jungkook set the plug aside and gently ran his hands over Jimin’s thighs tenderly, trying to soothe him.

“Better?”

“Yeah.”

“You wanna rest for awhile? It’s okay if you need a break.” Jungkook offered, continuing his soothing massage of Jimin’s thighs, even as his own cock was aching in the confines of his pants.

Jimin looked at the Alpha between his legs and felt a wave of tenderness wash over him. He really was a good Alpha. But Jimin didn’t want to stop. Now that the plug was out, he felt too empty. He wanted to be full again, he wanted Jungkook inside of him. He wanted the Alpha to keep playing with him. He liked being touched and kissed and toyed with by Jungkook. He wanted to be his good boy.

“No. Don’t stop, Daddy. Keep going, I like it. I like everything you do to me.” Jimin said quietly, raising his hands up over his head and stretching out to show his body to its best advantage.

“Fuck, Baby you’re so perfect. Such a good boy for me. Aren’t you?”

“Mm-hm. Just for you.”

Jungkook growled softly at these words, possessiveness growing inside him as he thought about Jimin being just for him. He leaned down and braced his weight on his hands so he could give him a hungry kiss, plundering his mouth with his tongue briefly before pulling back and biting Jimin’s full lower lip, sucking on it and tugging it with his teeth before releasing him.

“I made you some promises while we were out, Baby. I think it’s time to make good on them. Do you remember what I promised you?” Jungkook asked, hovering over Jimin as he held his weight up off the Omega.

Jimin’s mind was whirling, trying desperately to remember what he’d been promised.

“You promised to eat me out…” Jimin said, biting his lip shyly.

Jungkook smiled and reached down, hooking two fingers in the long pearl necklace and wrapping it around his hand, feeling the smooth pearls click and shift against each other.

“That’s right, Baby. And what else?”

“To… give me a pearl necklace to match this one.” Jimin whispered, voice husky as he looked up at him with eyes full of desperate want.

“That’s right, sweetheart. Look how good you are, remembering all Daddy’s words. You ready to get started, pretty boy?”

“Yes, Daddy.”

“Good boy.”

Jungkook moved down Jimin’s body, stopping to suck gently on his pretty, pink nipples and smirking against his skin as the Omega gasped and arched under him, his little hands finding their way into Jungkook’s hair to hold him against his chest. Jungkook loved the way that the Omega moaned and trembled under him. He was so sensitive, the Alpha felt like he could spend all day just gently teasing him and working him up. He’d never had a lover so patient with his teasing and edging. He loved to watch Jimin get so exciteable under him until he was teary and shaking.

He bit and pulled on the taut little bud in his mouth, drawing out a soft sobbing moan from the Omega, and he looked up to see Jimin’s head tossed back against the pillows, full bottom lip

between his teeth and eyes screwed shut. He was a perfect vision of pleasure as Jungkook sucked at him and bit his sensitive nipples, licking at them to soothe the pain. He released the nipple from his mouth and gave the other side the same treatment, teasing and pulling at him until both nipples were no longer the soft pink, but a darker, reddish magenta from the stimulation before moving on dragging his lips down Jimin's abdomen and nipping him here and there just to hear the soft sounds of surprise.

Jimin's whole body was singing with pleasure. Jungkook knew exactly how to touch him to get him worked up. He loved the way that the Alpha mixed pain and pleasure perfectly to make him feel more than he'd ever felt in his life. No amount of masturbating, no heat, no experience compared to the feeling of the Alpha's warm hands and mouth exploring his body and mapping each sensitive spot. The mix of shameful embarrassment and deliciously wicked desire that he felt when the Alpha looked at him, spoke his filthy words to him was so amazingly hot that Jimin felt himself burn up under him.

Jimin moaned, a high pitched thready sound as he felt Jungkook's warm mouth slide down over his cock and start to work him with gentle suction. He was so sensitive that it was both pleasure and pain mixed together as the Alpha swirled his tongue around the tip before sliding back down. Jungkook moved back up and released him from his mouth before licking lewdly down the shaft toward his aching balls, pulling one into his mouth and massaging it with his tongue for a few moments before pulling back.

"How many times do you think you can cum for me, Baby?" Jungkook asked, voice deep and husky.

"I don't know..."

"How about three? Do you think you could cum for me three more times, Baby?"

Jimin tried to focus his mind, but all he could think about was the Alpha's hands and mouth and all the sound of his voice. He looked down his body to see Jungkook looking up at him, his mouth only inches from Jimin's hard cock and he just knew that he'd do whatever the Alpha wanted as long as he kept touching him.

"Yeah..."

"Such a good boy. You're gonna be so pretty for me when you're all fucked out. I can't wait to get you so sensitive and tender that you'll take my knot easily. I'm gonna get you all wet and messy, sweetheart."

Jungkook leaned back down and took Jimin's cock into his mouth again, looking up at him, fascinated as he watched him fall apart under him. He was so beautiful like this, being pleased. The Alpha couldn't wait to see how pretty he'd be after he was overstimulated and shaking with a mixture of need and desperation, both wanting it to stop and keep going. Jungkook felt so fond when he realized that he didn't even need to depththroat. He could push all the way down on Jimin's cock and it barely reached the back of his mouth. His sex was so little and pretty and here, his soft vanilla scent was so strong it was almost a taste as he took his whole length in his mouth and started to give soft, pulsing sucks, moving his head just slightly as he worked him.

It took almost no time for Jimin to cum from the constant heat and suction of Jungkook's hot mouth. The pleasure was so intense that he couldn't form words, just random squeaks and moans of bliss as he was suckled at in those little rhythmic pulls that had his hands finding their way into Jungkook's hair as his legs wrapped around the Alpha's head and his back arched. He cried out as his second orgasm hit him and he came into Jungkook's mouth with a cry as his whole body

tightened up and as the throbbing waves of his orgasm rushed through him, he felt more slick, gushing from his hole as his pleasure mounted and his body prepared to take Jungkook inside, getting wet and pliant. The Alpha pulled back and Jimin shivered as he heard him swallow as he looked up at him.

“That’s one down, Baby. You’re doing so well. Fuck... my cock is so hard right now. You ready to get one of your promises, pretty boy? You ready to get all messy for me?” Jungkook asked, fingers reaching up and tugging on the long string of pearls.

Jimin felt a searing jolt of pure arousal rocket down his spine as he thought of the Alpha cumming on him. Gods knew he wanted it. He felt tears come to his eyes as his aching cock started to fill again where it had gone soft against belly. It hurt to get hard again so quickly, but the burning tingle was worth it, he needed this.

“Oh... god yes, Daddy. Cum on me.”

Jungkook’s balls were actually starting to genuinely hurt. He’d been holding himself back all day, and his pretty boy begging him to cum on him was more than he could take. He could feel the wet patch in his boxers where his pre-cum had damped the material. He crawled up Jimin’s body, stopping to give him one hard kiss, sliding his tongue into Jimin’s mouth briefly to share his taste with him before pulling back and moving up farther until he was straddling the Omega’s belly, though he didn’t put his weight down on him. Jimin shifted up onto his elbows, so he was face level with the Alpha’s groin. Jungkook felt himself twitch as the pretty gray eyes looked up at him and the Omega bit his full bottom lip.

Jungkook unfastened his belt, pulling it out and tossing it to the side before unbuttoning and unzipping his pants, pushing both them and his boxers down just far enough to free his throbbing erection. He sighed in relief as he was freed from the confines of his trousers. Jungkook leaned back, reaching behind him and sliding a hand between Jimin’s legs to get his palm wet with the Omega’s slick, Jimin gasping when his pinky dragged over his fluttering entrance. Straightening back up, he wrapped his hand around his cock and gave a few strokes, letting his head fall back and letting out a short moan of relief at the little pleasure after all the constant hardness and aching as he’d held himself in check.

He heard Jimin make a soft sound, like a little tinny whine and he glanced down to see the Omega’s eyes fixed on his cock, mouth slightly parted, and pink tongue licking slowly over his lips in what was clearly an unconscious gesture. Jungkook felt a smirk pull at one side of his mouth as he watched Jimin’s brows draw down, mouth opening wider as if in invitation. He adored how much Jimin loved his cock. He’d never met an Omega who wanted to suck him off so much. Other lovers had done it for him, but it had always felt to him like they were doing it as some kind of chore and usually expected something in return, in the way of gifts, money or other favors. Jungkook leaned forward a little, letting the tip of his cock brush over Jimin’s full, swollen lips, tracing the tip around them and making them shiny with his pre-cum.

“I wanna fuck your mouth, Baby.” Jungkook growled, moving his tip back and forth over Jimin’s lips, the Omega’s tongue sweeping out to lick at him. “You want that, sweetheart? Want me to fuck your pretty little mouth then cum all over you?”

Jimin whined and nodded a little, opening his mouth in offering. Normally Jungkook would tell him to use his words, but at the moment, the offer of the soft, wet mouth was too good to pass up even for a few moments. He angled his cock down and slowly slid into Jimin’s warm mouth, moaning at the gentle moist heat around his length. He slid one hand into the Omega’s soft blond hair and gripped the strands in his fist as he started to thrust shallowly into the velvet heat of

Jimin's mouth, watching his full lips stretch around his cock. Jungkook just enjoyed the feeling of his pretty boy's mouth on him for a little bit, slowly fucking into his mouth, though after a few minutes, he couldn't hold back anymore. He needed more stimulation. Jungkook pulled out of Jimin's mouth with a wet 'pop' and a quiet whimper as the gray eyes opened and looked up at him questioningly.

"Can you relax your throat for me, Baby? Huh? Can you be a good boy and take all of Daddy's cock?"

"I can, Daddy. I can do it for you." Jimin said, voice thick from his mouth being used.

Jungkook looked down and observed Jimin close his eyes, take a deep breath and open his mouth. The Alpha slid back inside, pushing forward slowly until he met with the back of Jimin's throat. The Omega gagged a bit and he pulled back, but pushed forward again until he slid into the tightness of Jimin's throat. His hand in the Omega's hair tightened and he let out a groan of pleasure at the feeling. He pushed forward until Jimin gagged again and he pulled out, letting the Omega get a few deep breaths before he opened up again and he could slide back into his throat.

"That's it, Baby... uhn... god you feel so good. Fuck, you're gonna make me cum, pretty boy. Gonna cum all over that pretty face of yours. Mmmn..."

Jungkook thrust himself into Jimin's mouth with a little more force, pulling back when the Omega gagged or pushed at his hips with his small hands, but Jimin was taking him so well, letting him fuck his throat and use his mouth how he wanted. Jungkook could feel his balls drawing up as the pressure built on the base of his spine, and when Jimin gagged again, the throbbing little massage had him perilously close to cumming down his throat. He pulled back and took himself in hand again. Stroking his cock in fast jerks, focusing on the head as he felt his orgasm building, getting him ready to blow.

"Fuck... I'm about to cum, Baby... Open your mouth for me, sweetheart... That's it... Fuck..."

Jimin opened his mouth eagerly, and closed his eyes somewhat reluctantly, wanting to see the Alpha cum, but after a moment he felt the hot stripes of Jungkook's seed land on his face and chest. After the first few pulses, he felt the tip of Jungkook's cock rest on his tongue and Jimin opened his eyes and looked up to meet dark, pleased ones as more cum shot straight into his mouth, onto his tongue. He didn't seal his lips, letting the cum spill out over his tongue and chin to run down his neck. Jimin kept the eye contact until the Alpha finished and pulled back, panting and chest heaving. Jimin could feel the streaks of cum cooling on his skin. His face and chest were covered, his chin and neck too from the release that had spilled from his mouth. He closed his lips and swallowed the little left in his mouth as he looked up at Jungkook.

"Damn, Baby... you're so pretty right now. Such a good boy. My good boy."

Jungkook reached down and wiped the cum off Jimin's chin with a thumb before pressing the digit into the Omega's mouth and enjoying the way he sucked it clean, swirling his tongue around and around it until Jungkook pulled it free. Gods, his little vanilla baby was so precious and filthy. The Alpha pulled his pants and boxers back up, leaving them unfastened as he moved back down the bed until he could settle down between Jimin's legs again. The Omega was fully hard once more and had a few little pearls of precum on his lower belly where he'd dripped from his soft pink tip. He looked up at the Omega who was still covered in his seed and felt so much dark possession grow inside him that he was almost ravenous with it.

"You're so hard again already, sweetheart... oh, look at your pretty little cock, so wet you're dripping onto your belly. Did you like me fucking your throat that much, pretty boy? You like

when Daddy uses you to get off?”

Jimin felt heat rush under his skin at the words, and he looked down to see Jungkook sitting back between his legs, looking down at him while he was still fully clothed, just his trousers being undone. He had liked Jungkook fucking his throat, a lot. Probably more than was normal, because he was completely hard again, and he knew his slick was soaking through the bedding underneath him, he was so wet.

“Yes... fuck, I loved it.” Jimin’s voice was thick and raspy.

“Mmm... That’s good pretty boy. Now... I think it’s my turn to get a little messy, huh? You ready for the next part of your prom-” Jungkook cut off when Jimin’s phone started ringing somewhere on the bed where he’d tossed it before going into the bathroom to change into his lingerie. The Alpha reached for it to silence it, but looked at the screen and felt curiosity build in him. “Who is Daniel, Baby?”

He watched as Jimin’s brows drew down and his lips twisted into a frown. He could see that Jimin was being pulled out of his arousal because the hard length against his belly flagged slightly.

“Ugh... don’t answer it. Let it go to voicemail.” Jimin said.

“Who is Daniel?” Jungkook repeated, now more curious because of the reaction.

“He’s my ex. We’re assigned together on a stupid school project.”

Jungkook could see Jimin surfacing from his subspace and didn’t want to let the phone call ruin their fun. Though he would have denied it, he was jealous. He was feeling very possessive of his pretty boy at the moment and didn’t like the idea of anyone else touching him. He silenced the call and tossed the phone away to the other side of the bed before focusing back down on Jimin, sliding his hands up his thighs and pushing his legs farther open.

“Let’s not worry about him. Let’s focus on us right now.” Jungkook said as he hooked his hands behind Jimin’s knees and pushed them up and apart so that his glistening pink hole was exposed by the position. “I’ve got a promise to keep. So, hold your legs up like this, Baby so I can lick you open.”

Jimin’s hands came up and hooked around his knees, holding his legs in the position Jungkook had requested, and the Alpha let go, scooting down the bed so he was laying on his stomach, propped on his forearms and face level with Jimin’s entrance. The Omega felt so lewd like this, holding his legs up to give Jungkook access to his most private flesh, and yet it was perfection. He felt the Alpha’s warm hands on his ass, pulling him open and expected the feel of a lick over his entrance, and gasped, body spasming as Jungkook’s tongue immediately pushed inside him in a single velvety penetration. Jimin cried out at the unexpected intrusion and felt his hole flutter around the tongue inside him.

“F-fuck... “ Jimin moaned as his toes curled and his hands slipped a little on the silken stockings, forcing him to readjust his grip. “Oh god... that feels... uhn... fuck...”

The Alpha started a slow slide and retreat, fucking him with his tongue as he growled lowly, the vibrations of it making Jimin shiver all the way up his body. The Alpha ate him out with a desperate kind of fervor that had his whole body flushing with heat as he pulled his tongue out to lick and suck greedily at his hole, swallowing his slick with gulps that sounded loud and lewd in the silence of the bedroom. He felt the Alpha pull back and drag his lips up Jimin’s ass and to his inner thigh where he latched onto the skin and sucked a dark hickey right on his innermost thigh,

just at the edge of the lace trim of his stockings. Jimin felt his heart pound at the knowledge that Jungkook was marking him up, and he felt his belly flood with warmth as he started to approach his orgasm. The possessive gesture keyed him up, making his inner Omega completely pliant to the Alpha.

Jungkook knew he shouldn't give Jimin hickeys without his permission, but he could tell that the Omega liked it. He could feel him shaking, and the pitch and volume of his moans increased. His pretty boy wanted to be marked up, and that made Jungkook's cock twitch with erotic satisfaction. He wanted to suck a dark hickey right over Jimin's scent gland so this 'Daniel' would know to stay the fuck away from his little vanilla baby. He released the skin from his mouth and was pleased with how dark the mark was, giving the tender skin one last lick before he moved back down between his cheeks and resumed eating him out. He would never get tired of the sweet flavor of Jimin's vanilla slick, he licked and sucked at him like a man possessed and when he thrust his tongue back inside, he was rewarded with a mouthful of slick. He could tell the Omega was close, and he buried himself between his cheeks, holding his breath and tongue fucking him with an almost feral kind of intensity until he felt the Omega's body jerk and a rush of slick overflowed his entire mouth. He lost the grip on his knees and he felt the stocking clad heels digging into his shoulders, as Jimin surged under his mouth, trying to work himself down against him as he came.

Jungkook worked him through his second orgasm until he was whimpering and moaning for him to stop and he finally pulled back, and propped himself up between his legs to look up the Omega's body as he licked his lips.

"That's two, Baby. Still got one more to go." Jungkook said, pushing himself up to kneel between Jimin's open thighs.

Jungkook pulled off his shirt and used it to wipe the slick off his face, and stared down at Jimin to see that the Omega was so fucked out already, his whole body shaking, his skin red and flushed, his face still covered in Jungkook's drying cum. The Alpha leaned down over him and used his shirt to gently wipe his seed off the Omega's face and neck, knowing it was probably getting sticky and uncomfortable. Once he was done, he tossed the shirt aside and leaned down to kiss him, sliding his tongue into Jimin's mouth and pressing his still-clothed erection between his legs and feeling the wetness of the Omega's slick soak through his boxers. He grinded against him a few times, until Jimin whimpered and broke the kiss.

"Ah... the fabric is too rough... fuck..." He hissed through his teeth.

"Sorry, Baby." Jungkook said, pulling his hips back and shifting back up and shuffling backwards until he could step off the bed and push his bottoms down to pool on the floor before crawling back up the bed. "You ready for Daddy's cock, now pretty boy?"

Jungkook let the tip of his cock slide between Jimin's cheeks, catching on his rim, and making the Omega arch and squirm as he was so sensitive. But he watched as those gray eyes looked at him with his blown pupils and he nodded. Jungkook slid both his hands up Jimin's parted thighs and gripped at the soft skin, digging in his fingertips.

"Use your words, Baby. Ask for Daddy to fuck you. Tell me how much you want my cock."

"Please... please fuck me, Daddy. I've been so good. I need your knot... I'm so empty." Jimin whimpered, tears filling his eyes. He was so far past any sense of decorum or shame. He wanted Jungkook to fuck him and he didn't mind begging for it. He wanted it despite the fact that he knew it was probably going to be more pain than pleasure, but he still needed it with a desperation bordering on insanity. He wanted to make Jungkook feel good, wanted the Alpha to lose himself to the pleasure of Jimin's body.



“Shh... It’s alright, little one. I’m gonna fill you up so well.”

Jungkook didn’t hesitate before lining his cock up with his hole and sliding all the way in with one smooth thrust, bottoming out with a groan. Jimin was already well stretched from the plug, ready to accept him inside, and Jungkook wondered how he could still be so tight. His hole was drenched and he could hear the wet squelches as he moved inside him, feeling the soft walls of his ass clench and massage around him.

Jimin felt so full, but he was still so sensitive from the relentless onslaught of orgasms, he was sure that there was no way he could cum again. His cock was mostly soft, laying against his belly as Jungkook’s hands wrapped around his hips and lifted them up off the bed slightly with an ease of strength that made Jimin’s spent cock give a tiny twitch at how amazingly hot it was. The Alpha started to thrust into him almost at once, the tip of his cock brushing over Jimin’s prostate on every inward shift of his hips.

“F-Fuck... Alpha... it’s too much... mnn...” Jimin moaned eyes squeezed shut and mouth open as he gasped in harsh breaths between his whimpering cries.

Jungkook released Jimin’s hips and moved up, resting his hands on either side of Jimin’s slender shoulders and lowering himself down claim the Omega’s mouth in hard kiss, plundering his sweet mouth with his tongue as he continued to fuck him at the same steady pace, the new angle pressing more directly into his prostate, making Jimin moan helplessly into their liplock. Jungkook ravished his mouth, only breaking the kiss to move down over his jaw to his neck where he could lick and suck over his scent gland. He growled against his neck, as Jimin’s hands found their way into his hair, pushing him closer as he sucked on the sensitive place as he cried out. Jungkook dragged his teeth over Jimin’s scent gland, nipping at the tender skin before speaking in a low rasping voice.

“No one else makes you feel like this, do they Baby? No one fucks you like Daddy does, huh pretty boy?” Jungkook growled between bites and sucks on the Omega’s neck, feeling jealous and possessive of the smaller body under him.

“N-no, Daddy... no one.” Jimin whined, tilting his head to give the Alpha more access as his hands tangled in the dark strands of his hair and his legs wrapped around the hips that were pistoning into him.

“That’s right, Baby. I don’t want you letting other Alphas touch you... especially not your ex. Only I can touch you.”

The jealousy shouldn’t turn him on, but Jimin felt heat coalesce in his gut at the knowledge that Jungkook didn’t want other Alphas touching him. The words made him throb and in his current submissive and overwhelmed state, he was completely lost to anything but the Alpha’s whims and wishes. He’d agree to just about anything at the moment.

“Only you... ngh... only you, Daddy.”

Jungkook had been holding back for too long, after the whole day of lusting after his pretty boy, and all the foreplay, watching him fall apart under him over and over, had Jungkook’s cock rock hard and his balls aching, ready to spill himself into Jimin’s tight heat. He loved the way the Omega’s body accepted him inside so naturally, so easily, like he was made to take his cock. Even as Jimin clawed at his back and whimpered, tears spilling from the sides of his eyes, he let Jungkook fuck into his overstimulated body. Jungkook pushed up on one arm and reached between them and ran his hand through the cum on the Omega’s belly before wrapping it around his half hard cock, squeezing and massaging the semi-flaccid length and making Jimin sob as pleasure and pain mixed.

“Come on, Baby.” Jungkook panted, trying to stave off his own orgasm as long as he could. “You can do it... cum for me one more time... Fuck... you feel so good, sweetheart. Wanna feel you cum on my cock.”

Jimin’s cock was so sensitive that the Alpha’s slick hand working him was too much, it was a burning kind of pain mixed with the most intense pleasure he’d ever felt. He felt the Alpha fuck into him over and over, and though he never achieved full hardness again, the moment that the Alpha started rolling his semi-soft tip between his fingers and thumb, Jimin’s entire body have one last hard throb and he came for the fourth time with a scream that hurt his throat, as his cock dribbled a few little drops of cum. His mind went completely blank, vision blacking out. When he came to, Jungkook was locked inside him by his knot.

Jungkook had never seen anything so hot as Jimin cumming that fourth time, hearing his scream of blissful agony and watching his eyes roll back, body spasming as his entrance clenched down on him. The Omega was completely pliant under him as he thrust the final few times and finally knotted the fucked out boy under him, shards of pure pleasure slicing through his control as his release pounded through him, leaving him breathless. His cock jerked and spurted his cum deep in him as he was held inside by his knot. His entire body was tingling from the most powerful orgasm he’d ever had in his life.

Jimin let out a quiet groan underneath him as he started to come back to himself, gray eyes blinking and rolling around, finding Jungkook holding himself above him on shaking arms, sweat running down his brow. As his eyes, found the intense dark gaze of the Alpha, Jimin’s mouth pulled into a goofy, sex-drunk smile that had his stomach filling with butterflies. Gods... he had no idea how he found his perfect little vanilla boy, but he was so thankful. It was a revelation to have someone so accepting of his overbearing dominance in bed, not even just accepting, but encouraging. Jimin liked what he did, the Omega wanted to be overwhelmed and pushed just across that line of pain and pleasure.

Underneath him he was flawless in Jungkook’s eyes, with his messy, cum and tearstained face, his ravished hair and red cheeks, his puffy swollen lips and glazed fucked out eyes, he was a vision. Jungkook shifted so he could wrap his arms around Jimin’s back and rolled them over so that he was on his back with the Omega on top of him, his knot still firmly settled inside the wet sheath of his body. He reached up and petted Jimin’s back in long, smooth strokes.

“You alright, Baby?” Jungkook asked.

Jimin made a noncommittal sound of ascent from where his head rested on Jungkook’s chest. The Omega was currently floating somewhere between waking and sleep, completely exhausted by the day of shopping followed by the most intense sex he could imagine. He was completely spent, and had no mind for anything other than resting against the Alpha’s chest. He felt content as the big warm hands stroked over his back.

“You did so well for me, Baby. My little Minnie. You were so perfect for Daddy. Such a good boy for me, sweetheart.” Jungkook whispered against the crown of his head, pressing little kisses between words.

Jimin purred, just a quiet little vibrating rumble in his chest as he was petted and praised. It felt good to be held and cared for after sex. This was probably as good as the sex itself had been, the feeling of being so vulnerable and pliant but being able to trust the person with him, knowing he was safe in his arms. His mind was in that quiet place where everything else fell away and he could relax without any worries about school, money, friends, family and all the other things that seemed to take up space in his head. He dozed and surfaced over and over, as he came down from his high

and his mind slowly returned to his body. He felt the Alpha's knot relax and Jungkook went soft inside him, but he liked that too, just feeling the physical connection without the sexual component was soothing.

After a while, Jungkook knew he had to get up and get them both cleaned up before he could let Jimin fall asleep properly. He didn't want him to wake up covered in dried cum and slick. So he gently shook him, causing the purr to cut off. The Omega's head lifted and he looked up at him with heavy, sleep-tired eyes. His blond hair was an absolute mess, and Jungkook could see several small spots of drying cum that he'd missed with his shirt. He was so pretty like this, completely wrecked and fucked out. It actually had his cock stirring in interest again, which was quite a surprise to him. He hadn't thought he could even get hard again, but he had been extremely stressed over the last few weeks, with all the problems with their manufacturing plant, then traveling and all the stress of his trip. He was tense, and Jimin was such a pressure release for him. Though, he'd already done so much, that he thought he should try and give him a little break.

"Baby, we need to take a shower. After that you can take a nap, okay?"

Jimin made a little noise of complaint, but nodded. Jungkook moved his hands to Jimin's hips and gently as possible pulled his half-hard cock out of him. Jimin's little fingers scratched at his chest and he made a sound that was a little pained, but surprisingly close to a moan. It shot straight down Jungkook's spine, making his cock inflate a little more. Jungkook used his hands to roll Jimin to the side, off of him and got up first before picking the sleepy Omega up in his arms and carrying him to the bathroom.

He set Jimin gently on the counter before moving to turn on the shower and get the water heating up. He tested the temperature with his hand and found it to be a little hotter than he usually preferred but thought it would be perfect for Jimin, so he let it be. He stepped back over to the Omega who was leaning against the wall, eyes unfocused and blinking slowly as he tried to stay awake. He was so sweet like this, sleepy and completely wrecked. Jungkook was still hard, but he knew it would go away in a while. He had to help him out of his lacy bralette and string of pearls, setting both aside to deal with later before slipping off this pantyhose.

"Alright, sweetheart. Can you stand? We need to shower."

Jimin nodded and Jungkook helped him off the counter, to stand on shaking legs and let him step into the shower first. He felt good as Jimin's chest and face were hit by the water and he let out a small sigh, tilting his head back and letting the water wet it and plaster it back from his face. Jungkook stepped in behind him and slid his hands up the Omega's waist to run his hands over Jimin's soft wet skin. The Omega leaned back against him and he felt him stiffen for a single instant as he came in contact with his hard cock, the length pressing against his ass and lower back. Jimin looked up over his shoulder at him as he leaned against his chest.

"You're still hard."

"It's okay, Baby. I know you're tired. We don't have to do anything else."

Jimin gave him a soft, sleepy smile and reached up a single finger to boop the tip of his nose.

"Don't be silly, Alpha." Jimin said, stepping forward in the big shower and bracing his hands against the glass wall, arching his back and shifting his feet apart before looking over his shoulder again. "I don't think I can cum again, but it's okay. Fuck me. I know you need it... take me, Daddy. Let me help you."

Fuck. Jungkook bit his lip as he stepped forward and slid his hands over Jimin's perfect hips. Jimin

really was so perfect for him. He was going to get him something truly extravagant for this. He deserved it for being so good for him.

“Baby, you’re such a good boy. Letting Daddy fuck you like this... gods, you’re so perfect.”

Jungkook positioned himself at Jimin’s entrance as the water cascaded down over them, and pushed inside, the Omega letting out a soft whimper, fingers curling against the steaming glass. Jungkook’s hands gripped Jimin’s hips as he started to piston himself in and out in smooth strokes, slow at first. Just enjoying the feeling of Jimin’s tightness around him as the Omega let out small whimpers of sensitivity and quiet moans.

Jungkook leaned down and kissed over Jimin’s neck as his pace increased, biting and licking at his neck in turns as his fingertips dug into the soft skin of his hips and pulled him back against every thrust to get as deep as possible. Jimin’s moans increased in volume and pitch as his thrusts came harder and faster, the Alpha growling lowly against his neck as his pleasure mounted. As his orgasm started to crest, Jungkook instinctively latched his mouth over the Omega’s scent gland and sucked hard, marking his little vanilla baby possessively, pulling at the skin with the suction of his lips as his knot formed and he emptied himself into Jimin again, twitching and jerking inside the Omega’s body as Jimin sobbed out long, harsh moans.

Jungkook groaned into Jimin’s neck under his mouth as he rode out his orgasm, swiveling his hips a little to stimulate them both from the inside until he was too sensitive and finally stopping. As he came down, he peppered soft kisses over Jimin’s neck and shoulders, his knot firmly settled inside the Omega who was whining quietly at the intensity of the stretch and the tenderness of his abused entrance. Jungkook ran soothing hands over his wet skin, nuzzling at him while he whispered soft praises.

“Good boy, so pretty, so soft. You feel so good, sweetheart. My little Minnie.” Jungkook remembered Jimin asking him to say his name after their phone sex, and he tries to make sure to use it when Jimin needs aftercare.

It took shorter than normal for his knot to relax, since he was on his third orgasm, but when it did, he slid out as gently as possible, though Jimin still winced and let out a soft hiss of pain. The Alpha helped Jimin to stand, and he was clearly completely out of it. His cock semi hard, but quickly flagging without the stimulation of being filled. Jungkook pulled him into a kiss, not the harsh, needful ones of earlier, but a softer kiss more about appreciation and soothing than anything sexual. It was comforting and gentle, surprisingly tender after the last few hours of rough, dirty sex. Jungkook pulled back and pressed one last kiss to his lips.

“Thank you, Jimin.”

The fact that he used his name, makes Jimin’s whole stomach fill with butterflies. He smiled up at the Alpha even though he was tired and sore, he felt so good. He loved the feeling he had at that moment of quiet, pliant, submission that eased all his tension and left him sleepy and replete.

“Anytime, Jungkook. I really don’t mind it... You can do whatever you want with me. I trust you.”

Jungkook felt those last three words slam straight into his chest and fill him with a possessive feeling that wanted him to hide Jimin away from the whole world so only he could see his pretty boy. No one else deserved to look at him. Though he knew that was never going to happen, but it made him swell with pride that Jimin trusted him. He definitely was going to get something very special and expensive. He had no idea what, but he would figure it out.

He got the shampoo and started to wash them both. First Jimin, then himself. He shampooed and

conditioned his hair before gently washing his body with soap, setting aside the washcloth when Jimin's skin proved too tender and just using his hands. Finally, Jungkook led him to brace his hands against the shower wall again as the Alpha, took the removeable portion of the showerhead and knelt behind him, pulling his cheeks apart to observe his puffy pink bloom. His entrance was swollen and looked painful, the usually petal-pink rim darker with use. He gently slid two fingers inside and coaxed out his cum as carefully as he could. He grabbed the dangling showerhead attachment and turned the little dial to the soft massage setting before using two fingers of one hand to hold Jimin's hole open, and the other to aim the little stream of water inside him, to let the water wash out all the rest of what was left inside him.

The moment the water massaged against his sensitive hole, Jimin whined, so sensitive as his most private flesh was washed by hot water. His hands clawed at the glass under them and his legs trembled almost giving out. Jimin reached behind him and grabbed Jungkook's wrist, pushing the massaging showerhead away with a hiss.

“Ah, ah, ah... too sensitive... please...”

“Okay, Baby. That's good enough. Let's get you out of here so you can sleep, okay.”

“Okay.”

Jungkook stood and turned off the water, pulling Jimin out of the shower and seeing him immediately shivering. He grabbed a towel and immediately started gently drying the Omega, who whined at the tenderness of his skin against the terrycloth of the towel. But he allowed Jungkook to thoroughly dry him. Jungkook dried himself quickly, tossing the damp towel toward the hamper and picking Jimin back up. He carried him out of the bathroom and into the bedroom, only then remembering the absolute mess of the bed that was covered in slick and cum. He hesitated a moment and turned into his closet, setting Jimin down on weak legs for just a moment before rifling through his clothes and finding a loose fitting soft maroon hoodie. He helped Jimin to slip into it, the thing hopelessly overlarge on him and hanging down almost to his knees, his hands lost in the voluminous thing, but Jimin was purring as he brought his little sweater paws up to his mouth to stifle a yawn. So cute.

Jungkook threw on a pair of boxers and sweats, leaving off a shirt since he was so overheated from the shower. He carried Jimin out to the living room and laid him on the sofa and turned to see the organized little piles of clothes, grabbing a pair of the white cotton panties that were whisper soft, ripping the tag off and helping the sleepy Omega slip into them. Also taking a pair of the fuzzy thigh-high socks from the stack, he put those on him too, wanting him to be warm. As he went to turn away, he paused and turned back, pulling the soft, black throw blanket off the back of the sofa and tucking him up in it firmly.

He left Jimin there and went to change the bedding, tossing everything into the hamper and changing the sheets and blankets out, adding an extra layer of blankets for Jimin. When he returned to the living room, he found the Omega curled up in a little ball with his tiny hands tucked up under his chin. He was so adorable that Jungkook felt himself soften as he watched him breathing slow and even. It was hard to believe that his was the same Omega who had walked into his office in lingerie and high heels and let him fuck his throat and cum on his face. He was so entirely innocent looking that Jungkook felt a bit bad for doing such dirty things with him, but he knew that Jimin was just as into it as he was. He might, look, smell and taste like his little vanilla baby, but he was naughty little sex kitten underneath that sweet exterior.

Jimin woke a little as he was lifted, but relaxed as he smelled chocolate and coffee. It was Jungkook. His Daddy was safe. He was okay to sleep, and he let himself drift as he was laid on the

soft mattress of Jungkook's bed and tucked in nice and tight in the thick blankets. He felt the Alpha pulling away and his eyes popped open. He reached out and grabbed Jungkook's wrist to pull him to a stop.

"Where are you going?"

"I was going to go do some work for a little while, Baby." Jungkook said, reaching down and brushing Jimin's hair out of his face.

"Oh..." Jimin's face fell, and he glanced away, looking disappointed.

"Do you want me to stay with you until you fall asleep, little one?"

Jimin nodded and Jungkook walked around to his side of the bed and slid into the sheets. Jimin was plastered to his side in seconds, shivering against his body he absorbed the Alpha's heat. Jungkook wasn't really tired. If anything the sex felt like it had invigorated him. His mind was clear and he was actually relaxed. It felt like he could get actual progress done on his side project, but Jimin deserved to be pampered after he'd been so good, so Jungkook laid in bed with him, drawing little patterns on his back as Jimin fell asleep. It didn't take long for the Omega's quiet purrs to stop and his breathing to even out and deepen into the slower breaths of sleep. Jungkook stayed a little longer, just enjoying the feeling of Jimin's smaller body against him, but after a while, he slipped out from under the Omega's hold and got up, pausing to tuck Jimin in before going off to his office.

## Chapter End Notes

Please leave a comment.

# The Weekend- Part 5: Dinner

## Chapter Summary

Jimin cooks dinner for Jungkook. Daniel makes Jimin uncomfortable.

## Chapter Notes

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Jimin woke up warm and sore. His ass and lower back were throbbing with his heartbeat, but he smiled into the pillow he was cuddling as the events of the day replayed in his mind. Jungkook taking him shopping, then bringing him back home and... gods... he hadn't imagined that sex could ever feel like that. So overwhelming and almost painful, but also the most intense pleasure he'd ever felt. He'd loved everything Jungkook did to him, even when he was so sensitive that he sobbed, he hadn't wanted him to stop. That last round in the shower had been his favorite, just on the wrong side of painful with a tiny pinch of pleasure. Jungkook using his body to get off, sucking on his neck so possessively as he'd knotted him had been one of Jimin's ultimate fantasies that he'd never thought he would live out. Somehow Jungkook seemed to know exactly what he wanted, or maybe they really were just that sexually compatible that their kinks lined up so well. Either way, he was in heaven each time they were together, even when it felt like hell.

It took a few minutes to get himself to roll out of bed but when he did, he looked down to find himself wearing a big maroon sweater and thigh-high fuzzy white socks, he lifted the edge of the hoodie to see that he was wearing soft white panties. Honestly, he didn't remember getting dressed. The last thing he remembered was Jungkook knotting him that last time... and then nothing... he woke up in Jungkook's bed. The Alpha had clearly taken care of him when he'd been completely out of it. The sky outside was the orange of twilight, and Jimin grabbed his phone to see that it was already 7 o'clock, which explained why he was starving, and was reminded that Daniel had called. He tapped to make the message play.

“Hey, Min. So, I was looking through the list of items available at the kitchens and they don't have a few of our ingredients. I wanted to see if you wanted me to bring them, or if you were planning on bringing them. So, just give me a call back and we'll figure it out.” There was a short pause and Jimin thought it was over, but he added a little. “Uh, hope your weekend is going well. See you Monday.”

Jimin sighed and pinched the bridge of his nose, knowing his annoyance wasn't helping. He opened his texting app and sent Daniel a message. He didn't know why the Alpha had called anyway, were they not millennials? Who actually makes phonecalls anymore?

Jimin: Hey send me the list I'll bring whatever we need

He waited a moment and received no response, so he slipped the phone into his hoodie pocket and hoped Daniel was getting his dick wet, so he might leave Jimin alone and find a new hobby. He walked out of the bedroom (well, more like limped) to the office where he'd found Jungkook earlier. The Alpha was sitting at his desk, engrossed in whatever he was doing, brows drawn down, one hand on his chin in thinking mode. Jimin knew he was deep in thought because he didn't even notice his presence until he stepped inside. He watched the Alpha's face transform from the hawkish, drawn face of deep thought to a softer expression as he looked at him, his signature half smile pulling at his mouth.

"Hey, pretty boy. Did you sleep well?"

"Yeah." Jimin said with a yawn and a stretch that pulled the hoodie up almost high enough to show his panties. "Were you working this whole time?"

"I sure was. Come here, Baby. Let Daddy hold you." Jimin limped over to him and sat in his lap gingerly, trying not to hurt his ass any more than it already did. "Ooh, sweetheart... are you sore?"

Jimin was sat across the Alpha's thighs, with his side pressed to Jungkook's front and he nodded.

"Just a little. But that's okay. I liked..." Jimin cut off as his cellphone rang and he pulled it out to see it was Daniel and let out a little growl of frustration before grumbling under his breath. "I texted you for a fucking reason... cause I don't want to talk to you... fucking hell."

"It's alright, Baby. Go ahead and answer."

Jimin hit the little green icon to answer and put it to his ear, quickly pulling it away at the explosion of noise from the other end of the line. It sounded like a party, the throbbing bass of music could be heard, and loud people. Jimin wondered for a moment if he'd been butt-dialed.

"Hello? Daniel?" Jimin said loudly into the phone.

"Minnie!" Daniel shouted into the receiver. "What're you doin'? You should come ta tha party!"

Daniel was slurring and loud, clearly drunk and Jimin sighed.

"Are you drunk?"

"Jus' a lil'. Don't be mad. You can't be mad for my drinking cause you're not my Omega anymore."

Jimin ground his teeth as anger rose up in him and he finally let a little of his anger out and answered back snappishly.

"You're right, I'm not your Omega. So I need you to stop this. You're being inappropriate and it's making me uncomfortable."

"I'm sorry... I'm sorry, Minnie. I know you're at your boyfriend's place... I just miss you. We were so good together. I can't stop thinking about kissin' you again."

"Daniel! Stop. You're drunk. Don't call me again until you're sober."

Jimin hung up the phone and was so tempted to throw it across the room. He clutched it in his hand and wound up as if to throw it against the wall, but he didn't. Jungkook had given it to him as a gift. He set it on the desktop with a shaking hand and rubbed his temples, sighing out a huge breath.



“So... he seems charming.” Jungkook said, voice tight.

Jimin glanced over at Jungkook and saw the Alpha's brows raised in question. Jimin felt like a complete idiot. The Alpha had heard the entire thing, and he was so fucking embarrassed. He guessed that some explanation was probably in order.

“Yeah... to be honest, he's not usually like that. But, we dated a little over a year ago. It only lasted about a month, and it just... wasn't right. He's a nice guy and a good Alpha, but we just didn't click. Or I guess the proper way to say it is that 'I' didn't click with him.” Jimin sighed. “I gave him a chance because he's a nice guy and he's handsome and popular, so I thought he would be a good choice, but it's caused me nothing but hassle. He's like a stray dog, he just keeps following me around and trying to get us back together, but I'm not interested.”

“Have you told him all this?”

“Not in such plain language, but I think it's going to have to happen sooner rather than later. I told him that I was staying with my boyfriend this weekend as a hint to get him to back off. He's just gotten to a point where he's annoying me... and I know that I shouldn't be so mad about it.. but I just-”

“Why shouldn't you be mad?” Jungkook cut him off. “He's making you uncomfortable. You said you broke up a year ago, and said you're at your boyfriend's house. It's past a point where it's appropriate behavior. You aren't obligated to be nice to anyone, especially not when they make you uncomfortable.”

Jungkook was running a hand over his back and clearly trying to soothe him. Jimin knew his scent must be distressed, but what Jungkook said was making him feel a lot better. Because Jungkook was right. Jimin didn't owe Daniel anything. He leaned his head on Jungkook's shoulder and sighed again.

“Thanks Jungkook. I think I really needed to hear that.”

“No problem, Baby. You didn't do anything wrong.”

Jimin rested there for a few moments until his stomach gave a growl and he grimaced down at his belly, then looked up at Jungkook.

“I'm starving. Are you ready for dinner?”

“Yeah, but are you sure you want to cook? If you're sore, maybe you should rest.”

“No! I want to cook!” Jimin said sitting up and looking at him sincerely.

“Alright, then. Let's go cook.” Jungkook said, gripping Jimin's waist and helping him to stand.

As it turned out, cooking was another thing that Jimin did that was sexy. The Omega pulled out all the ingredients for chicken marsala along with a bunch of things that he'd had in his kitchen forever and never used. The cutting board, knives, pots and pans. Jungkook leaned against the counter and watched as Jimin started to prepare ingredients. Something about him doing that really fast chopping thing that chefs always do, had the Alpha biting his lip as he observed him cut mushrooms, shallots and what he thought was parsley and soon the kitchen was full of the smells of delicious cooking food. When Jungkook tried to steal a mushroom off the cutting board, Jimin slapped his hand with a spoon and glared at him, looking adorable.

“Uh-uh. You might be the boss in the bedroom, but the kitchen is my domain.” Jimin said, pointing

at him with the spoon in his hand.

Jungkook realized he was seeing the sassy Jimin for the first time. The Omega who had punched an Alpha on the train on his way to their first date. The one who wanted to open a restaurant and run it. It was fascinating and strangely hot. Of course he loved it when Jimin was so submissive for him, and he didn't want that to change... but realizing that this was how he was with everyone else, made him realize that Jimin really let go with him. He also liked the idea of his little baby giving him sass and talking back and being a little demanding.

“Oh... you wanna boss me around, Baby? Wanna be in charge for a while?” Jungkook asked, stepping behind Jimin where he was stirring things on the stove and sliding his hands around his hips to feel the slender body under the loose sweater.

“Maybe later.” Jimin said distractedly, adding a pinch of salt to what he was cooking.

Jungkook laughed and pressed a kiss right over the dark hickey he'd left on Jimin's neck before stepping back and giving the Omega room to work.

As Jungkook watched Jimin move around the kitchen in his big sweater and tall socks, his messy halo of blond hair all over the place, he felt so fond of his little sugar baby. Jimin really was so cute and sweet, clearly talented in the kitchen, and the things that the Omega let him do in the bedroom... well those things were something to be savored and enjoyed to the fullest. His eyes fell to the huge dark hickey on Jimin's neck, and he felt a little guilty for marking him like that. He wasn't Jimin's Alpha, he wasn't even his boyfriend. But he still felt possessive over him. The thought of anyone touching him made Jungkook's inner Alpha shift uncomfortably. Especially when he thought of the Alpha who had called. Daniel. Jimin's ex clearly wasn't over their relationship, though he could tell that Jimin just wanted to be left alone by him. It bothered him that someone was making Jimin so uncomfortable, especially at school. He knew that Jimin took his studies seriously, and it wasn't fair that he had to deal with the pressures of studying and compound that with the discomfort of a past relationship.

They ate on the sofa, with some random program on low. Neither of them were big on TV. Jimin didn't have access and Jungkook never had time, so they weren't really watching it, rather they were talking between bites of amazingly delicious food. Jungkook couldn't remember ever eating anything as good as Jimin's cooking, which was saying something, since he ate at a lot of fine restaurants with clients and vendors. The flavors in the meal were perfectly balanced and the wine that Jimin had chosen paired perfectly. He had an excellent palate.

“This is amazing, Baby. You're so talented.” Jungkook said as he swallowed his first bite and glanced over to see Jimin's cheeks flushing with pleasure as he smiled.

“Thank you.”

Jungkook reached over and stroked the back of his fingers over the large purple hickey on Jimin's neck, feeling more pleasure at seeing it there than he ought to have, but still feeling bad.

“Sorry about the hickey, sweetheart. I didn't ask if it was okay to mark you, and I shouldn't have done it without permission.”

Jimin's smaller hand came up and gently stroked over the Alpha's wrist as he looked at him.

“It's okay. I don't mind. It will solidify my story about having a boyfriend anyway... and, to be honest, I kind of liked it.”

The Omega glanced down shyly, teeth worrying at his bottom lip, like he was ashamed of what he'd just revealed. Jungkook used his thumb to pull Jimin's lip from between his teeth and stroked it over it gently.

"I liked it too, Baby. But on that note, I was going to bring up, that it might be best if we just pretend to really be boyfriends, at least for the wider world. I'm sure you and I neither one want the real nature of our arrangement being aired out."

"Yes, that actually would be great and make things easier. Though, I told my friends and family that I got a job as a housekeeper... so they think I work for you. I didn't know what else to tell them."

"I told Yoongi that I met you at a coffee shop... which is not entirely a lie. Because I had seen you once before we met."

Jimin was surprised at this news. He couldn't remember ever seeing Jungkook before.

"Did you really? When was this?" Jimin asked, brows going up in question.

"Just before I signed up with Magic Shop. To be honest, you were what motivated me to get a sugar baby. I couldn't stop fantasizing about you. It was distracting me from work."

"Oh... and you thought... I was pretty?"

"I thought you were the most beautiful Omega I'd ever seen. I couldn't believe when they handed me your portfolio. I thought there was no way I could be so lucky. But here you are, and you're better than any fantasy I had about you."

Jimin was happy as they finished their food, feeling a giddiness inside him that Jungkook had wanted him even before their meetup through Magic Shop had a smugness warming inside his chest. He noticed as they ate, that Jungkook was rolling his neck and shoulders a lot, occasionally bringing one hand up to rub as his nape. Jimin realized he must still be tense and sore from all the flights and nights in uncomfortable hotel beds, and got an idea, letting it brew in the back of his mind as they cleaned up the kitchen and returned to the couch. Jimin had his wine glass in his hand, freshly refilled as he sat with his body turned toward the Alpha.

"You're really tense. Is your neck hurting?" Jimin asked, watching Jungkook roll his shoulders again.

"Yeah, just traveling. It's fine."

Jimin set his wineglass aside and stood, grabbing Jungkook's hand and pulling at him.

"Up. Up. Come on."

Jimin pulled at Jungkook's arm and the Alpha couldn't resist doing as he was bid. The Omega was so cute, pulling on him like a petulant child, lips pouting.

"What? Where are we going?" Jungkook asked as he stood up and Jimin kept pulling him.

"To the bedroom."

"Baby... I appreciate the can-do attitude, but I think you might need a break."

Jimin released a little quack of laughter and looked back at him, smiling and giggling.

“Not for that. Come on.” Jimin pulled him into the bedroom, flipping on the light. “Lay on the bed.”

Jungkook cocked a brow at him, but did as he was told, getting on the bed and laying in the center.

“Are you sure this isn’t what I thought? Cause I know I asked if you want to be in charge, and this is honestly kinda hot.”

Jimin swatted his thigh playfully and giggled at him, rolling his eyes.

“Roll over onto your stomach.”

“Okaaaay...”

Jungkook turned over and felt the bed dip as Jimin climbed up. The Omega crawled over to him and straddled his lower back, sitting his slight weight on his butt, and then small hands started kneading the muscles of his shoulders, and Jungkook let out a groan of bliss at the feeling.

“Fuck... Baby, that feels amazing.”

“Just relax. Let me help you.”

Jimin started at his shoulders, gripping the tense muscles in his hands and working at them until they loosened up, he ran his thumbs up Alpha’s neck on either side of his spine, massaging at the tense places before moving down. Jungkook’s back was a strong expanse of hard muscle, and Jimin couldn’t help but appreciate how well defined his body was. When he found knots, he gently worked them with his small fingers until they loosened, taking his time on each so he wouldn’t hurt him. The Omega worked out all the tense, wound up places in Jungkook’s back and left him feeling loose and warm, a deep, rumbling purr vibrating up from his chest, and when Jimin was finally done, the Omega laid his body on top of his back and let his smaller purr join in with Jungkook’s as he pressed a whisper soft kiss to the Alpha’s nape.

“Better?”

“So much better.”

“Am I squishing you?” Jimin asked from his back, where his head rested between his shoulder blades.

“No, it feels good.”

“Mm-kay.”

They lay like that for a long time, both quietly purring in the quiet still of the room, letting themselves relax and enjoy each other’s presence, Jimin’s soft fingers drew little patterns in the skin of Jungkook’s arms and side. It was an oddly intimate moment between two people whose relationship was based on purely sex, and yet, they had formed a kind of alliance and bond. Whether or not they were in a real relationship, this was as close a proxy as either was willing to risk for the moment, so they allowed it to calm and soothe some part of them deep down that they usually repressed. It was nice to have company. It was a relief to have someone who knew all your deepest, darkest desires and not judge or condemn. In many ways, they were perfect for each other, because this was exactly what they needed. The sex, the intimacy, the acceptance, yet free of social, societal or personal obligation. It was wonderfully freeing.

Eventually they got up, brushed their teeth and went to bed properly. Jungkook curled himself

around Jimin's smaller body, surrounding him with warmth that had the Omega purring and dozing almost at once, head rested on one of Jungkook's strong biceps as he was spooned from behind. Jimin was thoroughly scented from their afternoon of sex, after cumming on him, Jimin would smell like him for a solid week. He'd forgotten how good it felt to be scented, to be able to smell the solid evidence of someone else caring about you. It was really nice to feel cared for. Jimin was a strong Omega, one who prided himself on not needing anyone's help to make it in the world, and yet he'd let Jungkook inside his guarded world.

Jungkook woke up feeling so relaxed and rested that it was almost mindblowing to realize how much he'd been dealing with stress and its side effects over the past months. The tension in his neck and back was gone, his mind felt clear and the ever-present desperate sexual hunger that simmered under his skin was banked to a low tingle, mostly ignited by the small body against him. Jungkook blinked his eyes open to the early morning light coming through the floor-to-ceiling windows. His eyes immediately went to the mop of messy blond hair that was against his chest and he smiled. He slid one of his hands over Jimin's hip, sneaking under the hoodie he was still wearing and over his smooth belly, just enjoying the feel of his skin.

Jimin shifted back against him with a soft groan, before settling again. Jungkook watched as he made little noises in his sleep, he was so cute and soft and Jungkook's mind immediately went to the previous morning when Jimin had woken him up with such a sweet surprise. He skimmed his fingers over Jimin's belly, testingly and the Omega made a soft sound of pleasure as his hand moved lower, down to the v of his hips and traced over the edge of his white cotton panties. He kept going, tenderly rubbing over the front of the panties, feeling the soft, cock encased within start to react to his touch as the sleeping boy in his arms made more quiet, resting noises as he was softly groped.

The Alpha moved his body away from Jimin's slowly, the Omega rolling onto his back with a quiet groan, arms raising up, one curling over the top of his head, the other covering his eyes, hands engulfed by the long sleeves of the sweater. Jungkook waited a few moments for him to settle before pulling the blankets off to reveal a sight that had Jungkook's half-hard cock filling the rest of the way and tenting the front of his sweats. Jimin's sweater was pushed up, revealing his panties and the lower half of his stomach, his perfect legs were still encased in the socks, but they had shifted down in the night, making little wrinkles and folds that somehow made the Omega look even smaller than usual. But the best part were his slightly open legs, one bent up and to the side, and the white panties that showed the hard length encased inside and the little wet patch he could see forming on the thin cotton between his legs. Perfection.

Jungkook used patient hands to get the panties down off Jimin's legs, leaving the socks in place. He could tell that Jimin was just beginning to surface from sleep as he pushed his legs up and open with hands behind the knees and slid down the bed to put his face at level with Jimin's entrance. It was still a little puffy from use, but he was glistening with slick, the vanilla scent strong and irresistible. He let Jimin's thighs rest on his shoulders and release the hold on his knees to reach down and use his hands to pull Jimin farther open before licking a long stripe up his crack, lapping up the slick that had gathered and heard Jimin come awake with a gasp.

Jimin woke to the feeling of wet pressure against his entrance, which had his back arching and toes curling at the unexpected pleasure. His sleepy body gave a small jolt and he went to close his thighs only to find something between them. He cracked his lids to look down the length of his body and see dark eyes looking up at him. Jungkook's head was gripped between his shaking thighs.

"A-Alpha? What're you doing?" Jimin mumbled sleepy and confused.

Jungkook turned his face up to free his mouth from the place he'd been buried between his legs.

"I'm just returning the favor, Baby. You woke me up so nicely yesterday, I thought I'd do the same for you. You alright, sweetheart? Want me to stop?"

"No... god no. Keep going, Daddy."

"That's my good boy."

Jungkook turned his face back down to his task, and started to eat him out with abandon, licking at him with his tongue and sliding the slick muscle inside his tender hole and bringing Jimin up to the heights of his pleasure as his small hands clenched in the pillows over his head, thighs trembling and tightening around Jungkook's head as his orgasm began to approach. One of the Alpha's hands came up and started to gently palm his cock as he ate him out with apparent relish. His thighs clamped down on the Alpha's head as Jimin curled forward, his hands going to the mop of black hair and gripping into the strands with his little fists, sobbing out a cry of pleasure. His whole body was tight and shaking as waves of pulsing pleasure raced up and down his body, coalescing at the places Jungkook touched, and then all at once he collapsed back onto the bed, body going loose, hands relaxing and thighs falling open.

"You okay, Baby?" Jungkook asked smugly as he surfaced from between Jimin's legs with the lower half of his face shining with slick.

"Yeah. That's a good way to wake up." Jimin panted, breaths coming harshly as his chest rose and fell.

"Mm... agreed. You think you can take me again, Baby?" Jungkook asked, his hand sliding up Jimin's thigh and one finger pressing at his entrance.

"Yes..."

## Chapter End Notes

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# The Weekend- Part 6: Sunday

## Chapter Summary

It's the last day of our couple's weekend together.

## Chapter Notes

Please enjoy!

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

After another round of sex, they washed up and found their way into the kitchen where Jimin made omelettes with consummate skill, all the while Jungkook crowded him and slid his hands over any exposed flesh he could find. Jimin knew he should be annoyed at the Alpha's antics in the kitchen, but it was kind of endearing and he liked being touched by Jungkook, so he allowed it, and after eating, Jungkook pulled him into his lap again. The Alpha was scenting him over his face and neck as Jimin carded his hands through Jungkook's black hair.

“So, what do you want to do today, pretty boy?”

Jimin sighed as his mind turned to the piles of homework in his backpack. He really did need to get it done. Some of it was due the next day and he wasn't the kind of student who turned his work in late. He was dedicated to a fault.

“Honestly, I really need to work on my homework for a few hours. I have quite a pile of it and it's due soon.”

“Okay. I have a project I'm working on, which I'd really like to work on today while I have the time, so that's perfect.”

They separated, Jimin set out all his homework on the coffee table and dragged all the blankets and pillows off the bed and couch to make a little nest on the floor between the table and sofa. He always focused best when he was warm and comfortable. He started with all his math homework. They were learning about sales tax, what items were taxable and how to figure it into your accounting. Jimin hated it, but he worked his way through stack after stack of papers, doing calculations and finding himself increasingly frustrated at how tedious it all was. But after a few long hours he was finally done with the math and accounting portions of his homework and started to work on making notes and an outline for the essay he had to write to go along with he and Daniel's project. Almost as if thinking about him had summoned his presence, Jimin's phone dinged with a new text. He grabbed it from the table and read the text just as another one came through.

Daniel: Hey Jimin... sorry about last night. I was really drunk.

“As if that excuses your behavior...” Jimin mumbled under his breath. “Acting like a child.”

Daniel: Anyway... the ingredients we need are earl grey tea leaves, dried edible lavender and marscapone cheese. If you want me to get them I will.

Jimin let out a long breath from his nose and closed his eyes giving himself a moment to compose his temper before replying.

Jimin: I will bring them

He didn't respond beyond that and set his phone aside. His mind was whirling now that he was angry and he couldn't focus on the outline he was trying to draw up. He was getting really tired of Daniel's entitled attitude. He seemed to think that being a nice guy would get him out of any trouble. Of course, Jimin didn't hate him. He wanted the best for the Alpha, but he also didn't want to have to deal with someone constantly chasing after him. He didn't want to have to be mean in order to get some peace at school. He wanted to focus on his studies and anything that interfered with that needed to be cut off. Jimin wasn't going to school to find a mate. He was going to get an education so that he could make his dream come true. As if he sensed Jimin's distress, he heard footsteps padding down the hall.

Jungkook had caught the slight hint of smoke in the air, mixing with the vanilla scent that seemed to permeate his entire house. It was a scent of distress. Jimin was stressing over something. He wondered if it was his homework that was making him distressed, but he doubted it. Jimin didn't seem like the type to let work affect him so much. His mind turned to that phone call from last night, and he wondered if Daniel had reached out to him again. He stood from his desk and left the room, walking down the hall and as he got closer to the living room, the scent of distress increased.

He came upon a scene that was completely adorable, though marred by the distressed scent. Jimin had made a little nest from the blankets and pillows from his bed and sofas. He was ensconced in a little mountain of soft things and the coffee table was spread out with books, papers and notebooks, a little laptop to one side. Jimin turned his head and looked at him as he walked into the room and Jungkook could see that his lips were frowning and his brows furrowed. He looked grumpy. The Alpha walked over and sat on the sofa next to Jimin's hastily made nest on the floor and reached over to pet over his silken hair and skin, trying to soothe him.

"You alright, little one?"

Jimin let out a small annoyed sounding huff, and waved his hand through the air in dismissal.

"Yeah, just Daniel."

"Mmm..." Jungkook hummed thoughtfully but he could still sense Jimin's distress. "I don't like that Alpha. I don't want him near you." Jungkook said, his hand cupping the side of Jimin's neck and his thumb guiding Jimin to look up into his face.

The distressed scent lessened just slightly and Jungkook realized what Jimin needed from him. He didn't need Jungkook. He needed his Daddy.

"I know... but we still have the project to finish."

"I understand, Baby. Don't worry. But listen up now. Listen closely to Daddy."

Jungkook watched as these words washed over Jimin, his grey eyes dilating and the pupil getting bigger, reacting to his commanding tone. The Omega's face went lax, the frown and drawn brows disappearing as his mouth fell open slightly as if to draw in deeper breaths.

"Yes, Daddy." Jimin whispered, voice husky.



“I don’t want him touching you. I know you have to work with him, and you have to see him outside of school and I get that. Your education is important to you. But don’t let him touch you. Do you understand?” Jimin nodded and Jungkook slid his hand around to the Omega’s jaw, letting his fingers press back into those little tender places as he looked down at him. “Words, Baby. Do you understand?”

“Yes, Daddy.”

The scent of distress was gone, replaced by Jimin’s usual sweet scent and the slightly more heavy scent of his slick. Jungkook’s thoughts wandered to the little piles of their purchases that were organized on the opposite couch and he glanced over to the tangles of leather cuffs, collars and other restraints.

“You’re such a good boy. Daddy’s good boy. Stay right here.”

Jungkook released Jimin’s jaw and stood, walking over to the pile of restraints, quickly picking out the white collar and cuffs that Jimin had selected. He admired the collar with the word ‘Baby’ on it. The metal parts were all gold, and Jungkook knew it would look perfect against Jimin’s pale skin and golden hair. He stepped back over to Jimin’s little nest and crouched down next to him. Jimin’s body turned toward him automatically and as he held up the little white collar and cuffs he watched the Omega’s cheeks go pink as he pulled his bottom lip between his teeth.

“You need Daddy to take control for a little while, sweetheart?” Jungkook asked quietly.

“...Yes...” The word was just a quiet whisper, it floated in the air between them.

Jungkook set the collar and cuffs on the sofa and pushed the coffee table away to make space before looking at Jimin who was still and unmoving where he knelt in his tiny nest of blankets and pillows.

“Can I come in your little nest?” Jungkook asked, getting a quick nod as Jimin started moving his things around to make a space big enough for Jungkook.

The Alpha stood and reached down for Jimin, the Omega immediately put his hand into Jungkook’s and allowed himself to be pulled up to his feet. He pulled off Jimin’s sweater, which was another of his oversized hoodies that he’d put Jimin in that morning after their bout of sex in the early hours of the day. He tossed it aside and hooked his fingers in the band of Jimin’s panties, kneeling and pulling them down, helping the Omega to step out of them, leaving him completely naked. He pushed his own sweats and boxers down, joining Jimin in his nudeness.

Jungkook took the collar from the sofa and brought it to Jimin’s neck, hands sliding around to the back and buckling it. He didn’t make it particularly tight. This wasn’t a punishment. This was reassurance and relief, a reward to his Baby for being so good and a relief to his need to have Jungkook take over. The moment that the collar was in place, Jimin’s small hands reached up to it and explored it with soft fingers as his breaths got heavier and he looked up at Jungkook’s face with a kind of ardent desperation, begging with his eyes. Jungkook leaned down and grabbed the leather cuffs that were lined in soft white faux fur.

“Turn around, hands behind your back.”

Jimin followed the command at once, turning around and putting his hands behind his back. Jungkook wrapped one wrist, buckling the straps, then the other, binding Jimin’s hands. He didn’t tighten them too far, Jimin still had wiggle room, and he was sure that if he was really determined, he could probably get them off. But it was more the symbolism of the power play than the actual

binding that mattered at that moment. Jimin just wanted Jungkook to take control of him and let his stress go. Jungkook was more than happy to oblige.

The Alpha stepped into Jimin's little nest and sat, reaching up and guiding Jimin by the hips so he was straddling Jungkook, their faces close. Jungkook started slowly, petting over soft skin and silken hair, praising him with compliments and soft words. The last of Jimin's tension bled out of him, and he relaxed into Jungkook's control. He turned his face into the hands as they petted his cheeks, a little purr starting up as the Alpha whispered soft words to him in his deep, melodic voice.

“So pretty. Look how pretty you are right now, Baby. Don't worry about anything now, Daddy's got you. I'm here, little one. I'm gonna make it all better. Just let it go, let it all go. It's just you and me.”

Jimin thought that being praised and reigned over by Jungkook was almost like being hypnotized. It made everything else seem so distant, so unimportant. All that mattered were the Alpha's words, his commands and gentle appreciation. He let his stress over the situation with Daniel fall away as arousal built in him. He whimpered as the pads of Jungkook's thumbs brushed over his nipples, the simple touch tightening them into taut little peaks. He slowly started to rub the tender buds in little circles as Jimin's whole body shivered and throbbed, heat rushing in waves under his skin and gathering low in his belly.

“That's it, Baby. Focus on me. You like this? You like Daddy playing with your pretty pink nipples?”

“Yes, Daddy I love it.” Jimin whimpered.

Jimin's body arched into the touch, his bound hands tugging at their restraints, wanting to grip into Jungkook's hair, or maybe claw at his strong back. Being restrained was doing funny things to him. He'd known that he wanted this. It was one of his best fantasies, but being trapped in such a vulnerable position was making his heart race with simultaneous excitement and a little fear. He wasn't afraid of Jungkook. Of course not. But it was an instinctual fear, one that had him burning all the hotter for its presence. When Jungkook had tied his hands with the tie, they had at least been in front of his body where he could use them and defend himself if needed, but now he was completely helpless. And it was everything.

Jungkook slowly transitioned from rubbing his nipples to softly pinching and tugging at the little peaks, making Jimin whine and shudder. The pain brought tears to his eyes, but it also had him leaking slick down onto Jungkook's thighs. The Alpha played with his nipples until they were so tender that he started to pull away from his touch, whining at being too sensitive. Jimin looked down to see that his nipples were dark pink, swollen and peaked, and he saw as Jungkook leaned down and licked over one with the flat of his soft tongue. Jimin hissed and pushed his chest forward into Jungkook's warm mouth as the Alpha sealed his lips around the little bud and started to suck at it, pulling on the over-sensitive flesh. He gave his nipples attention, one and then the other, sucking on them until they were wet and shiny, the skin around them reddened at the constant suction.

Jungkook was never going to get tired of riling Jimin up and watching as his sensitive little baby completely fell apart at his ministrations. He sat back, leaning against the couch and just looked at the Omega in his lap for a few moments. He was so perfect like this, so submissive. He was sure Jimin would do anything he told him to in this state, not that he'd ever misuse that power, but it was heady to have that kind of control. Jimin's cheeks were red, his eyes full of tears that clung to his long lashes and tangled them and made him look like a little doll. Jungkook's eyes fell to his

lips, soft pink at the moment, but he wanted them red and puffy. He loved how full and lush Jimin's lips were, but when they were all raw from use was his favorite. His eyes moved down, lingering on the dark hickey on his neck, the way his nipples were puffy and swollen from his attentions, down to his pretty cock, with its rosy tip shimmering with pre-cum. He liked the way his bound hands made his back arch slightly, pushing his chest out, the position emphasized his small waist and wide hips. He could feel the warm wetness of the slick Jimin was leaking on his thighs as it gathered there, soaking into the blankets below him.

“Look at my needy boy. You're already so wet, making a mess everywhere.”

Jungkook slid one of his hands down between Jimin's legs, sliding his middle and pointer finger between Jimin's cheeks to gather slick on them, pulling them free and bringing them up to show Jimin the thick, syrupy slick that was dripping from the digits. He pressed the two fingers to the Omega's lips.

“Open up.”

Jimin opened his mouth immediately and the Alpha slid his long fingers all the way into Jimin's mouth, touching the back of his throat and making him gag at the unexpected stimulation.

“Clean me up, Baby. Lick your honey off my fingers.”

Jimin moaned around the digits and started to swirl his tongue around them, sucking all the slick off of his fingers, head bobbing back and forth as he licked over the digits in his mouth. He pulled back off them, and pressed his tongue between them, making sure to get every last drop of his slick off, until he was just licking and sucking on them for his own pleasure, tasting the saltiness of the Alpha's skin mixed with the sweet taste of his own slick that was heavy in his mouth. Jungkook pulled his hand away and Jimin automatically chased it, wanting the fingers back in his mouth. He let out a quiet whine in his throat as he sat back and looked at the Alpha's face.

Jungkook leaned forward and kissed him hard, sliding his tongue into his mouth and tasting the vanilla flavor of Jimin's slick on the Omega's tongue. He pulled back to nip and suck at Jimin's lips, teasing them until he pulled back and felt satisfied at the state of them. Jimin's pretty lips were puffy and red, Jungkook loved it. He slid his hand up to Jimin's neck to the collar and slid a finger underneath it, pressing into the soft skin of Jimin's throat as he pulled him forward for another soft kiss against the Omega's kiss-swollen lips.

Jimin's mouth was tingling and puffy from Jungkook's hard kisses and biting sucks, and it made them tender to the soft brushes of Jungkook's mouth against him. His bound hands that were pulled behind his back made him feel vulnerable in a way that he never had before and as he sunk further into that submissive headspace, he felt all the stress melt away until he was nothing but a bundle of nerves and pliant, docile obedience. He was trembling as Jungkook's lips slid over his own, over and over again, and when the Alpha touched his tender, swollen nipples Jimin arched into the touch that was a mix of pain and pleasure. Jungkook moved back as his fingers gently teased and toyed with the soft pink buds of his nipples.

“Look at my pretty boy. So sensitive. Do you like Daddy playing with your nipples, Baby?”

“Yes, I love it Daddy... Love everything you do to me.”

Jungkook slid one hand up to hold Jimin's jaw in a grip that was strong, but not painful. He turned the Omega's face toward him, watching as his closed gray eyes slid open and he focused on the Alpha. He reveled in the power he held over the tender boy in his lap, it was the most intoxicatingly erotic thing to reign over him with complete dominance and know he would be

obeyed.

“I want you to ride me, Baby. Want to watch you bounce on my cock like the desperate, needy boy that you are.” Jungkook leaned forward and kissed Jimin with an intensity that had the Omega gasping as the Alpha’s tongue slid over the roof of his mouth in a filthy slide. “You ready to ride my cock, sweetness? Do you need me to stretch you again, or do you think you can take me?”

Jimin nodded then shook his head fervently. “No, Daddy I don’t need to be stretched. I’m ready.” He was wet and he knew that he’d be able to take Jungkook, it had only been a few hours since their early morning romp in the Alpha’s bed.

Jimin rose up on his knees and Jungkook helped him to scoot forward, lining his cock up with Jimin’s entrance. The Omega sank down on him with a little whimper. He was so sore. They had been having so much constant, rough sex that his entrance was tender and throbbing, but he still adored the way it felt. He liked the edge of pain mixed with the pleasure, but at the same time, he was certain that this would be the last time he would be up for sex this weekend. He was going to limping for days after this, and he didn’t even care. This was the best weekend of his life and he wasn’t going to regret a single moment of it.

Jimin moaned as he started to move his hips, lifting up and dropping back down as best he could with his hands bound behind his back. He wished he could grip onto Jungkook’s shoulders and use them for leverage, but he just kept moving, rolling and bouncing as best he could, impaling himself on the Alpha’s cock over and over again. In this position, Jungkook’s cock went deeper than he’d felt before, pushing up and abusing his prostate on every little bounce. He closed his eyes as his mouth went slack and he gave himself over to seeking out that perfect moment of bliss, chasing his orgasm with each movement as whimpers and moans fell from his lips unchecked along with whimpering pleas of nonsense.

“Uhn... Daddy... fuck... so good... ah... so deep... love it... love your cock, Daddy.”

Jungkook’s hands were gripping his hips with bruising force, and Jimin was sure that he would have bruises where his fingertips were pushing against his pale skin, leaving little spots of pain in their wake. The Alpha guided his movements, determining the pace, and when Jungkook lifted him up and guided him in shallow little movements to just ride the head of his cock, Jimin whined. The Alpha led him as he just teased at his entrance with the blunt tip, slowly letting Jimin pull almost all the way off, then open himself up again over the tip of his length as he was guided back down by Jungkook’s harsh grip.

“Fuck, Baby... that’s it. Just let Daddy do what he wants with you. You like that, huh? You like just riding the head of my dick, sweetheart? Or do you want more?”

Jimin’s eyes were leaking tears and his lips felt chapped and tender, his nipples were raw and taut and his cock was throbbing with the need to cum. But it wasn’t enough stimulation. He needed more.

“P-please... Daddy, please.. uhn... ah...”

“What is it, baby boy? What do you need? You have to ask when you want something.” Jungkook growled lowly, keeping up the slow easy pace of Jimin riding his head, just slipping in and out of his tight entrance.

“Please... more, I need more.” Jimin whimpered, thighs quivering.

Jungkook smirked, he bent his knees up to get a little leverage and thrust up into Jimin in a series

of hard, deep thrusts that had the Omega's mouth falling open and startled cries falling from his throat. But just as quickly as he started, he stopped and returned to the slow shallow penetrations. Jimin made a noise of protest at the intense pleasure being cut short. His grey eyes popped open and he was pretty. So fucking pretty with his blown pupils, swollen lips and tear-stained cheeks. Jungkook loved his long lashes all wet and tangled and making him look unbelievably small and vulnerable.

"If you want something Baby, you have to be specific. Use your words and tell Daddy exactly what you want. I want to hear you say it."

Jimin wanted to cry. He was both embarrassed and incredibly aroused. He felt more tears leak from his eyes and leave scalding salty trails down his cheeks. He opened his mouth to answer, but each time he felt his hole part over Jungkook's probing tip, it seemed to reset his brain. Jimin forced himself to take a deep breath, he clenched his hands into fists behind his back and opened his eyes and looked at Jungkook. He knew he must be quite a pathetic sight with the tears leaking down his face and the hot blush he could feel all over his skin, but Jungkook was looking at him like he was the most fascinating creature he'd ever seen. Looking into Jungkook's eyes made Jimin calm just the tiniest bit, just enough to stutter out a real response.

"F-f-fuck me... fuck me hard, Daddy."

"That's my good boy." Jungkook said with a smile that made Jimin's stomach clench.

Jungkook pulled out of Jimin and the Omega whimpered at the sudden emptiness, but before he could complain he was being maneuvered off of Jungkook and bent over the edge of the sofa on his knees, the Alpha positioning himself behind him. Jimin felt the heat radiating off of Jungkook against the back of his thighs and ass, and it made him shiver. He gasped as Jungkook entered him in a single hard thrust, hips slapping against Jimin's ass and jolting him against the sofa, making his hard cock rub against the supple leather underneath him. Jungkook started up a harsh pace immediately, pulling out almost all the way before slamming back in. One of the Alpha's hands grabbed the chain on Jimin's handcuffs and the other reached up and grasped the back of his neck, pushing him down into the sofa, knowing how much Jimin liked being held down.

"Fuck... ahhh... YES! Fuck! Daddy so good... ah-I'm gonna cum!"

Jimin was making jolting little moans with every hard thrust, slightly muffled against the couch. Jungkook didn't like that, so he moved his hand up from his nape to grip his hair and pull his head back, arching his neck and letting the full volume of Jimin's cries echo around the empty apartment as he increased the speed, fucking into him with wild abandon as the Omega started to clench and flutter around his cock.

"That's it, Baby. Fuck, you feel so good. I'm gonna knot you pretty boy. Gonna fill you up... God... you just take it, don't you? You love getting fucked hard and deep, such a needy, hungry boy." Jungkook released the hand holding the chain on the cuffs to brace his weight on the sofa so he could lean down and growl into Jimin's ear. "Tell me how much you want my knot, Baby. Beg for it."

Jimin didn't hesitate, he was so close to cumming. He had no pride or shame at that point. He was nothing but need. Jungkook wanted him to beg, so he begged. He was a good boy who listened to his Daddy's orders. He was good and pretty and obedient.

"Need it, Daddy. Need it so...uhn... fucking bad... fuck... Please cum in me... Give your... ah... knot!"

“That’s it, sweetheart. Goddamn, you’re still so tight... Fuck. I’m gonna knot you. You gonna take it like a good boy? Gonna be my pretty baby and let me fill you up?”

“YES! Fuck yes! Knot me... please...”

Jimin could feel Jungkook’s knot swelling as he increased in size and caught on his rim with every thrust. That, added to the constant feeling of the soft leather sofa rubbing against his cock and tender nipples threw Jimin over the edge and into a freefall of bliss as he completely came apart underneath the Alpha. Again, he was stripped down to his very basest nature and lain bare, and Jungkook knew exactly what to do with him, how to make him feel small and protected and completely vulnerable. As Jungkook knotted him and he felt the hot spurts of cum deep inside, he sobbed at the perfection of the feeling, part pain, part pleasure and wholly perfect as his rim was stretched wide around Jungkook’s pulsing knot.

Jimin was hiccuping little breaths and pulling at his handcuffs, whimpering to Jungkook. “Off... off... Daddy...”

“Shh... it’s okay Baby. I’ll get them off.” Jungkook soothed, reaching for the leather cuffs and unbuckling them.

Jimin relaxed a little once his hands were free, but Jungkook was still knotting him and the Alpha knew his baby must be in pain. He wrapped his hands up underneath Jimin’s belly and torso and lifted him, so he was upright on his knees. Jungkook wrapped him up solidly in his warm embrace, pressing soft kisses to the Omega’s temple and cheek, then further down over his neck to soothe him before he put his lips to Jimin’s ear and whispered soft praises and reassurances. Jimin’s small hands curled around his forearms, gripping softly as if he needed something solid to hold onto.

“You did so good, Baby. You were such a good boy for Daddy. I promise that’s it, okay? You can have a break now. No more sex this weekend. I know you’re hurting, little one. Just relax, I’ve got you.”

Jimin’s breaths eased and his little hiccuping sobs quieted as the Alpha soothed him and held him tight against his body. There was something so reassuring about Jungkook in those moments when Jimin was overwhelmed by sex and the Alpha soothed him with kind words, gentle pets and kisses. It was like Jungkook could read his mind sometimes, knowing that just because he was crying, didn’t mean he was upset or didn’t like what was happening. Because he did like it. He loved it.

“Th-thank you, Daddy... I really needed that.” Jimin whispered softly, turning his face to look up at the Alpha and receiving a soft kiss.

“Anytime, pretty boy.”

Jungkook held him as his knot slowly relaxed and he was able to gently pull out. Jimin hissed at the stinging burn. His entrance was so tender he could feel his heartbeat in the throbbing rim of his hole.

“You want to take another bath, Baby? It might help with the soreness.” Jungkook offered.

“Yeah. That would be nice.” Jimin sighed.

Jungkook settled Jimin back among the little piles of blankets and pillows he’d been nesting in and stood, walking to the bathroom and running the Omega a hot bath. He decided that he really liked aftercare alot. There was something so satisfying about getting Jimin so worked up and fucked out that he needed Jungkook to take care of him. He loved babying his pretty boy as much as possible.

The shopping, the sex, the aftercare... fuck he was so whipped for him already. The Omega had no idea the amount of influence that he held over Jungkook. The Alpha would literally give him anything he asked for, and Jimin really didn't understand how much money and influence he held in his small, soft hands. But perhaps if he were the kind of person to misuse that power, then Jungkook's guard wouldn't be so low and he'd be less interested. Maybe. But the details were unimportant. Jimin wasn't that person, he was his sweet vanilla baby.

When he stepped back into the living room, Jimin was curled on his side, hugging a pillow and looking so sweet and innocent that it made Jungkook want to coo at him. He was still naked, wearing only the white leather collar and Jungkook could hear his soft, contented purr. The Alpha crouched down next to him and brushed his hair back from his face and smiling as Jimin turned into his hand, nosing at him and breathing in his scent.

"Mm... Alpha."

Jungkook felt his stomach dip at the quiet words.

"Hey, Baby. Let me pick you up. You need a bath."

"Okay."

Jimin rolled onto his back and Jungkook slid his arms, one under Jimin's knees and one under his back, lifting his small weight easily and headed for the bathroom. Jungkook felt fond as Jimin turned himself toward his chest, pressing his nose against his pec and letting one small hand curl there as well. He was so small in these moments, when he was soft and vulnerable after sex or whenever he went into his sub space and Jungkook liked both this tiny boy in his arms as well as his feistier personality that he'd seen only a glimpse of so far. He thought that Jimin would probably be fabulous at the dinners and parties he had coming up, and he was looking forward to seeing him wow the guests at the grand parties. He was so beautiful and eye-catching that Jungkook felt a little of that possessive jealousy peek through but he pushed it aside. Right now he had Jimin in his arms, pliant and perfect.

Jungkook stopped in front of the bathroom counter, and set Jimin there, looking down at the Omega whose eyes were tired and heavy. Jungkook slid his hands up his waist and over his chest to reach his neck where he unbuckled the collar and pulled it away, setting it off to the side. Jimin's eyes followed the movement and as Jungkook set the collar on the countertop, his smaller, pale hand reached over and touched it. The grazed tender fingertips over it as if fascinated by the little thing.

"Did you like that, Baby? Did you like wearing a collar for me?"

Jimin's eyes turned away from the collar he'd been studying to look up at Jungkook's face and he nodded.

"I liked it."

"Did it make you feel small and safe?"

"Yes."

Jungkook's hands cupped either side of the Omega's neck and he used his thumbs to turn his face up even more so he could lean down and kiss him on the lips. Jimin was so receptive to his touch, and as he pressed his lips to his, Jimin made a small sound of contented happiness before he pulled back and brushed his thumbs back and forth over the Omega's jaw.

“That’s good, sweetheart. That’s really good.”

Jungkook picked Jimin back up and turned around, stepping toward the bath and lowering the Omega into the steaming water. Jimin made a small sound as his lower half was eased into the water, and Jungkook knew the heat would probably sting against his tender entrance, but soon it would soothe him, so he put him gently into the tub. Jungkook knelt next to the bath and helped Jimin to dip down under the surface to wet his hair and face. He pushed the dripping blond strands back and pressed a kiss to his wet forehead.

“You okay, Baby?”

“Mm-hm.”

“I’m gonna take a quick shower. I’ll wash you up afterwards okay?”

Jimin’s eyes slid open and he looked up at him.

“I can do it.” Jimin said.

Jungkook leaned down and pressed a soft kiss to his forehead.

“I know you can, but I want to do it. Just relax for now.”

Jimin hummed and nodded, closing his eyes and resting his head against the back of the tub. Jungkook grabbed a folded towel and slipped it under Jimin’s head so he was resting on something soft before he hopped in the shower and washed up quickly. Jungkook dried himself and dressed, grabbing clothes for Jimin before heading to the tub and crouching next to it. He could see through the water where small bruises were coming up on Jimin’s hips right where his fingertips had been digging into his pale flesh and he felt a little bit bad. He reached forward and brushed a soft hand over Jimin’s cheek, making the Omega’s eyes open and look at him. The slow smile that spread over his face made Jungkook’s stomach swoop.

“Hey sweetheart. You ready?”

Jimin just nodded and Jungkook reached for a washcloth. He gently washed Jimin’s whole body in the routine that he thought it would be easy to get used to. Jimin whimpered when he used his fingers to coax his cum out of his tender entrance, but didn’t protest beyond that. When he was finished, he helped him out of the tub and dried him before dressing him back in warm clothes and picking him up in his arms.

“Alright, Baby. Where to?”

Jimin giggled as he looked up at him and answered, “I wish I could sleep for a few hours, but I do actually need to finish my homework.”

“Back to the nest it is.”

Jungkook carried Jimin out to the living room, sitting him on the couch as he pulled out the blanket that had gotten dirty, tossing it aside and disappearing down the hallway to the linen closet, grabbing a few more blankets and taking them out into the living room, settling them into the little mountain of soft things. He picked Jimin up and set him back in his little spot and pulled the coffee table back toward him.

“Okay. You need anything else?”



Jimin realized in that moment that he was getting too honest with Jungkook, as he blurted out, “I’m hungry.”

Jungkook crouched down and gave him a soft smile, happy about the burst of honesty that he knew was unusual for him. He liked that Jimin was starting to get used to asking for things he wanted. He leaned down and pressed a kiss to his forehead.

“Your wish is my command.”

Jungkook ordered food for them. Once it arrived they ate and separated for a few more hours. Jimin finished his homework and Jungkook made incremental progress on his project, but before they knew it, it was getting into the evening and it was time for Jimin to pack his things and head home. Their weekend together had come to an end.

They worked together to put all the purchases back into the shopping bags, sorting out what things would stay at Jungkook’s place and what things would go to Jimin’s. He ended up leaving a few outfits, some underwear and things which Jungkook took off to hang in his own closet. There would definitely be times in the future where he would need a fresh change of clothes if the past was anything to go by. As Jungkook disappeared through his door, Jimin’s phone started to ring from the coffee table and he grabbed it, seeing that it was his Eomma. His eyes flicked to the time in the corner of the screen and he realized that it was at least an hour past his usual time that he would call to check in. He answered quickly.

“Hey, Eomma.”

“Hey, Kitten. You hadn’t called, so I was getting worried. Are you okay?”

“I’m fine, just busy at the moment. Can I call you-” But before Jimin could finish his sentence, Jungkook walked back in from his room, carrying a small pile of dirty clothes.

“Hey, Baby do you want... oh, you’re on the phone.” Jungkook said.

“BABY! BABY?” Jimin’s Eomma shrieked from the other end of the line.

Jimin pulled the phone away from his ear as sound exploded from the other end of the line.

“Eomma! Stop!”

“Park Jimin! Did you find a boyfriend and not tell me? You promised that you’d tell me when you found an Alpha! What is he like? What’s his name? How did you meet?”

“I can’t really talk right now. Can I call you later?”

His mother completely ignored the statement and prattled on, loud enough that he was sure Jungkook could hear from the other side of the silent living room.

“Tae said you’re coming home for Christmas. You have to bring your boyfriend. Your Appa and I would love to meet him! Your Appa just got a big account at work and a raise, so we’re doing it up BIG this year! Go ahead and ask your boyfriend now if he can come with you. I’ll wait.”

“Eomma... we just started seeing each other.” Jimin hedged, trying to get his Eomma to stop being so embarrassing.

“What does that matter? Now go on and do as you’re told and ask him!”

Jimin looked up at Jungkook helplessly to see that the Alpha was trying hard to hold back laughter, though he looked a little sheepish as he rubbed the back of his neck.

“Uh... Jungkook, do you want to come with me back to Busan for Christmas? My Eomma invited you.”

“When are you going home, and for how long?” Jungkook asked.

“I was thinking of going for two weeks, probably the week before Christmas and the week of.”

Jungkook thought for a few moments and was unsure what to do. He thought it would be a bit awkward to go home with Jimin to meet his parents... but the idea of going without him for two weeks made the Alpha feel itchy in his own skin. He'd barely made it the three days of his business trip. But, going back to Busan for Christmas... he thought of his parents and how they must be celebrating the holidays without him, and felt his heart sink.

“Jimin! Give him the phone! Let me talk to him!”

“Eomma...”

“Now.”

Jimin stepped over to Jungkook and mouthed silently ‘I’m sorry’ as he handed the Alpha the phone and he looked at him with surprise for a moment, bringing it up to his ear.

“Hello?” Jungkook said.

“Hello! It’s so nice to talk to you. I’m Dahee, Jimin’s Eomma. Please consider coming to our house for Christmas, at least for a few days, I’m sure you will want to celebrate with your own family too, but we’d be so happy to have you here! I’m so glad that Jimin found an Alpha, but you know I still worry about him and want to make sure he’s in good hands. We’d love to get to know you and of course you can stay at the house, it won’t be an issue. What do you say?”

Jungkook didn’t know how to respond. It had been so long since he’d had someone talk to him like this. Like... a parent. Even if he was almost thirty, that didn’t stop him from having that void in his chest where his parents used to be. It made him long to go find his Eomma and Appa and apologize. If they had appeared in front of him in that moment, he would have done exactly that, pride be damned. He glanced at Jimin, and the Omega was looking at him with wide eyes, bottom lip pulled between his teeth.

“Uh... I... sure, I mean if there isn’t anything, I’ve forgotten...”

“Great! We’ll be glad to meet you! Could you give the phone back to my son for a moment?”

“Yeah.”

Jungkook handed the phone off to Jimin and the Omega took it, putting it back up to his ear.

“Alright, I know you’re busy so I’ll let you go for now. But I expect a call later with all the details about this new boyfriend.”

Jimin wanted to facepalm at how shameless his parent was.

“Okay, Eomma. I’ll call you later. Love you.”

“Love you too, Baby.”

Jimin hung up the phone and looked up at Jungkook apologetically.

“I’m so sorry about her.” Jimin said, pausing for a moment. “Are you really going to come home with me for Christmas?”

Jimin looked up at Jungkook with eyes full of hope and something a little more wary, unsure if this was too much to ask of someone who wasn’t his boyfriend. They were basically pretending to date, but at the same time, he really wanted Jungkook to come home with him. He didn’t want to miss out on two weeks with him. He knew he was getting too attached, but he wanted Jungkook to come with him. Because he was genuinely starting to care about him. They were friends, regardless of what else they were.

“Is that what you want? I don’t want to infringe on your Christmas with your family. I kind of just agreed... your Eomma is very convincing.”

“She could guilt the devil himself. But, I really do want you to come with me. Unless you have other plans? Aren’t you going to see your parents?” Jimin asked.

“My parents and I... we had a falling out a few years back. We don’t really talk anymore.”

Jimin felt bad for Jungkook as he looked up at the Alpha and saw the pain he was trying to conceal. Jimin couldn’t imagine not talking to his parents. He loved them so much, he would die if he couldn’t talk to his family. He pictured Jungkook all alone on Christmas, probably working and vowed that he would not let that happen. Jungkook had done so much for him, the least he could do was bring him along for the holiday so he wouldn’t spend it alone.

“Well then, come with me. We’ll have a good time! We’re friends right? Friends spend the holidays together. We’ll just keep up the charade of boyfriends and we can see each other for those two weeks. No problem.”

Jimin tried to hide the discomfort he felt at saying they were “friends”. It felt weird to think that, but that was really all they were, and as fun as the fantasy of the weekend had been, it was time to get back to real life where he was Park Jimin with all the stresses and realities that came with it. It had been a nice change of pace to just be Jungkook’s ‘little one’ for a while, but that wasn’t real life. His real life was waiting back in his tiny, rundown apartment with its janky water heater and broken stove and ancient, peeling wallpaper.

“If you’re sure, then I guess I’ll come.”

The pair of them loaded up most of the purchases in Jungkook’s car, along with the few things Jimin had brought with him. Jimin left the less practical of the lingerie that the Alpha had bought him as well as the high heels since he really only planned on wearing them for Jungkook and had no use for them in his daily life. The cuffs, collars and other sexual items were left, as well, Jungkook only sending him with a few of the plugs for him to wear “when instructed”, a prospect that had his belly filled with butterflies.

Jungkook drove Jimin home, and as he pulled up outside the rundown old complex, he felt an immediate sense that he didn’t want to leave Jimin there, but he had no authority to take him away. He parked in the small lot and looked over at Jimin who was gazing at him with a small, shy smile, pretty in the diffuse light of streetlamps outside. He reached up and petted over the side of his face, and he watched as Jimin bloomed at this touch, like perfect spring flower he softened as his petal-pink lips parted on a breath.

“You ready, pretty boy?”

“Yeah.”

“Let’s get all your things upstairs to your apartment then.”

Jimin nodded and reached down to unbuckle his seatbelt before turning away, his soft face leaving Jungkook’s palm and the lack of his soft warmth was more upsetting than it ought to have been. Jungkook shook those thoughts away and got out, walking around back and helping Jimin gather up all the bags and carry them up the stairs. Jungkook eyed the rusting railing and cracked concrete, eyes skirting past doors as they walked toward Jimin’s place, and when they stopped outside a small corner unit, the Omega pulled out his keys and unlocked the door. Jungkook eyed the single lock and the flimsy wood of the door that opened straight out to the balcony, and as he stepped inside he was again struck with that sense of not wanting to leave Jimin here.

“Here we are.” Jimin said as he led them inside.

The apartment was just one small room, half given over to a twin sized bed hung with a canopy of mixed bedsheets and filled with a mish-mash of old pillows and blankets and the other half to a sagging olive green velvet couch that looked like it had been old when his parents had been in college. The space was neat and clean, but there was no disguising the fact that it was tiny and rundown. Jimin set all his bags on the couch and Jungkook did the same as he looked around the small space that smelled so much like Jimin. He would bet that his nest smelled like heaven, but as the Omega turned and walked to the wall to flip on a switch, he heard a shuddering old heater kick to life and the place took on the smell of burning dirt, clouding over the pretty vanilla scent of the Omega.

Jimin stepped back in front of him and looked up at the Alpha with his wide grey eyes and smiled a little shy as one hand came up to lay against Jungkook’s chest. He wasn’t sure what to say to the Alpha who seemed so large inside his tiny apartment. How did he thank someone for giving him the best weekend of his life?

“Thank you, Jungkook. This weekend was... amazing.”

Jungkook looked down into Jimin’s pretty face and gave him a soft smile. He reached up and cupped his jaw between his hands and kissed him, pressing his lips to Jimin’s fuller ones several times before pulling back.

“You were amazing, sweetheart.”

“I guess this is goodbye for now?”

“Yes. I might not be able to see you tomorrow, but send me an address and I’ll pick you up after school on Tuesday for that dinner, okay?”

“Okay.”

Jimin walked with Jungkook the few steps to the door, and as the Alpha opened it and stepped out, he turned to look at Jimin, it was heartbreaking to leave the Omega there. A perfect glittering jewel among rubble. He wanted to kiss him again. He wanted to push him back inside that apartment and take him in his nest, among all his soft pillows and blankets that would drown him with the sweet scent of vanilla until he was drunk on it. But he just stepped back with a little wave.

“See you later, pretty boy.”

“Bye.”

## Chapter End Notes

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# Friends Like These

## Chapter Summary

Jungkook and Jimin's friends are curious about their boyfriends.

## Chapter Notes

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As Jungkook walked back into his apartment, he couldn't help but notice how much it smelled like Jimin. The whole space was filled with the scent of sweet vanilla bean. The little nest in front of his sofa was still there with all its neatly arranged pillows and blankets, his hamper was full with dirty sheets and blankets and a mix of their clothes, and the drying rack on the kitchen counter was full of dishes. He sighed as he left to shower and get ready for bed. He laid there, looking up at his ceiling as he struggled to go back to sleep. His mind still picturing Jimin framed in the doorway of his tiny apartment, so small and fragile and vulnerable. He rolled over and forced his mind to quiet and eventually drifted off.

Morning came too soon, and as he dressed and readied himself for work, he slid back into his usual persona, the cold, sharp CEO that sent interns running for cover. But he couldn't quite wipe the smirk off of his face, and he knew that he still smelled strongly of Jimin's vanilla scent. He was rested and relaxed, and he felt clearer and sharper than he had in years as he walked through the office. Again he felt that awareness of people watching him, probably because he was smiling and smelling like an Omega's scent. But what was he supposed to do? He'd just had what was probably the best weekend of his life and he was feeling great.

He settled back behind his desk and smirked as he heard the signature sound of wingtip loafers on polished marble floors. He opened his email and started sifting through to see if anything was needing his immediate attention, but it was all little things. His friend settled in his usual seat across the desk and looked at him with his characteristic assessing gaze.

"I see that you had a good weekend." Yoongi said flatly.

"I had a great weekend, thank you." Jungkook said, sitting back in his chair and looking at the other Alpha.

"I would ask if you spent it with your little baby Omega, but the answer is obvious. You reek of vanilla and you're strutting like you got your dick sucked, so I can put two and two together." Jungkook didn't give any response beyond a quirk of his eyebrow as his smirk remained intact and so Yoongi continued. "When do I get to meet him?"

“Well, he’s coming with me to the Seoul Arts Gala, so I guess you’ll meet him then.”

“I forgot about the stupid Gala... dammit. When is that again?”

“December 6th. So, we have two weeks.”

“At least I’ll have something to look forward to. I have to admit I’m curious about this Jimin of yours.”

Jungkook opened his mouth to say that Jimin wasn’t his. But he couldn’t make the words leave his throat, so he just cleared it and went on.

“I think you’ll like him.”

“If he’s got you this whipped already, I’m expecting something amazing.”

“I’m not whipped.”

Yoongi leveled him with a droll stare that clearly read, ‘I don’t believe you’.

“Sure.”

Before Jungkook could retort, his desk line beeped and he looked at the little screen to see it was Myungjun from HR calling him. He hit the button to put the call on speaker, sure that this was probably about Kim Namjoon and that Yoongi would want to hear the call.

“Mr. Kim, you’ve got me and Yoongi here.” Jungkook said as the call connected.

“Good morning. I just heard back from Kim Namjoon and he’s definitely interested. He obviously doesn’t want Gaon Tech to know he’s meeting you, so could you meet him tonight after hours? He said he could be here around 7:30 if that’s good for you.”

Jungkook looked across the desk to Yoongi who nodded.

“Sounds good. Set it up. Give him my cell number and tell him to call me when he gets here. I’ll have to let him in.”

“Yes sir.”

Jungkook ended the call and looked across the desk at Yoongi.

“I guess we’ve got an interview tonight. Hope you didn’t have any plans.” Jungkook said to his friend.

“Me? You’re the one with the little boyfriend.”

Jungkook felt a little regret at the knowledge that he definitely wouldn’t see Jimin that night. Though he’d already been pretty sure. He’d been on a business trip and then skipped out on work the entire weekend to spend it with Jimin. He was majorly behind on his paperwork, but if this interview went well, that might be a burden he could escape from at least for the most part. That idea cheered him as he thought of getting back to basics and letting go of some of the mountain of responsibility that he’d been shouldering for the last few years as he’d been drawn more and more into accounting and more and more away from development. He was in anticipation of the day soon when he’d be able to finally leave off the accounting and focus back on the things that were important to him, the things he wanted to do.

“I think he’ll be fine with not seeing me for a single day.”

“Oh, it’s not him I’m worried about.” Yoongi retorted with a little laugh that had Jungkook rolling his eyes.

“Get out of my office. I’ll see you later.”

“I wish I didn’t have work to do so I could just sit in here and gloat, but I’ve got a conference call in fifteen minutes, so you got lucky this time.”

Yoongi stood and left Jungkook’s office. The Alpha immediately pulled out his phone and texted Jimin.

Jungkook: Good morning pretty boy. I’ve got a late meeting so I won’t be able to see you tonight.

He waited a few moments and saw the three dots appear at the bottom of the screen.

Jimin: That’s okay. I’m way too sore to do anything anyway. I’m limping to campus right now

Jungkook smiled, feeling a little too smug at the fact that his little one was limping from their weekend together.

Jungkook: Sorry Baby. You want me to schedule you a massage?

Jimin: No. I’ll be fine. I just need to warm up and move around. The hot water heater is on the fritz again so I had to take a cold shower this morning :( So I’m just really stiff

Jungkook looked outside at the city blanketed in snow and thought of Jimin having to go out right out of a cold shower and into the freezing weather. Jimin was already so cold-natured that he imagined him to be freezing just then. Poor baby.

Jungkook: Is there anything I can do?

Jimin: No, the landlord will send someone around in a few days. Don’t worry about it

A few days? Jungkook curled his lip as he imagined Jimin being forced to take cold showers for days.

Jungkook: Why don’t you stop by my place after school and take a shower? Just so you don’t have to be cold. I probably won’t be home, but you’re welcome to use my bath in the meantime

Jimin: Really? That would be great but I don’t have a key

Jungkook wanted to smack himself as he realized he’d never given Jimin a key. He’d been intending to, but he’d never gotten around to it over their long weekend, and that reminded him that he needed to call his apartments and let them have it for making Jimin wait out in the cold.

Jungkook: Could you stop by sometime today and pick one up? I’ve got an extra I was meaning to give you but we got... distracted and it slipped my mind.

Jimin: I have an hour and a half gap between 12 and 1:30. I could take a cab over but are you sure you want me showing up during the day?

Jungkook: Of course. I’ll be here. I’ve got mountains of work to do so just text me when you’re headed over and I’ll inform reception to be expecting you.



Jimin: Okay. See you then

Jungkook: See you then, sweetheart

As soon as he closed the texting app he called up his apartment building and quickly got the manager on the phone.

“This is Doyun how can I help you Mr. Jeon?”

“Yes, I’m calling about a guest I had on Friday evening. I instructed a friend of mine to wait for me in the lobby and he was made to wait outside in the snow.” Jungkook’s voice was harsh and snappish, the same tone he used to scold employees.

“I’m very upset to hear about this news.”

“I’m sure you are, but that doesn’t offer me any solutions.”

“My apologies sir, I will see that the employee who was working that night is soundly scolded, at once.”

“You do that, because if this happens again I’m not going to call with a simple warning. It will be your head on the line. I’m not a forgiving man, and I don’t like to deal with incompetent people. For what I pay you in rent each month, you should at least be able to hire someone who can do their damned job.”

“Yes sir, of course sir.”

Jungkook ended the call without a farewell and set aside his phone, taking a few calming breaths before he got to work, starting by sorting through all his emails and responding as necessary before he pulled up several spreadsheets he’d been working on and got down to business. His day was spent doing busy work and it was only Yoongi coming into his office that made him realize it was almost noon.

“Hey, you wanna go to lunch?” Yoongi asked from his doorway.

“I’m not going to lunch today. But if you wait a little bit, Jimin is going to stop by. I know you wanted to meet him.”

Yoongi’s face split into a real smile and he rubbed his hands together.

“Oh hell yes. I’m dying to meet the Omega who’s got you by the balls.”

Jungkook just scoffed and rolled his eyes again.

“I shouldn’t have told you”

Yoongi sat in his usual seat and spent the next ten minutes gloating silently while Jungkook ignored him. His cell phone dinged and he got a text.

Jimin: I’m headed your way

Jungkook: Ok

The Alpha picked up his desk line and dialed zero for reception, which was picked up quickly.

“Reception, how can I help you?”

“This is Mr. Jeon. I have a guest stopping by within the next half hour or so named Park Jimin. When he arrives, give him a guest badge and send him up to my office. No need to have him escorted, he knows the way.”

“Yes sir. Would you like me to page you when he arrives?”

“Please do.”

“Of course.”

Jungkook hung up the line and looked across the desk at Yoongi who was smirking again.

“So, he already knows his way to your office? I wonder when he could have learned that?” Yoongi taunted, smirking at Jungkook.

Jungkook ignored him and got back to work as his friend sat in amused silence waiting for the arrival of this mysterious Omega who had so captivated his best friend. Jungkook was not an easy man, Yoongi knew that well. He’d always been incredibly serious about school and work and he’d seen him with various boyfriends and girlfriends over the years, but he’d never seemed very serious about them. But something about this one made Yoongi think it might be different. Jungkook had never secreted knowledge of his past relationships, and he’d never seen Jungkook so affected by anyone’s presence. It was intriguing to say the least. He wondered if his boyfriend was someone very serious, like Jungkook? Someone who matched his intensity, and he pictured a lanky, statuesque Omega with elegant clothes and fine features. But something about that didn’t match with the soft vanilla scent.

\*BEEP\*

“Mr. Jeon, your guest has arrived. I just sent him up.”

“Thank you.”

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After Jungkook left, Jimin spent a while organizing all the clothes and things Jungkook had bought for him, hanging the clothes in his tiny closet and putting the underwear and other things in the little drawers of the plastic chest where he stored his socks and underwear. He added the plugs that Jungkook had given him into his little shoebox along with his turquoise one. He moved all his school things from his worn out old backpack to his new Gucci backpack so it would be ready to go in the morning before he brushed his teeth, undressed and set his alarm on his new phone before falling asleep.

Morning dawned too soon and too cold for Jimin’s liking. Even with his heater running, it felt like the very walls of his apartment leached the warmth away from the space, and as he got up, the muscles in his lower half were stiff and aching. Walking hurt, and as he limped to his bathroom, he was making little hissing noises as his muscles protested moving. But the longer he was up and moving the more it seemed to help, and he was looking forward to a warm shower to soothe his aching muscles. However, when he turned on the water to heat up while he brushed his teeth, he was surprised to find it ice cold when he went to get in.

“Fuck.” He hissed under his breath as he stood outside the shower wondering what to do.

Not really having any other choice, he turned hopped inside and gasped as the icy water washed down his body, making every muscle clench and quiver as his skin erupted all over with goosebumps. His already sore muscles locked up worse at the treatment and he whimpered at the

pain. He quickly wet his body and turned the water off, shivering as he lathered shampoo into his hair and soaped up his body up before turning the water back on. It was just as horrible and shocking the second time that it hit him and he danced around under the spray, teeth chattering as he hurried to rinse the soap from his hair and body before turning the shower off and getting out.

He felt incredibly stiff as he dried himself and dressed. Each movement was protested by his aching back, thighs and ass, and since he was alone, he allowed himself to whimper like a baby about it as he got ready and blowdried his hair and put on light makeup. He was warming up again a little now that he was out of the shower and into the somewhat warm air of his apartment. He went to his closet and eyed his now packed closet to find clothes to wear. He picked out a pair of light wash skinny jeans and a long-sleeve white shirt with a navy tank top to wear under it. He pulled out a pair of pink cotton panties and slipped those on before putting on all his clothes and topping it with a thick navy wool coat that accentuated his figure along with a scarf and hat. He pulled on socks and giggled as he shoved his feet into the warm black boots lined with faux fur.

He gathered his backpack, keys, wallet and phone and as he left his apartment, the cold didn't immediately cut through his clothing. It was a relief. Even though the cold weather wasn't affecting him like it usually did, he was still cold. He was cold from his icy shower and he knew that he was probably going to be cold all day. It felt like his very bones were iced over and even though he was warmer than usual against the icy winter weather, his muscles were cramped and locked up, and he was limping. He felt the blood rush to his face as he imagined what Jackson would say when he saw him limping with a huge hickey on his neck. The Alpha was going to be completely unbearable.

Jimin texted his landlord to tell him about the water heater as he walked to his bus stop and waited as usual, and when it arrived he hobbled up the steps into the warmth of the vehicle and took a seat. He watched the streets pass through the dewy windows as the early light of morning was glancing off the snow, and as they approached his stop and he got off the bus, his phone dinged in his pocket. He pulled it out to see a message from Jungkook and smiled as he opened it.

Jungkook: Good morning pretty boy. I've got a late meeting so I won't be able to see you tonight.

Jimin's lips twisted into a frown, but he thought it was probably for the best. His entire lower half was stiff and sore, and he was already moving like an arthritic old man, so he texted back.

Jimin: That's okay. I'm way too sore to do anything anyway. I'm limping to campus right now

Jungkook: Sorry Baby. You want me to schedule you a massage?

Jimin laughed at that. Of course his solution would be to spend more money on him. The Alpha really was so shameless. But Jimin knew he'd be fine in a day or two, he was a quick healer and he wouldn't even be in this condition if his damned water heater wasn't a POS.

Jimin: No. I'll be fine. I just need to warm up and move around. The hot water heater is on the fritz again so I had to take a cold shower this morning :( So I'm just really stiff

Jungkook: Is there anything I can do?

He would've denied that his belly filled with butterflies at that moment as he read the message and bit his lip to try and suppress his smile as he walked onto campus.

Jimin: No, the landlord will send someone around in a few days. Don't worry about it

Jungkook: Why don't you stop by my place after school and take a shower? Just so you don't have

to be cold. I probably won't be home, but you're welcome to use my bath in the meantime

Jimin wanted to moan as he thought of Jungkook's bathtub. He'd now taken two baths in it and was so in love with it that he would probably have married it if that were legally possible. But the idea of soaking in a tub of warm water and letting it loosen up all his rigid muscles was irresistibly tempting.

Jimin: Really? That would be great but I don't have a key

Jungkook: Could you stop by sometime today and pick one up? I've got an extra I was meaning to give you but we got... distracted and it slipped my mind.

His mind went off on that tangent of how they'd gotten distracted and he felt his body bloom with warmth. Gods, the things that Alpha could do to his body were downright sinful, but he turned his mind back to reality. He worried slightly that Jungkook might not want his employees to see him.

Jimin: I have an hour and a half gap between 12 and 1:30. I could take a cab over but are you sure you want me showing up during the day?

Jungkook: Of course. I'll be here. I've got mountains of work to do so just text me when you're headed over and I'll inform reception to be expecting you.

Jimin smiled as he replied.

Jimin: Okay. See you then

Jungkook: See you then, sweetheart

The Omega looked around and realized he'd been standing in the middle of the sidewalk texting for the last five minutes. He cleared his throat and put his phone away, hurrying into the building.

Jackson was already at their usual table when Jimin walked into the classroom and as he limped toward him the Alpha's smirk got wider and wider until Jimin set his new backpack down and gingerly took his seat. Jimin decided that the best course of action was to pretend that he didn't notice Jackson's mirth and act completely normal. He pulled off his hat, scarf and coat, laying them all on top of his backpack before turning to his friend.

"Good morning, Jackson."

"Oh my god, you're limping!" Jackson screeched, gathering the attention of everyone in the class. "And... IS THAT A HIC-?"

Jimin reached over and slapped a hand over the Alpha's mouth and glared at him.

"Shut the fuck up Jackson. I don't want everyone in a one mile radius to know about my sex life, thank you." Jimin hissed lowly as he gripped his stubby fingers into the Alpha's cheeks in warning.

Jackson shook out of his hold and hunched his shoulders down as he scooted forward closer. His expression and body language were all conspiratorial.

"Okay, okay. Sorry Min. So, you got fucked down this weekend?"

Jimin let out a quiet bubble of laughter and pushed him away.

"You shouldn't be able to say that with a straight face, and it's none of your business."

“Oh come on! You have to give me something. You haven’t told us anything about him at all. I’m dying of curiosity.”

“Fine. I spent the weekend at his place.”

“And?”

“And that’s all you need to know.”

Jackson groaned and made a motion like he wanted to strangle him, which made Jimin laugh again. Before he could start again however, their attention was called back up to the front by their professor.

All throughout class Jackson continued to ask questions, particularly when Jimin was busy, as if he thought he could trick answers out of him.

“How old is he?”

“Does he go here?”

“Do I know him?”

“How did you meet?”

“Are you going to introduce him to us?”

The barrage of questions went on and on until Jimin finally lost his temper.

“Jackson! Will you focus on the crepes we are making? I will tell you about my boyfriend later.” Jimin finally snapped at him.

“Boyfriend? ...WAIT... BOYFRIEND? Are you guys official now?”

Jimin hadn’t actually meant to say that. It had just come out, but he remembered Jungkook’s advice that they should just act like they were dating, at least to the wider world. And gods knew that the last thing Jimin wanted was someone knowing he was a sugar baby. That was a secret he was taking to his grave. No one would ever ever ever know about that, not even Taehyung, and he didn’t usually keep anything from his best friend.

“Yes, we are official now.”

Jackson squealed and put his hands over his mouth as he bounced on the spot. One thing about the Alpha was that he was a sucker for a good love story. Mark had told Jimin that Jackson cried at the end of every romance movie and got really emotional about couples and love. Honestly the reaction made Jimin soften somewhat toward the annoying Alpha and he smiled despite himself and let out a sigh.

“We can talk about it next class with Mark, okay? Now can we focus up on the current task before we fail this class?”

Jackson hopped to work now that he knew he’d be getting more information soon and his Omega would be a part of it, so he was happy. Jackson was whipping up the cream filling and chopping fruit while Jimin worked on the batter and cooking up the paper-thin crepes to perfection. They actually worked really well together, not needing much communication to keep the flow going in the kitchen. They stepped around each other and traded places with ease and before class was over,

they had a plate of perfectly made crepes garnished to perfection and dusted with powdered sugar.

Professor Heechul came around before the end of class and took a bite of each group's creations and as he got to them he smiled and gave them two thumbs up that had Jimin and Jackson bumping shoulders and smiling, pleased at their performance and hoping for a good grade. They left class together and made their way toward their second lesson of the day, where Mark was waiting for them in their usual seats. Jimin looked around as they entered the class, but didn't see Daniel, who also had this period with them. He sat with his friends and before he could even greet Mark, the Omega's eyes were on his neck.

"Oh my god... Jimin IS THAT A HICK-" Mark started and Jimin slapped a hand over his mouth, just as he had done to his boyfriend.

"Seriously, can you two just chill for like, one second?" Jimin asked exasperated.

Mark opened his mouth and pressed his tongue to Jimin's palm, which had him pulling his hand back with a grimace.

"Ew! You two are so fucking made for each other! You're both nasty." Jimin wiped his hand on Mark's sweater.

"Speaking of nasty... why are you limping so bad, Minnie?" Mark asked in a sing-song voice, looking too pleased with himself.

"I... had alot of exercise and I'm just a little sore."

Jackson mimed holding invisible hips and spanking as he wiggled in his seat.

"Yeah, exercising your boyfriend's dick."

Jimin levelled him with an imperious stare and didn't deign to make any response.

"Oh, so are you guys official now?" Mark asked.

"Yes, we are."

"Wow, I'm happy for you Minnie. Are we going to get to meet him at any point?"

"Maybe? He's got a busy schedule, so I can't promise anything."

"So how did you two meet?" Mark asked and Jackson giggled like a schoolboy, leaning around to look at Jimin.

Jimin wasn't exactly sure what to say, so he decided that he should mix both he and Jungkook's stories together, that way neither of them would be caught in a lie if their friends ever ended up meeting on accident.

"Well, I was at a coffee shop and I was looking for a job there, but they had already filled it. I guess Jungkook overheard and decided to help me out and offered me the job as his housekeeper. We um... ended up in bed together and it seemed like that was it... but then we spent the weekend together and now we're dating."

"Oh... that's a very odd way to meet. But as long as you're happy, we're happy."

"I'm happy with the way things are going between us for now."

“Well, if he does anything inappropriate, let me know and I’ll kick his ass for you.” Jackson said, offering Jimin a fistbump.

Jimin laughed and bumped his knuckles with Jackson.

“Will do.”

Their attention was called to the front as class started and they had to lay off the chit-chat, which was all the better in Jimin’s eyes, because he really didn’t want to talk about his “relationship” with Jungkook. The more he talked, the more likely he would probably be to reveal too much. He wasn’t ashamed of his desires, but at the same time, he wasn’t exactly looking to broadcast them to the world at large. He’d prefer to keep those things between himself and Jungkook. Because being bound in heels and lingerie and fucked within an inch of his life was an amazing, beautiful and perfect thing... but still a private one.

As they got up to leave class, Jimin’s mind was already across town where Jungkook was waiting for him to go pick up the key to his apartment, but he was pulled back to the present as Mark looked at him.

“Are those new clothes? Cause I don’t think I’ve seen you wear those things before.”

Jimin’s mind whirled and he gripped onto a lie. He really needed to stop lying so much.

“My Appa got a raise at work recently and my Eomma went shopping and sent me a bunch of clothes. I guess it was kind of an early Christmas gift. She worries about me getting sick and she knows how I am with the cold.”

“Oh, that was really nice of her. You wanna come with us for lunch?”

“No, I have to go run an errand. You guys go on. I’ll see you for afternoon classes.”

“Alright, see you.” Mark said.

“Later, Min.” Jackson added with a wave before turning to his Omega. “So... we could go eat... or we could go to my car and-”

“No Jackson, you are not eating my ass for lunch.”

“Dessert?”

“If there’s time.”

Jimin couldn’t help but laugh at Jackson’s hyena laugh of joy. He walked quickly outside, putting his hat and scarf back on as he jogged down the salted pavements to the street and hailed a cab to take him to Jungkook’s office. He gave the driver the address and pulled out his phone to text Jungkook that he was coming.

Jimin: I’m headed your way

Jungkook: Ok

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# The Office

## Chapter Summary

Jimin visits Jungkook's office and meets Yoongi.

## Chapter Notes

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Jimin was nervous in the backseat, worried about being seen by Jungkook's employees. He vaguely wondered what the Alpha was like at work. Was he the same Jungkook that he was when they were alone? Somehow Jimin didn't think so. He imagined that Jungkook was probably a stern boss, maybe a little standoffish. Jimin knew he took his work seriously and the Alpha was extremely good at what he did. He thought he might like to see that side of him. Jungkook was a naturally dominant Alpha, and he assumed that that extended into all parts of his life, including his workplace. Jungkook liked control, however he thought that he was likely not softened by his employees like he was with Jimin. Dominating Jimin sexually gave Jungkook pleasure, that pleasure would be void in the workplace.

He handed over the cash for the cab as they pulled up outside of the Cypher Tech building and hopped out. However, as he was headed down the sidewalk to the building his attention was caught by an older Alpha who was sitting on the curb, crying. He wasn't sobbing, but Jimin could smell the scent of rain from him, and as he looked closer he saw that his face was wet with tears. He approached him slowly and reached down, gently touching his shoulder to get his attention.

"Sir? Are you okay?"

The Alpha looked up at him with some surprise, and there was something about his face that made Jimin fond of him. The Omega crouched down and pulled his backpack around to the front, rummaging around until he found his little package of tissues and offered it to the stranger.

"Do you need me to call someone for you?" Jimin asked kindly as the Alpha took the little package from his hand.

"No, no. I'm fine." The stranger patted Jimin's hand gently. "You're a kind young man."

"Can I ask... why are you crying?"

"Ah..." He wiped his eyes. "Family troubles, you know... my son works there in that building. We've been estranged for some time now and I come here about once a month, trying to build up the nerve to go in and talk to him. But how can I face him when everything that happened was my

fault?"

Jimin felt bad for the Alpha. He looked so sad and defeated. But Jimin had a sense that for the elder, these trips were not solely about reconnecting with his estranged son, or else he would have already contacted him. He felt sorry that he was hurting and wished there was something he could do, but the family problems of strangers were way beyond his scope of expertise. Though, he thought he could at least offer some sympathy and advice.

"Oh... Well, you know... maybe he's going through the same thing. Maybe he's too scared to approach you because he thinks he'll be rejected too. You're his only Appa, and that's a special thing but, well... do you want to know what I think?"

"Of course. I'll take any advice I can get at this point."

The Alpha gave a watery little laugh and Jimin gave him a soft smile. It was clear that he loved his son, but it was also clear that this method was not working. Jimin patted him on the back gently and spoke his next words as kindly as he could, looking into the dark eyes of the stranger on the curb.

"I think you aren't coming here for him. You're coming here to punish yourself because you blame yourself for whatever happened between you."

The Alpha sighed and hung his head in defeat at the words.

"I think you're right."

Jimin continued the gentle patting of his back and ran his hand up and down softly.

"Go home. Think about what you want to say, and write him a letter. I don't think anyone would want their parent suffering over them. If I thought something about me was causing my Eomma or Appa pain, I would feel horrible."

"You're very wise for such a young Omega. What's your name young man?"

"I'm Jimin, what's your name?"

"I'm Jongsoo. It's nice to meet you."

"You as well. Let me hail a cab for you."

"Alright." Jongsoo said with a sigh.

Jimin stood and waved down a cab before reaching down to help Jongsoo up from the ground. The older Alpha patted his hand again and gave him a smile that seemed somehow familiar to him, but Jimin couldn't place where he'd seen it. Maybe he'd served him in the cafe before? He disregarded it and helped him into the cab.

"I'm gonna think on what you said, young man. You're a kind boy. I hope my son finds an Omega like you to care for him."

Jimin just gave him a smile and a nod and waved as the cab pulled away before heading inside, letting the encounter blow away like leaves on the breeze as he refocused on the prospect before him.

The lobby was different during the day. There was a security guard near the door and a receptionist

behind the big desk. His eyes were drawn toward the big fancy light fixtures that looked a little like shards of glass hanging over him. He honestly hated things like that, they made him nervous. Probably he'd watched one too many Final Destination movies. He laughed at himself as he made his way to the desk where the receptionist was sitting, typing on her computer. Jimin stopped in front of her and she looked up at him with a polite smile.

“Hi... I'm here to see Jeon Jungkook.”

“Can I get your name?”

“Park Jimin.”

His words seemed to spark something in her, because she was suddenly looking at him with a lot more interest, but she kept her manner professional.

“Yes, Mr. Jeon said to be expecting you.” She reached into a drawer of her desk and pulled out a visitor badge and handed it over. “Please clip that to the front of your shirt, and let me take your picture.” She pulled out her cell phone which Jimin thought was odd.

“Why do you need my picture?”

“For security, in case there is an emergency, then the authorities will know who they are looking for.”

That made enough sense to Jimin, so he looked at her and let her snap his picture.

“You are free to go up to his office. He said you know the way.”

“Yes, thank you.”

Jimin clipped the badge to the front of his coat and headed toward the bank of elevators, hitting the button to call one and stepping in as one dinged and the sleek silver doors slid open. As he turned around he could see the receptionist furiously typing on her phone and had a sudden thought that if she had to take his picture for security, she would likely not do it on her personal phone. He pushed the button for the top floor and felt his stomach dip as the elevator zoomed upward. It stopped several times to pick up people on various floors, and several of them seemed to freeze for a single moment as they saw him before giving him a nod and a smile.

Had the receptionist sent his picture out to the other employees? Jimin couldn't help but wonder, but then he realized that he was completely covered in Jungkook's scent. He shouldn't accuse anyone of anything when it was so clear that he was with Jungkook just based on the powerful coffee and dark chocolate scent that was wafting off him in waves. He felt his cheeks pink as he realized that the Alpha's scent was so powerful because he'd cum on him, and he knew the scent would last for days and days. Jimin just kept his breaths even and his head high. There was nothing wrong with what he and Jungkook had done. They were consenting adults.

The doors slid open on the top floor and Jimin stepped out behind several of the others in the little box, and as he emerged he saw Jungkook standing there in his business suit, looking incredibly handsome and powerful, and next to him was another Alpha, shorter than him, but just as elegant in his classy three-piece suit and perfectly styled hair. Jimin pulled off his hat and scarf, ruffling his blond hair back with one hand as he stepped forward toward his pretend boyfriend, giving him a somewhat nervous smile. He was surprised when Jungkook stepped forward and wrapped a gentle hand around the back of his neck and pulled him into a chaste kiss, but Jungkook's touch still had heat flooding down his body.

“Hey, Baby.” Jungkook said as he pulled back and looked down at him.

“Hey.”

For a few moments, they just looked at each other until there was the sound of a throat being cleared behind him, and Jungkook turned to see his business partner looking at them with raised brows. Jungkook just smirked and swiveled, to present Jimin to his friend.

“Jimin, this is Min Yoongi, my business partner and friend. Yoongi, this is Park Jimin, my boyfriend.”

Yoongi reached forward and offered his hand. Jimin reached out and grasped it, shaking his hand.

“Hi, Jimin. It’s nice to meet you. I wish I could say I’ve heard good things, but this one has been a veritable Fort Knox about you two.”

“Oh... it’s nice to meet you as well.”

Jimin felt a blush rise in his cheeks as he realized this was the very Alpha who had been in Jungkook’s office while he’d been sucking him off under his desk.

“I have to say, you’re not what I expected.” Jimin’s heart stuttered and he felt the smile on his face waver, but Yoongi went on. “You’re much cuter than I thought you’d be. I was half expecting someone as stern and taciturn as Kook.”

Jimin giggled involuntarily and pressed a hand over his mouth.

“Okay, well if that’s all.” Jungkook interrupted, giving his friend a disapproving look. “We’ll head off to my office then.”

Jimin glanced around and saw a number of heads peeking out of offices and cubicles, observing their interaction. He looked up at Jungkook who seemingly wasn’t paying them any attention, all his focus on Jimin. Before the Alpha could pull him off toward his office, Yoongi pulled out his phone and turned to Jimin.

“Could I get your number, you know in case of emergencies?”

“Sure! It’s XXX-XXX-XXXX.” Jimin answered and Yoongi typed it in rapidly.

“Thanks. Well it was nice meeting you Jimin.”

“You too.”

Jungkook gave his best friend a look that said he wasn’t amused by his antics and that they were going to talk about this as soon as Jimin was gone. Yoongi just winked and waggled his phone with a superior smirk. Jungkook just rolled his eyes and slid a hand around Jimin’s waist, settling on his lower back and pushing gently to guide him toward his office. He could feel the smugness radiating off Yoongi as he guided Jimin away, down the halls. Jungkook’s gaze softened when he looked at Jimin, but as his eyes turned toward the nosy employees who were standing at doorways to watch them pass, he morphed back into the hawkish and drawn expression, which sent them scurrying back into their office like scared mice.

Jungkook pulled Jimin along toward his office and the Omega did everything in his power not to limp, yet he could feel the unevenness of his gait and the tense pull of the muscles and tendons of his hips and back. as he walked beside Jungkook down the hall and into his familiar office. Jimin’s

eyes scanned over the shelves with their copious amounts of awards that he'd perused last time he was here. Jungkook closed the door behind them as they went into his office and as soon as the door was closed, he used the hand on Jimin's lower back to pull him against his body for a much more thorough kiss. Jimin gasped as he was pressed up against the warm, strong body of the Alpha. Jungkook used the opportunity to slide his tongue into Jimin's mouth and the Omega whimpered at the feel of the slick tongue and the taste of the Alpha as he plundered his mouth, his small hands gripping into Jungkook's strong biceps. Jungkook broke the liplock and gently bit his bottom lip, tugging gently as he pulled back.

"How are you, Baby? Did you sleep well?" Jungkook asked, pushing Jimin's hair back from his face as he looked down at him.

Jungkook was so fond of his little sugar baby as he looked down at him in his new coat and jeans without holes and his warm boots, He was so adorable and his blond hair was messy and ruffled. The Alpha wanted to pull him onto his lap and let him stay there for the rest of the day while he worked. Jimin's vanilla scent was mixed with his own strongly and Jungkook did feel a sense of satisfaction at that, but he pushed that to the side to focus on the moment at hand.

"Yeah, I slept okay. How about you?"

"Same." Jungkook answered and turned Jimin's face up to him so he could look at him. "You're pretty today, sweetheart. But I can tell by the way you were walking that you're in pain."

Jimin felt satisfaction at being called pretty, and bit his lip as he stared up into Jungkook's face.

"I'm fine. I just need a warm bath and a good night's sleep. I'll be prettymuch back to normal tomorrow, I'm sure."

"If you say so." Jungkook pulled out his keys from his pocket and got one of his house keys off and handed it to Jimin. "Alright, I know you don't have long because you've got to get back for class, but here's the key to my place. Make yourself at home and use whatever you want. You can sleep there if you want to. I don't think I'll be back home before late, so that's up to you. And I talked to the manager, the reception shouldn't give you any more trouble."

Jimin looked up at Jungkook and gave him a brilliant smile, and the Alpha couldn't resist running a thumb over the dark hickey that marred the pale flesh of his neck. His little vanilla boy was so pretty and innocent in moments like these, that it was hard to believe that he was the same person who he'd taken to bed and pulled orgasm after orgasm out of, and at that moment a mental snapshot sliced through him of Jimin, bent over his desk in his heels and lingerie as he'd milked him like a baby cow and had him sobbing with a mix of pain and pleasure.

"I probably won't sleep at your place. It's pretty far from campus and I don't have a car, so I'd be trying to get through the subway and bus at the busiest time. So, I'll see you on Tuesday, okay?"

"Why don't you let me take you this weekend to buy a car?" Jungkook offered and Jimin rolled his eyes.

"Jungkook, I can't afford a car right now. But I'm fine."

"Not for you to buy a car. Let me buy a car for you."

Jimin let out that little quack of laughter and looked up at him already shaking his head as more giggles bubbled up from inside him.

"No way! If I park a brand new car in my neighborhood, it will be stripped down to bones by the

time I came out in the morning.”

Jungkook looked at him, suddenly dead serious.

“Is your neighborhood that unsafe?”

“It’s not that bad, but a fancy new car would be quite a target for people looking to make a quick dollar, and... a car is so much money. You’ve spent a fortune on me. I really can’t accept anything else or I’m gonna die of shame.”

Jungkook let out a low chuckle and Jimin felt his cheeks flame as the Alpha got ‘that’ look in his eye. The one that had Jimin’s abdomen clenching up and his lips parting to draw in deeper breaths. One of the Alpha’s hands reached up and gripped his jaw in that perfect show of control, the pads of his pointer finger and thumb digging lightly into the little pressure point on Jimin’s jaw, making the Omega whimper and let out a soft moan of pain as he felt himself naturally open to Jungkook’s domination. He leaned down and kissed him hard and fierce, the pressure enough to make Jimin’s lips twinge and throb and as Jungkook pulled back he let his lids open slowly and looked up at him, suddenly needful.

“I’m gonna buy you a car at some point, little one. So you should just accept it. I’ll even give you a chance to earn it this weekend. How’s that sound?”

“E-earn it how?” Jimin asked, voice breathy and trembling.

Jungkook leaned down and pressed his lips against Jimin’s ear to growl the next words right against it.

“I’ll bind you up so pretty with all those fancy leather cuffs we bought and put a collar on you and play with you and fuck you until I’m satisfied... Who knows? It might just last all day. We bought so many toys and gadgets this weekend that we never got a chance to use.”

Jimin felt himself getting wet and let out a little whine in his throat as Jungkook tilted his face upward and bit gently at his earlobe, tugging at the little silver hoop in his ear before pulling away. He looked up at the Alpha and felt his sore thighs trembling, wanting to give out and fall to his knees and take Jungkook’s cock down his throat. Something of what he was feeling must have shown on his face because Jungkook gave him a smirk.

“If I told you to get on your knees right now and suck me off, you’d do it wouldn’t you, Baby?”

Jimin let out a short involuntary purring plea as he looked up into Jungkook’s dark eyes and swayed forward toward him.

“Yes, Daddy.”

Jungkook slid one hand around the back of Jimin’s neck and up, to palm the back of his head.

“Such a good boy... but we don’t have time today, and I think you’re too sore for such wonderful things. Let’s postpone this until you’re feeling a bit better, huh?”

Jimin wanted to be petulant and bratty and whine that Jungkook had started it and now he was wet and half-hard, but he just looked down and nodded. He was a good boy, and good boys were patient.

“Okay.”

“You can use my bathroom to clean yourself up before you go.”

“Okay.”

Jimin felt embarrassment flame up inside him as he realized that Jungkook could smell his slick, but he knew he shouldn't be embarrassed. This was Jungkook, his Daddy. The Alpha had seen parts of Jimin that he'd never shown anyone else, but he was still shy as he cleaned himself up quickly and washed his hands before emerging from the bathroom to find Jungkook at his desk, sitting in his chair. As he spotted Jimin he scooted back and crooked a finger at him to come closer. Jimin had no thought of disobeying his summons and he walked over to stand in front of him.

“It's a shame you have to go so soon, pretty boy. But we'll go to dinner tomorrow, and if you're feeling better then afterward we can go back to my place, how does that sound?”

Jimin nodded, then remembered Jungkook always telling him to use his words.

“That's perfect.”

Jungkook's mouth quirked and he reached up to pull Jimin down with a hand on the lapels of his coat into a soft kiss.

“Alright, Baby. I'll walk you to the elevator.”

“Okay.”

Jungkook stood and took Jimin's smaller hand in his as they left his office, making the Omega's cheeks pink with heat, so he looked for something to distract himself other than the curious eyes peeking at them from every direction.

“Have you eaten?” Jimin asked, looking up at Jungkook.

“No, sweetheart. I probably won't eat until after work.”

“Jungkook! That's not healthy! You need to eat!” Jimin's voice was reprimanding and stern.

The Alpha just laughed, and they both missed out on the glances that were exchanged between shocked employees as the tiny, soft Omega scolded their terrifying boss.

“Did you eat?” Jungkook asked.

“No. But that's not the point. I had to come over here during my lunch hour and I had crepes a few hours ago.”

“Alright, alright. I'll order some lunch.” Jungkook conceded. “But you need to eat something too, even if you're late to class. Do you want to take my car back with you? I can take a cab after work and you can leave it at my place.”

Jimin pushed him and laughed. “I'm not taking your car! Because knowing you, you'll somehow trick me into keeping it.”

Jungkook laughed, but couldn't say Jimin was entirely wrong about that. He probably would have done exactly that.

“You're starting to see past my tricks. Alright, well at least let me give you some money for a cab.”

“Jungkook...” Jimin tried to protest, but he cut in before he could stop, pulling out his wallet and taking all the cash inside, putting it in Jimin’s hand.

“It’s my fault you’re going back and forth all over Seoul. At least let me pay for the cab, alright?”

Jimin wanted to argue, but was very aware of all the eyes on them. So he curled his hand around the money and shoved it into his pocket.

“Alright, thank you. But, I have to go.” Jimin said, and pressed the down button on the panel.

Jungkook took the hat and scarf that were draped over Jimin’s arm and put them on him, bundling him up before pressing a kiss to his lips and one to the tip of his nose which made Jimin giggle and look up at him with his pretty crescent eye smile.

“Okay, Baby. I’ll see you tomorrow.”

Jimin stepped onto the elevator and waved as the doors closed, Jungkook smiled and gave a two finger wave as the doors slid shut and he turned around to see many wide eyes peering out from doorways and cubicles. Now that Jimin was gone, he was back to business. His expression morphed from the soft, indulgent expression he’d been wearing while looking at his little vanilla baby and back into the drawn, hawkish expression that he usually wore at work.

“If no one has any work to do, I can send you home for a few days without pay.” He snapped as he stepped forward back toward his office and everyone withdrew into their offices like startled turtles escaping into their shells. “That’s what I thought.” He mumbled under his breath.

Yoongi was already in his office when he arrived and his friend/business partner was looking smug as he sat cross-legged in his usual seat. Jungkook walked around his desk and sat in his chair, leaning back and eyeing the redhead.

“Go ahead. I know I won’t have any peace until you get out whatever you have to say.”

Yoongi chuckled lowly and folded his hands in his lap as he looked at Jungkook with an expression of satisfaction and superiority.

“I had no idea that was your type. He’s very different from your exes. But I mean... come on. He showed up and you... melted. He looked at you with those big grey eyes and you MELTED. I didn’t even know you could DO that.”

“Did you expect me to treat him like one of my employees?” Jungkook asked, feeling an odd twinge when he realized that, technically Jimin was his employee.

“I mean, I’ve seen you with your past boyfriends and girlfriends, and you never reacted like that with them. But, seriously Kook, the poor thing was limping, and don’t even get me started on the fucking enormous hickey on his neck. You could have at least gone a little easy on him.”

Jungkook wanted to laugh. Yoongi had no idea. Jimin might be sore and limping, but the Omega had begged him for more, he’d wanted everything that Jungkook gave him and had taken it like the desperate little sex kitten that he was. His pretty boy was a perfect little treat. So vanilla in appearance so filthy in secret.

“He’ll be fine, I’m entirely certain.”

“What was he doing here anyway?”



“I was giving him a key to my place. His water heater is broken and he needs a place to shower.”

“Aww, poor thing. He really is adorable. I thought he would be pretty, because I know you have good taste, but he’s absolutely the cutest thing I’ve ever seen. You guys do actually look pretty good together though. I can’t wait to see how he gets along with all your Omega suitors at the Seoul Arts Gala. They are bound to take notice of him since he’s with you. You think he’ll be able to shrug off the barbs and affronts?”

Jungkook thought about Jimin’s sassy side that he’d glimpsed a few times and smirked. His little one would be fine. Jungkook was actually kind of looking forward to it. He’d put money on the fact that Jimin was going to outshine everyone else at the party without even trying. It was going to prove entertaining at least. And if anyone dared to try and mess with him, Jungkook had no reservations about telling them to fuck off.

“Again, he’ll be fine.”

## Chapter End Notes

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# Like Ships in the Night

## Chapter Summary

Jimin uses Jungkook's apartment, and Jungkook has his interview.

## Chapter Notes

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Jimin caught a cab outside the Cypher Tech building and headed back to campus. He checked the time and saw he still had a few extra minutes, so he stopped at the campus cafe and grabbed a small lunch of a sandwich and a bottle of water. He took a picture of the food and texted it to Jungkook.

Jimin: [Pic attached]

Jimin: Okay. I'm eating lunch. So you better eat something too. :((

Jimin ate his lunch quickly and had to jog to his next class, but as he reached the door, he heard his phone ding in his pocket and pulled it out. He opened it to see a picture of Jungkook's desk with a little takeout container and a bottle of water.

Jungkook: [Pic attached]

Jungkook: Okay, pretty boy. I'm eating lunch

Jimin smiled down at his phone and giggled as he typed his response.

Jimin: Good. I'm going into class so I'll ttyl

Jungkook: Ok

Jimin slid his phone back into his pocket and walked into the class, still smiling. He didn't see Daniel the entire day, even though they shared two classes on Mondays and he wondered if the Alpha was sick, or possibly avoiding him. Either scenario was likely. If he'd gotten that drunk, he might still be ill, and if he felt ashamed of his behavior, then Jimin thought that was good. Daniel shouldn't have called him, especially since he'd told him he was with his boyfriend. But after his class, he texted him just in case. Because they still had their project to work on after class tomorrow.

Jimin: Hey, I noticed you weren't here today. Are you sick?

Jimin started toward his last class and as he took his seat next to Jackson, his phone received a response.

Daniel: Sorry I was just a little sick today

Jimin: Are you going to be here tomorrow do you think? Or should I reschedule the kitchen timeslot?

Daniel: I'm sure I'll be there

Jimin: Ok

Before Jimin could slip the phone back in his pocket, he received another message.

Daniel: Thanks for checking on me though

Jimin sighed and pinched the bridge of his nose. Goddammit. Was there no way to turn him down that he would understand? Jimin thought he was probably going to have to be extremely direct, and possibly a little mean to get Daniel to get the hint. The thing was, that Daniel wasn't a bad person, and Jimin felt bad about breaking his heart, but that pity and sympathy was starting to run extremely thin. He'd been too kind to him after their breakup and maybe that was a little his fault, but he'd just wanted a peaceful resolution.

"What's up?" Jackson asked from the seat next to him.

"Just... Daniel."

"Oh. He's still not getting the hint?"

"It's not even a hint at this point. I don't know what else I can do short of just telling him straight to his face that I don't want to be around him. I was trying to avoid that, but I think that I may just have to be blunt with him."

"I'm thinking that's the case. He's a nice dude, but he's a little slow on the uptake, you know?"

"That's the understatement of the century."

Jimin rubbed his temples and Jackson patted his back sympathetically.

"Sorry, Jimin. I know that's gotta be stressful for you. But maybe you should just be honest with him and let the chips fall where they may."

"Yeah, you're right. I'll wait until this project is over and then I'll sit him down and give him a real talk. It's what he needs."

Jackson patted his back and then they both focused up toward the front of the room as the teacher started to speak. Jimin felt a resolve deep inside him to speak to the Alpha as soon as the project was done. He wasn't going to deal with this anymore, and Daniel would just have to live with it. If Daniel was as good of a guy as everyone thought, he'd accept Jimin's refusal and move on. At least, that was his hope.

Jimin's mind was occupied all through his last classes and as he left campus at 5:00 he was tired of thinking about it, so he turned his thoughts toward his evening plans. He needed to go to the grocery store to buy the things that he and Daniel would need for their project, then go to Jungkook's place for a bath before catching a cab home. Jimin considered taking a cab across the city, but he'd already be paying that fee once, and he was fine taking the bus and train. So Jimin caught the bus to the nearest train station and made his way across Seoul during the crush of the rush hour. There was a little grocery not too far from Jungkook's apartment building that sold the

things that Jimin would need, so he stopped there to buy the supplies.

As he was collecting the few things he would need, he looked around the store for a moment before turning and exchanging his hand basket for a larger cart. He knew that Jungkook probably wouldn't eat dinner, or if he did then it would likely be takeout. He'd seen enough of his kitchen to know that he didn't cook, and even if he did, he wasn't likely to do it on a night when he'd stayed at work so late. Jimin thought for a moment and started to gather the ingredients for a simple vegetable stew that was perfect for cold winter days. He got all the ingredients for the stew and for he and Daniel's project tomorrow, stopping and picking up some little rolls from the bakery before heading for the checkout.

He'd been intending to walk the six blocks to Jungkook's apartment, but he was tired and sore and the bags were heavy, so he hailed another cab. He settled in the back and gave the driver the address for Jungkook's apartment building, handing him an extra five dollars and wishing him a merry christmas as he got out of the cab and hobbled his way into the lobby of the building. The receptionist was familiar, it was the same one who had kicked him out and for a brief moment he worried that he'd be barred entry again, but the receptionist actually came around the desk and bowed to him.

"Sir, my apologies for expelling you from the building the other night. I'm sorry for my behavior."

Jimin felt confused, but then he remembered Jungkook saying he'd talked to them. He must have been very harsh to elicit this kind of response. Jimin just gave her a kind smile.

"It's okay. You were just doing your job."

She stood up looking relieved.

"Thank you sir, for understanding."

Jimin wanted to laugh at being called 'sir'. It was just like at the restaurant, it felt so odd to be addressed that way. He didn't feel old or mature enough to warrant the title. But he just nodded and indicated toward the elevators.

"No problem. I'm gonna head up."

"Yes sir, please feel free to call us if you need anything."

Jimin walked to the elevators and called one, stepping in when the nearest one opened right away. He stepped in and hit the button for the top floor, and got into Jungkook's place with the key he'd given him. He kicked off his boots and set his bags down to take off his winterwear and hang it up in the entryway. It was odd to be in the Alpha's apartment without him. The place was silent, empty and dark. It kind of creeped him out, so Jimin turned on every light as he entered, assuming Jungkook could handle a slight increase in his electricity bill. He set his shopping bags out on the counter in the kitchen and rolled up his sleeves to get to work on cooking.

He washed the vegetables before pulling out a large pot and the cutting board and a knife, quickly preparing the ingredients before drizzling the pan with olive oil and starting to saute the onions to bring out their flavor. He hummed quietly to himself as he moved around the kitchen, adding vegetables and seasonings to the pot little by little before adding water and stock. He brought it back to a boil and stirred it, occasionally taking a spoonful and sipping, to taste before adding this or that ingredient, until he was satisfied with the flavor and turned off the burner.

He made himself a bowl and took one of the little rolls he'd bought, sitting at the counter and

eating in the silent apartment. He finished quickly and washed his bowl and spoon along with all the other dishes and wiped everything down. He left the pot on the stove to cool somewhat, not wanting to put piping hot soup into the fridge. He'd seen someone shatter the glass of the shelves like that once.

He headed toward the bedroom, turning on more lights as he went, until he was sure almost every light in the apartment was on. But sue him, he was scared of the dark, and even if he'd been there before, he wasn't totally secure in his surroundings. When he got to the bathroom, he started up the water in the tub, and tested it to find the right temperature. He made it hot, wanting the water to soothe his aching muscles and put in the stopper before pulling off his clothes and dropping them into a little pile on the floor. Though he knew he had permission to be there, he had to admit there was something sort of taboo and clandestine about being naked in Jungkook's apartment without him.

He stepped into the bath and moaned at the feel of the hot water enveloping his foot and calf and as he lowered himself into the water he sighed at the sensation of the heat soaking into him, leaching away all the cold from his body and soaking deep into his bones and muscles and easing the tension and pain of his legs and and hips. The warmth soothed him and he felt like he practically melted into the water as all his muscles seemed to unwind and loosen from the tight knots they'd been in since first thing that morning when he'd had to take his freezing shower.

He heard his phone vibrate from the place that he'd left it on the edge of the tub as the little ding echoed around the quiet bathroom. He reached for the little towel on the edge of the tub and dried his hands before grabbing his phone to see that Jungkook had texted him. He smiled as he opened it and saw the message.

Jungkook: You in the bath pretty boy?

Jimin smiled and opened his camera app, clicking a picture of his naked legs in the water and sending it to Jungkook. The ease of his muscles in the hot water had him feeling playful, along with the somewhat saucy feeling of being naked in Jungkook's apartment all alone. He sent the picture.

Jimin: [Pic attached]

Jimin: Yes Daddy

Jimin waited to see how Jungkook would react to his bold move.

Jungkook: Oh fuck sweetheart. I wish I was there

Jimin was feeling much more relaxed and like himself, and if the Alpha had been there, he would have actually liked him to fuck him. He was sure he could take it after soaking in the bath. But maybe it would be best to wait until tomorrow. That fact didn't stop his playful mood however, and he did like the sexy teasing.

Jimin: I wish you were here too

Jungkook: Oh yeah? What would you want me to do if I was there?

Jimin bit his lip as he felt a stirring in his cock and typed his response.

Jimin: I want you to fuck my throat Daddy

Jungkook: God I want that too Baby. But I have to go. I've got an interview.

Jimin pouted and sulked for a few moments as his fun was cut short. He wanted to keep texting with the Alpha and teasing him. It made him feel sort of giddy and and naughty to text dirty things to the Alpha while he was at work, but he was good and he didn't want Jungkook to be angry, so he just huffed and replied.

Jimin: Okay Daddy ttyl

Jungkook: Bye Baby

Jimin soaked in the tub for a little longer until his stiffness was completely erased and his sore muscles eased. He washed his hair and body before getting out and drying off. He wrapped himself up in a towel and went to Jungkook's closet, looking through the drawers until he found the one full of lingerie and panties. He grabbed a pair of soft sky blue ones with little yellow flowers printed all over and dropped the towel to pull them on. He took a pair of fleece-lined black leggings from the same drawer and looked through the shirts in the drawer and grabbed a thin white tee that was just to the proper side of being see-through and pulled that on too, he put on a pair of socks and turned toward Jungkook's side of the closet. He eyed the collection of thick, soft hoodies and sweaters and bit his lip as he reached forward and took a thick sky blue one made of fleece and pulled it on, pushing up the sleeves so he could use his hands properly.

He retrieved his clothes from the bathroom and didn't notice as he accidentally dropped his soft pink panties, leaving them in the middle of the bathroom floor. He balled up his dirty clothes and shoved them into his backpack, grabbing a notebook and pen before returning to the kitchen and putting the lid on the pot with the soup in it. He slid it into the refrigerator and took the things he'd bought at the store for his project. Jimin took the notepad and wrote out a little message for Jungkook to leave on the counter.

'Daddy,

I know you had a hard day at work, and will be hungry when you get home. I made dinner for you as a thanks for letting me use your bath. Just put it on the stove and heat it up.

See you tomorrow,

Jimin'

Jimin tore the sheet from his notebook and left it on the counter, taking his pen and notebook back and slipping them into his backpack. He walked through the apartment, turning off lights as he went before he grabbed his bag, slipped on his hat, scarf, coat (with some difficulty getting it over the sweater) and shoes and left, locking the door behind him. He caught a taxi outside and rested his head back against the seat as he was driven across Seoul for the fourth time that day. He paid the cabbie and jogged up the sidewalk toward his building, taking the steps two at a time.

He unlocked his apartment and immediately turned on the heater to start warming the space and put all his things away. His hair was still damp, and as he took off his hat, he shook out the half-dry waves and pushed them out of his face. undressing down to his panties and then pulling Jungkook's hoodie back on before going into the bathroom to brush his teeth before curling up in his nest to rest for the night. He grabbed his phone and sent a text to Jungkook.

Jimin: Made it home. I left you a surprise. Check the kitchen counter when you get home

He waited a few moments, but didn't see any response, so he plugged his phone in and was just about to turn off his lamp when the little device dinged and buzzed. Jimin snatched it up off the nightstand quickly and looked at it to see a reply from Jungkook.

Jungkook: A surprise? What is it?

Jimin: If I tell you it's not a surprise

Jungkook: True enough. Where are you? In your nest?

Jimin: Yes. Are you still at work?

Jungkook: Yes, but I'm about to leave. Why don't you send me a picture of you in your little nest, Baby. I bet you're pretty right now.

Jimin giggled and felt himself blush, but did as requested, lifting up his cell phone and taking several shots, then scrolling through them and picking his favorite. He chose one where his pink cheeks were especially evident, his messy blond hair spilled over the pillow and his lips slightly pouting as he was enveloped in Jungkook's oversized hoodie. He sent it.

Jimin: [Pic attached]

Jungkook: Oh fuck. Look how soft and pretty you look sweetheart. Do you feel better after your bath?

Jimin: So much better. I probably won't even be limping by the end of tomorrow.

Jungkook: That's good. I'm glad you're feeling better little one. I know you have to sleep, so I'll let you go and I'll see you tomorrow.

Jimin didn't want to get off the phone, but he knew Jungkook was right. Plus, he wanted to be nice and rested for the next night, because he wanted nothing more than Jungkook's hands on him again.

Jimin: Goodnight Daddy

Jungkook: Goodnight Baby

Jimin plugged his phone back in and rolled over in his bed, falling asleep with a smile on his face as he looked forward to the next night, forgetting for the moment that he had to get through Daniel to get to the other side.

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Jungkook's afternoon passed quickly in a blur of paperwork, phone calls and emails. Before he knew it, it was 5:00 and people all over the office were leaving until it was only Yoongi and Jungkook left. The pair of them continued to work in their separate offices, and around 7:00 he decided to check on Jimin, who should be at his place by now. He pulled out his cell and texted the Omega.

Jungkook: You in the bath pretty boy?

He didn't receive an immediate response, but after a few moments his phone beeped a notification and he picked it up and unlocked it.

Jimin: [Pic attached]

Jimin: Yes Daddy

He had to suppress a moan at the delicious pale thighs shimmering delicately in the water of his bathtub. Jimin's skin was so pretty and smooth, he wanted to disappear between those legs and eat

him out until he was crying from overstimulation. But he was stuck here, waiting on an interview. But if this went well, he would have a lot more time to spend pulling orgasm after orgasm out of his pretty boy.

Jungkook: Oh fuck sweetheart. I wish I was there

Jimin: I wish you were here too

Gods, he was already hard, and shouldn't be encouraging this, but he couldn't stop himself. Jimin just made him so ravenous for his succulent body that he lost all semblance of control with him.

Jungkook: Oh yeah? What would you want me to do if I was there?

Jimin: I want you to fuck my throat Daddy

Jungkook had to bite his lip from groaning out loud, but as he heard footsteps, his arousal flagged. Real life was intruding again on his fantasies about his pretty, vanilla baby. He sighed as he typed back.

Jungkook: God I want that too Baby. But I have to go. I've got an interview.

He almost expected a bratty or petulant response, and he could picture the pout on Jimin's full lips, but he shouldn't have underestimated his good boy. Gods he really deserved something spectacular for being such a little treat.

Jimin: Okay Daddy ttyl

Jungkook: Bye Baby

It was 7:15 when Yoongi appeared in his office, the time for Kim Namjoon to arrive drawing near. They called the elevator and stepped inside to head down and wait in the lobby. As the box began to move downward, Yoongi glanced over with a serious look."

"So, here we go. You really think this might be our guy?"

"I'm really hoping so. If anyone has the track record to prove it, it's him."

"True enough."

They headed down and just as they were exiting the elevator Jungkook's phone started to ring. He pulled it out and saw an unfamiliar number which he assumed was Namjoon. He answered as he glanced to the door to see a tall Alpha standing there. He couldn't make out the details in the dark, but he assumed it was Namjoon.

"This is Jeon Jungkook."

"Good evening, this is Kim Namjoon."

"I see you're here. Let me come let you in."

Jungkook hung up the phone and walked over to the doors, unlocking them and letting them slide open to admit his interviewee. Kim Namjoon was tall, even taller than he was, broad shouldered and immaculately dressed. His presence was regal and commanding. He carried himself like a man used to being respected and listened to. Jungkook had to admit on a purely first impression basis, he seemed like a good leader. He closed and locked the doors and turned to see Namjoon and Yoongi introducing themselves and shaking hands. Jungkook offered his own hand and it was



gripped in a strong, steady hold and shaken.

“Kim Namjoon, nice to meet you.”

“Jeon Jungkook, you as well. Let’s head up to my office before we get started, shall we?”

The trio took the elevator up and walked through the empty halls to Jungkook’s office. Jungkook sat behind his desk, Yoongi in his usual seat and Namjoon took the third seat, next to Yoongi.

“So, let’s skip past the niceties. We’ve all been doing this long enough to get down to business, I think.” Jungkook started, leaning forward and resting his elbows on his desk, his fingertips steepling as he looked over them at Namjoon.

“I agree.” Namjoon said, meeting Jungkook’s intense gaze without flinching.

Yoongi gave a silent nod.

“What I’m looking for is someone to take over my duties as CEO. Yoongi here, as I’m sure you are aware is our CFO and the co-owner of the company along with myself. I am wanting to start focusing more on research and development of new products again.”

“I see. Well, my experience and knowledge in that regard should be more than adequate for the task.”

“Yes, I’ve heard much about that. But I’m interested in the cause of your sudden interest in other companies? You’ve been with Gaon Tech for a few years now, why are you looking to leave?”

“Well, as you know Gaon is run by a board of directors. They have been making it increasingly hard for me as of late to do my job. I came on board when they were in a steep decline and was able to guide them back onto the straight and narrow by cutting costs and restructuring, but now that things are out of the downturn, they think that they know what is best and refuse to let me do what needs to be done.”

“So, you helped them avoid the cliff and now they want back in the driver’s seat, is that it?” Yoongi asked, legs crossed and looking completely at ease.

“Exactly that.”

“Well, if you came here, you would still have to answer to both Yoongi and I.” Jungkook added.

“Yes, but you are the co-owners. You have a personal stake in the business running well, and I doubt your pride would bar you from admitting that I have made good choices as long as they are in the best interest of the company. I don’t want supreme rule, but I do want to be able to do my job without being constantly undermined.”

Jungkook could respect that. He could only imagine how frustrating his job would be if he were constantly answering to a board of directors about all his decisions. Jungkook shared a look with Yoongi that said they both were on the same page. Kim Namjoon was a solid candidate, but more needed to be proven. So Jungkook decided to throw him a hypothetical.

“So let’s say that you were having problems with your manufacturing plant. They want to decrease the quality of your materials, but you know that is not in the best interest of the company...”

The interview went on for some time as they discussed different methods and how to deal with different situations, and Namjoon more than proved himself to be competent. No matter what

Yoongi and Jungkook threw at him, he had good answers and even when he didn't have knowledge of the exact company situation he still had good insights and asked the right questions. Jungkook and Yoongi had to admit that they were thoroughly impressed by him.

The interview lasted well over an hour and by the time that they called it complete, Jungkook and Yoongi were both set on having this Alpha at their company. Jungkook stood and offered his hand to Namjoon, who took his first, then Yoongi's shaking.

"Well, I can say that I'm impressed. We'll get together an offer and be in contact in a few days." Jungkook said.

"Sounds great. I'm looking forward to it. Honestly, the company you two have built is really something, and it will be great to be a part of it."

Jungkook and Yoongi saw him out and as soon as he walked away, Yoongi turned to Jungkook with a look of relief at finally having pessimism go unrewarded.

"So, we're in agreement right?" Yoongi asked.

"Oh yeah, that guy is coming to work for us one hundred percent. I'll get with HR tomorrow to get an offer set up and set over to him ASAP."

"Looks like you might actually be getting back on track to what you wanted to do... but I have to ask. What prompted this change? I've been trying to get you to do this for years. Why are you suddenly open to it?"

Jungkook rubbed the back of his neck. The real answer was Jimin. When he'd seen how passionate the Omega was about his dream, it had reminded him of himself back in college when he'd been so full of hope and dreams for the future, certain that he would make a big impact on the future of technology. But before he could even start, Yoongi let out a snort of laughter and cut in.

"Oh, of course. It's Jimin."

"Well, it might have a little bit to do with him. But the point stands that you were right. R&D is my home and I want to get back there."

"And you wouldn't mind a little extra time away from the office, to give a little attention to your boyfriend."

Jungkook didn't dignify that with a response, even if it was true. He did in fact want more time to spend between Jimin's perfect, creamy thighs. But that wasn't really any of Yoongi's business. When he didn't respond, Yoongi just rolled his eyes.

"Okay, I'll leave you alone for now. I'm tired and starving, so I'm going home. Please tell me you're not staying here all night again."

"I'm not. I'm leaving too." Jungkook said.

"Good."

Yoongi patted him on the back and they walked toward the elevators to go up and get their things from their offices. As the elevator started to ascend Jungkook's phone dinged with a new message and he pulled it out to see it was from Jimin. He knew he was smiling like an idiot because Yoongi laughed and let out a little snort.

Jimin: Made it home. I left you a surprise. Check the kitchen counter when you get home

“The boyfriend, of course.” And as the doors opened and Yoongi walked out toward his office he jerked one hand out to the side and made a whip sound.

“I’m not whipped.” Jungkook defended as he walked out of the elevator looking down at his phone and typing his reply.

Yoongi just laughed and Jungkook turned his attention back to his phone.

Jungkook: A surprise? What is it?

Jimin: If I tell you it’s not a surprise

Jungkook: True enough. Where are you? In your nest?

He pictured Jimin in his little nest with its bedsheet canopy and assortment of pillows and blankets and couldn’t help the smile on his face as he wondered if he was warm enough, if he had enough blankets to battle the chill away from his little, cold-natured body.

Jimin: Yes. Are you still at work?

Jungkook: Yes, but I’m about to leave. Why don’t you send me a picture of you in your little nest, Baby. I bet you’re pretty right now.

Jimin: [Pic attached]

Jungkook groaned at the image of Jimin in the low light of what he assumed was a bedside lamp. He was wearing a hoodie that Jungkook was certain was one of his own. He felt strangely giddy about Jimin using his closet as his own and stealing his sweaters. That was the third one that he’d taken already, and Jungkook didn’t care in the least. He’d buy a million sweaters, just so Jimin could steal them, if that made him happy. Jimin was small and soft and lovely in the picture, his cheeks pink and his full lips in a slight pout. Jungkook wished that he was in his bed, waiting at his apartment so he could go home and slip into bed to pull the smaller body against him to sleep.

Jungkook: Oh fuck. Look how soft and pretty you look sweetheart. Do you feel better after your bath?

Jimin: So much better. I probably won’t even be limping by the end of tomorrow.

That made Jungkook relax a little bit. He didn’t want Jimin to be in pain from sex with him. Though he knew it was mostly the cold water locking up his muscles that had made him so sore, but he still felt bad. He promised himself that he’d massage his lower back, ass and thighs tomorrow night, especially if they ended up having sex.

Jungkook: That’s good. I’m glad you’re feeling better little one. I know you have to sleep, so I’ll let you go and I’ll see you tomorrow.

Jimin: Goodnight Daddy

Jungkook: Goodnight Baby

Jungkook looked up from his phone to see Yoongi standing down the hallway from where Jungkook had paused to text Jimin. As soon as he made eye contact with his friend, the other Alpha repeated his little gesture and whip sound. Okay, maybe he was whipped. But that didn’t mean he

had to admit it. Jungkook got his coat and rode down to the garage with Yoongi, parting ways with a wave, he headed home.

He could tell that Jimin had been in his apartment the moment he walked in. He could faintly smell Jimin's scent, but more than that was the scent of excellent food that filled the space and had his empty stomach growling. The Alpha toed off his shoes and walked into the living room, flipping on lights. His eyes fell to the place where Jimin's little nest had been and he frowned when he realized that his cleaning staff had cleared it away. He immediately went to the kitchen to find a note on the counter from Jimin.

'Daddy,

I know you had a hard day at work, and will be hungry when you get home. I made dinner for you as a thanks for letting me use your bath. Just put it on the stove and heat it up.

See you tomorrow,

Jimin'

Jungkook smiled at the neat, even handwriting on the paper and set it back down on the counter. He felt so soft for Jimin in that moment that he couldn't help but chuckle. His little one was so sweet. He realized that the Omega had bought all the ingredients for this, brought them here and cooked, just for him. This was not part of their arrangement, Jimin had no obligation toward him outside of that. Honestly, Jungkook didn't think Jimin had any obligation toward him at all. If the Omega wanted to stop having sex with him, he wouldn't be angry. He would never ask him to return anything that he'd bought him. He hadn't been lying when he told Jimin that he enjoyed spending money on him. Jimin more than deserved the things Jungkook had given him, and the money he'd paid him.

Honestly he was going to increase his allowance when it came time to pay him again. Fifteen thousand was nowhere near what Jimin deserved. His mind replayed their weekend together, the way that the Omega had reacted to him, submitted to him. How he'd let Jungkook fuck him in the shower, even when he was so sensitive and tender. Jimin was truly one of a kind, beautiful, priceless and perfect.

He turned and walked to the fridge to find a pot with a lid on it sitting in the otherwise empty space of his refrigerator. He pulled it out and set it on the stove. It wasn't ice cold, as it hadn't been in the fridge for long, but it was cool. He lit the burner and grabbed the stirring spoon from the dish rack, he stirred the soup and the amazing smell burst fresh from the pot as it was heated up.

He ate at the counter, still in his work clothes. His apartment was silent and it felt almost sterile. It was surprising how much the presence of Jimin had lightened up the space. Jungkook was the type who wanted order in all things, but all the little messes of the weekend had made his apartment feel much more like a home. The nest in the living room floor, the piles of clothes on the sofa, the constantly full hamper as they cycled through sheets and blankets, the dishes in the drying rack. Without them, it was too cold. Maybe, he was too cold.

He left the dishes in the sink for his housekeepers to deal with and headed off to his bedroom, turning off the lights in the kitchen and living room as he went. As he got closer to his bedroom Jimin's scent got stronger. and in the doorway of the bathroom was like walking into a wall of vanilla scent. As he flipped on the lights in the bathroom, his eyes instantly found the one thing that didn't match with the all white and grey space. There on the floor a few feet inside was a pair of pink cotton panties, rumped and clearly dropped accidentally they were a colorful spot among the colorless space.

He leaned down and picked them up. The fabric was cool from the tiles, but Jungkook remembered well what cotton panties felt like when they were still warm from the heat of Jimin's body as he slid them down his legs. Jungkook's fist tightened around the wisp of pink fabric in his hand as he felt his need for Jimin rise in him again. Without thought he brought the slip of fabric up to his nose and moaned at the scent of his little vanilla baby. He loved Jimin's scent. Sweet, but light and soft. It wasn't cloying or overly strong and he adored the fact that the Omega didn't wear perfume. He'd had an ex who liked to find perfumes to amplify his scent, but it had always given Jungkook a headache from the strength of it.

His cock was instantly hard as he breathed in Jimin's scent and arousal slammed into him. Fuck, he was so whipped for that Omega. He briefly considered jerking off, but he knew there would be no relief in it. His body didn't want his hand, it wanted the warm silken, heat of Jimin's hole fluttering and clenching around him as he pounded into him until he was a crying, whining mess. He groaned as he leaned back against the wall and let his eyes slide open, dropping his arm back to his side. It had been only a little over a day since he'd had Jimin that last time in his little makeshift nest, and yet his body was reacting like he hadn't seen him in weeks.

He pushed up from the wall and sighed as he dropped Jimin's panties into the hamper, and quickly undressed, doing the same with his clothes. He knew he needed some kind of physical exertion, or he'd never get to sleep. He was keyed up. So he went to his closet and threw on a pair of workout shorts and tennis shoes. He moved through the exercise routine that he'd been following for the last few years and worked out for a little over an hour until he was tired and breathing hard, covered in sweat. He showered quickly and got in bed.

Even though the sheets had been changed, he could swear that some of Jimin's scent lingered. Perhaps the pillows themselves had started to absorb it, regardless, it was relaxing. Before he fell asleep, he grabbed his phone and sent Jimin a text.

Jungkook: Thanks for dinner Baby. It was amazing. I want you to do something tomorrow. Wear pink panties for me.

## Chapter End Notes

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# Bad Day

## Chapter Summary

Jimin and Jungkook both have bad, bad days.

## Chapter Notes

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Jungkook woke up to his phone going crazy on his nightstand as he received emails and messages. He looked at the times and realized it was 10 minutes before his usual alarm. He opened his email and blinked groggily at the screen. Link after link was being sent to him and he tapped one and was directed to an online article that had his teeth grinding in frustration. It was too early to be this pissed off.

### OTR MANUFACTURING OWNERS CAUGHT IN EMBEZZLING SCANDAL

He was out of bed, dressed and ready within 10 minutes, tying his tie as he headed for the door, stopping only to slide on his shoes and coat before dashing out of the apartment. He had Yoongi on the phone, playing through the stereo as he drove to the office.

“Those motherfuckers!” Yoongi was growling into the phone as he too was speeding toward their building.

“I knew we should have gotten rid of them ages ago. But I had no idea they were stealing from us! Someone in the accounting department is getting fired, either they were complicit, or they are completely incompetent at their job! I’ll be spending my morning figuring out which.”

Jungkook and Yoongi arrived at almost the same time. Yoongi looked as angry as he felt, and as they rode up the elevator together they fumed about the situation. They had no idea yet, exactly how much OTR had gotten away with, but it was probably a hefty sum. They had apparently been sending in invoices with a lot of extra charges that had no real life correlation. Considering the amount of work that they did for them, Jungkook thought that they’d likely gotten away with millions. The brothers who ran it had scampered off to a non-extradition country to live large with their ill-gotten gains.

Jungkook was so furious that he wanted to break something. If he ever got his hands on those incompetent, lazy bastards, he was going to kill them. Jungkook and Yoongi parted the sea of employees as they marched through the office. A strong aura of ‘do not fuck with us if you want to remain employed’ as radiating off of them. They were ensconced in Jungkook’s office in moments, and paging down to the head of the accounting department.

“Mr. Jeon, wha-”

“Get to my office, now.”

He hung up and sighed deeply, massaging his temples. Just then his phone dinged with another two messages in quick succession. Expecting more bad news, he felt a little relief that it was Jimin. He opened the message and had to squeeze his eyes shut for a moment to collect himself. He was on the edge.

Jimin: Sure! I'll wear pink for you Daddy. Are these okay?

Jimin: [Pic attached]

Jungkook opened his eyes and looked down at the messages again. He re-read the text then let his eyes linger on the picture below. It was a picture of Jimin from about ribs to mid-thighs. He could see one small hand against his abdomen, just under his little belly button. He was wearing lacy pink panties that were slightly see through, encasing his small, currently soft cock. He remembered picking them out at the lingerie store and he was pretty certain that it was a thong.

Even though the image was sexual in nature, something about it calmed him. Jimin, being his good boy soothed some inner part of his mind, and though he was still angry, it allowed him to reign in some of his explosiveness. He took a deep breath and blew it out before replying.

Jungkook: Those are perfect Baby. I've got alot going on at work today. Shit just hit the fan so I might not be available most of the day

Jimin: I hope everything is okay. I know I can't really help with this stuff but call if you need anything

Jungkook felt himself soften slightly at the sweet words. Jimin really was a little treasure.

Jungkook: Thanks, sweetheart. See you this evening

Jimin: :))

Jungkook scrolled up to take one last look at the picture before blanking his screen and setting it aside. He was still angry and he still was going to fire someone for this, but some of his fire was banked now and he felt like he could get proper breaths. They weren't going bankrupt or anything. The company would continue to run, except now they had no manufacturing plant to keep up with orders. They had enough stock to continue to supply their vendors for about 3 to 5 months depending and past that they would need more. Which meant that they were going to have to step up the timeline on getting the Busan facility up to scratch.

“We need to get Kim Namjoon in here as soon as possible. Because I'm going to have to be running point on alot of the preparations for the new manufacturing plant and I'm going to need someone to run things up here. I think you'll end up probably working with him more than I do on getting him ready. Sorry to foist that off on you.”

“If we can't produce products to sell, then we're fucked. I get it. Don't worry, I'll get Kim up to scratch. Though I don't think it's gonna be that hard. He's smart and he has experience.”

They spent a few moments agreeing on a wage offer and Jungkook had just sent the email to HR to make the offer to Namjoon when there was a knock on his door and he called for them to enter. It was the head of accounting, Lee Minjun.

“Have a seat.” Jungkook said with cold professionalism.

Yoongi was sitting in his chair and for once wasn't lounging back with his legs crossed, he was straight backed and deadly serious.

"I'm assuming you have heard about OTR Manufacturing?" Yoong asked, looking at the accountant who was sweating profusely.

"I-I did hear. It was all over the news this morning. That's horrible."

Jungkook could sense weakness. Something was wrong. His scent was becoming distressed. Maybe it was just the fear of losing his job, but Jungkook didn't think so. Something more was going on, and he was damned sure going to find out what.

"How much did they pay you to screw up our books and make it look like they weren't ripping us off?" Jungkook asked, his tone even and emotionless.

"W-what? I would never! I've worked here for years. I would never do that!"

"Either you helped them to rip us off or you're so incompetent at your job that you didn't notice all the extra charges on their invoices. Which one is it?"

"I... I... I didn't know what else to do! They made the offer sound so good, but they disappeared with all the money and never even paid me! I'll tell the cops everything! I didn't do anything wrong... really! I just looked the other way. I didn't steal from you. Please, I need this job."

Jungkook curled his lip as he paged security.

"Send guards up here to collect Lee Minjun and hold him until the cops arrive." Jungkook spoke into the receiver then hung up after he got his confirmation and looked at his former employee. "You are so far past the possibility of keeping your job. You broke the law. You aided in a theft, and though I don't know the entire total yet, I'm certain it's enough to be a felony charge."

"Oh god... my mate is going to kill me. What have I done?"

"It's a little late for that now, I think." Yoongi said with an icy demeanor.

The male looked like he was about to stand and run, but Jungkook met his eyes with a cold stare.

"I wouldn't suggest moving your ass from that seat unless you want to make a much more unseemly scene than this is already bound to be."

The threat was clear in his voice. If he dared to move from his seat then he would sorely regret it. They waited as the guilty accountant quietly cried into his hands. Jungkook and Yoongi both watched out the window, feeling no sympathy for the thief. Security came and took him into custody and while Yoongi explained the situation, Jungkook started to call the police. Security had already escorted out the guilty party by the time that Jungkook managed to get in touch with the detective in charge of the case and officers were dispatched to pick up the guilty party, and he and Yoongi now had a 2:00 PM interview with the lead detective on the case.

Jungkook couldn't get any work done for the rest of the day. He went back and forth between frustrated and angry, but every once in a while he would look through his phone at the pictures that Jimin had sent him. The one from his nest last night was probably his favorite, because it was the most characteristic of them. Jimin was so pretty and soft in his little nest, wearing Jungkook's sweater. It made him long for the evening to come. Not for the dinner, but afterwards when he could take Jimin home and get him back in his bed again. He wished that he could just cancel the dinner, but he didn't want anyone getting the impression that they were too harshly affected by the



scandal with OTR. So he was forced to keep it. Especially considering how much of a chatterbox his vendor was.

The interview with the investigator was informative. They discovered that the brothers had not actually escaped the country to the knowledge of the police, and if they were caught it was possible that they might get back, at least a portion of what had been stolen. Jungkook had been combing through the books with a fine tooth comb. He hadn't gotten to everything, with his distracted mind, and so many invoices to comb through, but if he extrapolated by what he'd already found, he'd guess that they had stolen somewhere between five million to ten million dollars from them. Their accomplice had doctored the books to make it look like those were legitimate purchases, and though Jungkook went through their monthly and yearly expenditures, he didn't get down into individual invoices and cost codes. His supervision was more about profit margins.

By the time it was time to go pick up Jimin, he was tired and frustrated and probably in need of a release from the tension that was holding his muscles so stiff in place that he felt like a robot. As he pulled up outside the campus kitchens where Jimin had told him to pick him up, he felt something ease inside him at the sight of the Omega. Jimin was lovely in his navy wool coat and cream colored scarf and hat. Jungkook got out of the car and walked around to the passenger side to wait for Jimin to come to him. He wanted to hold him in his arms for a few moments and let the vanilla scent of his pretty boy soothe the black hole of stress in his abdomen.

Jimin smiled as their eyes met and the Omega waved. Jungkook wanted to coo at the thick cream-colored mittens on his small hands that matched his hat and scarf. But he saw the Omega's face fall as his attention was called by an Alpha who followed him out of the building. Jungkook eyed the stranger. He was young, handsome and tall. He had a friendly face and Jungkook was reminded irresistibly of a golden retriever. He saw the pinched look on Jimin's face as he looked at him and spoke to him, though he couldn't hear what they were saying from his distance, he realized. This was Daniel. Jimin's ex. The one who had called during their weekend and stressed Jimin out so badly. He felt dislike curl in his gut immediately, but decided that he wasn't petty enough to posture for some youngling who had already been rejected by Jimin. But he felt his spine go ramrod stiff as the Alpha smiled at Jimin and wrapped his arms around him, hugging him tight to his body and lifting Jimin off the ground a few inches. Though what made his irritation snap was that Jimin didn't push him away or try to escape his hold. The Omega patted his back in an awkward way before he was set back on his feet.

Oh hell no.

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Jimin woke up to find a message on his phone, sent last night. He must have slept through the sound of the alert. He blinked at his phone screen as he read the message and felt a warm flush overtake his body.

Jungkook: Thanks for dinner Baby. It was amazing. I want you to do something tomorrow. Wear pink panties for me.

Jimin could definitely do that, and the idea of wearing something Jungkook told him to had his cheeks warming and pleasure blooming in his belly. He jumped out of bed and went to the bathroom to start getting ready. As he moved, he was much less sore than yesterday. His muscles had just a little ache in them at first, but the more he moved, the looser his muscles felt as he warmed them up.

He wanted to look especially pretty today, since he'd be going out to a business dinner with Jungkook and he assumed that afterward they would go back to the Alpha's apartment. He could

already imagine what Jungkook would do with him once they were alone and it had him excited as he went to his closet and started to shift through the drawer of panties and lingerie that Jungkook had bought for him. He found a few different options, but he knew instantly which ones he wanted to wear as he saw the lacy pink thong.

As he stepped into the lace panties he shivered at the feel of them sliding up his legs. The lace was cool to the touch and whisper soft and he felt pretty once they were on, cradling his soft cock. He looked in the mirror, front and back and bit his lip at how pretty he was. He hoped that Jungkook would like them, and as he thought that, he got an idea that made him feel naughty.

Jimin grabbed his phone and opened the camera, turning toward the light coming from the window, he took a few pictures of his lower body in his panties before he scrolled through and picked one. It was obscene and also pretty. His soft cock was visible through the lace, and his skin looked smooth and soft. He bit his lip as he sent Jungkook a text, quickly followed by the picture he'd chosen.

Jimin: Sure! I'll wear pink for you Daddy. Are these okay?

Jimin: [Pic attached]

He waited a few moments with bated breath for a response, and he received it with a little swish noise. He read the little text greedily, wanting to see what Jungkook thought of his panties, but frowned as he read the text.

Jungkook: Those are perfect Baby. I've got alot going on at work today. Shit just hit the fan so I might not be available most of the day

Jimin wondered what had happened. He knew that Jungkook took work extremely seriously, and that he was the co-owner of his company. He didn't know anything about running a technology company, but he wished there was something he could do. Maybe he could at least help the Alpha to relieve some of his stress later on.

Jimin: I hope everything is okay. I know I can't really help with this stuff but call if you need anything

Jungkook: Thanks, sweetheart. See you this evening

Jimin: :))

Jimin set his phone aside and let his mind wander over what could be wrong with Jungkook. The Alpha was never so short with him. He usually liked to shower Jimin in compliments and praises even via text. Some sixth sense told Jimin that Jungkook was really stressed. It made him long to do something to help him relax. He wished he could take all his stress off of his shoulders, even for a little while. Maybe he could give him another massage? He decided to think on it and focused on getting dressed.

He selected his outfit with care, wanting to look his best for his dinner date. He picked a pair of fitted navy pants and a white button up. They were both from the higher-end stores that Jungkook had taken him to. He rolled the sleeves on the shirt to his elbows, and briefly considered a tie, but thought that was too formal. He added a brown belt and boots. They were not as warm as the fur-lined ones he'd been wearing the day before, but they were stylish and he wanted to look like he belonged with Jungkook.

He looked at himself in the mirror and thought he looked very nice. His hair was shiny and swept back, his makeup was subtle but a little more than what he might normally wear to school. His

hickey was still a huge dark bruise on his neck, and he briefly considered covering it with concealer, because he wasn't sure if the Alpha would want his business associates to see, but he ultimately decided against doing that. He didn't want Jungkook to think he'd been hiding it from Daniel and get the wrong idea about them. And even more than that, he didn't want Daniel to think he'd dressed up for him. The hickey was a clear sign of possession and it should serve as a 'back off'.

Jimin took out a navy blue wool coat that hugged his body just the right way and hung to his mid-thigh, flaring out slightly and topped it all off with a matching set of soft cream-colored, chunky knit scarf, gloves and mittens. He observed himself and decided that the hat and mittens made him more cute than sexy, but it was cold outside and he didn't want to give them up, so he let himself be satisfied and gathered his things to head to school.

As soon as he walked into his first class, he immediately saw Daniel. The Alpha waved at him with a sheepish look and Jimin just gave him a small nod before going to sit with Jackson at their usual table. He greeted his friend as he started pulling off all his layers and sat down.

"Well, damn Minnie! Who are you trying to impress?" Jackson said with a low whistle.

Jimin just rolled his eyes and leaned on his elbow on the table in front of him.

"Well, I hate to tell you this... but it's Mark. He and I are lovers now."

Jackson reacted just how Jimin expected. The Alpha spluttered and looked at Jimin with the most offended look that he could imagine.

"Don't even JOKE about that! You stay away from my man, Park Jimin or I swear to god!"

Jimin burst out laughing and covered his mouth as he looked at Jackson who was getting red in the cheeks and looking heated.

"Calm down, Jackson. I don't think I'm really his type." Jimin said and Jackson relaxed. "If you must know, I have a date this evening."

Suddenly the Alpha's mood completely shifted and he was once more giddy and giggling as he leaned conspiratorially toward Jimin with a huge grin.

"With your new boyfriend?"

"Yes."

"Where is he taking you that's so fancy?" The Alpha asked, eyeing Jimin's attire.

"It's a business dinner, he needed a date."

"A business dinner... wait. How old is your boyfriend?"

"He's 29."

Jackson gasped and looked at Jimin with wide eyes, mouth hanging open as if this was the most scandalous thing he'd ever heard.

"YOU'RE DATING A GRANDPA!" Jackson screeched.

Jimin reached over and slapped the back of his head, his eyes flicking to Daniel who was looking at them with raised eyebrows.

“He’s 29, not 59. Now if you don’t shut the fuck up, I’m going to talk to Mark and you’ll be lucky if he lets you park your car in the parking lot to sleep in it.” Jimin hissed, glaring at Jackson.

“Ow! You’re so mean. I can’t wait until I meet your boyfriend, I’m gonna become his bestie just so I can turn him against you.”

“Good luck with that.”

Jackson was rubbing the back of his head and pouting at Jimin. But what concerned the Omega more was the tittering whispers from all around them and the shuffling as several people pulled out their phones and started to type quickly before class started. Jimin had a really bad feeling about it, but there wasn’t much he could do. It wouldn’t be the first time that the Omegas who all crushed on Daniel spread rumors about him. After they had broken up, there was a rumor going around that Jimin had been cheating on him, which was laughable because he’d only ever had sex once at that time and it sure as hell wasn’t with Daniel.

Daniel had been the one who had quashed those rumors when they got around to him, but some people still believed them and thought Jimin had somehow tricked the Alpha into defending him. It was all ridiculous. That was one of the reasons that he had a hard time hurting Daniel. He really was a kind Alpha, and a good guy. He’d defended Jimin when he didn’t have to, when he was still suffering the pain of their breakup. Jimin just turned his attention back to the front of the class and tried to ignore the fact that there was probably the worst game of ‘telephone’ going on all across campus as facts were warped and morphed into something he was sure would be nowhere near the truth and completely horrible. Jimin pushed those thoughts aside as class started and he tried to focus on schoolwork.

As he was walking to his next class, he was waylaid by a small group of Omegas. He honestly didn’t remember any of their names, but they were some of the usual crowd who liked to bother him about his relationship (or lack thereof) with Daniel. He didn’t get what their damned problem was. When he and Daniel had been dating they had all said that they were a bad couple, and after they broke up, they still wanted to involve themselves in Jimin’s life. Perhaps they too were able to tell that Daniel wasn’t over him. Because the Alpha wasn’t exactly secreting that fact away in the recesses of his diary. He wore his heart on his sleeve and it was clear to anyone who bothered to notice that he still carried a torch for Jimin.

“So, is it true?” One of them asked Jimin, smacking her lips and giving him a superior stare.

“Is what true?” Jimin asked in the same bitchy tone that the one who’d spoken to him used, holding his head high in his best cold bitch mode.

“That you’re some old man’s sugar baby.” Another one of them asked and they all collapsed into giggles and they all started in throwing in little tidbits.

“I heard he’s a grandpa.”

“I heard that he pays you to suck his dick after classes every day.”

“Oh my god, how gross.”

“You’re fucking an old man. That’s so disgusting.”

“Can he still knot? Or does he have to take viagra to fuck you?”

Jimin felt the burn of tears behind his eyes as more and more horrible things were said, but he refused to cry in front of these assholes. He wouldn’t show them any weakness. He was above this.

He hadn't done anything wrong. He forced his breaths to remain even and ground his teeth against the need to cry. Jackson next to him was letting out a low growl of warning to the group as he got angry on his behalf.

"Why don't you shut the fuck up? You don't know anything. Just because you want to hop on Daniel's knot doesn't give you the right to attack Jimin!" Jackson said, moving as if to step forward, but Jimin stopped him with a hand on his chest.

"It's fine, Jackson." Jimin said, glancing at his friend before turning his attention back to his little crowd and addressing them. "My love life, and more specifically, my sex life, are none of your fucking concern. Stay out of my business and we won't have any problems."

Just as Jimin turned to leave, one of them called out to him one last parting shot.

"We're not going to let you string Daniel along like this!"

Jimin felt the fire snap in his veins. HIM? String Daniel along? As if. That Alpha was stringing himself along. He'd attached his hopeless dreams to Jimin and left the Omega to deal with the burden of his feelings without any recourse for him to make the Alpha let go short of cruelty. What the hell was he supposed to do? He turned and glanced back at them with a look of pure loathing as a soft growl made its way through his teeth.

"You know nothing about me and Daniel. Why don't you get a life and realize he doesn't want you?"

"I know that you're a gold digging slut who's sleeping with some piece of shi--"

The Omega who had spoken didn't get to finish their sentence as it was interrupted by a hard slap from Jimin, right across his face. He'd had enough. They had talked bad about him for the last time, and they had best to keep Jungkook out of their mouths. Jimin stepped up and got right in their face, until they were close enough they could have almost kissed.

"Say that one more time and I'll fucking kick your ass." Jimin snarled.

The Omega felt Jackson pulling him back by the shoulders and distantly heard his voice.

"Minnie, calm down. Let's just go. They're not worth it."

He allowed himself to be pulled away, but he maintained eye contact with the one who'd insulted Jungkook until he lost it as Jackson pulled him around a corner. The Alpha pushed him up against the wall and looked down at him with wide eyes as he gripped Jimin's shoulders and shook him slightly.

"Jimin! What were you thinking? Fighting on campus? You could get kicked out."

The Omega shrugged his shoulders roughly to get the restraining hands off of him as he looked up at Jackson, still angry. The palm of his hand was hot and stinging from where he'd slapped the other Omega and his breaths were coming hard and fast. He was stressed out and tired of this whole affair. He wished he'd never gone out with Daniel at all. All at once his anger turned to tears. He wasn't sad persay, but he was TIRED. Tired of dealing with stupid jealous assholes who coveted something that Jimin didn't even want, something he would have willingly given away.

"What did I ever do to them? Why can't they just leave me alone?" Jimin sobbed and hid in his hands for a few moments.

Jackson sighed and reached forward, pulling Jimin into a hug and letting the Omega cry against his shoulder for a few moments until Jimin pulled back and dabbed at his face, hoping he hadn't ruined his makeup. He sniffled and let out a long harsh breath and blinked rapidly to suppress the rest of his tears and dispel the ones in his eyes before he finally looked back up at his friend.

"Ugh... sorry Jackson. I shouldn't put this on you."

The Alpha reached forward and gave Jimin's shoulder a squeeze and soft shake.

"That's what friends are for."

Jimin stopped in the bathroom and checked his appearance to find that his makeup had held up well. He guessed you got what you paid for and Jungkook had taken him to a good makeup store. As he thought of Jungkook, he felt himself relax slightly as his breaths evened out. He wished that Jungkook was there at that moment and he could throw himself into the Alpha's arms and let him take control again, like he had after Jimin had been upset about Daniel's messages. He wished that he could just be Jungkook's little one and let the Alpha make all the hard choices. He didn't care what Jungkook did to him, even if it was painful or humiliating, he'd know it was for the best. His Daddy always knew what was best.

He had his cell phone out of his pocket and was about to call the Alpha when he realized what he was doing. He'd started to slip into subspace as he'd thought about Jungkook, but he couldn't do that now. Not here. So he shook himself and took some deep breaths. He looked at himself and in his mind replayed Jungkook's words from the past Saturday to himself over and over until he was more relaxed and calm.

"Okay, pretty boy. I need you to focus for just a little longer on being Park Jimin. Once we get home then you can let go, okay?"

He was Park Jimin. Park. Jimin. He focused on that. He needed to be himself a little longer. Jungkook was going to pick him up at 5:00, and he'd told him that their dinner wasn't until 7:30 so they had two and a half hours before then. He was sure that Jungkook would help him, would take charge and let Jimin free himself for just a little while. Jimin took one last deep breath, fixed his hair, straightened his spine and walked out of the bathroom and on to his other classes. Throughout the day, Jimin heard little tittering whispers following him wherever he went, and each one was like a tiny papercut. Not a devastating wound on its own, but compounding them all, it was death by a thousand cuts, each one sharp and painful. He just held his head high and walked on, though in his mind, he was playing that few seconds over and over on repeat.

"Okay, pretty boy. I need you to focus for just a little longer on being Park Jimin. Once we get home then you can let go, okay?"

By the time he got done with his last class and it was time to head over to the kitchens, Jimin felt like he was too wrung out, too sensitive to deal with this. He didn't have the strength to deal with Daniel, but he just put on his same old mask of friendly indifference and walked into the kitchen. The Alpha was already there, wearing an apron and setting out ingredients. He smiled when Jimin walked in and gave a quick wave as he set down a bag of flour next to the other things he'd gathered. Jimin took off his backpack and retrieved the ingredients that he'd bought the previous evening and added them to the pile before taking off his coat and things to sit with his backpack and grabbing an apron. As he turned around he watched as Daniel's smile faltered as his eyes found the dark hickey on his neck and stared at it for a few moments before he seemed to be able to shake himself free of his trance and slapped a much less genuine smile on his face that looked fake and forced.

“Hey, Jimin. How are you doing today?” Daniel asked, looking somewhat down. Jimin was certain if he were a dog, his tail would be tucked between his legs.

“Fine, Daniel. And you?”

“I’m great.”

Thankfully they were too busy working throughout the time they had scheduled that chit-chat was kept to a bare minimum. They simultaneously created three different versions of their pastry, each with subtle changes and differences. The end results were very telling, and it was easy to pick which, crust, filling and frosting was best. Once they had established a final recipe Jimin wrote it down in his notebook of recipes and copied one for Daniel. He checked the time on his phone to see it was almost 5:00 and Jungkook would arrive soon, but that was perfect because they were done, just in time. Jimin pulled off his apron and tossed it into the hamper for dirty cloths and aprons before dusting a bit of flour off his sleeve and going to wash his hands in the sink. From a few feet behind him, he heard Daniel’s voice, quiet and hesitant.

“I was going to tell you... you look really pretty today.”

Jimin snatched a few paper towels to dry his hands on before tossing them into the trashcan and turned to see Daniel rubbing the back of his neck shyly.

“Thanks, I have a date after this. Actually, my boyfriend should be here to pick me up, so I’ve gotta go. I’ll email you what I have on the essay so far, yeah? We can work on it in class. I think we’re ahead of the curve on this one. Most of the other pairs aren’t so far along as we are, Mark told me.”

“Okay... I guess I’ll see you later then.” Daniel said, giving that kicked puppy look again.

“Bye.”

Jimin went and threw on his hat, coat, scarf and mittens and grabbed his backpack, slinging it onto his shoulders as he headed out the door. He walked down the hallway and out the main door and saw Jungkook there, waiting outside his car for him. As soon as he saw the Alpha he immediately felt his grip on Park Jimin start to slip and he fell instantly into his subspace. He’d had a hard day and he wanted his Daddy to take over for him right away. He smiled and waved at Jungkook before he heard the door behind him open and Daniel’s voice call his name.

“Hey, Jimin.”

He turned and tried to keep himself together with very little success.

“What?”

Daniel had that sheepish look again.

“I just wanted to say... sorry about calling you this weekend. I was hoping that we could just let bygones be bygones and move past it.”

Jimin’s eyes glanced over to Jungkook, where he wanted to be and he just agreed to get this over with. His body felt like a magnet was pulling him toward the Alpha.

“Yeah, sure. No problem.” Jimin said quickly with a wave of his hand.

“Thanks, Jimin. You’re the best.”

Before he knew what was happening, he was being embraced in a strong grip and lifted off the ground for a few seconds before he could stop it. Again, his mind was too distracted by the prospect of getting to Jungkook for him to really think about what he was doing. He patted Daniel's back awkwardly with his arms pinned down to the elbow. He was set down and released. The whole situation was bringing back his earlier stress and he wanted Jungkook.

He didn't want to talk to Daniel anymore. He didn't want him to touch him again. He turned without another word and walked toward Jungkook. A few steps in his direction and he met the Alpha's dark eyes and felt a hot surge of panic slam into his chest as another mental clip of Jungkook played in his head.

"I don't want him touching you. I know you have to work with him, and you have to see him outside of school and I get that. Your education is important to you. But don't let him touch you. Do you understand?"

Oh no... he'd been bad. He'd broken the rules. Jungkook's eyes were dark and dangerous as Jimin approached and as soon as he was within reach, the Alpha wrapped a hand around the back of his neck and pulled him into a hard kiss. His fingers dug into Jimin's nape and his kiss was unforgiving as he forced Jimin's lips open with his tongue and plundered his mouth. Jimin whined into the kiss and Jungkook pulled back and slid his lips around to Jimin's ear.

"Get in the car. Now."

## Chapter End Notes

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# Punishment

## Chapter Summary

Jungkook gives Jimin his first punishment and oddly, it's exactly what Jimin needs.

## Chapter Notes

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Jimin did as he was told at once, without hesitation. Jungkook opened the door and Jimin got in, buckled his seatbelt and looked straight ahead out of the windshield. The Omega watched as Jungkook walked around the car and got into the driver's side. Jimin already had tears streaming down his face by the time that Jungkook got in and he was trying to be strong and sit still and be quiet. He wanted to be a good boy. He hadn't wanted Daniel to hug him. He'd just wanted to get to Jungkook. He'd had a hard day and he just wanted his Daddy to praise him and pet his hair and tell him he was pretty and soft and perfect. His chest was heaving as he tried hard to keep his cries inside. His face was hot and his mouth felt sticky as he tried to bite his lips to be quiet.

Jungkook was tired and frustrated and possessive. Seeing Jimin get held against the other Alpha's body had woken that dominant part of him that wanted to possess and control Jimin. His mind recalled telling his little baby not to let his ex touch him, and yet he'd allowed himself to be hugged, lifted off the ground without any protest or resistance. He'd had a long, hard day and now he was filled with the prospect of something that had his heart racing in his chest. Punishment. He was doing his best not to be angry, but he knew himself well enough to know that he was angry somewhere deep down. He could feel it in himself, but he still reached to turn on Jimin's seat warmer and cranked the heater up that extra few degrees like he usually did for him when he got in his car. He glanced over to see that Jimin was crying, sobbing silently and he felt a little bad for him. But he had to learn this lesson. He needed to be a good boy if he wanted to be rewarded

"Jungkook?" Jimin asked, softly. His voice was watery and thick with tears.

"Don't call me that right now." Jungkook's voice wasn't mean or shouting, but it was stern.

"D-Daddy?"

"You know you messed up, don't you, Baby?"

"Y-yes... but I didn't mean to. He just hugged me! I didn't want it."

Jimin made a soft crying sound and Jungkook felt a little sorry for him. He knew Jimin was a good boy, he wasn't the type to tease him purposely by touching or flirting with other Alphas, but he'd

still broken the rules.

"We'll talk about it when we get home."

The rest of the car ride was awkward, and Jimin didn't know what to do or say, so he stayed quiet. He tried to rein in his tears and take deep breaths, but he was raw like an exposed nerve. He'd had a long, hard day and all he wanted was his Daddy to take control and make him feel better. He was already so dependent on the Alpha to bring him back down to that calm, cool headspace where everything was quiet and all that mattered were his commands, his touch, his praises. Jimin knew he was going to be punished, but that's not what bothered him. He'd known what he was in for with Jungkook, and part of him was incredibly aroused by the prospect. What bothered him was that Daniel was the one who caused this. He wanted his first punishment to be for something he had control over.

The ride up the elevator again made Jimin want to cry, because Jungkook didn't push him up against the wall and kiss him, or pull him into his arms to feel his body against him. The atmosphere was tense and electric, buzzing with the intensity of the connection between them. Jungkook's control and Jimin's submission were clear in their body language. Jungkook's back was straight, jaw set, one hand in the pocket of his slacks. Jimin's face was turned down, thin arms wrapped around his middle and shoulders hunched.

When the elevator stopped, Jungkook reached over and wrapped a hand around the back of Jimin's neck, slipping under his scarf to guide him out into the hallway and to his door. Inside the apartment, Jungkook shrugged off his own coat quickly before turning to Jimin and removing the Omega's hat, scarf, mittens and coat to hang on the hooks in the entryway and they both kicked off their shoes. He wrapped that commanding hand back around Jimin's nape, and led him further into the apartment, to the living room. Only then did Jungkook finally look at him. Speak to him.

"Do you know what you did wrong?" The Alpha asked, eyes dark and intent.

"I let Daniel hug me."

"And?"

"I didn't push him away."

Jimin whimpered softly, fresh tears rolling down his cheeks and further ruining his already destroyed makeup. Jungkook moved forward and cupped his jaw in his hand, turning his face up to look down into his eyes. Jimin looked up at the Alpha and something in him seemed to relax. Even if he received a punishment, he was still there with Jungkook. The Alpha still wanted him.

"That's right. So... the question is, what do I do with such a bad boy?"

Jimin felt goosebumps tighten his skin at the words and he let out a soft whimper of sadness. He wasn't a bad boy. He was good. He wanted the Alpha to tell him he was a good boy and touch him with gentle hands and speak to him in soft praises.

"Daddy... I'm sorry. I really didn't mean to..." Jimin apologized quietly.

"How long would you say that hug lasted?" Jungkook asked, looking into his eyes.

Jimin's mind whirled for a few moments and he tried to come up with an answer. He would listen and be good.

"Um... maybe five seconds?"

"Then you're getting five spankings. You're going to count them out loud and you're going to say 'I'm sorry' each time. Do you understand?"

Jimin's body flooded instantly with arousal and humiliation simultaneously. His hole clenched as wetness started to gather between his legs and his cock started to harden in the confines of his clothing, his nipples peaked and went taut and tender. His embarrassment forced him to try at least a little resistance.

"B-but Daddy..."

"Are you talking back to me now?"

"No Daddy... I-I understand."

"Bedroom. Now. take off your clothes and lay them on the foot of the bed. Keep your panties on. Then bend over the the side of it and wait for me."

Jimin had fresh, hot tears in his eyes as he followed the instructions to the letter, and it was a perfect kind of humiliation because he was already hard and wet, even though he was crying. He wanted Jungkook and he hoped that his Daddy would take care of him after his punishment, because he really hadn't wanted Daniel to hug him. He hadn't seen it coming. He stood by the bed and undressed with shaking hands, folding his clothes neatly and stacking them on the foot of the bed. Just in his panties, he bent over the edge of the bed and waited, his small hands gripping into the comforter as he shivered both from cold and anticipation.

After he watched Jimin disappear into the bedroom, Jungkook took a few minutes to calm himself down. The Alpha leaned against the couch and closed his eyes, probing his own thoughts and feelings. He wanted to make sure he was doing this for the right reasons. He wasn't some asshole who took his bad day out on his lover just because he could. He took a few deep, even breaths and finally opened his eyes, feeling much calmer. He was certain. He didn't actually want to hurt Jimin. He just wanted to punish him. Jungkook's blood was still running hot and intense, but now from arousal. He wanted to spank Jimin, had done since he'd met him that first time and saw his round, lush ass and he was certain that the Omega wanted it too.

Jimin was exactly where he told him to be and that pleased him. His little vanilla baby was still so pliant and good. He knew that he hadn't disobeyed on purpose. Jimin was bent over the bed, his clothes on the end in a neat stack, and he discovered that he was right, the panties were a thong, pink and lacy. The Omega's perfect ass was on display, his tiny hands bunched in the dark comforter. His skin glowed against the slate-colored cotton and he was still so beautiful. He could smell Jimin's slick faintly, and he felt his own cock throb at the knowledge that Jimin was aroused by this too. But when he brushed his hand over Jimin's ass cheek, the Omega jumped and whimpered, which made him feel a little unsure. He didn't want him to be scared.

"It's okay, Baby. You know I don't want to hurt you, right? I don't want you to be afraid of me." Jungkook said quietly, running his hand up over the silken, pale skin of Jimin's back. "You don't have to do this. If you want to go home, I'll take you home. No questions asked. Okay, little one?"

"I'm not afraid of you, Daddy." Jimin replied, and he truly wasn't, he was just tense. He knew that Jungkook wouldn't really hurt him, and he wanted this, even if he was going to give Daniel a piece of his mind for causing it. But the idea of leaving now was a terrible ache in his gut. "I don't want to go home. I want to stay with you."

The Omega's words were sure, and that soothed Jungkook. The last thing he wanted was to make Jimin scared of him. Even if Jimin was still sniffing and had tears in his eyes, he wasn't afraid.

Jungkook smoothed his hand over Jimin's back a few more times before spoke.

"I'm doing this for your own good. You know that right?"

"Yes, Daddy."

"If it's too much, tell me to stop and I will stop. Do you understand?"

"Yes, Daddy."

Jungkook unbuckled his belt, and Jimin could hear the soft sound of metal clicking. It made a shiver roll up his spine as he heard the leather being pulled from the Alpha's belt loops and more sounds as he assumed it was being folded in half and gripped in his hand.

The Alpha adjusted his grip, the belt was already folded in half, but he folded the part he held up a few extra inches to make it less whip-like and give him control over the strip of leather. He wasn't going to hit with full strength, nowhere near. He was calm and in control now, Jimin's perfect submission made it easy for him to control his earlier irritation and stress. This was where he thrived, with his little vanilla baby. He brushed the belt across his ass, letting Jimin feel it so he'd know what to expect and wouldn't be too afraid.

"Do you remember what to do?"

"Yes, Daddy."

Jungkook brought the belt down across his cheeks and Jimin gasped at the shock of pain, the skin of his ass burned and stung and he felt his thigh muscles flutter and dance. More tears immediately gathered in his eyes and his hands gripped harder into the bedspread, but he was a good boy and remembered what he had to do, even if he was overwhelmed by the entire scene.

"O-one. I'm sorry." Jimin hiccuped out in a little sob.

Jungkook delivered the next two in quick succession, and the Alpha watched as Jimin's whole body seemed to react to the pain, his legs twitching and his back curling upward, but he didn't move out of position. He just cried out and sobbed into the blanket under him.

"Two. I'm sorry... Three. I'm sorry."

Then again. The pale skin of his ass was red, small welts raised where the belt had made contact. Jungkook wasn't using full-armed swings, he was hitting just enough to sting and leave a lasting redness and tenderness there.

"Four. I'm sorry."

Jimin was sobbing and shaking, his little body heaving with desperate cries, but he was still being good, so Jungkook pulled the last spanking a little bit more so as not to hurt him too badly. It smacked easier than the others, but Jimin still cried out before stuttering out his final response.

"F-f-five. I'm s-sorry. Daddy."

Jungkook instantly dropped the belt and stepped up behind the Omega who was crying into the bedspread and shaking like a leaf. He whimpered when Jungkook slid his hands up his sides to guide him to stand. The Alpha turned and sat on the bed and pulled Jimin into his lap to straddle him. The Omega instantly hid himself in the crook of his neck as he continued to sob, his tears scalding against the skin of Jungkook's neck. He wrapped his arms around the heaving little body

in his lap and held him as he started to speak to him softly, rocking him back and forth like a fussy baby.

“It’s okay, Baby. You’re okay. You did such a good job. You were such a good boy for me. It’s over now, just relax. You’re still my good boy. Still my pretty boy.”

Jimin calmed in degrees. His sobs turned to little hiccups and then quieted as his shaking lessened to a gentle tremble. Jungkook just held him and ran his hands over the Omega’s soft, skin, soothing him and letting him relax in his hold as he pressed soft kisses against the side of his face, neck and shoulder. He spoke his gentle, relaxing words against the velvet skin under his lips until Jimin was finally able to move back again and sit up in his lap.

The Omega was a mess. His hair was sweaty and sticking up in every direction, his makeup was smudged and tracked down his cheeks from tears, his lips red and swollen. Jungkook pressed a kiss to his mouth and smoothed his hair back, giving him a soft smile.

“Are you okay, sweetheart?”

Jimin sniffed and nodded, reaching up to wipe at the tears on his face. During the comforting, both of their arousal had flagged somewhat, but seeing Jimin like this had Jungkook’s cock hardening again in the confines of his trousers. He leaned forward and kissed the Omega in his lap, just soft brushes of lips at first until he could slide his tongue into the Omega’s mouth. Jimin met his passion with equal fervor and when he slid his hands down to grip the globes of Jimin’s ass to pull him in closer against his hard cock, the Omega released a soft whimper, followed by a throaty moan, as if the pain were pleasure. Such a perfect little baby.

For Jimin, the punishment had strangely been exactly what he’d needed. His day had been one stress after another, all compounding until he was strung out and in need of a release, both emotional and sexual. He’d gotten the emotional release he needed through the pain of the spanking and the subsequent crying as Jungkook had held him in his arms and soothed him, reassuring him and comforting him through his tears. Now he needed the sexual release to go along with it, he needed Jungkook to cum in him, to use his body for his pleasure and reign over him with immaculate control.

As he started to mouth his way down Jimin’s neck, Jungkook’s eyes flicked to the little clock on the nightstand and he saw that it was already 5:50. They had just over an hour before they needed to leave. The restaurant was near his apartment, but Jimin would need to shower and get ready all over again and he was probably going to need to wash up himself. A quickie it was, then. Because there was no way he wasn’t getting inside Jimin. They both needed this.

“We’re gonna have to make this a quick one. Okay, pretty boy?”

Jimin wasn’t entirely sure what he was agreeing to. He was completely lost in the moment as he nodded and hummed an ascent while Jungkook began sucking on his neck, darkening the hickey afresh. The feel of the Alpha’s hot mouth against the tender spot had Jimin’s whole body burning up with desperate lust. He needed Jungkook to fuck him, to make him feel so good that the pain of the spanking, the awful mess of his day would all go away until he was nothing but pleasure and need and deep sexual longing.

“Fuck me... oh god, please fuck me, Daddy.” Jimin begged as the Alpha started to gently massage his abused asscheeks.

Jungkook used one hand to pull the strap of Jimin’s thong to the side and slid one finger inside his wet, clenching hole. The Omega immediately moaned and his little hands gripped into Jungkook’s

shoulders. The Alpha could feel the slick running down over his hand and onto his slacks where Jimin was straddling him, but he disregarded it. He had a plethora of suits and what was important in that moment was preparing his pretty boy for his cock. He stretched Jimin as thoroughly as he had time for, perhaps moving a little faster than he normally would, since he liked to draw out Jimin's pleasure, but the Omega wasn't complaining. He was shifting back against the fingers opening him up and whimpering. When he pulled them free Jimin released a soft noise, just a little 'ah' of surprise as he trembled in Jungkook's lap.

Jungkook wrapped his hands under Jimin's thighs and stood, turning them around and laying Jimin back on the bed. He slid his hands up the Omega's body, over his hips and waist as he leaned down to press a kiss to his ravaged lips, gently biting the lower one and sucking it into his mouth to nibble for a moment before releasing it. He stood back up straight and reached for the button of his slacks, popping it open and pulling down his zipper. He pushed his slacks and underwear down just far enough to free his cock, and the moment it was visible, Jimin whimpered.

"You want my cock, Baby?" Jungkook asked, palming himself and giving a few slow strokes to tease the Omega.

"Yes." Jimin's answer was just a whisper, his eyes still locked on the Alpha's erect member, licking his lips and opening just slightly as if in invitation.

"I don't have time to play much now, pretty boy. But when we get home from dinner, how about I fuck your throat again? Would you like that?"

"Yes, Daddy... I'd love that."

"Good boy." Jungkook watched the effect those two words had on Jimin, his pupils dilated wider and his breath hitched. Only at that moment did he realize how much it had affected him for Jungkook to call him a bad boy and how important it was to the Omega that he thought he was good. "Roll over, Baby. Hands and knees."

Jimin did as he was told, scooting back further onto the bed and rolling over, lifting up to his hands and knees. He was still wearing his panties, though they were pushed to the side, the strap of the thong pressing an indent into one round cheek. Jungkook got up onto the bed behind Jimin, wrapping his hands around the Omega's hips as he positioned himself on his knees and released one hip to guide his cock toward the wet, aching hole that was begging to be stretched around him. He wished he had time to play with his pretty boy, to make him beg for his cock, but they were both in need of the release and so he just lined himself up and pushed inside slowly.

Jimin's body accepted him like it was made to take him, he fit inside him like a snug, perfect glove of wet, throbbing heat. The Omega under him moaned as he was penetrated, his back arching as if trying to present himself as best he could. When he bottomed out, they were both already breathing hard. He gripped Jimin's hips with shaking hands, already so close to knotting him. He could feel Jimin's body trembling under him too and knew he was in a similar state, his arms were already quivering as if struggling to hold up his own slight weight as his entrance clenched and fluttered around the intrusion of his cock.

"Oh... Baby, you're so tight still. Gods, how are you always so tight?"

"Daddy... you're so big... ah... please... please fuck me. I need it."

Jungkook pulled out and pushed back in smoothly, neither soft, nor hard, but somewhere between. He set a steady pace of push and pull, fucking into the moist inferno that felt like it was sucking him back in on every inward thrust, hungry and desperate to be filled. He let his head tilt back as he

lost himself to the pleasure of Jimin's soft, compliant body.

Jimin was in heaven as Jungkook thrust into him at a steady, even pace, each time pushing against that sensitive bundle of nerves deep inside him that had him ready to orgasm. He was sure that if he even brushed his cock that he'd cum on the spot, but he couldn't move his hands. His arms were so close to giving out that he knew if he lifted one hand the other arm would collapse, and he didn't have permission to touch himself. It didn't matter. His Daddy was gripping his hips with his big, warm hands and fucking him with his perfect cock. He could hear Jungkook's moans of pleasure, and wished he could see his face. He wanted to know what expression went along with the beautiful sounds. Jimin himself couldn't hold in his own noises either, each time the tip of the Alpha's cock hit his prostate he moaned as a steady, high-pitched whine slowly built in his throat.

The pace didn't last, they were both too desperate, and as Jungkook started to move faster, he pulled Jimin back against him, making his red, ravaged ass, slap against the Alpha's hips with each thrust, jiggling and bouncing with each impact. Jungkook could tell it was hurting him, but he could also tell that Jimin liked it, because his moans got louder and higher pitched and his arms finally gave out. He collapsed, his chest pressing against the bed, his ass still up. The change of angle made Jimin bite the bedspread to muffle his scream as the Alpha's cock battered against his prostate with more force, hitting it dead on.

“Uh-uh, sweetheart. I want to hear your sounds... Scream for me pretty boy. I wanna hear it.”  
Jungkook panted.

The Alpha had sweat running down his forehead, his whole body flushed with heat as he honed in on his orgasm, ready to explode. He saw Jimin release the bedspread from his mouth and his lips fell open, letting his sounds fall freely from his slack mouth. His little vanilla boy was magnificent under him, face red, body shimmering with sweat and trembling as he was taken, hard and fast, with deep, penetrating strokes. Jungkook's knot started to swell and he caught on the Omega's rim each time he pounded ruthlessly into his quivering slickness.

“Cum for me, Baby... Cum on my cock while I knot you... unh... fuck...”

Jungkook's hand gave a harsh squeeze to the tender, reddened flesh of his ass, and that was all it took for Jimin to burst apart. His cock kicked and jerked, where it was held against his body in the confines of his lace panties, the tip peeking out the top. His cum splattered up his belly and down onto the comforter underneath him. His vision went dark and little lights popped in and out as he felt Jungkook's knot form as he was still clenching and fluttering from his orgasm, his entrance squeezing and massaging against Jungkook's knot as it was pushed inside him with a final stroke and the Alpha's cock burst with shot after shot of searingly hot cum, filling him up with his warm, creamy release and locking them together.

Jungkook's hands released Jimin's hips as he fell forward and caught himself on his arms with one hand on either side of the Omega's shoulders. The Alpha felt like all his stress had just been drained out of his cock. Jimin really was magic, and Jungkook was going to find a way to show him how pretty and special he was. He wanted to see him dripping in expensive jewels and laid up in lavish silk sheets. It was what someone so perfect deserved. He secretly thought Jimin would look amazing in rubies, or emeralds, or maybe sapphires... hell he'd look good in anything. Jungkook promised himself that he'd find out. He wanted to see Jimin in nothing but a obnoxiously expensive glittering necklace and earrings, panties and heels.

Jungkook wrapped one arm up under Jimin's chest and turned them over, supporting the Omega's full weight as he rolled onto his back and Jimin's lax body rested against his chest, still locked together with him by his swollen knot. Jimin's head lolled against his shoulder and his legs fell

open, all the tension seemed to be gone from him too and Jungkook was glad. He ran his hands up and down Jimin's sides, stroking and soothing him as the Omega started up a soft, quiet purr. Jungkook let himself join in with a deeper one as he turned his face and pressed kisses against Jimin's temple, which was the only thing he could reach in their position. He spoke words of praise and adoration against the sweaty skin and hair under his mouth.

"Good boy... pretty boy. My perfect Jimin. My sweet little Minnie. You're alright now. Daddy's here and I'm gonna take care of you. Everything's fine now, little one. You took your punishment so well. And you took my knot like a good boy."

As Jungkook's knot started to release and his cock softened inside the sheath of Jimin's body, the Omega whimpered quietly.

"D-don't pull out... I don't wanna be empty. Wanna be full. Wanna be full of your cum, Daddy."

The Alpha's softening cock started to stir again at the words as feverish arousal pulled at him again, but he stopped it in its tracks. If they started up with that again, they weren't leaving the apartment for the rest of the night. He just pressed another kiss to Jimin's temple and whispered quietly to him in a calm, reassuring tone.

"How about I get you a plug, Baby? I'll put a plug in you and you can keep all my cum inside while we go to dinner."

"Yes. Yes, put a plug in me."

"Okay, but you have to be Park Jimin while we're at dinner. Do you think you can do that? Do you think you can be you while you're all full?"

"I can. I can do it."

Jimin was sure he could do it. He could act naturally. He was certain, in fact that what he needed in order to function properly was to be full of Jungkook's cum. It would be a physical sensation of reassurance. That was exactly what he needed. All day he'd been struggling against his subspace, but now he could already feel himself surfacing as Jungkook slid out of him gently and helped to shift him over to lay on his back. Jimin closed his thighs and clenched his hole, not wanting any of the Alphas seed to escape him while Jungkook fetched a plug.

When Jungkook returned he had a clear glass plug of medium size in his hand that was more squat than others he'd seen. He set it on the bed next to Jimin's hip and the Omega allowed him to part his legs with his large, gentle hands. The Alpha grabbed the plug and pressed it against his hole. It slid inside him and settled there comfortably. It was apparent as soon as it was inside him, why it was short and squat. It was just holding the Alpha's cum inside him, but it wasn't large or long enough to press against his prostate. Jimin sighed as calm assurance washed over him and he felt himself relax, finally able to pull himself free from his submissive headspace and think more clearly.

"What time is it?" Jimin asked.

"Just past six thirty. We need to get up, shower and get ready to go." Jungkook said, running his hands over Jimin's unabashedly exposed skin, he loved that the Omega wasn't shy about his nudity with him, even outside of sex. "Are you gonna be alright, sweetheart?"

"Yeah. I'm good. Let's get up and get ready."



## Chapter End Notes

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# Business Dinner

## Chapter Summary

Jungkook takes Jimin to his business dinner then home for some private time together.

## Chapter Notes

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Jungkook had to admit that watching Jimin put himself back together after falling so deeply into his submissive mode was probably one of the most fascinating things he'd ever witnessed. He had seen it a few times by then and each time it was like watching a fire bank itself to a little glimmering coal. The Alpha knew that all it would take to rekindle that fire was a little fuel and Jimin would be back in his soft, pliant place where Jungkook liked him best. The Alpha banked his own desire, shelving it for later. He was still frustrated about the entire situation at work and he knew that what he needed was a long, hard night of fucking followed by sleep and he knew that Jimin would be good for him. Even if Jungkook wanted to fuck him back to the point of limping again he'd let him. The Omega would take what he was given and if Jungkook had more to give, he would take it. He only wished the Omega would accept his gifts and money as easily as he did the offerings of his body, because Jungkook wanted to spoil him rotten.

They showered quickly and got ready for dinner, Jimin blow drying his hair and reapplying his makeup from the little bag he'd thankfully slipped into his backpack in case he needed a touchup. Jungkook took a longer time than was probably necessary to rub lotion into Jimin's tender asscheeks to soothe the welts from the belt and ease the pain. They were ready just in time, and Jungkook was surprised how stable Jimin seemed after falling into his subspace, and while still wearing the plug that was holding his cum inside him, but he could see that Jimin was clear-headed and rational. Jungkook had to admit that he loved the idea of Jimin going out to their dinner while still full of his cum, plugged and pretty. He couldn't wait to get back to his place so he could give him even more, until he was so full he was aching with it. But at the moment, they had to go.

As the Alpha looked at his sugar baby, he had to admit that when he was really dolled up, Jimin looked like royalty. Some exotic, wild prince, waiting to be claimed and ravished, and Jungkook was starving for him. The Alpha helped him into his coat and other winter gear before leading the way out of the apartment. As they got into the elevator, Jungkook hit the button for the garage and crowded Jimin up against the wall to press soft kisses over his lips, almost as if in apology for not doing it on the way up, like he usually did. The Alpha was definitely in the mood to pamper his pretty boy and take care of him. The punishment that he'd meted out on Jimin had been hard for him to do, but he could sense that, somehow the Omega had needed that release as well. There was something... something he couldn't put his finger on, but he knew something was going on with

Jimin and he thought he'd figure it out later, or his little one would come to him when he was ready to tell him.

Jungkook drove with one hand on the steering wheel so the other could massage Jimin's muscular thigh, strong fingers gently digging into the muscle in a calm and reassuring way that had Jimin's eyes falling shut and his head resting back against the seat. Jungkook had turned up the seat warmer and heater for him again and everything was back to normal. He'd received his punishment, he'd been good and now he was being rewarded with Jungkook's attention again. Jimin opened his eyes and looked over to Jungkook and asked a question that he knew would probably come up.

"How exactly do we tell people we met?"

The Alpha pondered that for a moment and flicked a glance to Jimin.

"Well, what have you told your friends about us?" Jungkook asked.

"I told them that you saw me at the coffee shop trying to get a job there, and you told me you were looking for a housekeeper. I started to work for you, and things just went from there."

"That's as good a story as any, I suppose. We can just go with that."

Jimin worried his lip with his teeth for a moment before finally spilling out the question that had been bothering him, the thing that he worried about when he thought of people seeing them together.

"Aren't you worried what people will think when they see you with me?" Jimin asked quietly, unsure of himself.

"In what way? I don't understand what you mean." Jungkook replied, frowning slightly.

"What I mean is, that I'm a culinary student. I'm not from a wealthy family. I don't have any great connections or qualifications. I'm not really... worthy of you. Doesn't that bother you?"

Jungkook's frown deepened. He didn't like the way Jimin was talking about himself. There was nothing wrong with him. In fact, Jungkook thought that he honestly deserved more than he got from life. Jimin should have the finest of everything because he was worth it. He was so pretty, so kind and yet fierce. There were so many different facets to him, each one just as stunning as the last. Jimin truly didn't see himself the way that Jungkook did, and in that moment he realized that Jimin thought that Jungkook was 'above' him in some social hierarchy. That was complete nonsense. Their origins were very nearly the same. Jungkook wasn't from some wealthy family with a legacy and tons of money. His father had owned an auto body shop and his mother was a school teacher. They were far from rich, and Jimin didn't need money to be valuable. The Alpha parked them outside the restaurant where they were meeting his vendor and turned to Jimin, taking his chin between his fingers and tilting his face up to meet his eyes.

"You are a priceless jewel. I don't care about your family history or your net worth. No one who sees me by your side would question for a second why you are there. You're so beautiful. You are the most stunning Omega I've ever seen, and don't let anyone tell you otherwise. More than that, you're smart, sexy and strong. You don't have to be anything but you."

Jimin didn't know what to say. He had no idea that Jungkook thought all of that about him. He'd been worried about appearing with him out in public, afraid that those "social vampires" that Jungkook had joked about on their first date would pounce on him. He'd seen enough dramas to

know that they would dissect his appearance, his family, his history, all with grace and finesse and oh-so-sad twists of their lips as they sipped at their champagne and adjusted their expensive, designer dresses. But as he looked up into Jungkook's eyes, he saw truth there. The Alpha really didn't think that he was any better than him, and he really believed the things he was saying. It bolstered Jimin with confidence that Jungkook thought that highly of him and he beamed a huge smile as he looked at the Alpha and gave a small nod.

“Okay. I'll just be me.”

Jungkook pressed one last soft kiss to his lips and drew back.

“Alright then. Brace up. It's gonna be a long one, and this guy is a chatterbox.”

Jimin giggled and gave a mock salute.

“Yes sir.”

Something about that had a shot of warmth coalescing in his belly as Jungkook looked at the pretty Omega, but he just pulled back and got out of the car and walked around to help Jimin out as well before they made their way inside.

The restaurant was another very high-end one that Jimin had wanted to visit for a long time. He was honestly more excited about the food than the actual dinner or the company they would be keeping. He was ready for excellent food, expertly prepared and paired perfectly with a complimentary wine flavor. As soon as they walked in, the smell of Italian food hit Jimin's nose and he inhaled deeply. The place smelled amazing, and even though it was a higher end restaurant, it still had that homey, old-world vibe that made it seem much more welcoming than some others that went for the modern and austere decor. They made their way to the podium that was manned by the maitre d.

“How may I help you sirs?” The man said, inclining his head respectfully.

“There should be a reservation under the name, Lee Minwoo.”

He checked his list and nodded.

“Yes sir, the rest of your party has already arrived. Please, let me take your coats and I'll show you to the parlor.”

Jungkook unbuttoned his coat and allowed the maitre d to take it from his shoulders, but when he turned to assist Jimin, Jungkook cut him off, removing Jimin's layers himself and handing them to the employee who stepped back and nodded respectfully at the Alpha's show of possession. The coats were handed off to another employee and the pair were led through the restaurant and into one of the private parlors in the back. Inside was a male Alpha and his female Omega mate. The Alpha stood instantly as they walked through the door and offered his hand to Jungkook to shake with a huge smile.

“Jungkook! Good to see you! You remember my mate, Yubin.” He indicated to the female Omega next to him.

“Of course. This is my boyfriend, Park Jimin.” Jungkook said, releasing his handshake and using that arm to wrap around Jimin's shoulders and bring him to his side before he looked down at his date. “Jimin, this is Lee Minwoo, he's one of Cypher Tech's vendors.”

Jimin shook hands with the Alpha, then his mate. He smiled at them both and as he shook Yubin's

hand she gave him a brilliant smile.

“Jungkook has done very well for himself. It’s nice to meet you. I hope we can be friends. It will be nice to have someone to talk to at all those big events that we have to attend every year.”

“Thank you. I would like that very much.”

They all sat and Jimin discovered that Jungkook wasn’t wrong about the Alpha they were meeting. He was a chatterbox. He showered questions on them and listened to their answers before going off on this or that tangent and coming back around again. Jimin felt like he knew more about the Alpha than one should be able to learn before the appetizers were even gone, but Jimin sipped at his excellent wine and smiled, answering questions and occasionally responding with a short anecdote of his own. Minwoo was very interested in Jimin’s training to become a chef, and he insisted that the Omega order for the group, a suggestion that his mate immediately agreed with. Jimin was pleased and ordered their food and accompanying wine. He’d chosen a few of their most well-known items for their dinners, and a sweet red wine that would accompany them all very well.

Jungkook had been right. Jimin was fabulous. He was quick and smart and beautiful, and he could tell that Minwoo and his mate were both already wowed by him. Jimin was just that kind of Omega. You couldn’t help but be pulled in by his charm and charisma. More than once Jimin’s words had everyone laughing. Jungkook had been doing these business dinners for years, and had it down to an art, but Jimin made him look like a complete amateur as he wove slowly a little nest of mutual comfort and interest. As much as he liked watching the Omega work, Jungkook wished that the dinner would end, because he was desperate to get the Omega back to his place, but their host insisted on dessert and coffee before they parted with amity and mutual compliments.

Minwoo somehow dragged out another fifteen minutes of conversation outside the restaurant, and it was only as they were about to part that the issue that Jungkook had been dealing with throughout the day came up. Jungkook wondered if the other Alpha had planned it that way, or if he simply hadn’t thought about it until that very moment, but Jungkook knew that their ability to provide products to sell would inevitably affect their vendors.

“So, I meant to ask about OTR Manufacturing. Isn’t that your manufacturer?” Minwoo asked.

“Ah, yes they were. We were already in the process of switching to another manufacturer and we have stock enough to continue to provide all our current forecasts for the upcoming months until the other plant is online. Don’t worry, as far as your side is concerned there will be no interruption in the flow of products. We’re working hard to ensure that all our vendors and customers get what they were promised.”

There was no mistaking the relief on his face as he smiled and reached to shake Jungkook’s hand one last time.

“That’s great to hear. Sorry you have to deal with that. It’s a travesty that they ruined the legacy that their Appa built for them. Well, if any issues come up, please give me a call.”

“Absolutely. I will. You two have a good evening.”

Next Minwoo turned to Jimin and shook his hand in both of his larger ones as he smiled at the Omega.

“It was wonderful to meet you Jimin. I can’t wait until you open your restaurant. We’ll be your first patrons! The meals you picked were exquisite. You’ve got excellent taste. I look forward to meeting you again, hopefully we can all get together for another dinner before long.”

“It was wonderful meeting you both.” Jimin said as he switched from shaking Minwoo’s hand to Yubin’s. “I’m so touched that you’ll want to come to my restaurant. I’ll be sure to invite you, though I think we are still a few years away from that!” Jimin said with a laugh that was echoed by the other two.

Jungkook wrapped an arm around Jimin and they finally turned away and headed toward the Alpha’s car. Jungkook opened his door for him like a gentleman before walking around to the driver’s side and getting in. He looked over at Jimin, and it was like watching him deflate as he relaxed against the seat let out a long breath before looking over at Jungkook with a small smile.

“How did I do?”

Jungkook reached across the console to cup Jimin’s soft cheek in his hand and the Omega instantly pushed against his palm, purring and nuzzling at him softly as his eyes slid closed and his breaths seemed to slow and even. Jungkook realized that Jimin needed the physical affection at the moment. He was still a little raw from their earlier encounter. It had been the first time that Jungkook had punished him, and he’d taken it well. He hadn’t stopped him or tried to get away. He’d remained in his position and taken his spankings like a good boy. He deserved to be rewarded now for being so good, and also for being amazing at dinner.

“You were brilliant. But how are you feeling? Are you okay? Be honest with me. How do you feel? I know we didn’t have much time after your punishment to focus on us, and I’m sorry about that.”

“I’m okay. I just... had a really, really, really bad day. But now I just want you to take me back to your place and... take over for a while. Would that be okay?”

Jimin looked over at him with pink cheeks and slightly glassy eyes. Jungkook wondered what had happened to make his day so bad. He ran his thumb back and forth over his cheek gently, watching him soften into the warmth of his hand.

“Do you want to talk about it?” Jungkook asked and Jimin just closed his eyes and shook his head. “Okay, then. Let’s get home, pretty boy and I’ll take over for a while. Everything is fine. You can let go now. We’re alone.”

Jungkook felt a hot tear meet his thumb where it was stroking Jimin’s cheek and he felt murderous against whoever had made him cry. He wanted to know what had happened, but he also didn’t want to push when Jimin was so raw and emotional. He realized that if Jimin had that bad of a day, it was possible that he slipped into subspace when he saw him, and when Daniel had hugged him he was probably just trying to end the interaction. He’d probably just been trying to get to him faster.

“I didn’t know your day was so bad, little one.”

Jimin’s eyes slid open and his lashes were wet and tangled, but he smiled at Jungkook and placed one of his own small hands over the Alpha’s against his cheek and shook his head.

“It’s better now that I’m with you. You make me feel safe.”

Jungkook leaned over and kissed him softly on his lips, he stroked down his face and neck one more time and bumped their noses together affectionately.

“You’re still my good boy, right?” Jungkook asked softly.

Jimin let out a watery little laugh and smiled.

“Yes, Daddy.”

Jungkook sat back into his seat and Jimin did too. The Alpha looked over at his little vanilla boy and smiled at his beauty, with his pink cheeks and wet lashes he was small and soft. He gave him a little smile and put on his seatbelt, and Jimin did the same. The ride back to his apartment was quiet, but he held Jimin’s small hand in his as he drove with the other and soon they were pulling into his parking space and getting out, heading for the elevator. As soon as they were inside and the doors closed, Jungkook moved.

Jimin was strangely giddy as the Alpha pushed him up against the wall of the elevator and claimed his mouth. He vaguely wondered how many times they would do this before they were caught by someone or other, but pushed those thoughts aside as Jungkook slid his tongue into his mouth and wrapped one hand around his lower back and one behind his head to hold him against his larger, warm body. Jimin whimpered into his mouth as he was kissed with perfect dominance and control. His entire body went lax and pliant, melting against the Alpha’s bigger one for a few moments until the doors slid open with a ‘ding’ and they had arrived on their floor.

Once they were inside Jungkook’s apartment the Alpha first removed Jimin’s winterwear before pulling off his own and hung everything on the hooks in the entryway. He knelt down and helped Jimin out of his boots then kicked off his own shoes before pulling the Omega farther into the dark apartment, all the way to the bedroom. He turned on a lamp instead of the overhead lights, to keep it a bit more diffuse. He looked down at Jimin and he could see that he was feeling vulnerable and needy. His pupils were wider than usual, his cheeks flushed and his small body trembling slightly.

“Okay, pretty boy. Are you ready?”

“Yes.” Jimin seemed to say the word with his whole body, something in him eased and he swayed forward toward Jungkook.

“You were so good for me, sweetheart. Is there anything you want me to do to you? You deserve a reward. Tell me what you want.”

Jimin’s eyes slid closed and his small hands came up to softly grip the front of Jungkook’s dress shirt. He swayed forward, farther into Jungkook’s space and his words were just a whisper, soft and quiet.

“Just... use me. Do whatever you want. I don’t wanna think. I just wanna feel.”

Jungkook’s breath caught in his lungs and he felt his cock twitch in the confines of his slacks. Good god, Jimin really was so perfect for him. This control was exactly what he needed, and his control over him was exactly what Jimin needed. It seemed that they really were perfectly balanced in that way, their desires and needs were so in tune with each other. Jimin’s need to yield and submit, Jungkook’s need to dominate and possess. A perfect symbiosis. He reached up and gripped Jimin’s jaw in his hand, not hard enough to hurt, just enough to guide his movements. He tilted his face up and pressed a hard kiss to his lips.

“Good boy.”

## Chapter End Notes

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# Little One

## Chapter Summary

Jungkook takes over for a while and they share with each other about their days.

## Chapter Notes

Please enjoy.

So... I've been feeling a lot of pressure to update recently and it's kinda sapping away some of my enthusiasm. From comments under my chapters to ccs, it's getting to a point where it's affecting my creativity because I already update so much and I'm trying to keep up with multiple fics. I feel like I'm really doing as much as I can, but it seems that to some people it's still not enough. So, I'm going to take a couple weeks off from posting and spend some time relaxing over the holidays. I try so hard to provide quality content, and I do this for free in my own personal time. I just need a little break to focus on my mental health and my personal time. Happy Holidays. See you in 2020.

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

Jungkook unbuttoned Jimin's shirt and removed it before doing the same with his slacks, pushing them down with the purple panties he'd put on after their shower, the pink ones having been ruined by their earlier activities. He removed his socks too so that he was completely bare. Jimin simply stood still and let himself be undressed, following the Alpha's guiding hands at the lightest touch. His gray eyes watched as Jungkook undressed himself and as the Alpha's pants and underwear were pushed down, his eyes locked on his hard cock as he made a little noise in his throat. It was a soft, whispery and needful sound. Jungkook smirked as he watched the way Jimin's brows drew down and lips pouted slightly when he took himself in hand and gave a few slow strokes. Jimin looked almost... jealous, like he wanted to be the one touching him.

He released himself from his hand and reached over to grab a pillow from the bed. He set it on the floor next to the side of the bed, then sat himself on the edge, with the pillow between his feet, his legs open enough to allow Jimin's body comfortably there. The Omega was still watching him, his gray eyes fixed on him. Jungkook crooked a finger at the Omega.

"Come here, Baby. On your knees."

Jimin scrambled to comply with Jungkook's words at once, lowering himself to his knees on the pillow at the Alpha's feet. Jimin was already feeling that loosening of his burdens as he looked up at Jungkook and the Alpha stared down at him. He relaxed into his own skin as he felt the large, warm hand card through his blond hair. This was right. This was exactly what he wanted, he wanted Jungkook to use him for his pleasure. As his hole clenched he felt the hardness of the plug still inside him, holding Jungkook's cum inside his body. The Alpha's hand ran through his hair a

few more times and Jimin whimpered in need as his gaze fell on the hard length that was standing proudly against Jungkook's abdomen. He wanted it in his mouth, down his throat.

As if Jungkook could read his mind, Jimin felt the Alpha's hand tighten in his hair, gripping the blond locks and using his hold to control his movements. Jimin's lips parted immediately as he saw the Alpha's other hand angling his cock down toward his mouth. He moaned as he was pulled forward and the perfect weight of the Alpha's erection slid into his waiting cavern. Jimin's whole body was alight as Jungkook guided his head back and forth, up and down his length, just shallowly at first, letting Jimin's saliva wet him as he slowly pushed farther and deeper until he touched the back of his throat.

"Uhn... That's it, Baby. Fuck... your mouth feels so good." Jungkook said and Jimin whimpered at the words, his eyes opening and looking up at Jungkook, meeting his gaze as the Alpha went on. "You gonna let me fuck your throat, pretty boy?"

He pulled Jimin off of his cock with a wet 'pop' and the Omega gasped in a few breaths as he looked up at him with his lashes still wet and his lips shining with spit. Jungkook used two fingers around the base of his cock to angle it down to trace the tip over and over the shining pink lips that were already starting to redden. Jimin instinctively parted his lips and sneaked the tip of his tongue forward to flick against the head.

"Open." Jungkook said, and Jimin immediately opened his mouth. "Stick out your tongue." Again the Omega followed suit with his command.

Jungkook tapped the head of his cock against Jimin's tongue with soft wet smacks that seemed obscenely loud in the silent room where the only sounds were their breaths. Jimin loved this. He'd never thought that he'd enjoy giving head so much, but when he was with Jungkook it was almost a constant aching desire. He loved the way he felt in his mouth, down his throat. He loved the taste of Jungkook's skin mixing with the salty flavor of his cum, the intensity of his scent at the juncture of his hips, so powerful that it was almost a taste itself. But most of all, he loved the sounds that the Alpha made when he was being pleased, the deep, growling moans and softer, more whispery ones. The knowledge that he was making him feel all of that was a powerful thing, something deep and satisfying.

"Alright, pretty boy... relax your throat for me."

Jimin closed his eyes, drew his tongue back into his mouth and took a deep breath before opening back up and relaxing his throat. Jungkook pushed his cock back into Jimin's mouth, his hand slid around the back of the Omega's head to push him forward onto his cock. The first contact automatically made Jimin want to gag, but he suppressed it. The Alpha pushed him down farther on his cock, and the tip breached the back of his mouth and into his throat. He gagged around it slightly, and the fluttering squeeze made Jungkook moan. The sound shot straight to his core and Jimin felt his hole clench around the plug inside him again. The Alpha didn't push him all the way down on the first go. After the first breach of his throat he pulled back and let Jimin catch his breath for a moment before pushing him back down again.

"That's it, Baby... oh, fuck... that is so fucking it..."

Jungkook worked Jimin down with his hand on the back of his head, pushing him a little farther each time until the tip of his pretty button nose pressed to his abdomen and the Alpha's entire cock was engulfed in the wet heat and suffocating tightness of Jimin's perfect throat. Jungkook held him there for a moment before pulling him back off, groaning at the pleasure coalescing in his gut as his orgasm slowly started to build. Jimin occasionally gagged as Jungkook started to move him with the hand tangled in his silky blond hair. Tears were trailing freely down the Omega's face as

he gagged and little strings of saliva dripped from his chin in long, clear strands. His small hands were on the Alpha's thighs, fingernails scratching lightly as he gripped at his muscular legs.

To Jimin, it was perfect. It was exactly what he'd wanted as Jungkook gripped his hair and moved his head back and forth, sliding into and out of his throat at his leisure. It was filthy and obscene, just like many things that they had done together, but in an odd way it was perfect for them. This was better than soft, tender romance and gentle kisses. This was what Jimin needed, to be used and dominated. The Alpha was soft with him in all the ways that counted, but in the bedroom, he was dominant and controlling and everything that Jimin had ever wanted. He gagged as he was pushed all the way down again. He could feel Jungkook's cock bulging his throat and heard the wet sucking noises each time he was moved up and down and it had little drops of pearly pre-cum beading at his tip and sliding down his throbbing, pale length.

Jungkook pulled him all the way off, releasing the length from Jimin's mouth. They were still connected by drooping crystalline threads of thick saliva and as Jimin opened his lids and gazed up at the Alpha, the gray iris was just a pale rim around the edge of his blown pupils. The Omega's chest heaved as he took in deep, gulping breaths. To Jungkook, he was exquisite like this, so needy and compliant, letting Jungkook use his throat as he pleased. He'd asked to be used, and it would appear that he'd known exactly what he wanted, because he was clearly in ecstasy from the rough treatment of his throat, though it gave him no physical pleasure.

"You okay, Baby?" Jungkook asked and Jimin nodded. "Words, sweetheart."

"Perfect, Daddy." Jimin's voice was thick and a little raspy.

"You want my cock back in your pretty mouth, Baby? Wanna make me cum?"

Jimin's eyes immediately went to the glossy length of the Alpha's erection, standing just in front of his face, glistening and wet with his saliva. His full lips parted again for a moment and then he answered, gaze not moving.

"Yes."

"Here's what I want you to do, pretty boy. Are you listening?" Jungkook said, taking Jimin's chin between his thumb and forefinger and tilting his head up so that he was looking him in the face again.

"I'm listening, Daddy."

Jimin was at complete attention, eyes on Jungkook, body still and clearly focused on Jungkook's words.

"I'm gonna fuck your soft, pretty mouth until I cum." Jungkook said quietly, swiping the thumb that he'd been holding Jimin's chin with over his bottom lip before pressing it inside his mouth, making Jimin whimper, his eyes closing for a moment before he looked back up at him as he started to gently suck on the digit in his mouth. "I want you to hold everything in your mouth for me. You understand?"

Jungkook pulled his thumb out of Jimin's mouth to let him answer.

"I understand, Daddy."

"And when your mouth is all full, I want you to touch yourself. I want you to play with your pretty little cock while I watch. I want you to cum for me while your mouth is all full. Once you cum, then I want you to swallow. Can you do that?"

Jimin nodded slowly, his eyes on Jungkook wide with anticipation, his answer was just a soft whisper.

“Yes, Daddy.”

“Good boy. Now come here, Baby. Open your mouth for me.”

Jungkook moved his hand back around to the back of Jimin’s head, gripping the blond strands and pulling him forward. Jimin opened and whimpered as his mouth was filled again. He relaxed his throat, the act becoming easier each time he did it. He knew what to expect and when the tip of the Alpha’s cock reached the back of his throat, he was able to allow him to enter without gagging. There was no more slow buildup, no easing him back into it. Jungkook guided his head to bob up and down his cock as he stroked himself off with the inside of Jimin’s throat. The Omega could tell that Jungkook was getting close because his hips were canting up off the bed slightly each time he pushed him down and his moans were getting longer and more drawn out. He was proven right when Jungkook started to speak through his pleased sounds.

“Uhn... Baby, I’m about to... fuck... I’m gonna cum.”

Jimin’s whole body was thrumming with heat and desperation. He was ready. He knew what to do. The Alpha’s movements got shallower, no longer pushing into his throat, but the speed increased. After a few moments, he wasn’t moving Jimin’s head anymore, he was thrusting up into his mouth instead as his hand tangled and gripped in the Omega’s hair held him in place. Jimin did his best to work his tongue around him as much as he could, sealing his lips so that each pull and push was full of suction. Jungkook’s movements became erratic and finally with a long moan, he burst, shot after shot of warm cum filled Jimin’s mouth. The Omega was ready and did exactly as he’d been told. He held everything in his mouth until the Alpha was spent and he pulled free.

Jimin looked up into Jungkook’s face, his mouth still full and cheeks puffed slightly and he could see that the Alpha’s chest was heaving as his breaths came fast and hard. Jungkook reached a hand forward and tipped his face upward to look at him more properly. Jimin’s whole body was throbbing, his entrance clenching and releasing around the plug inside of him, and that was what made him realize he was full of Jungkook’s cum in two ways. Both his mouth and his ass were full of the Alpha’s seed and that thought had his cock twitching where it jutted from his hips hard, pulsing and dripping onto the pillow under his knees. Jungkook tapped his lips with the gentle pad of a finger.

“Show me.” Jimin opened his mouth to show him that his cum was still there, and Jungkook smiled and pushed his mouth closed before petting down the side of his face and neck. “Good boy. Now touch yourself. I want to watch you cum for me.”

Jimin’s hands were trembling where they still lay against Jungkook’s thighs, but at his words he moved them. He reached down and wrapped a hand around his own cock, letting out a harsh breath through his nose and whimpering in his throat as he started to move it. He stroked over himself a few times, but his hand was too dry and it wouldn’t slide right, which was frustrating. He wanted to do what Jungkook told him. He was a good boy. Usually he used his own slick for lubrication when he wanted to touch himself, but he was wearing a plug. He got an idea that made his entire body ache at once as he contemplated it, but he had no way to ask for permission. His mouth was full. So he decided to do it, and hope that Jungkook wouldn’t punish him for it. He was certain that he wouldn’t. Something told him that the Alpha was going to like it.

Jungkook watched as Jimin tried to stroke himself and could tell that there was too much drag on his hand by the way his movements were stilted as his brows drew down and he looked for a moment a little frustrated, as if not being able to do what he was told was making him grumpy. Just

as the Alpha was about to offer to get him some lube to help him along, Jimin's eyes lit up and he glanced up at him as if excited and a little nervous. Jungkook was curious what the Omega was thinking, but with his mouth full, he couldn't tell him, so he just watched as Jimin brought his palm up to his mouth and pursed his lips, dribbling a tiny pool of his cum down onto his own hand. He looked up at Jungkook with question, as if wondering whether he'd be scolded or not. But Jungkook was the farthest thing from scolding him that he'd ever been. For some reason that he couldn't explain, that was incredibly fucking hot. The Alpha was already hard again from where he had flagged somewhat against his abdomen, but now his blood was pumping hard and fast, heat building up in him again. Jungkook reached forward and carded his hand through Jimin's hair and stroked down the side of his face as he spoke.

"It's okay, Baby. Go on."

Jimin didn't break the eye contact with Jungkook as he reached his hand down and wrapped it around himself again. He felt horribly and perfectly filthy as he used the Alpha's cum to lubricate his shaft. He didn't bother to go slow. He was already so close to cumming that he knew it wasn't going to take long. He stared up into Jungkook's onyx eyes that were watching him with dark interest. Jimin's hand made soft squelching sounds as he jerked himself off, under the watchful eye of his Daddy. He wanted to moan, to cry out, to beg Jungkook to touch him, talk to him, but with his mouth full, all he could do was breathe harshly through his nose as his orgasm approached and his thighs began to quiver. Something of his desire must have shown through his eyes because Jungkook started to talk to him.

"That's it pretty boy. You're so perfectly filthy like this. Such a good boy. You close, Baby? Gonna cum all over yourself and make a mess? If you cum on your belly, I'll clean it off for you. Would you like that? You want me to lick you clean like a little kitten who needs a bath?"

Jimin's whole body trembled and shuddered at the words and almost without warning his orgasm hit him, his core tightening up and his cock throbbing as pleasure ripped it's way up his spine. He had just enough presence of mind to angle himself upward and release onto his own belly. He wanted to swallow, but he wouldn't. He knew he wasn't supposed to do it yet, so he held his mouthful as he whimpered deep in his throat, keeping the seal on his lips until the last shiver of his orgasm worked through him and he released his hand from around his cock. At some point his eyes must have closed because he had to open them to look up at the Alpha who was watching him. Jimin stared into his eyes again as he swallowed everything in his mouth in two short gulps and finally was able to take a deep breath through his mouth.

"Was that... okay, Daddy?"

Jimin's voice was raspy and wet, and it shot straight to Jungkook's cock as he looked down at the Omega kneeling on the pillow at his feet. He'd never seen anything as sexy as Jimin when he was in his soft, submissive headspace, needing approval and affection from him. Jungkook was more than happy to give him both. He reached down and gripped Jimin's slender torso on either side and helped him to stand. Jungkook didn't bother to speak, he just reached down and picked Jimin up, turned, tossed him on the bed where he bounced and made a little noise of surprise at the suddenness of the action. Before Jimin could say anything, Jungkook had crawled up onto the bed and parted the Omega's legs so he could lick long stripes up the soft skin of Jimin's belly. He licked his skin until all of Jimin's essence was gone and then crawled up his body to kiss him, hard and feral. He slid his tongue into Jimin's mouth and they shared between them the taste of each other, the taste of themselves. Jungkook pulled back from the kiss and pressed his forehead to Jimin's.

"That was so fucking sexy, Baby. I'm gonna fuck you now. Gonna knot you and fill you up so

good, pretty boy. I wanna feel you on my cock again, little one. You ready?"

Jimin's whole body was tingling awareness and hot waves of desperate need. He wanted nothing more than Jungkook to fuck him. His ass was still tender from his spanking and that little reminder of his punishment made him desperate for Jungkook to fuck him again, to cum inside him and hold him against his big body. There was such a feeling of safety in Jungkook's arms and he really needed it today. He'd had such a horrible day and he was tired and hurt and feeling extremely vulnerable.

"Yes. I'm ready... please. Please fuck me. Use me. Fill me up."

Jungkook let out a low growl of approval and gave him one more hard kiss before he sat back and reached between Jimin's legs, fingers finding the base of the plug and pulling it out. A mix of slick and cum started to pour from him the moment that he'd removed the plug, but Jungkook pushed inside before it could all escape, bottoming out on the first thrust. The feeling made Jimin's eyes squeeze shut and his toes curl as he felt so incredibly full. Full of cum, slick and cock he ached with it and it was a flawless and vulgar feeling as Jungkook started to thrust into him at once and he could feel a sloshing inside him with each snap of his hips. Jungkook quickly grabbed his wrists and positioned them above his head, holding them there with one hand as he continued to pound into him with an almost brutal intensity.

Jimin's moans were almost screams as Jungkook held him down and slammed into his soft wetness. He could both hear and feel the squelch of fullness around his cock as he fucked Jimin hard and fast. He'd never been so insatiable with anyone before. No lover had ever made him want for more and more every time, but with Jimin, he knew he'd never be satisfied without at least three to four orgasms and even then he could probably do more if he were well rested, or extremely stressed. At the moment he was one giant ball of stress, and Jimin was his perfect little outlet. The Omega liked what he did, wanted it just as badly, and he remembered him saying he'd had a bad day himself. They both needed this. It was the one place they could just let go and feel and not think about work or family or school. This was a safe space. This was the first time that Jungkook had been able to just let go and have a proper release. Jimin allowed him that, and for that he was eternally grateful.

Everything was pleasure like pain, sharp-edged and intense for Jimin as he was conquered by Jungkook's larger body. The Alpha poured heat off of him in waves and Jimin could see that he was sweating, his dark hair sticking to his face here and there, but his heat was perfect against Jimin's skin, it warmed him and his cock was trapped between their bodies, rubbing right against the skin of Jungkook's abdomen which felt so warm and smooth and it had him perilously close to cumming again as the Alpha pressed on his prostate with every inward thrust. The feeling of his hands held over his head by Jungkook's strong grip, of being so helpless to the Alpha's strength had him burning hotter, fire sparking through his veins and when Jungkook started to knot him, Jimin followed suit and threw his head back with a scream as he was filled even more, by Jungkook's knot, by more of his pearly seed until he was aching.

Jungkook released Jimin's hands after his orgasm, and the Omega instantly wrapped his arms around his shoulders, clinging to him as his legs did the same at his waist. They were held together by Jungkook's knot, and as he came down from his high, Jungkook started to scent Jimin all over his face and neck, occasionally catching his lips in a kiss or mouthing over his neck. They were both purring and breathing hard, wrapped together in the aftershocks of their pleasure. Even as his knot started to relax however, Jungkook still wasn't satisfied. He was feeling extremely possessive over his pretty boy and he needed to mark him more with his scent, to make Jimin so perfectly full and replete that he would feel him for days.

He pulled out and Jimin whimpered as the Alpha rolled him over onto his belly, laid flat against the bed, but as Jungkook straddled his legs and pushed back inside him from behind Jimin's whimpers turned to moans. The Alpha laid his bigger, broader body against his back, holding up most of his weight on his elbows, but letting Jimin feel just enough to make him feel small and trapped and perfectly, desperately dominated. He was laid flat in the prone position, and as Jungkook started to move inside him again, it was so intense to be so engulfed under the Alpha's strong body that Jimin couldn't think properly, all he could do was moan and whine and feel.

The Alpha was desperate as he rutted into the slick heat of Jimin's body, so soft and warm and small underneath him, he took everything the Alpha gave without complaint. But in his head all he saw was Daniel, hugging him, lifting him up and squeezing him so tightly that he must have been able to feel the slight curves of Jimin's figure against him. He hated it. He didn't want other Alphas touching Jimin. Jimin was not for them. The Omega was only for him. He was his perfect little vanilla baby and no one was allowed to touch him. Jungkook nuzzled his face into Jimin's neck from behind and found the scent gland there, the dark hickey still marking it. He sealed his mouth over the spot again and darkened it more until it was a purple almost black and then added another, right above it, just under his jaw, equally dark. Jimin was sobbing under him trembling as he let him suck his neck up with pretty marks. Jungkook spoke growling words against the tingling skin under his lips.

"Mine. You're mine, Baby." Jungkook growled and Jimin sobbed louder, his small hands clutching at the blankets underneath him as the Alpha started to fuck him harder, pulling out and slamming back in, their skin slapping against the tender skin of his ass. "Say it. Say you're mine."

"Y-yours... all yours, Daddy! Uhn... please... please..."

Jungkook released a sound between a growl and a purr as he softly bit against the neck under his mouth, scraping his teeth over the soft skin marked with hickeys.

"That's right. You're Daddy's good boy... Mmn... All for me."

"Yes! Fuck... just for you Daddy... please... cum in me... fill me up again... need more..."

Jimin was so perfect, so needy for him and even though Jungkook was certain he was likely already sore and hurting again, he was still begging for more. The Alpha promised himself that he'd give Jimin a nice long bath after they were done. He deserved to be pampered and Jungkook loved aftercare almost as much as the sex itself. He loved getting Jimin to that place where he was completely weak and pliant and needy and then soothing him and caring for him like he needed. He could tell that Jimin was exhausted and wasn't going to cum again without a lot of intense effort, and if his little one wasn't already so sensitive, not just from sex, but from what Jungkook had learned was a hard day, he probably would have tried. But he allowed Jimin the reprieve for tonight, knowing that the Omega was just enjoying the feeling of being taken.

Jimin was only half-hard, but he didn't even want another orgasm at the moment. He was wrung out, and just wanted to feel Jungkook thrust into his oversensitive body and fill him up again, and even if the Alpha wanted to knot him again after that, he'd let him. He'd let him do anything he wanted. He loved being used like this by Jungkook... by his Daddy. He adored the knowledge that his body was making the Alpha feel so good, taking his stress away. Jimin's own stress was long gone, relegated to some far away place in his mind as he was nothing more than Jungkook's 'little one', and when the Alpha took over for him, he didn't have any cares in the world. He could tell that Jungkook was getting close again because the rhythm of his hips lost the steady beat and faltered on each inward push, as if loathe to pull back out each time, lingering in him just that extra second longer until finally he felt it, the perfect painful stretch of being knotted again and the

spruts of cum inside him, making him even more full, so that the pressure of laying on his stomach hurt a little bit.

Jungkook panted against Jimin's neck as he shuddered through his last orgasm. His knot forming and only holding out for about half a minute before it was already relaxing. Jimin was trembling underneath him, panting and making soft whimpering sounds. He knew that the Omega must be so painfully full that he was probably hurting. His hand scrabbled across the bed to find the glass plug that he'd removed from Jimin earlier, he grabbed it and whispered against Jimin's neck.

"Everything's okay, Baby. You did such a good job. You took me so well. I'm gonna pull out now, and put the plug back in you so we can get you to the shower first okay?"

"Okay." Jimin whispered softly, not moving.

Jungkook pulled out and slipped the plug inside quickly, though a small gush of slick and cum escaped from the Omega's fluttering entrance. Jungkook pressed a soft kiss to Jimin's shoulder and moved off of him. He turned the Omega over onto his back gently and saw that Jimin's usually perfectly flat belly had the tiniest bulge below his belly button, like a small swell. Not nearly as much as he would after a heat or rut, but it was still there, and it was oddly endearing. He picked Jimin up with an arm under his back and one under his knees and carried him into the bathroom. He sat him on the counter and Jimin whined at the cold of the marble under his body, but Jungkook just pressed a kiss to his lips and reached up to cup his face in his hands.

"You okay, pretty boy?" Jungkook asked, looking down into Jimin's half-lidded eyes.

"Mm-hm."

Jimin looked at him and gave him that sleepy, sex-drunk smile again and Jungkook felt himself melt all over again. He pressed another kiss to his lips.

"I'm gonna fill up the tub so you can take a bath, but I'm gonna have to get you in the shower first okay so I can take out the plug. You're really full right now, little one and we need to empty you out."

Jimin's whole body went hot as embarrassment broke through his sleepy softness. He imagined Jungkook removing the plug and all the cum and slick gushing out of him where the Alpha could see. It seemed so... obscene, but he was too tired and too far into his subspace to put up any complaint or resistance. So he just nodded.

Jungkook filled the tub with hot water first, then went to the shower, turning on the spray and testing the temperature, making sure it was fine. He helped Jimin to stand up and step into the shower first, following behind him and closing the glass door. He guided Jimin under the spray to rinse the sweat and cum off his body first, going ahead and washing his body and hair so that once he was in the bath, he could just relax.

"It's time, Baby. Spread your legs a little and lean forward, brace yourself against the glass... that's it." Jungkook instructed and Jimin did as he was told. "Alright, I'm gonna pull the plug out now."

Jimin just nodded and Jungkook grasped the base, pulling it out gently. Jimin instantly felt the pressure in his abdomen ease as everything rushed from him, and it was more upsetting than it should have been. He curled his little hands against the glass and felt a sob work its way up from his chest and burst out of his mouth as he was suddenly emptied out. He hadn't even realized how reassuring it had been to be so full, but now that it was gone, he was bereft at the loss. Jungkook



stepped up behind him and wrapped an arm around his body, leaning down to press a kiss against his neck, shh-ing him softly and running his hands over and over his wet skin.

“It’s all going to be okay, little one. You’re fine, Baby. Just relax. Let’s get you in the bathtub so you can soak for a while, huh? I know you like that.”

Jimin sniffled and nodded and Jungkook reached and turned off the water. He pulled Jimin out of the shower and led him to the tub, not bothering to dry him when he was about to submerge again. Jimin stepped into the tub and Jungkook helped him to lower himself to sit and relax into it. The warm bath did wonders and Jimin seemed to calm quickly as he was surrounded by heat. Jungkook pressed a kiss to his forehead and turned to grab a towel and dried himself off and wrapped it around his waist, quickly mopping up the floor with another so that Jimin wouldn’t slip on the wet tiles. He sat down next to the bathtub and Jimin’s eyes opened to look at him as he settled there in just his towel.

“I guess you had a pretty hard day, huh little one?” The Alpha asked and Jimin nodded. Jungkook reached forward and petted gently over the side of his face. “Me too, Baby.”

“What happened?” Jimin asked, voice still a little raspy.

Jungkook sighed and rubbed at his sore eyes.

“We found out that our manufacturer had been stealing from us for several years. So not only are we out about 10 million dollars that we may or may not be able to get back, but we also lost our manufacturer all in one fell swoop. Plus, one of my employees was in on the whole thing and disguised it from me. So I was dealing with that, and the police and everything just piled on at once.”

Jimin felt so sorry for the Alpha and reached a hand up to hold the one that was resting on the edge of the tub, fingertips skimming the warm water. He wished there was something he could do to make it better for him.

“I’m sorry. That’s horrible. Are you okay?”

“Yeah. I was just stressed. The company will be fine. The loss of that amount isn’t a critical blow or anything, but at the same time, it affects our public image. Thankfully we were already in the process of moving manufacturers, so I’m hoping for a smooth transition.” Jungkook looked at Jimin and saw his brows drawn down and he just smiled at him softly. “But, enough about me. Let’s talk about you. What happened today, Baby? Why were you so upset?”

Jimin sighed and looked down at his body in the tub, feeling that urge to cry again but he suppressed it. He glanced up at Jungkook, but couldn’t keep the eye contact.

“There’s this... group of other Omegas who go to school with me. They are sort of obsessed with Daniel. They always give me a hard time because we used to date and I think they are jealous. After we broke up they spread all these rumors that I had been cheating on him, which wasn’t true. Then even after we broke up they just... kept on. Then today I was talking with my friend Jackson and he asked how old you are, because I told him we’re dating and he jokingly said that I am dating a grandpa, because you’re older than us.” Jimin looked at Jungkook with a slightly apologetic face but the Alpha just indicated for him to continue. “I guess people started spreading the rumor that some old man is paying me to fuck him after school everyday. They just started in on me again for the millionth time and I sort of lost it... Then I had to do my cooking project with Daniel and that was just awkward for obvious reasons. I guess it all just piled up for me too. By the end of the day... all I wanted was for you to come get me and take over.”

Jungkook was furious. He could see the wetness of tears on Jimin's lower lashes and feel the soft trembling in the hand that was holding his. He could see that the Omega was trying to be strong and put up a good front, because he just let out a little, watery laugh and wiped his eyes quickly.

"It's all stupid. Don't worry about it."

But Jungkook did worry about it. The Alpha squeezed the small hand in his and looked at him seriously.

"It's not stupid if it's making you so upset. I'm so sorry that you have to deal with that at school. I know that it's important to you. But it's okay for you to cry if you need to. You don't have to be strong, not here with me. It's okay if you want to let go."

Jimin couldn't hold back his tears anymore at Jungkook's words and he felt his mask crack and his shield crumble and he was weeping, falling apart in Jungkook's bathtub as he broke down completely. Once he started, he couldn't contain the flood. It was like a dam had broken somewhere inside him and he couldn't stop the well that was overflowing from his heart. He felt too vulnerable and wrapped his arms around his small body and curled in on himself as his tears fell and dripped into the hot water of the bath. He cried until his head hurt and his throat ached and his lips were swollen from biting them.

Jungkook ached as he watched Jimin completely lose himself to his crying. He hated the ones who had upset him, made him cry and he wanted to make him feel better. He reached in and picked him up, pulling him out of the water and turned around setting him on the clean part of the counter before grabbing towels and starting to dry him. He gently wiped the water away from his skin, and massaged it out of his hair while he still cried, much more softly now but each little hiccuping whimper of sound was still devastating. He whispered quiet praises and soft, reassurances as he dried him and petted over his warm, damp skin with gentle hands. Once his cries quieted, Jungkook got a spare toothbrush and put toothpaste on it, and his own before handing the new one to Jimin so he could brush his teeth before bed.

He picked him up again, but this time under the thighs so that Jimin could wrap around him and hide in his neck as he carried him out into the bedroom. He held him up with one hand and shoved the blankets down with the other so he could set Jimin on the edge of the bed in a clean spot. He would need to change the comforter, but he could do it afterward. He pressed a soft kiss to Jimin's forehead left him there for a moment to go slip on boxers and grab something for Jimin to wear, a pair of white panties with little cats all over them and one of his own hoodies, picking a black one that was made of a thinner, soft material.

He returned to find that Jimin hadn't moved at all, and he made his way to him at once. He helped him into the panties and hoodie and guided him to lay in the bed. The Alpha pulled off the comforter and tossed it into a corner before replacing it with a clean one. He found Jimin's phone and checked the battery, which still looked okay and set it on the nightstand next to him. Jimin was just curled on his side in a little ball under the covers and Jungkook petted his hair softly, stroking his hand over the velvet skin of his face and neck for a few moments before walking around to the other side, plugging in his phone to charge and flipping off the lamp. He got into bed and scooted his body up behind Jimin, curling around the Omega and wrapping him up in his embrace. Jimin wiggled farther back against him so they were pressed together as close as possible.

Jungkook pressed kisses all along his neck and shoulder, sometimes real kisses, other times just running his lips over the soft skin.

"You're safe, little one. I've got you. Just rest now. Everything else can wait until tomorrow."

“Thank you.”

“You’re welcome, Minnie.”

It had been a long, long time since Jimin had really let go with anyone. Of course, he let go sexually with Jungkook alot, but this was something emotional and personal. Having the Alpha take care of him and soothe him when he was at his most vulnerable was so touching to him. Jungkook was a good Alpha. He was caring and gentle and he’d made Jimin feel safe. Jungkook didn’t owe that to him. He was the one paying Jimin, but in alot of ways that felt like it didn’t even matter anymore. Even if they had this unusual relationship that didn’t mean that they couldn’t care about each other. He’d been so sure that he’d probably be up all night worrying and crying, but now that he was in Jungkook’s arms he felt safe and he fell asleep almost at once.

## Chapter End Notes

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# Breakdown

## Chapter Summary

Jimin finally breaks.

## Chapter Notes

Hi! Long time no see.

I was going to wait a little longer to post again, but I just reached 600 followers on Twitter so I felt like celebrating.

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I post there about new stories, new chapters, etc.

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

Jungkook woke when his alarm started to chime from the nightstand and he found that in the night, he and Jimin had shifted around and he was now on his back with Jimin laying almost all the way on top of him. His slight, warm weight was comforting and it made him want to stay in bed as he reached over and found the offending device with his hand and turned it off. Jimin moaned quietly and shifted, snuggling down against his chest petulantly as he was roused from his sleep. Jungkook chuckled and that seemed to wake him more effectively as Jimin turned his face up blinked slowly at him.

“What time is it?” The Omega asked, his voice hoarse with sleep.

“5:30.”

“Ugh... Why are we awake then?”

Jungkook chuckled again and reached up to run his hand through Jimin’s messy hair and down over his back.

“I like to go in early.”

“Of course you do.” Jimin said with a roll of his eyes. “You need to get some hobbies and stop being such a workaholic. Let’s start now with napping for another hour and a half.”

Jungkook liked how sassy Jimin was in the morning. It was kind of cute to be scolded by someone so cute and soft with his messy hair and oversized sweater and puffy face. He ignored the sass for now and just smiled down at the Omega who it seemed was refusing to move.

“How are you feeling? Are you sore?”

“Mmm... Not my muscles so much, but my... um...” Jimin hesitated and Jungkook saw his cheeks pink in the early dawn light that was already coming through the window.

“Hole?” The Alpha supplied helpfully.

Jimin turned his face down into his chest and his answer was muffled against his skin.

“Yeah.”

“I can help you with that.”

“How?”

“Didn’t you ever get hurt as a kid? Didn’t your Appa ever heal your cuts?”

Jimin was confused for a single instant and then it hit him. He remembered being small and scraping his knees, running home where his Appa could clean the wound and then lick the skin to heal the abrasions. Alpha saliva was curative to Omegas, and visa-versa. Jungkook wanted to eat him out. He remembered well the feeling of the Alpha’s mouth on him, hot and wet with his soft, probing tongue and he felt his cock instantly respond, getting hard as wetness started to dew between his legs. Jungkook clearly felt his arousal where Jimin was pressed against his hip and he made a soft sound of approval.

“You want me to kiss it better, Baby?”

It was too early to be this wet, but Jimin was turned on and now he wanted to do something about it.

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Jimin was feeling very warm and soft by the time they were finished with their morning bout(s) of sex, and though he was sore and limping a little bit, he felt amazing. Letting go of all his feelings last night, crying out all his horrible emotions and letting Jungkook soothe him made him feel lighter and freer than he’d felt in so long. He was still feeling needy as he got ready, so even though he was wearing one of his pretty outfits, of dark jeans and a soft, black long-sleeve shirt with a grey tank underneath, the entire thing was hidden under one of Jungkook’s enormous, thick hoodies in forest green, that hung down to his mid thigh and engulfed his hands. He couldn’t even fit his coat on over it, so Jungkook just wrapped him up in his hat, scarf and mittens before they took the elevator down and the Alpha drove him to school. Jimin had tried briefly to protest, but was overruled and told to be a good boy, which had shut him up quickly.

Jungkook drove him across Seoul to his campus, his seat warmer on full blast and the heater making the inside of the car nice and warm. Jimin wanted nothing more than to go back to Jungkook’s apartment and spend the day napping in Jungkook’s bed, preferably with said Alpha wrapped around him and keeping him warm. He was feeling so amazing that he didn’t want to let anyone ruin it, and he just had a feeling... He felt like if he went to school that he was going to regret it. Some sixth sense was telling him to make Jungkook turn around and take him home. But Jimin was too good of a student for that. As Jungkook stopped outside the main building, he looked over at Jimin and gave him a soft smile.

“I’m not sure if I’ll be home before it gets late. But you’re still welcome to come over and use the bath, and if you want to sleep there, that’s fine too. I can drive you to school again tomorrow if you’re worried about that.” Jungkook said as he reached over and tucked a lock of Jimin’s blond hair behind his ear.

“Okay. I’ll think about it and let you know.”

“Sounds good. Well, have a good day at school, pretty boy. Call me if you need anything.”

“Have a good day at work. I’ll talk to you later.”

Jimin leaned across the console and pressed a kiss to Jungkook’s lips and was about to pull back when the Alpha wrapped a hand around the back of his neck and pressed another soft kiss to his mouth, a little more lingeringly than the first. When he was released, Jimin smiled at Jungkook broadly and grabbed his backpack before hopping out of the car and heading up the sidewalk into the main building, glancing back as he heard the car pull away from the curb.

Almost the second that Jimin walked inside the building, he could sense something was wrong. He saw people who normally wouldn’t have paid him any mind looking at him. People stared and whispered as he walked through the halls toward his first class of the day. A danger sense climbed up his spine, shivering through his bones as he walked through the hallway. Something wasn’t right, but he wasn’t sure what was going on, so he kept his back straight, face imperious as he walked toward his first class.

He found Mark and Jackson in their usual spots and he took his place beside them with a smile before pulling off his scarf, hat and gloves to set with his backpack. He looked at his friends who were smiling at him, somewhat warily. Mark was the first to break the silence.

“Hey Minnie, Jackson told me what happened yesterday. I’m so sorry that those assholes were messing with you again. From what he said, I think it’s mainly his fault and I want you to know that I made him sleep on the couch and I’ve cut him off for at least a week.” Mark said, giving his boyfriend a look of disapproval that made Jackson look like a sad puppy.

“That’s okay Mark. You really don’t have to do that. It’s not his fault, and he did try to defend me.” Jimin replied with a small smile, then paused for a moment before asking, “But... have you noticed everyone acting weird today?” Jimin glanced around and his two friends did too.

“Not really, but now that you mention it... we do seem to be getting alot of stares.” Mark glanced around then back to Jimin with a curious expression.

“It’s been like that since I got here. Do you think they already spread their stupid rumor that far?”

“Let’s hope not.”

Jimin’s stomach was still in knots as his attention was called forward. He could swear as the teacher took attendance that they paused for just a single extra second on his name before moving on. His inner Omega was on edge. The animal part of him was wary and suspicious, but he relaxed as class moved on and he fell into the comfort of regularity. He took notes and listened to the professor and when the class was dismissed, he followed Mark and Jackson out, walking with them for a short ways until it was time for Jimin and Mark to split off from the Alpha and go to their next class. The Alpha looked at Jimin and hesitated for a few seconds before he reached forward and grabbed Jimin’s shoulder, looking at him with a very uncharacteristic serious expression.

“Min... I just want to say that I’m so sorry. I really didn’t mean to cause all those problems for you. You’re one of my best friends and I would never want to hurt you. I know I’m too loud and too nosy and probably a really embarrassing friend. But I would never hurt you on purpose. I love you like you were my own brother and I know Mark feels the same. I’m just... so sorry, Min.”

Jimin looked into Jackson’s face and saw nothing but raw sincerity in his dark eyes. He stepped forward and hugged him, reaching out with the other hand he drew Mark into it too until the three were just having a big group hug in the hallway. They broke apart and Jimin looked up at Jackson with a slightly watery smile before he punched his shoulder.

“Don’t make me cry at school.” Jimin chided, but laughed and was joined by the other two. “I forgive you Jackson. I know you didn’t mean anything bad to happen. I love both of you guys too.”

They separated after Mark gave his Alpha a kiss and whispered something into his ear that had the usual goofy grin plastered back on his face. Jimin didn’t even ask, he was sure he didn’t want to know. He was already far too familiar with Jackson and Mark’s sex life and if he had to guess, Jackson wouldn’t be sleeping on the couch that night. He was glad. He didn’t want to be the cause of turmoil in his friend’s relationship. They were perfect for each other and Jimin only wanted the best for them both. As he and Mark walked, Jimin heard his name being called from behind him and turned to see Professor Heechul waving at him to come over.

“I’m gonna go see what he wants. Save me a seat, yeah?”

“Sure. See you in a few.”

Jimin jogged back toward his favorite professor and gave him a smile as he stopped in front of him, but his smile fell when he saw the serious look on the usually smiling face of the older Omega.

“Hey, Jimin. Would you mind stepping into my office with me for a few minutes? I’ve got something to speak with you about.”

“Of course.”

Jimin’s nerves returned in full force. He had no idea what this could possibly be about but his stomach felt like it had turned to stone and his heart was racing in his chest. His palms dewed with sweat that he wiped on his sweater as he walked behind the professor and into his office. He was directed to have a seat and he sat. Heechul’s office would normally have made him smile. It was so characteristically designed, with brilliantly colored artwork all over the walls, the space adorned with stacks of paperwork that looked like a mess, but probably made perfect sense to the professor. Heechul sat across from him in his desk chair and looked at him with an expression that said he wasn’t going to like what he was about to hear.

“Jimin, I’m not sure how to start this, but I thought that I ought to be the one to tell you, rather than you find out from someone else. Late last night, there was an email sent anonymously to all of the staff of the university as well as a great number of the students.” He steepled his fingers and looked over them at Jimin. “The thing is... that the contents of the email were about you.”

“About... me?”

Jimin was totally confused. Why would anyone send an email to everyone about him? But even as he thought that he remembered all the stares, the whispers. Then he remembered the previous day, the rumors and the fight in the hallway. Oh gods... no.

“Yes. The message contained some... less than flattering words about you as well as some accusations of a very unseemly nature. The thing is that there were also a number of photographs attached to the email. They’ve been well photoshopped, but they are all ostensibly of you and a... gentleman of a certain age engaging in various sexual activities.”

Jimin felt heat flood to his face and he was certain he was going to throw up. Everyone in the school had probably seen those images by now and no wonder they had been looking at him in the hallway. He felt the burn of tears in his eyes, but refused to let them fall. He forced his body to remain completely still. He was certain that if he moved a single eyelash his whole body was going to shatter into a thousand tiny shards of misery and humiliation. His lungs were pumping as if trying to force a sob out of his mouth, but he couldn’t allow it.

“Is there someone you’d like me to call? Maybe someone to come and get you?” He paused as Jimin didn’t respond, then went on. “I know that this isn’t you, Jimin. I’ve seen the way that some of our students have been behaving over the last year and I want you to know, I’m on your side. If the university tries something, I want you to know, I’ll tell them the truth.”

Those words seemed to awaken Jimin from his frozen state and he took a deep breath, blinking and looking up at the professor. He put on his thickest, most impervious mask, he was fine. Everything was fine. He focused on keeping himself together, tightening the strings that seemed to hold his very soul from breaking apart and falling onto the ground around him. He looked at his professor and coolly replied.

“May I see the email, please?”

Heechul looked surprised by the request, but he acquiesced and pulled out a laptop, tapping at the keys for a few moments and then turning it around so Jimin could see it. The Omega read the contents and felt that hot tide of shame rise up inside him again but he tamped it down. There was time to fall apart when he was alone. For now, he was fine. Everything was fine. He scanned the email, reading it and feeling each word in his heart like a dagger.

“To whom it may concern:

“Our university is currently attended by one Park Jimin. An Omega who by all appearances is just a normal student. But he is not. Outside of school, Park Jimin is a prostitute who gets paid by old men to have affairs with them outside of their matings.

“You may find this hard to believe, so we have attached pictures that show proof of Jimin’s actions. Our school is no place for someone who is going to behave in this disgusting and immoral way. It shows a complete lack of ethics that he is doing these things and because of this we ask that the administration remove him from the school at once.

“We don’t want to share our classrooms and hallways with someone like him.

“From: A group of concerned students”

Jimin’s hand was trembling as he reached forward and used the little pad on the laptop to move the mouse up to click on the attached images. He clicked each one and looked at the pictures. He had to admit that they were well photoshopped. The first one was what appeared to be him, getting a cumshot across his chest from an Alpha old enough to be his grandfather, the second was again what appeared to be him, this time being fucked from behind by the same old Alpha, and the third was really the show of photoshop skill as it was a blowjob picture, him down on his knees, the old man standing above him. He felt his eyes burn again as tears tried to force their way up his tear ducts, but he just blinked rapidly and closed the images.

“I’m going to email this to myself.” Was all Jimin said before quickly doing just that. He stood and turned to leave, moving stiffly as he tried to hold it all together. He paused at the door and didn’t look back. “Thank you for letting me know.”

Jimin walked out of Heechul’s office and for a moment was completely lost. He wasn’t sure where he wanted to go. He should go to class, but he knew he wouldn’t be able to hold himself together if he saw Mark. The other Omega was one of his closest friends and if he saw him, his mask would slip. His mask would slip and everyone would see him for what he was. Weak.

He wanted to go home. He wanted to curl up in his nest and die of shame and humiliation. He didn’t want to talk to anyone or be around anyone... except Jungkook. He remembered how gentle



the Alpha had been with him the previous night, his kind words ran through Jimin's head.

“It's not stupid if it's making you so upset. I'm so sorry that you have to deal with that at school. I know that it's important to you. But it's okay for you to cry if you need to. You don't have to be strong, not here with me. It's okay if you want to let go.”

He didn't want to be strong. He wanted to let go. He wanted Jungkook to come and get him and take him home and make everything go away. The voices in his head were too loud, the emotions in his chest too intense, the shame in his belly too cold. He could smell the smoky aroma of distress pouring off of him in waves. He could feel his mask cracking around the edges and he knew he needed to leave. He started to walk quickly toward the exit, until his path was blocked by a familiar group of Omegas. Jimin instantly felt his mask solidify and he stood straighter, breathed deeper and forced the distress scent to stop. He secured all the tenuous little strings that were holding him together, and added another layer to his mask as he walked up to them and stood, back straight and head held high. He was a picture of imperviousness as they all started to throw out little jabbing comments.

“Oh, well look who it is.”

“The prostitute.”

“The slut.”

“I see you have a new hickey. Did you fuck one of your clients last night?”

Jimin didn't reply, he just held himself in check and looked at them coldly.

“Your days here are numbered now. The administration knows all about your little business.”

They all pulled out phones and the photoshopped pictures flashed at him from many screens. Jimin's stomach turned, but again he didn't react. His lack of response seemed to only make them more angry. They wanted the victory of seeing him cry. They wanted to break him, and he wasn't going to give them the satisfaction. He met eyes with the one who he'd slapped and felt smug at the bruise on his cheek that was poorly covered with makeup.

“I'm surprised anyone wants him. I bet old men are the only ones desperate enough to fuck him.”

Jimin felt a sliver of ice settle in his heart at those words. These idiots really thought they were something, but Jimin could see right through them. They were all single, it was clear by their scents, each one independent and unmarked. Jimin took a deep breath and caught Jungkook's dark scent coming from his own body. He was currently bedding an Alpha that made Kang Daniel look like a callow, unworthy pup. If these motherfuckers ever saw Jeon Jungkook they would probably pass the fuck out on the spot. Jimin was so much better than this, he didn't have to put up with them.

“I'm not fucking an old man. I have a boyfriend. He's far from an old man, he's 29 and you are all pathetic losers who couldn't catch the attention of an Alpha if you danced naked in front of them with a sign that said 'Fuck Me' on it. I don't have to resort to lowly pathetic tactics to try and get the attention of someone who doesn't want me. I have someone who wants me. So why don't you spend a little time on yourselves and try to figure out why no one wants you, instead of trying to figure out why they want me?”

“Yeah right? Who would want you?” The one Jimin had slapped snarled.

Jimin looked at him with a smug expression.

“Well, for one I would say Kang Daniel.”

The one who Jimin had slapped yesterday actually growled at him, and Jimin just gave him a look that clearly said, ‘Try it bitch’. He wasn’t in the mood for this. He didn’t want to have to be his strong self at the moment. He wanted Jungkook. He wanted to go home. He wanted peace and quiet and privacy so he could cry out all his feelings until he was so exhausted he fell asleep.

“You tricked him! He wouldn’t want you if he knew what you really were.”

“Lie all you want, but everyone knows now that you’re ‘boyfriend’ is some old man.”

“So how much exactly does the disgusting bastard pay you?”

Jimin couldn’t help the reaction as his brows drew down and he pulled his lips back off his teeth in a growl. They could say whatever they wanted about him, but Jungkook was off limits. This seemed to make them all happy as they had found a button to push that would get a reaction.

“Oho! You don’t like it when we talk about that piece of shit you’re fucking?”

“Wow, that’s pretty low even for you.”

Jimin wanted to hold it in, but he felt the anger rising in him, the tide of pure hatred and fury that wanted to burst out of him like an erupting volcano. He was mad. More mad than he’d ever been in his entire life. His hands were curled into fists and he was trembling all over. One last comment just found that tiny chink in his armor and dug right through, bursting it apart.

“What do you think Daniel would think if he saw all these pictures of you? Maybe I’ll send them to him.”

It was almost a surprise when Jimin opened his mouth that words came out. It felt like he should have spit fire at them like some kind of dragon, burning them alive.

“I don’t care what Daniel thinks! Fuck Daniel and fuck you! I don’t want him! I DON’T WANT HIM!” Jimin shrieked, completely out of control. He heard doors opening all along the hall and people gathering, but he couldn’t stop now that he’d started. “You’ve made my life a living hell for the past year, all for an Alpha I don’t want! An Alpha that you’re pissed won’t give you the time of day! You photoshopped me into PORN to fulfill your stupid fucking narrative because you, just like him can’t get it through your thick fucking skulls that I DON’T FUCKING CARE IF KANG DANIEL WANTS ME OR NOT! IT’S NEVER GOING TO HAPPEN!”

There was a ringing silence for a few seconds, and the little group started to laugh as if seeing Jimin lose control was amusing to them, and he guessed it was. They had finally gotten what they wanted. A few people in the gathered crowd joined in with the laughter as well.

“Oh my god... Are you actually in love with that old man you’re fucking?”

“If he’s not paying you, then that’s even more sad.”

“Such a slut.”

“So you just love dick that much, huh?”

Jimin was breathing hard, he could hear the rushing of blood in his ears as he looked at the shocked little group in front of him. Their eyes all seemed to be focused on something behind him and Jimin heard the one voice that could only make this situation worse. Daniel.

“What the hell is going on here?” Daniel asked as Jimin looked around to see Daniel coming up to them through the crowd.

The Alpha tried to pull Jimin into a hug but he stepped back, not wanting him near him. He didn't want Daniel to touch him and the fact that the Alpha was still trying to touch him, even now made him angry. He was so done with Daniel. This had been his final straw.

“Don't touch me!” Jimin hissed as he moved away.

Daniel glanced over at the little group who all looked panicked as their idol stood before them and they'd been caught by the very Alpha they wanted to impress, ganging up on Jimin. All at once they started to fling accusations at Jimin, trying to get Daniel on their side.

“He's been leading you on!”

“We were just trying to get him to stop messing with you!”

“He's dating some old man!”

“He's a prostitute, look!”

One of the little group held up their phone to show Daniel one of the photoshopped images. The Alpha looked at it then grimaced and immediately looked away with a disgusted sound.

“Those are obviously fake. Why are you all attacking Jimin?” No one answered and he looked to Jimin. “What's going on Jimin?”

Daniel stepped toward him, reaching up as if to touch the Omega, but Jimin was in defensive mode and he was still angry. Had he not told him just moments ago not to touch him? Jimin hissed at him and scurried back a few steps as fear and discomfort clawed at his insides. He wasn't afraid that Daniel would hurt him physically, but touching him now would only make the situation worse. When the Alpha tried again, his anger snapped and he glared at Daniel with a growl and again he felt that hot rush of anger, pushing words up his throat and out of his mouth unheeded.

“What's happening is the same shit I've been dealing with for the past year because of you! Because we dated, no matter how short and unsatisfactory it was, we dated and now your little fanclub here likes to make my life a living hell. Insulting me and my boyfriend, spreading rumors about me, and now spreading lies to the university administration to try and get me kicked out of school over some photoshopped pictures. That's what's going on.”

Jimin thought for a second that he was done, but as the Alpha looked at him with sympathy and tried to step closer, Jimin finally lost it completely as he reached up and slapped him across his handsome face so hard that his hand hurt and throbbed.

“I SAID DON'T TOUCH ME! What do I have to do to get it through your head that I'm not interested? I tried to turn you away nicely, I tried to be a good person. I tell you I have a date and then you come out and hug me, knowing damned good and well he was there waiting for me! You and I didn't even have sex and yet you act like we're engaged or something! I show up to school limping with hickeys covered in an Alpha's scent trying to give you all the signals that I'm taken, but YOU JUST KEEP GOING! SO FINE! I'll say it so plainly that even YOU can understand! I HAVE A BOYFRIEND! I'm not limping because I got hurt, I'm limping because I got FUCKED! I got fucked into the mattress until I was limping and then I got fucked some more! So please get a damned clue and LEAVE ME ALONE!”

Daniel looked shocked as he stared at Jimin, his mouth slightly agape, the cheek Jimin had slapped

still red from the blow. The crowd that had gathered in the hallway were all silent as well as the little group in front of him. Jimin just shoved his way through them roughly and headed for the exit as the first tears of shame and humiliation started to fall. He ripped the door open and he ran as fast as he could, down the sidewalk to the street and hailed a cab before anyone could foolishly run after him.

Jimin wiped at his face as he gave the driver his address and did everything in his power to hold himself together throughout the ten minute drive to his apartment. He shoved a hundred dollar bill at the cabbie and scrambled out before he could even tell him his total. He was teetering. He was right on the edge of losing it in public and sobbing in the backseat of a taxi. He ran up the stairs to his apartment and made it to the door only to find a letter taped to it. The bold letters at the top grabbed his attention at once and he let out a sound somewhere between a sob and laugh. It was a noise born of madness and grief and a few other things he couldn't identify.

## EVICTIION NOTICE

He snatched the letter off his door and wiped at his tears, trying to clear his vision enough to read it. The letter was a mix of legal jargon and other nonsense, but the gist of the letter was that the property of his apartments had sold and he had two weeks to find another place to live before he was put out on the street. Jimin could feel the tide of his emotions rising and he fumbled his keys out of his pocket to get inside before he broke down completely right outside his door. He made it inside, slamming his door as he totally lost it.

Jimin ripped his backpack off and threw it, unable to contain all his emotions in his small body he screamed as he swiped everything off his kitchen counters with his arms, not realizing or caring that there was a knife there that left a nasty cut in the center of his palm, up his middle finger as he pushed everything to the floor with a clatter. Several things shattered and things broke open, pouring across the faded linoleum. Jimin was sobbing uncontrollably, it felt like his entire life was crumbling around him. The careful order of his existence was collapsing and crashing down, breaking the very foundation of him. He needed Jungkook. He needed the Alpha to come to him... but he was at work. He felt guilty as he pulled out his cell phone and tapped the commands to call him, blood dripping from his hand and being wiped from the screen impatiently, leaving streaks of crimson.

He put the phone to his ear and tried to keep it together as it rang, once, twice, then he heard Jungkook's voice and any remaining strength that he had disappeared. The tenuous strings holding all his pieces together snapped and he shattered apart, just like his sugar jar on the floor in front of him.

## Chapter End Notes

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# Savior

## Chapter Summary

Jungkook comes to Jimin when he needs him.

## Chapter Notes

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Jungkook was thoroughly prepared to have a long, unpleasant day. But he couldn't complain when his day had started in bed with his perfect little sugar baby. He'd licked him open and then fucked him in the early morning warmth of his bed, truly something he could get used to. He dropped Jimin off at school and was prepared for anything his day might throw at him as he drove through traffic toward his office.

Jungkook had just sat himself in his desk chair when Yoongi walked into his office with a smirk on his face. He wondered what had his friend in a good mood on a day that was likely to be full of stress and disappointment. The other Alpha settled in his normal spot, crossed his legs and folded his hands in his lap before speaking with a tone of great amusement.

"So, should I be getting my tux drycleaned and start working on my best man toast?" Yoongi asked with a laugh.

"Excuse me?" Jungkook cocked a brow at him.

"I'm just curious. I spent my morning on the phone with Lee Minwoo and I'm pretty sure that if you don't mate with Jimin, he's going to."

"Thank you for the heads up, but you can keep your best man speech in the archives for now."

"Okay. But just let me know. I already have the beginning ready to go." Yoongi pretended to hold a mic to his mouth as he continued. "Jungkook is my best friend, and let me just say that I knew from the moment he walked into the office reeking of vanilla and swaggering like he just got his dick sucked good, that it was true love."

Jungkook laughed and threw a stack of post it notes at Yoongi.

"Shut the fuck up and get to work."

Yoongi tossed the pad of post-its back on his desk with a laugh and left his office, still smiling. He was glad at least that Yoongi seemed okay after everything that had happened the previous day. This company was their life's work and though it wasn't a killing blow, it still hurt to have their

own employee betray their trust and collude with others to steal from them. The thing was, that they were equally serious people when it came to work and their company. It was the whole reason that they went so well together as business partners. Even if they clashed on occasion, it was always because they were both passionate about the company. Jungkook might seem like the more serious one because of his self-imposed long hours and hectic schedule, but Yoongi was probably worse if anything. He was just better at delegation, but the Alpha wouldn't hesitate to fire someone under his command who was caught slacking off.

Jungkook spent his morning continuing his research into the invoices and accounting books for OTR, finding more bogus charges and documenting everything he found. He knew that a forensic accountant would probably have to end up going through their books in order for them to re-coup their money, but it wasn't a huge deal. They had nothing to hide. They were a clean operation, and the accounting books didn't contain any trade secrets.

The first good news of the day came when Kim Myungjun paged his office and asked if he and Yoongi had time for a quick meeting. He confirmed with Yoongi and within fifteen minutes they were all in Jungkook's office, with Yoongi and Myungjun sitting across from him.

"Kim Namjoon has accepted your offer. He tried to offer Gaon Tech his two weeks notice this morning, but they let him go on the spot. I'm sure that the Board of Directors are itching to get their fingers back on the reins. He said he can start tomorrow."

Jungkook had never been more happy that people were being petty assholes. Because they needed Namjoon to start ASAP. Jungkook had a conference call with the Busan facility and the company that they had hired to help get it up to scratch the next afternoon, and he was about to be diving headfirst into that whole project. He was sure he'd be spending a lot of time traveling back and forth between Seoul and Busan over the upcoming months. He doubted anything would be so far done that he'd need to oversee it in person until at least January. Until then he was mainly consulting over the phone and email. Though, since he was going to be in Busan for two weeks in late December, he would probably schedule with Park Jinhwan to get a tour of what was ready.

"Great. Get all the paperwork ready ASAP and send it over to him in case he wants to have an attorney look any of it over. The confidentiality stuff can get some people combative, but I'm sure he had similar contracts with Gaon Tech. Get him in here as soon as possible. We need to get him in place since I'll be working a lot on the new manufacturing facility." Jungkook said.

"Yes sir. Will do."

Jungkook felt a weight leave his shoulders as he realized that they had actually hired a new CEO. He wasn't going to have to do all of that anymore. He wanted to throw a fucking party and scream to the world that he was free. Finally. He wanted to go pull Jimin out of class and fly him to some private island where he could do nothing but fuck him in the privacy of a huge, elegant villa where they would have time and leisure to do as they pleased. He wanted to take the Omega somewhere warm where he could lay in the sun and let it soak into him until he was warm all the way through, defrosted from the frigid winter weather. But that wasn't possible. Jimin had school and even if he was getting ready to step down, he still had work. He had so much work to do, but for once it didn't feel like a burden. He promised himself though, that he was going to take Jimin away soon for a weekend of revelry and hot, amazing sex.

The second good news came in the form of Yoongi rushing into his office with his cell phone to his ear and practically slamming the door shut before he put his phone on speaker and set it on Jungkook's desk. It was the detective in charge of the OTR case and he was calling to let them know that the brothers had been caught and taken into custody trying to board a ship that would

have illegally smuggled them out of the country. They were being transported back to Seoul where the criminal proceedings would take place and charges could be formally brought against them. It was likely that they would recoup most, if not all of their stolen money after the investigation and trial were complete.

It was nearly noon by the time that Jungkook and Yoongi got off the phone with the police and his business partner collapsed back into his seat, with a laugh and pumped his fists into the air with a quiet, "Fuck yeah". Jungkook was riding high on the wave of good news after good news and he couldn't stop smiling and laughing at his friend who was now punching the air over and over as if trying to burn off some of his excited energy. Jungkook was irresistibly reminded of the time when they were 13 and Yoongi had gotten his first computer for his birthday. Of course, this wasn't quite the same, but the air punching and laughter were. It was rare to see the goofy side of his friend nowadays, but it was nice to know that it was still there under his cool, hard exterior.

"Let's go out to lunch! We need to celebrate." Yoongi said as he sat back up in his seat and looked at Jungkook with his gummy smile.

"Alright. This deserves a drink to cel-" Jungkook cut off as his cell phone started to ring and he looked down to see Jimin's name on the screen. "Oh hold on just a sec." Jungkook said, holding up a finger to Yoongi who rolled his eyes and laughed as Jungkook picked up his phone. "Hey, Bab- What's wrong?"

Jungkook felt all the prior joy flood from his body as his ear was met with the high pitched whimpers of a distressed Omega. It was more than just normal crying, it was a high, thin note of distress that made every hair on Jungkook's body stand on end as his skin tightened with goosebumps, every Alpha sense in his body was ringing with alarm. The sound that Jimin was making had his teeth on edge and he didn't know what was going on but he knew he needed to get to Jimin NOW. He could hear words mixed in with the distress calls and sobs, but he couldn't understand most of what he was saying.

"Sorry... I'm sorry... please... you... need you... Daddy... Daddy please..."

Jungkook had no idea what was going on, but he was already standing up from his chair, every muscle in his body taut and ready to move. He needed to get to Jimin, but he didn't know where he was. He could feel himself shaking, but when he spoke, his voice was calm and steady. Jimin needed him to be the stable one right now, so he kept his voice even and smooth.

"Okay. Everything's okay, little one. Just breathe. I'm coming to get you. I promise I'll come right away. Where are you? Tell me where you are, Baby."

Jimin's whimpers lessened slightly at his voice and he heard a soft single word response.

"H-home."

"Okay. I'm coming. I'll be there as soon as I can."

Jungkook glanced at Yoongi, but he could clearly tell that his friend knew something was wrong. His body too was stiff and alert, the sound of Jimin's distress cries must have reached him even through the phone. Jungkook didn't bother to say anything to his friend, he just rushed out of his office, not even bothering to grab his coat. He walked as quickly as he could toward the elevators while still talking in that same quiet, calm tone.

"Okay, Baby. Listen to me now. Are you listening?" Jungkook asked as he smacked the button for the elevator and one of the doors opened. He rushed inside and slammed his thumb against the

garage button.

“Mm-hm.” Jimin’s voice was still a whimper and he was still crying.

The doors shut on the elevator and as soon as Jungkook had privacy he immediately started to talk again, soothing and calming the distressed Omega.

“That’s good, sweetheart. I want you to get in your nest. Get in your nest and wait for Daddy. I’m coming as fast as I can. I’ll stay on the phone with you the whole time, okay?”

“O-okay, Daddy.”

Jungkook heard shuffling and shifting, the soft creak of a bed and he knew Jimin must be in his nest.

“Good boy. You’re my good boy. Everything is going to be okay. I promise, no matter what happened, Daddy will make it better for you. I’ll come and make everything go away, just like always.”

“Really?” Jimin whispered, softly.

“Really. You trust me, don’t you Baby?”

“Yes. Daddy always knows what’s best.”

Jungkook felt a surge of pride in his chest at the words. Jimin’s voice was still wavery and thick with tears, small distressed whines coming slightly less often, but his words were sure. Jimin trusted him, and he’d do anything to keep that trust intact. The doors opened and he walked out into the garage, thanking god that the elevator hadn’t stopped on the way down or he probably would have fired someone.

“That’s right. Are you in your nest?”

“Yes.”

He was jogging toward his car, pulling his keys out of his pocket as he went. When he got inside his Audi, the stereo system picked up the call and played it through the speakers so he could drive.

“Is that helping you, sweetheart? Does it feel safe there?”

“Yes.”

“Okay. I’m in the car. I’m coming for you right now. I’ll be there soon.”

Jungkook talked to Jimin the whole way to his apartment, soothing him and telling him over and over that he was a good boy, telling him how strong he was. He threaded the calming words with praises and compliments, measuring his success in the lessening of the distress cries and sobbing, until he could just hear soft, somewhat labored breathing on the other end. Jungkook threaded through traffic like a maniac, racing across the city to get to Jimin. It still took nearly twenty minutes even with his wild driving, but he screeched into a space and threw the car into park.

“Okay, Baby. I’m here. I’m coming up.”

“Here?” Jimin whispered, and the ache in the Omega’s voice made him wild with the need to see him.



“That’s right. I’m coming up now. Open the door for me.”

Jungkook grabbed his cell phone and turned off the car, the call resuming on his cell as he jumped out and locked the car as he ran toward the stairs and took them up two at a time. He arrived at the door just as Jimin was opening it and the moment he saw Jimin, his vision tunneled in on him until he was all that the Alpha could see. Jungkook put his cell phone back in his pocket automatically and reached forward, his hands went to Jimin’s face, cupping his jaw as he looked down at him with a racing heart.

Jimin was a complete mess. His hair was disheveled, his face red and puffy from crying, streaked with makeup, his eyes were full of tears, his long lashes tangled and wet, but none of that was the primary focus for Jungkook. There were little streaks of blood on Jimin’s cheek and neck, some even on his lips. Jungkook’s eyes scanned over him looking for the source of the blood and he saw one of the sleeves of the green hoodie he was wearing was dark and wet for the last couple inches, dripping steadily down onto the floor next to him.

“Baby... you’re hurt.”

Jimin’s hands came up, still covered by the sleeves of the oversized sweater and wrapped around the Alpha’s wrists as his hands still cupped his face. Jungkook could feel the warm stickiness of blood soaking into his shirtsleeve, and on his skin. He wanted to see where he was hurt, he wanted to make him better and he wanted to hurt whoever had put him into this state. But as Jimin looked up at him, his crying face smiled and his eyes disappeared into little crescent slits.

“Daddy.”

The word was a sigh of relief, like Jimin had been holding his breath and that was the first release of the air that had been suffocating his lungs.

Jungkook pushed forward, into the Omega’s apartment, not wanting him to be cold. He kicked the door shut behind him and instantly pulled the smaller body against his own, he petted over his hair and any skin he could find, pressing kisses to the top of his head. Jimin was pouring off waves of distress scent, smoke, like the last embers of a dying fire.

“It’s okay. Daddy’s here now. Are you okay, Baby?”

Jungkook glanced around and saw that the previously organized little apartment was a mess. The floor was covered in scattered items, shattered glass and drops and smears of blood were on everything. Jimin lifted up on his tippy toes and started mouthing over Jungkook’s neck whimpering when the collar of his dress shirt partially blocked his scent gland.

“Need you... need you, Daddy.” Jimin was hiccuping over and over against his neck and shoulder.

“Shh... just relax. I need you to calm down.”

Jimin let out a sob and gripped Jungkook’s forearms harder, letting out a soft yelp when he used his cut hand. He couldn’t calm down. He couldn’t calm down until Jungkook was inside him. Why didn’t the Alpha understand? He needed his Daddy to fuck him right now. He was going to shatter into a thousand microscopic pieces unless he was touched and praised and appreciated.

“No. No! I need you... please. Please fuck me... I’ll be good I promise.” Jimin begged, his tears flowing heavier, adding to the wetness on his cheeks.

Jungkook could see that Jimin was completely hysterical. He wasn’t going to get through to him with mere words. He slid his hands down and bent slightly to wrap his hands around the back of

the Omega's thighs, picking him up and turning to press him against the door. Jungkook leaned his weight onto Jimin, letting him feel small and secure, caged by his larger body. The Omega began to calm almost instantly as he wrapped his legs around the Alpha's waist and his arms around his neck. Jungkook put his mouth right next to Jimin's ear and spoke in his low, quiet voice.

"Listen now. Listen to Daddy. I've got you. You're a good boy. My good boy. My precious little Minnie. Can you hear me, little one? Can you understand me?"

Jimin finally felt like he could breathe as Jungkook trapped him against the door with his strong body. The Alpha's scent was strong, coffee and chocolate and dark, male essence. It was the perfect scent. It relaxed him and made his head a little clearer. He focused on Jungkook's words, nothing else mattered but his Daddy's words. Daddy always knew what to do. He always knew what was best.

"I-I can hear you, Daddy."

"That's good. Good boy. Just listen to me now. Nothing else matters. Only listen to me."

Jimin felt the roar of voices in his head quiet at those words, in that deep, commanding tone. A shiver wracked his body and he clung even tighter to Jungkook.

"Okay..."

Jungkook traced his lips over Jimin's cheek and neck for a few moments, letting him relax further as the Alpha held him, pinned against the door.

"Good boy. That's my good boy. I'm going to pull away from the door and put you down so I can take off your sweater. I need to see where you're hurt. Okay, little one?"

Jimin wasn't sure about that. He didn't want Jungkook to put him down, but his hand was hurting and he wanted it to stop.

"Okay."

"Okay. Here we go."

Jungkook pulled Jimin away from the door and turned around, giving the Omega a few seconds to relax and let go before he let him slide down to land on his feet. He reached for the edge of Jimin's sweater and pulled it gently up and off, dropping it to the floor next to him. He knew that the blood was coming from his hand or arm because of the wet sleeve, and he knew he was right when he saw the bloody hand revealed. The Alpha reached for it and took it with gentle hands, bringing it up so he could see the slice down the center of his palm and partway up his middle finger. He hissed in a breath through his teeth in sympathy as he looked at the wound that was still bleeding, little drops of crimson running down Jimin's wrist and forearm.

"Come on, little one. Let's go wash this up."

Jimin let himself be guided into the bathroom with Jungkook's arm around his shoulders and positioned in front of the sink. He saw his own reflection and he was a complete wreck. He looked horrible, and suddenly he didn't want Jungkook to see him. What his handsome Daddy must think of him when he was so messy, red and splotchy, covered in tears and blood, his hair a nest of blond sticking up at many different angles. His face screwed up and he brought the hand that Jungkook wasn't holding up to cover his face.

"Don't look... don't look at me." Jimin sobbed as he screwed his eyes shut, more hot tears

escaping and adding to the streaks on his face.

Jungkook felt awful as Jimin started to cry again, his shoulders curling forward and his little body shaking with his cries. Jungkook stepped up closer, as close as he could, his front pressed to Jimin's back and he wrapped his free arm around the Omega's chest, holding him back against his body, his hand coming up to rest over Jimin's neck, fingertips slowly grazing over the dark hickey right over his scent gland.

"It's okay, pretty baby. Don't cry. You're still so beautiful. Don't hide from me. You trust Daddy, don't you? Don't you trust your Daddy to see you?"

Jimin did trust him. He trusted him so much. Probably more than he should. He was growing dependent on him, which he knew he shouldn't do, but he couldn't help it. Jungkook was exactly what he needed, and beyond that his mind couldn't fathom at the moment. He heard the questions and he pulled his hand away from his face and looked up into the mirror hesitantly, still weeping, scalding tears running down his face. He met the dark eyes of the Alpha through their reflection in the mirror and the expression in them was so kind and understanding that he couldn't look away.

"That's it. That's my pretty boy. Let's wash up this hand and get you all healed up, then we can go to your nest and cuddle and if you still want Daddy to fuck you, then I will. How does that sound?"

That sounded like an absolute heaven to the Omega and he nodded and sniffled. Jungkook turned his face and pressed a kiss to Jimin's temple, holding his lips there for a few moments before pulling back and looking down over Jimin's shoulder to the hand sluggishly dripping blood into the sink. He reached for the faucet and turned it on. The pipes in the walls groaned and banged as water was forced up through them and out the faucet, it was still ice cold due to the water heater being broken, and when Jungkook guided Jimin's hand under it, he whimpered and tried to pull back. Jungkook just shushed him quietly.

"It's okay. I know it's cold, but I need to get all the blood off so I can see. I'm sorry, Baby. I know it hurts. It's almost over."

Jungkook gently rinsed the cut and was happy to find that it wasn't very deep, but Jimin's heart rate had been up and it had elevated the amount of bleeding. The Alpha reached over and took the towel from the little hook next to the sink and wrapped it gently around Jimin's hand, patting him dry. He stepped back and turned Jimin around, pulling the towel away and bringing his small hand up toward his face. Jungkook leaned down and softly licked over the wound, the taste of Jimin's blood was sweet like his scent with that small edge of metallic taste. Something primal awakened in the Alpha as he sealed and healed Jimin's cut with his tongue. He wanted to mount, he wanted to claim, he wanted to take what was his. And Jimin most definitely was his.

Jimin couldn't hold in the moan that shook its way up his throat and past his lips as the Alpha licked his hand over and over, his soft, wet tongue erased the pain until it was just pleasant warm wetness against his hand. Jimin didn't know when his eyes had closed, but as he opened them and looked down he felt heat coalesce in his belly as he watched Jungkook's pink tongue laving up and down over his hand. He felt slick rush between his legs and he ached there in that tender place that only Jungkook was allowed to go. He could smell his own arousal as the scent of slick increased and Jimin could feel it soaking into his panties. Jungkook's eyes opened and met his own and Jimin throbbed at the dark need he saw there, reflecting his own desire back at him.

Jungkook pulled back and looked down at the hand in his and was pleased to see nothing but a fine pink line where the cut had previously been. The knowledge that he had healed Jimin was so satisfying. He ran his thumb gently over the skin that was still wet with his saliva and was pleased when Jimin shivered at the touch. He straightened back up and looked down at Jimin who was

looking at him with a desperation that pulled at his inner Alpha instincts. But one instinct that he couldn't fight was the need to get all the blood off of Jimin. He wished he could bathe him, but his hot water was still broken, so Jungkook took the towel and wet it in the sink, wringing it out. He set it on the counter and started to pull off Jimin's clothes, wanting him to be clean. He didn't like the sight of him covered in blood.

Jimin wasn't sure that Jungkook was aware of the soft, pumping, growling purr that he was making on every exhale as he stripped the Omega down to just his cat-print panties and started to wash him off with the wet towel. Jimin's Omega instincts were standing at attention at the sound that Jungkook was making. It made him feel somehow protected and wanted and he loved it. But as he was washed with the towel, he started to shiver from the cold, goosebumps rising on his skin and he started to whine in his throat at being cold. Jungkook just pressed a kiss to his lips before gently wiping off his face and neck.

"Daddy... I wanna go to my nest. I'm cold."

"Okay, little one. Let's go." Jungkook said and set the towel aside on the counter.

## Chapter End Notes

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# The Nest

## Chapter Summary

Jungkook comforts Jimin in his nest.

## Chapter Notes

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Before Jimin could turn to walk out of the bathroom, Jungkook picked him up bridal style and carried him out into the main room. The Alpha stepped over to his nest and laid Jimin out there. He spent a few moments just admiring him in his nest, something that he'd been picturing more and more lately, wondering how he would look. He was just as pretty and soft as he'd imagined, though the red cheeks and wet lashes weren't part of that, at least not with the source being sadness. He loved when he could get Jimin so overwhelmed in bed that he cried and fell apart under him, but those were the only tears he ever wanted his little vanilla baby to cry.

He didn't know what had happened, but he knew that something horrible must have happened to have Jimin so upset that he'd destroyed his apartment and called him in such a state. His mind instantly went to the previous night when Jimin had cried in his tub and let out his feelings about those of his schoolmates who were making his life hard because of his past with Daniel. Jungkook wanted to hurt them all for making Jimin upset and he promised himself that he was going to look into it and see if there was anything he could do. But for now he was focused on Jimin and his needs.

“Can I come into your nest, Baby?”

Jimin nodded, then looked at him more critically.

“Can you take off your clothes first?”

“Of course.”

Jungkook pulled off his clothes quickly, his stomach clenching at the sight of the red blood on his white shirt, but he disregarded it, focusing on Jimin looking so pretty in his nest. However, Jungkook thought he looked lonely there in his pretty panties and all that perfect, creamy skin, but it was the eyes that were calling to him. Jimin was looking at him like every inch between them was agony and Jungkook couldn't help but agree with the silent sentiment. He quickly stripped down to just his boxer-briefs and climbed into Jimin's nest, laying on his side in the confined space of the full size bed covered in blankets and pillows.

He lay himself on his side, looking toward Jimin and the Omega rolled over onto his side too so they were facing each other in the small confines of Jimin's nest. It smelled just like the Omega in the little space. The ancient pillows and blankets seemed to have absorbed his scent permanently and Jungkook was surrounded by sweet vanilla sugar, the perfect scent of his pretty boy. He started slowly, just running soft hands over Jimin's body, petting his soft skin. He could feel the goosebumps raised on his skin, and reached across him to pull one of the thick, soft blankets over them. He scooted forward until they were flush with each other and Jimin's body shuddered at his warmth.

"That's it, little one. Just relax."

Jimin's phone started to ring from somewhere in the nest, and Jungkook scrambled to find it among all the nesting items, finally coming up with it and seeing a name he thought he remembered Jimin mentioning.

"It's Jackson." Jungkook said, looking at Jimin. "Do you want to talk to him?"

Jimin nodded and took the phone that still had dry streaks of blood on the screen. He tapped the answer button and held it to his ear.

"Hello?"

"Min! Oh my god! Are you okay? Mark and I heard what happened. He's here with me."

There was another voice, higher and more melodic than the first one.

"Hey Minnie, it's me."

"I'm okay... I just had to come home. I had to get out of there." Jimin said, quietly and Jungkook's desire to know what had happened surged forward, but he would wait for Jimin to tell him.

"I can't believe you slapped Daniel! Finally. That Alpha deserved it. You're a badass, Jimin." Jackson said with an obvious smile in his voice.

Jimin gave a small, weak smile and Jungkook felt surprise rise in him. He'd slapped Daniel. He wondered what the Alpha had done, and worried that it might be because of him. He didn't want to interfere with Jimin's schooling. But he just stayed quiet and listened to the call.

"Yeah."

"And Minnie..." Mark added, his voice soft and low. "I saw those pictures, and that's fucking disgusting. No one believes they are real. Everyone knows that they were photoshopped. So don't worry. I'm sure that it will all blow over quickly. Hopefully they will expel those assholes for this."

"Okay..." Jimin's voice was wavering and Jungkook could see the tears returning to his eyes. "Anyway, I need to go. I'll talk to you later." Jimin said and pulled the phone away from his ear, ending the call and turning the device to silent before handing back to Jungkook.

Jungkook turned his body and set the phone on the nightstand before turning back to Jimin and resuming his soft petting as the Omega started to cry again. One of his small hands came up and covered his eyes as he let out soft, hiccuping sobs. This was hell. Jungkook wanted to make it all stop, but he wasn't sure exactly what to do. Jimin was so emotionally raw and upset and he had no idea what was going on. He'd heard something about photoshopped pictures and a sinking feeling came into his stomach as he thought he realized what must have happened and hoped he was

wrong.

“Hey, Baby... come here. Let me hold you for a little while.”

Jungkook wrapped both arms around Jimin and turned them over so he was on his back with Jimin’s whole weight laying on top of him, held securely in his embrace. Jimin turned his face down into Jungkook’s chest and cried more. The Alpha could feel the tears drip down onto his chest and slide down his skin in warm, salty trails. He just held him and petted over his back in long, slow sweeps until finally he was calm again. Jungkook murmured soft assurances to him and pressed kisses to his hair while he came down from his emotional turmoil. When he was finally still and his cries had quieted, Jungkook finally asked.

“Are you okay, sweetheart?” Jimin just shook his head. “What do you need, Baby? What will make you feel better? Is there a friend you want or maybe your parents?”

Jimin shook his head with more vigor and his small hands slid over Jungkook’s sides, the fingertips sliding under the edge of his back and he seemed to be trying to hold onto him.

“N-no. I don’t want anyone else.”

“Just me?”

“Yes...” Jimin shifted on top of him, opening his legs so that he was straddling him instead of laying straight down the length of his body. “Want you to touch me... make me forget... make me feel good.” Jimin whispered against the skin under his lips as he slowly began to move himself against the Alpha in little shifts of his hips.

Jungkook’s hands went to Jimin’s hips and helped guide him as he grinded himself against the Alpha’s rapidly swelling cock. Even now, his body responded instantly to Jimin, like it had just been waiting to be called on and needed. Jimin moaned quiet little breaths that dewed on his skin and shivered through him on each exhale. The Omega started to mouth at the skin of his chest, opening his lips and kissing, licking and softly biting at him as his hips kept up their slow grinding against him. He made his way upward, leaving trails of cooling heat in the wake of his lips until he reached the Alpha’s neck. He found the place in the crook of his shoulder and neck where his scent gland was and started to lick at it desperately with soft, flat licks of his pink tongue. Whimpers fell from his mouth as licking turned to kissing, turned to sucking and biting at the spot.

Jungkook’s whole body was on fire as Jimin’s mouth attached itself to his neck and sucked at him, biting and whining and still grinding against him as best as he could. He was hard and aching to get inside Jimin. He wanted to fill him up and make him feel so sleepy and sated that all his negative emotions would drain away in the face of it. He kept his hands on Jimin’s hips, but he gripped a little harder, pulling him down against his body with more force. The show of strength had the Omega shuddering and squeezing his thighs against the Alpha’s hips as he moaned into his neck.

“That’s it, Baby... fuck you feel so good against me. Does my needy baby want me to fill him up? You want Daddy to make you all full again, sweetheart?”

“Yes... unh... oh god, yes... fill me up, Daddy.”

Jungkook slid his hands down to grope Jimin’s ass, gripping handfuls of it for a few moments and enjoying the soft sounds against his neck and the feel of Jimin arching into his body. He used one hand to push Jimin’s panties down under his ass and the other slid gentle fingers between his cheeks, tenderly probing the Omega’s entrance. He pushed one finger inside and Jimin cried out and arched farther, as if trying to make it easier for him to finger him open. He added a second

finger and slowly started to arch his wrist back and forth, his curled fingers moving in and out at an even pace as Jimin gripped harder at his sides and moaned against his neck.

“That’s it... that’s my good boy. Loosen up for me so I can fuck you so full. That’s gonna feel so good, isn’t it? Letting Daddy fuck you full of his cum and plug you so nice and pretty for me.”

Jimin’s response was a garbled, unintelligible mess as he started to gently push back against the fingers stretching him open. Jungkook added a third and as he curled his fingers, he knew he must have brushed Jimin’s prostate because the Omega jerked and spasmed around the intruding digits, crying out against his neck. Jungkook curled his fingers again and pressed that spot, starting up a slow push and retreat that had the Omega pouring slick around his fingers, and dripping down to soak into their underwear.

“Please... Please, Daddy. I’m ready... Please... ah, fuck me.”

Jungkook pulled his fingers out slowly and pushed the blanket down. He encouraged Jimin to sit up with his hands.

“Sit up for me, Baby. I want you to ride me like this. It will feel really deep like this and make you feel full, okay?”

“O-okay.”

Jungkook looked down at Jimin’s cat print panties and decided that he didn’t want to make him get off just to get them off, so he reached forward and gripped one side with both hands and ripped the panties down the seam, doing the same to the other side and pulling them out from under Jimin’s body as the Omega gasped at the unexpected show of strength.

“D-Daddy! My panties...”

“I’ll buy you some new ones.” Jungkook answered distractedly and gripped Jimin’s hips. “Up on your knees, Baby.”

Jimin lifted up onto his knees and the Alpha shoved his boxer-briefs down just far enough to free himself. He used one hand to stand his cock up straight from his body, sliding the tip through the wetness between Jimin’s cheeks to find his hole, while the other hand went back to the Omega’s hip to help guide him down.

“Okay, little one. Go nice and slow. Sit on Daddy’s cock... mmn... that’s it.” Jungkook moaned as Jimin let himself be guided down, his hole stretching around his girth as he was accepted into the Omega’s body.

By the time Jimin was fully seated, he was already aching with how deep the cock inside him reached. It felt like he could feel the tip just behind his belly button, and it was perfection. It was exactly what he wanted to feel. So full that it hurt, so full that there was no room for anything else but his Daddy’s knot and cum inside him. He moved his hips in a little circle experimentally and moaned at the feeling of Jungkook swiveling inside him at the deepest point. He looked down at the Alpha underneath him and saw that his brows were drawn down, his lips slightly parted. His eyes were squeezed closed as he gripped Jimin’s hips in his large, warm hands. He looked like he was simultaneously in pain and pleasure, and Jimin thought he was beautiful like that. He wanted to see what other expressions he would make, so he started to move.

He lifted up just a little and dropped back down, moaning at the feeling of being fully penetrated. Once he started to move he couldn’t stop. He leaned forward and braced his small hands on



Jungkook's chest and started to ride him in earnest, rolling his hips and bouncing as pleasure coursed through his entire body. The bed made creaking, groaning noises on each bounce, the sounds mixing with their own sounds of pleasure. He moaned and whimpered as he moved, fucking himself on the Alpha's cock, feeling the aching fullness of being impaled on the hard length inside him over and over. He watched Jungkook's expressions, fascinated by the way his brows drew down and how he bit his lip when Jimin started to swivel his hips, making the Alpha push on his prostate, which caused him to clench around him. Watching Jungkook receive pleasure from him was so satisfying. Jimin lost himself to his observations, noting each little twitch of his brows, tensing of his jaw, or parting of his lips. It was all hypnotizing to him, and so beautiful.

But after a while of riding him, Jimin's thigh muscles were cramping up. He and Jungkook had been having so much constant sex his muscles were still fatigued and he felt his pace slowing and his movements becoming more erratic as he tried to keep going. His hips were aching and his thigh muscles were burning from exertion, but he didn't want it to stop.

"D-Daddy... please..." Jimin begged, blunt nails scratching at Jungkook's chest as he tried to keep moving.

Jungkook's voice was breathy, even though he wasn't the one putting in the effort, but watching Jimin ride him, feeling himself so deep inside the sweltering sheath of Jimin's body had him straining against his own orgasm, trying to hold it off.

"Here, Baby. It's okay... Lay against my chest... That's it. Good boy, let Daddy do the work now. You did such a good job, let Daddy take over."

Jimin lowered himself to lay against Jungkook's chest, as instructed. He turned his face into the Alpha's neck and pressed his nose against his scent gland as he felt Jungkook shift under him, bending up his knees a little to get leverage to start pushing up into Jimin. The Alpha wrapped his arms around the Omega's smaller body, holding him against his chest as he pistoned his hips up into Jimin's soft, welcoming heat. The Omega moaned and started to lick and suck at his scent gland again, as more pleased noises escaped his throat. The bed creaked and protested the movement with squeaking springs on every thrust, but Jungkook kept up the steady movement, his arms squeezing tighter as he felt Jimin's lips seal over his scent gland and start to suck. He knew that the Omega was giving him a hickey, but he didn't really care. Jungkook's mind was full of those images of Jimin covered in blood, the long cut on his hand and the frantic state he'd found him in. He was full of protective instincts. All he wanted was to make Jimin feel better, and if what the Omega needed was to suck on his neck, then he was more than willing to let him.

"That's it, Baby... mmn... you feel good, pretty boy. You always feel so good, so soft and warm. You're so perfect, so perfect for me."

Jimin was overwhelmed by being in Jungkook's embrace, in the best possible way. Being held so tightly while the Alpha moved in and out of him, and spoke soft praises in his ear. Jungkook's body was warm and solid under him, his scent so strong in his nose that he felt drunk on it, his skin salty under his tongue. But he wanted more. He wanted to be overwhelmed and taken out of his own mind. He wanted Jungkook's knot firmly nestled inside him as he filled him up to bursting with his release. He wanted that aching fullness back. He broke his lips away from Jungkook's neck to moan against his skin.

"More... harder, Daddy... unh... please... knot me. I need it..."

Jungkook moved his hips harder, faster, making the old metal bed creak and shriek. No one in the surrounding apartments could have any misconceptions about what they were doing. The Alpha squeezed Jimin in his embrace as he felt his orgasm start to mount, he could feel Jimin's entrance

squeezing around him as the Omega's own release neared. Jimin was moaning breathlessly against his neck as he was crushed in Jungkook's arms. The Omega came first, his velvety walls tightening around the Alpha's cock, his cum shooting between their bodies, creating a warm wetness between their bellies. The fluttering heat around his cock had Jungkook's knot starting to form, his hands found Jimin's shoulders, sliding up around them while still holding him tightly, he used the leverage to push Jimin down onto his length farther, penetrating deeper as his knot caught on his clenching rim. With a few final thrusts, his knot formed and he pushed his hips up as he pulled Jimin down by the shoulders, going as deep as possible as he came and they were locked together.

"F-fuck... Baby. God you're so tight... mmn..." Jungkook moaned as his cock jerked and spasmed inside Jimin's body, bursting jets of cum filling the Omega who whined into his neck and shivered at the feeling.

"Yes! Oh god... yes... stretch me open on your knot... Daddy... ah... fuck... So full."

Jimin felt perfect as Jungkook knotted him, he loved how big Jungkook was, the way his knot stretched him open so far it hurt, the way his cum filled him up so full that he ached with it. But his favorite thing was how the Alpha groaned out pleased sounds as he came, as his body spent itself into him. He was holding him so tightly that Jimin couldn't even get a full breath, but he didn't care. All that mattered was that moment of bliss and the calm that followed it. He wasn't upset or worried or stressed. He was completely relaxed as he was knotted and held and nothing else mattered. It afforded a kind of clarity for him and even as he started to come down from his high he was still able to keep calm.

The only sounds in the room were their panting breaths. Jungkook released his crushing embrace and started to pet over Jimin's skin. He was swelteringly hot underneath Jimin and the thick blanket, but he disregarded his own comfort, just focusing on Jimin. The Omega wasn't crying or whimpering anymore. His breaths were still slightly labored but that was from exertion instead of from distress.

"You okay, little one? Feel better now?"

"Yes... So much better."

"That's good, sweetheart. You did so well for me. You were such a good boy."

Jimin nuzzled down into Jungkook's neck and started up a quiet purr, his small body vibrating on top of Jungkook's larger one. The Alpha joined him, letting Jimin be soothed by his deeper purr until his knot relaxed and he softened inside Jimin's body.

"I'm gonna pull out now, Baby. We need to talk for a minute." Jungkook whispered softly against Jimin's temple and the Omega whined but didn't protest beyond that as Jungkook slowly pulled out of him.

Jimin gently rolled off of him and onto his side, but as the Omega felt the cum starting to escape he let out a small gasp and looked up at Jungkook who guessed what was happening.

"You need a plug, Baby?" Jungkook asked and Jimin nodded frantically. "Okay, where are they?"

"Shoebox under the bed."

Jungkook rolled out of the nest and was about to pull his underwear up, but they were soaked with Jimin's slick, so he just pushed them down and let them fall to the floor, crouching down he found the faded old shoe box and grabbed the turquoise plug he recognized from the night that Jimin had

worn it to his apartment when he'd gotten back from his business trip. He closed the box and quickly got back into Jimin's nest. He held the cold glass between his hands for a few moments to warm it.

"Open your legs for me, Baby. Let me put it in... that's it. There you go. That's better." Jungkook cooed at Jimin as he pushed the plug inside and the Omega relaxed again. Jungkook laid down on his side next to Jimin and looked at him with concern. "Can you tell me what happened, little one? Why were you so upset?"

Jimin looked at him and the Alpha felt his stomach clench as he watched his brows draw down and his sad expression return. He leaned up and propped himself on his elbow to look down at the Omega.

"You know the group I told you about last night?" Jimin asked and Jungkook nodded. "They... sent an email about me to all the staff at the university and alot of the other students too. Oh gods... everyone saw it." Jimin said as he felt his tears return and he reached up to cover his eyes.

Jungkook remembered hearing one of Jimin's friends say something about photoshopped pictures. He assumed that they were probably part of the email.

"What did the email say?" Jungkook asked.

Jimin couldn't bring himself to repeat it

"Where's my cell phone?" Jungkook reached behind him and grabbed it off the nightstand before handing it to the Omega. Jimin opened up his email and tapped on the message he'd forwarded to himself before handing it to Jungkook. "Here."

Jungkook took the device from Jimin's hand and read the email quickly. He could feel his face being drawn into lines of outrage and anger, not the soft calmness that he usually felt when he was with Jimin, and when he opened the attachments and saw the photoshopped images he felt something cold and dark settle in his belly. Hell no. Even if they were just photoshopped, no one looked at his little vanilla baby except him. He sneered at the image. The body of the Omega in the photos was nothing like Jimin. Too thin, too tall and with a flat ass. Compared with the perfect beauty of Jimin's form, it was a joke to even compare them. Jungkook was furious as he looked at the pictures, all three. He wasn't aware that he was growling until Jimin reached a hand up and laid it against his scent gland and he was pulled out of his spiral of hatred. He felt his face relax as he looked at the Omega.

"You said that they sent this to the administration and staff?" Jungkook asked as he looked at Jimin, not able to totally keep the anger from his voice.

"Yes. One of my professors called me into his office to let me know about it. I was trying to leave when they all showed up again and ganged up on me... I tried to keep calm. I tried so hard to just keep it together, but then they started in saying more bad things about you, and asking what Daniel would think, and I completely lost it. I just broke down and screamed at them... people started gathering, and then Daniel showed up. He kept trying to touch me, to comfort me. But I told him not to touch me, and when he tried it again, I hit him. I slapped him in the face right in front of everyone and just shouted about how I didn't want him and how I was limping because I got fucked... oh my god... I can't believe I screamed that in front of everyone..."

There was a part of Jungkook that really loved the fact that Jimin had rubbed their amazing sex life in the face of that idiot, but he didn't enjoy the distress he sensed from him. Jungkook laid his hand on Jimin's chest and looked at the Omega.

“I’m so sorry, Baby. I feel like I caused this. I shouldn’t have made such a big deal about you and Daniel... I know you don’t want him. I shouldn’t have been so jealous and petty.”

Jimin reached his hands up and cupped Jungkook’s face.

“It’s not your fault. I swear. Those idiots messing with me started way before we met. I don’t blame you. I just... had a really bad day and then when I finally got home I found an eviction notice on my door. I have two weeks to find a new apartment or I’ll be out on the street... It was overall, just a terrible morning. I’m sorry I called you away from work.”

Jungkook could see that Jimin was trying to hide behind his masks and shields again, attempting to sweep everything under the rug. He knew that it was hard for Jimin to accept the help he needed, or to feel like he deserved sympathy. Jungkook looked down at him and slid his hand up to cup the side of Jimin’s face.

“Baby, don’t ever apologize for that. I’m so proud of you for calling me when you needed me. But I already told you, you don’t have to pretend to be okay. Not when you’re with me. Don’t hide from me. I know you’re upset and it’s okay to be upset. I’m not going to judge you for having a moment of weakness. With everything that you’re carrying on your shoulders, it’s okay to take a rest. I’ll keep you safe when you need to let go. It’s all okay now.” Before Jungkook was even done speaking, Jimin had tears leaking from the sides of his eyes. “As far as where you’ll stay... why don’t you move into my place? I have a spare bedroom and I won’t charge you any rent. I’m not home most of the time anyway, you’d have the run of the kitchen and you could soak in the tub anytime you wanted. How does that sound?”

“You want me to live with you?”

Jimin wasn’t sure what to feel. That seemed very intimate and real and boyfriend-y. But he thought of Jungkook’s amazing kitchen and bathtub, and most of all access to Jungkook anytime he wanted. He wouldn’t have to travel back and forth to see him. He could just wait for him at home and help him ease his tension after a long day. It honestly sounded amazing.

“Why not? You’ve stayed at my place before and it’s plenty big for us both without us getting in each other’s way. I think it’s a good plan.”

“But... what if you get tired of me and don’t want me as your sugar baby anymore?” Jimin’s voice was small, his eyes downcast as he asked the question.

Jungkook looked at the Omega and reached forward, cupping his cheek and stroking the soft skin of his face with a thumb.

“I don’t see that happening, little one. You’re so perfect. But let’s just say for the sake of argument that we decided to call off our arrangement. Do you really think I would just put you out on the street?”

Jimin looked into the Alpha’s dark eyes and thought about all that had occurred between them. Jungkook had always taken steps to make sure Jimin was okay. Even when he had punished him he’d gotten Jimin’s consent first, he’d offered him a way out without reprimand. He was a good person.

“No... I know that you wouldn’t.”

“Then come stay at my place. At least for a while. If you decide you don’t want to stay there then I’ll help you find another place. Okay, little one?”

They both looked into each other's eyes for a few moments, searching and taking in the expressions. Jimin looked for hesitancy or any untoward attitude and found none. Jungkook searched Jimin for honesty and trust and he found both. Finally, after a few moments, Jimin nodded slightly.

“Okay.”

## Chapter End Notes

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# Mark Me Up

## Chapter Summary

Jimin needs comfort from Jungkook and asks to be marked up by the Alpha.

## Chapter Notes

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Everything from Jimin's apartment was able to be packed fitted into the back of Jungkook's Audi SUV. He'd learned that none of the furniture was Jimin's, nor were any of the kitchen items. All the Omega had were his clothes, books, computer and bedding. It was a painfully small amount of possessions, most of the clothes were things that Jungkook himself had bought and he could only imagine how sparse the closet had been before. He knew that Jimin hadn't even had a proper winter coat when they had first met and only one pair of shoes, the raggedy and scuffed old white converse that he'd worn on their first date.

Jimin stood in the middle of his empty apartment with Jungkook next to him and he had to admit that he was somewhat forlorn about seeing it so empty. The tiny shoebox of space had been his first taste of freedom. He'd been through alot within these four walls. He'd learned how to be independent, and learned how hard it was being alone. He'd kissed Daniel for the first time on the sagging green couch, and had broken up with him in that same spot a month later. He'd laid on that bed and done his homework countless times. He'd laid there and talked to his mother for her weekly updates. Everything from heats to heartache he'd had in the little place. It was unexpectedly hard to give it up. Even if the hot water heater sucked and the stove was broken, and the heat leaked from the place like a sieve... it had been his.

Jungkook could smell rain in Jimin's scent. He was sad. He didn't want to leave this place behind. The Alpha could understand that. He remembered moving out of his first apartment after college and he remembered how much it had felt like leaving a part of himself behind. He reached over and wrapped an arm around Jimin's shoulders before leaning down to press a kiss to his cheek.

"I know it's hard, Baby. I know this place is a part of you and it's not easy giving up that connection. But it isn't the place that's important. It's the memories, and you'll always have those."

Jimin knew that Jungkook was right, but for once the Alpha's words didn't make him feel better. It was a loss and he knew that this place would probably be demolished once all the tenants moved out. He wouldn't even be able to drive by in the future and look out at the little complex and spot the door to apartment 209 and remember the good old days. This would be the last time he'd ever be here. He would be the last person to live in this little place and call it home. He walked forward

and ran his hand along the metal railing of the bed with its chipped white paint before moving on and smoothing his palm over the back of the hideous olive green couch, fingering the multiple cigarette burns that had existed long before Jimin had ever come to Seoul, he unlatched and pushed open the single window to look out on the terrible view of a dirty alleyway and grimy brick wall about ten feet away. He smiled at the familiar sight before closing the window and leaning his forehead against the panes for a few moments, trying his best not to cry. He'd already cried so much today and his eyes were sore and tired.

Jungkook watched the Omega's slow review of his small apartment, his scent still clouded by rain and sadness. He knew that there was nothing he could do to make this easier, so he just stood and waited silently for the Omega to do what he felt like he must. He remembered leaving Jimin in the place just a few days ago and thinking that he was like a diamond among rubble. He still thought that was true, but he realized now that maybe the place and surroundings weren't worthy of him, but the Omega had truly loved this place. It was a cramped, rundown shoebox of an apartment, but it had to have some special meanings to him. He'd lived in the same place for a couple years, and he knew that Omegas bonded with places that brought them comfort. This place had held Jimin's most sacred and safest space, his little nest of bedsheets and pillows all held together by yarn and safety pins. This place had been his private getaway from the world, his one little bastion of solace and now it was being taken from him. When Jimin turned back to him, his gray eyes were full of tears again, but he walked resolutely forward to the Alpha and held out his hand.

"Let's go home." Jimin said with a smile that broke through his tears like a brilliant sunrise over the ocean.

Jungkook took the offered hand and brought it up to kiss the knuckles.

"Let's go home."

The drive was quiet, but it wasn't an angry or uncomfortable silence. It was a silence full of thought and reflection. Jimin seemed tired to Jungkook. He knew that the Omega had two really horrible days in a row and as he thought about that email he felt his earlier anger return, though he gave no outward sign of his thoughts. He hoped that the administration would launch an investigation into the culprits and punish them. Jimin hadn't done anything wrong, and those idiots had humiliated him, not only to the other students, which was bad enough in itself, but to the staff. Those professors and instructors were the very people who Jimin looked up to. They were his mentors, the very people who would help guide him along the road to his dream. It was more than just a petty squabble about Jimin's stupid ex. It was now something that was affecting the Omega's future. Jungkook wasn't going to allow anyone to mess with his little vanilla baby anymore. Jimin was special and if those motherfuckers wanted to play dirty and try to ruin Jimin's reputation and future, they were going to learn the hard way that Jimin had more power on his side than they could possibly imagine. Jeon Jungkook was a goddamn billionaire and he protected what was his.

Jungkook held Jimin's hand in his right, while he drove with his left, navigating the streets to his apartment. Only once he parked in his space did the Omega finally look over to him. His scent was less sad now, but there was still that slight hint of rain within his vanilla scent and it had Jungkook's inner Alpha agitated to know he was still upset. He'd had so many awful things happen to him in such a short span of time and it was a testament to his strength that he'd been able to pull himself back together so quickly, even if he was still upset and struggling. Jungkook reached across the console and cupped Jimin's soft cheek in his hand.

"Let's get you upstairs and into a nice, hot bath. I'll get some of the staff to help me get all your things to the apartment."

“I can help.” Jimin was frank and honest as he looked at Jungkook.

“I know you can, Baby. I really do know, but you had a really tough couple of days and I just want you to relax for a little while. Let me take care of your things for now, and tomorrow you can set everything up in your new room and make your nest wherever you want it. But just for tonight, let me have my way a little and spoil you, okay?”

Jimin just nodded and Jungkook hated to see those tears in his eyes again. He pressed a soft kiss to the Omega’s pouting lips and pulled back, turning off the car and hopping out. He helped Jimin out of his side and held his hand as they walked to the elevator. Once inside, and with the door closed, the Alpha pushed Jimin up against the wall, which had the Omega smiling. But he didn’t ravish him the way he normally would. He just pressed kisses to his lips and cheeks and scented him gently as they ascended toward the top floor, and when they arrived, he pulled Jimin out into the hallway. He wrapped his arms around him from behind and held him as they walked in step together, somewhat awkwardly but Jimin appreciated the closeness and support.

Inside the entryway, Jungkook kicked off his own shoes and knelt to help Jimin out of his before taking his coat, scarf and gloves that he’d insisted on bundling him in before they left. Jimin didn’t fight the Alpha’s guidance, allowing himself to be stripped of his layers and shoes and led farther into the apartment. When they reached the bedroom and the Alpha was clearly leading him farther, into the bathroom, Jimin stopped moving. Jungkook paused and looked back at him with question in his eyes. Jimin wasn’t ready to take a bath yet. He wanted Jungkook again, he was still feeling vulnerable and wanted the physical comfort of intimacy. He looked up into the Alpha’s eyes pleadingly and stepped back toward the bed, pulling off his shirt and dropping it to the side to land on the floor, making quick work of his pants and socks as well until he was naked. He stepped backward again until his bottom came in contact with the bed. He crawled back up onto the bed, not breaking his eye contact with Jungkook.

Jungkook couldn’t look away as Jimin shifted himself back onto the bed, leaning his weight on one arm, the Omega bent his knees up and opened his legs, exposing the base of the turquoise plug that was still resting inside him. The Alpha bit his lip as he watched Jimin’s delicate hand slide down between his legs to touch the base, his small fingers bracketing on either side, caressing against his stretched rim. Jungkook had never seen Jimin seduce him so blatantly and the boldness of the action had Jungkook’s cock hard and throbbing.

“Daddy... will you fuck me before I take a bath? I want you inside me again...” Jimin was so raw and sensual, but as he added the last word, it gave away his real emotions. “...please.”

Jungkook looked deep into his eyes and saw the need there, for comfort and intimacy, but also the need to be relieved and relaxed. Jungkook almost wanted to say no, just because he knew Jimin had to be sore, tired and emotionally exhausted, but he knew that Jimin needed this. He wanted to get Jimin cleaned up and resting. It was midafternoon but he could tell that Jimin needed to sleep for a while. Jungkook reached for his belt and unfastened it wordlessly and saw Jimin relax a little bit which made him realize that there had been a sense of nervousness about him. He’d been afraid of rejection. Even if they’d had sex alot, Jimin wasn’t usually so brazen.

“Of course, pretty boy. I’ll fuck you as many times as you need.” Jungkook quickly pulled off his tie and unbuttoned his shirt and slacks, removing his clothes entirely before stalking toward the bed where Jimin still lay, spread open for him. “You’re so pretty like this, Baby. So honest and needy. I like it when you tell me what you want.” Jungkook ran his hands up Jimin’s creamy legs, all the way to his inner thighs. “I’d give you anything if you asked for it. Did you know that, little one?”

“Really?” Jimin asked, breathlessly as his hips shifted, trying to get the hands on his thighs to



touch him where he wanted.

“Of course, sweetheart. Tell me what you want. Anything in the world and I’ll buy it for you. Anything you want done to you and I’ll do it right now. Tell me what you want, little one.”

Jimin could tell that Jungkook wasn’t kidding. His face and demeanor were perfectly serious. He really would buy him whatever he wanted, do whatever he wanted. But Jimin had nothing he wanted in particular except one thing. There was something he wanted Jungkook to do to him. He turned his head slightly, and tilted his chin upward but still kept his eyes on Jungkook as the pair of dark purple hickeys were accentuated against Jimin’s pale skin.

“You said that I was yours... Mark me up, Alpha. I want everyone to see. I’m not ashamed of being with you. You’re my perfect, handsome Daddy. So I want you to mark my neck, my wrists, my thighs... everywhere. Let them judge me for it. I don’t care. They know nothing.”

Jungkook let out a low growl at the words, a deep rumble replete with the rawest desire. He looked at Jimin with a desperate, hungered gaze as he slid his hands down Jimin’s legs to his ankles, lifting his leg up to his mouth. He started with the right side, pressing his lips against the inside of his ankle as he gazed down at the Omega. He parted his lips and licked the spot before pressing his lips there and sucking at the flesh in hard pulls, drawing up a hickey on the spot. Jimin gasped and whimpered, not able to pull his gaze away from Jungkook’s own penetrating stare. The Alpha sucked mark after mark into his skin, first on the insides of his ankles, then the soft places at the backs of his knees, around and up in a scattered line all over his inner thighs, first right, then left.

He kept their eye contact as much as he could while he sucked the dark marks into his skin, Jimin knew the Alpha’s lips must already be tender and tingling, as he could see that they were slightly swollen and flushed red. But Jungkook made no complaint, and never paused in his ministrations. He continued up Jimin’s body, placing a mark on the sharp curve of each hip bone and one right over the lowest point on his abdomen, just above the base of his cock that he had to hold down out of his way to seal his lips against the spot, and as he did, he gently stroked the leaking shaft in his hand as Jimin gasped and arched under him. Jungkook placed one above and below his bellybutton and under each nipple, then on his shoulders, just at the juncture above his armpit, the tender place on the inside of his elbow and his wrists. The ones on his wrists were easily the darkest and most intense, Jungkook marked every one of Jimin’s scenting spots.

Once he finished the front he turned Jimin over and straddled him, starting at the back of his neck, he placed dark hickey after dark hickey down the length of his spine every few inches, ending the last one, mere inches above the pink hole that was clenching and fluttering around the plug inside him. He marked each jutting shoulderblade and several on his round asscheeks, though as he sucked those, he dug his teeth into the supple flesh hard enough just to leave the lightest bruising marks of teeth. He peppered a few more over the backs of his thighs before turning Jimin back over and looking down at the Omega who was a shivering, panting mess with tears streaming from his eyes. But the Alpha knew they were tears of pleasure. The scent of rain was gone. He parted Jimin’s thighs pressing against the dark hickeys littering the pale flesh.

“You want me to fuck you while I mark up that pretty neck of yours?”

Jimin’s mind was all over the place, his body tingled and he could feel his heartbeat in the places where Jungkook had sucked the marks into his skin. His cock was hard and leaking, dripping pearly drops of precum onto his belly in a little pool, his entrance continually clenching around the plug inside him. He turned his head to expose as much of his neck as possible.

“Yes... please, Alpha.”

Jungkook felt a deep, primal satisfaction at the view of Jimin with all the reddish-purple marks covering his body. It was something primitive and instinctual and it pulled out his inner Alpha instincts that told him he needed to care for this Omega. Jimin needed him, and what made that even more powerful was that Jimin didn't just need any Alpha. He needed him specifically. He doubted Jimin would allow any other Alpha near him in his current state. The Omega really did trust him a lot, and that brought out the possessiveness that always seemed to simmer just under the surface of his skin when he was around Jimin. It spurred on that inner voice in his head. 'Mine.'

Jungkook gently squeezed the supple flesh of Jimin's thighs as he pushed his legs farther open, delighted at the Omega's flexibility as he climbed up onto the bed and rested on his knees between Jimin's spread legs. He slid his hands toward the center of his body, using one hand to gently remove the plug resting inside the Omega. A rush of slick and cum gushed from Jimin's entrance as soon as the glass object was removed. Jungkook watched as the soft pink hole clenched around nothing for a few moments, but as Jimin whined under him, he looked up to see the Omega's face drawn in lines of need. His brows were pulled down and tense, but his lips were open and slightly parted as his chest heaved with his breaths, his pupils were blown and he looked like an absolute dream with all the dark hickeys littering his soft skin.

"Aww... is my little one feeling empty? You need Daddy to fill you up again, pretty boy?" Jungkook said, angling his cock down and gently pressing against Jimin's hole.

"Yes! Fuck yes." Jimin cried out, back arching as his small hands fisted into the bedding underneath him.

Jungkook pushed inside with one smooth motion, being accepted into the slick heat of Jimin's body. No matter how many times he felt it, it always took his breath away for a moment to feel the tightness and warmth around him. As he bottomed out, he leaned down and pressed a kiss to Jimin's slack mouth. He started to move shallowly as he found his way down Jimin's jaw and neck to nip and suck at his collarbones, leaving several hickeys in his wake and pulling up a particularly large one right in the center, over the hook of his clavicle that would be visible even in a t-shirt. He had to curl himself forward to be able to add one over his sternum, right in the center of his chest before moving up and burying himself in Jimin's neck. The Omega was writhing and moaning underneath him, and with each new mark, he seemed to get tighter, closer to his release.

The Alpha slid his arms up underneath Jimin's body, trailing his right hand up the notches of his spine until he could reach the back of his head. He tangled his fingers in Jimin's soft, blond hair and pulled, making the Omega arch his neck back almost painfully as Jungkook latched onto the offered skin, adding several more marks, between which he growled quiet, claiming words and praises.

"That's it, Baby... uhn... You're so close. I can feel it. So tight... mmn... I'm about to knot you, Minnie."

It was the use of his name that took Jimin that last little step toward his release. It was a nickname, but it was his name. Jungkook didn't usually use his name during sex, preferring his pet names, which Jimin loved of course. But it was a nice novelty to hear his name in that deep rumbling growl. Jimin's hands released the comforter and wrapped around Jungkook's back as he came, nails digging into his skin and making long, claw marks down his shoulders as his legs wrapped around his hips, squeezing him closer, pushing him as deep as he could go as the Omega seized up and screamed out his release, clinging onto the Alpha with all his strength.

Jungkook was in heaven as Jimin wrapped his small body around him, legs locking around his hips and pulling him in just that little bit deeper into his body as he tightened suffocatingly around his

length for a few moments. And then the fluttering, massaging clench and release of Jimin's orgasm had Jungkook spilling himself into the Omega's willing body, his knot forming as he was relentlessly squeezed and sucked into the sweltering, sleek sheath of Jimin's ass.

It took a few minutes for them both to come down from their highs, still wrapped together, Jungkook's arms squeezing Jimin, Jimin's arms and legs doing the same. They scented and purred together as they pressed soft kisses against sweat-slicked skin and gave playful nips to each other's necks and jaws until Jungkook's knot went down and he was able to gingerly pull out.

Jungkook felt a little pang as Jimin let out a soft hiss of pain at the pull of his cock sliding out of his abused entrance. Jungkook gave him a gentle kiss of apology and bumped their noses together which made Jimin hum softly and nuzzle at him for a moment before he sat back on his heels. Jungkook looked down at the Omega and wanted to take a picture, something he could look at every single day because the scene below him on the bed was nothing short of a work of art. Golden hair was rumpled and disheveled in a messy nest atop his head. His long lashes were wet and tangled with pleased tears that had left tracks down his face. Jimin's skin was flushed and shimmering with rapidly-drying sweat that had goosebumps rising on his flesh. All over his body were dark, reddish-purple possessive marks, some dipping closer to a dark, purple-black like the ones on his wrists and clavicle. His belly and chest were streaked with the pearly evidence of his release, and between his legs he was wet and shimmering, Jungkook's creamy seed leaked from his darkened, abused hole. Jimin looked thoroughly used, but he was completely relaxed, a small smile tugging at his lips as his eyes closed and he rested his head back against the bed underneath him. It was such a trusting thing to do, relaxing completely with his legs still wide open and neck on display, arms resting ineffectually up over his head.

"Look at you..." He murmured quietly, tracing his hands over the exposed skin, circling around his possessive marks with feather-soft fingertips. "Look at how pretty you are right now."

Jimin's eyelids cracked open and he blinked a few times to clear his vision as he studied the Alpha above him, his eyes finding the dark hickey that he'd sucked into the tan column of his throat, just over his scent gland. He hadn't asked permission, but Jungkook hadn't said anything as he'd done it, so he assumed that the Alpha was okay with it. They were supposed to be boyfriends in the eye of the public, so he guessed it wasn't so unusual. Jimin knew he probably looked like he was the Omega to a truly possessive Alpha at the moment. Most Alphas only marked their Omegas so thoroughly when they were approaching their heats and had to go out in public. Jimin was used to seeing Mark arrive at school covered in hickeys when his heat was approaching. It was actually pretty common for Omegas to have a lot of hickeys, particularly if they spent large amounts of time away from their Alphas during the day, and even more especially if they didn't bear a mating mark.

"Am I?"

Jimin's movements were languid and slow, clearly he was tired as he blinked up through heavy eyelids. He stretched his body out with a groan, still looking up at Jungkook as he yawned in a way that made the Alpha think of a sleepy kitten.

"So pretty, Baby... beautiful. Perfect."

"Show me."

"What?" Jungkook's brows drew down in confusion.

"Get your phone and take my picture. Show me how pretty I am... How pretty you made me look."

Jungkook let out a soft growl, fingers dragging against Jimin's skin for just a moment longer, pressing into any hickeys he could find. He scooted back off the bed and quickly grabbed his slacks, pulling out his cell from the pocket and returning to his place between Jimin's legs. He opened his camera and took a series of pictures, some close up, some farther away so Jimin could see the whole effect of his milky skin dotted all over with his marks. He went to the gallery and flipped through them quickly before offering the phone to Jimin.

"Here, Baby. Look."

Jimin took the phone and gazed at the picture on the screen. It was lewd and completely beautiful. He looked at the stunning creature Jungkook had captured in his photos. Was that him? Was that what he looked like to the Alpha? He flipped through the pictures, looking at the closer shots of his face, he was a beautiful disaster. He blushed deeply as he came to one that was a close up of his lower half, his open thighs littered with marks, his skin glistened with slick and pearly white cum leaking from his pink hole. It was downright pornographic, but he couldn't look away.

"That's... me?"

Jungkook watched Jimin study the pictures. Jimin seemed to be in awe of himself. He wondered how the Omega viewed himself normally that this was so surprising to him.

"Yeah, Baby. That's you."

"But I'm... so sexy."

"You're always sexy." Jungkook said as he ran his hands over Jimin's hips, pressing his thumbs into the Omega's hipbones, right over the twin marks there.

Jimin's face broke into a brilliant smile, but he glanced away with clear embarrassment and shyness.

"Thank you." The Omega whispered as he handed back the phone.

"I'm just being honest." Jungkook held up the phone and wiggled it. "Do you want me to delete them? Or I can send them to you if you want them."

Jimin shook his head. "No. You can keep them. I want you to have them... I trust you."

Jungkook understood what Jimin was offering, especially after what had happened at his school that morning. Jimin was giving him ammunition that he could use against him if he wanted to, but he was also giving him his trust that he wouldn't misuse it.

"You can trust me, sweetheart."

Just as Jimin was about to speak again, the Omega's phone started to ring from the floor where it was in the pocket of his jeans. Jungkook pulled away and found it quickly, handing it back to the Omega who answered the call at once and put the phone to his ear. Again, Jungkook could hear the conversation as it played out. Jimin sat up as he spoke and Jungkook, positioned himself beside the Omega.

"Hello?"

"Good afternoon, may I speak with Park Jimin?"

"Speaking."

“Ah, yes. Mr. Park, I am the student liaison here at the Seoul Culinary Institute. I’m calling to inform you that there was an email sent to a number of our staff and students of a very inappropriate nature. The email made some claims about you and contained several images that we have been assured by very reliable sources are not genuine, but photoshopped. However, it is my duty to inform you of this email’s existence.”

“I knew about the email already. Have you caught the perpetrators?” Jimin asked, shoulders tense.

“No sir. The message was sent anonymously, so we have no way to know who sent it.”

“And from your tone, I can assume you don’t care. You obviously haven’t made any effort to find out and yet are claiming that you have no way to discover the truth. But that’s clearly a lie.”

“Mr. Park, I assure you that if there was a way to discover the truth, we would do everything in our power to-”

“Bullshit! You aren’t doing anything because you don’t care or because you already know who did it and they have parents wealthy enough to make it worth the school’s while to look the other way.” Jimin snapped.

“I assure you, that is not true. We don’t play favoritism with our students, regardless of how wealthy their parents are.”

“Fine. Then I’ll just hire a private investigator to find out and press formal charges with the police for slander, libel and defamation of character, or maybe I’ll just sell my story to the newspaper. I’m sure they’d love a scoop on a university who allows their students to break the law under their noses and does nothing to stop them. Good stuff. I’m sure it will be headline news all over the country.”

“Mr. Park, that is completely unnecessary. It was a perfectly harmless rumor, a simple prank. I don’t think all of that will be needed.”

“It’s not harmless for everyone to think I’m a prostitute, or to spread around fake porn of me. It’s not a prank. It’s harassment and you’re looking the other way for some reason and all I can think is money is motivating you. So I’ll handle things on my own. Thank you for letting me know.”

Jimin hung up the phone and threw it down against the bed, making it bounce away across to the other side as the Omega reached up to hide his face in his hands and let out a long sigh. Jungkook had never seen this side of Jimin before. The Omega was strong, sassy and completely in control as he’d berated the woman over the phone. He had to admit he was impressed. As someone who regularly had to do things like that for his role as CEO, he understood how hard it was to keep your head level in a crisis like that, especially one of a personal nature. But he was also pissed. Jimin wasn’t wrong about the fact that the administration didn’t seem to care whether he was being harassed at school or not. He reached over and ran a hand down his back comfortingly.

“Do you want me to find out who sent that email?” Jungkook asked and Jimin turned his face to look at him.

“How?”

Jungkook took Jimin’s chin between his fingers and tilted his face up so they were looking right into each other’s eyes.

“Baby... I think you forget who I am. I own a multi-billion dollar technology company. I can find out anything you need to know online. I spent my college years hacking into various places just

because my friends and I thought it was fun. Believe me. I can find out who did this.”

“Okay... what do you need?”

“Just forward me the email. I won’t let them interfere with your dream, little one. Trust me, and let me take care of this for you.”

Jimin reached across the bed and grabbed his phone. He forwarded the email to Jungkook and for some reason felt almost a little guilty for invading people’s privacy, even if they had spread rumors about him, but he dismissed the feeling. They had started it after all. He was just finishing it.

“Done.”

Jungkook clapped his hands once as if to clear the air and looked at Jimin with a kind smile.

“How about a nice bath now? You can have a good soak and I’ll get all your things moved up into your room.”

Jimin nodded and Jungkook stood, helping Jimin from the bed and ignoring his protests of “I can walk!” He scooped him up into his arms and carried him into the bathroom.

“Hush now. Let me spoil you.”

Jimin just smiled indulgently up at the Alpha and allowed himself to be carried into the bathroom and set on the counter in the routine that had become familiar. He swung his feet and giggled as he watched Jungkook testing the water and filling the tub, adding bubble bath to it from a bottle that Jimin didn’t remember seeing before. He felt so light, like nothing could bother him. Jungkook said he would take care of it and he knew that he would. Even if he didn’t, it didn’t even matter anymore. He wasn’t going to let a bunch of lies get in the way of his future. He had goals and he was never giving them up.

“Bath’s ready, Baby.” Jungkook helped Jimin down off the counter and led him over to the tub, where he helped him in and got him settled before stepping out and pulling on clean clothes. His ones from earlier were still stained with Jimin’s blood in places.

He closed and secured the door both to his bedroom and bathroom before leaving, knowing others would be coming up with him when he returned. He headed to the elevator and took it down to the lobby. The receptionist quickly retrieved the manager, who was more than happy to volunteer a few of his staff to help move the things from his car up to his apartment. It only took one trip to get everything upstairs between Jungkook and the four Alphas who had been pulled from other duties to assist him. There were a few things that Jungkook did not allow the others to touch, the box with Jimin’s plugs and toys in it, the bag full of underwear, his nesting items. It was clear that the items belonged to an Omega, and the particularity with which Jungkook conducted the carrying made it clear to the others that they should try not to get their scents on anything they carried as much as it could be helped, so they loaded things onto rolling carts before taking them to the elevator.

Jungkook could smell sex as soon as the door to his apartment was opened, but he ignored it and though he noticed the other Alphas pause for a moment, they all seemed to be trying to breathe through their mouths and ignore the scent. Jungkook knew only too well how alluring Jimin’s scent was and was pleased that he didn’t have to kick anyone out. It only took a few moments to unload everything into the room and Jungkook saw the Alphas out, tipping them each a few hundred dollars for their time and discretion.

He found Jimin relaxing in the tub when he returned to his bathroom, the Omega was resting his

head back and looked on the verge of sleep. When Jungkook entered, Jimin's nose gave an adorable twitch and his eyes slowly cracked open. He smiled as he looked up at Jungkook, and the Alpha couldn't help the answering smile that he gave in return. Jimin's neck and shoulders were covered in hickeys and his eyes devoured the dark places that marred the otherwise perfect skin with a deep satisfaction.

“Hey, little one. You ready for me to bathe you and get you some rest?”

“Yeah.”

Jungkook did exactly that. He bathed the Omega and dried him. Dressed him in a soft white hoodie, navy panties with little white moons on them and a pair of the thick, navy thigh high socks he'd bought for him before settling him in bed. He pressed a kiss to Jimin's lips and stood up, looking down at the adorable sight of the Omega in his bed. Jimin was staying in his apartment. That thought gave him such a deep satisfaction that he couldn't put it into words. He'd been worried about Jimin's old apartment, afraid it wasn't safe for him. But the security at his place was excellent. The Omega would be safe here.

“Do you have to go back to work?” Jimin asked quietly, looking up at him with longing.

Honestly, he should go back to work. But he wasn't going to. He was the damned co-owner and if he needed a day off, he was sure as hell going to take it.

“No, Baby. I'll stay here. Do you want to be alone or do you want me to lay with you?”

“I want you to lay with me.” Jimin hesitated a moment, looking shy but Jungkook waited for him to say whatever it was he wanted. “Can you get me the yellow teddy bear from my nest things?”

“Sure, Baby. Just a sec.”

It wasn't hard to find the little yellow bear among the items piled on Jimin's new bed. He had a sky blue ribbon tied around his neck and it looked old, like Jimin had owned it since young childhood. He picked it up and carried it back to the room. The Omega's eyes filled with tears the moment he saw it and he reached out of the covers with his sweater paws and took it into his arms, wrapping the soft thing up in his embrace and squeezing it, burying his face in it with a soft whine. He peeked up at the Alpha and Jungkook thought he'd never seen something so cute and sad as Jimin tearing up while he hugged his teddy bear.

He didn't say anything as he got undressed again and walked around to his side of the bed, slipping into the sheets. Jimin turned over at once and they just looked at each other for a while, studying the lines of the other's face in the silence. Jungkook could see Jimin working up to something but he didn't want to pressure him. He waited.

“Thank you, Jungkook. Really. Thank you so much. I don't know what I'd have done without you. I really don't.”

“You're welcome, sweetheart. I'm just glad I could help you. You can stay here as long as you want. Don't feel any pressure. I want you here, little one. So just relax. You can go at your own pace now, you don't have to stress out about anything. Just focus on school and let yourself rest for a little while.” He reached forward and softly petted the side of Jimin's cheek. “Now get some rest, Baby. We can talk more later.”

Jimin nodded and rolled over, facing away from him but scooted back, clearly wanting to be the little spoon. The Alpha obliged his silent request and wrapped his larger body around Jimin. He

wasn't tired, but that didn't matter. He was stressed, and his Alpha instincts were going haywire, needing Jimin close and not wanting to leave him when he was so upset. They laid like that until Jimin fell asleep, resting peacefully.

## Chapter End Notes

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# Hacked

## Chapter Summary

Jungkook discovers that Jimin might not have been so far off on his assumptions.

## Chapter Notes

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When his phone went off, Jungkook wanted to break the damned thing because Jimin woke up with a little gasp and Jungkook had to search the blankets around them to find the offending device. He was going to turn it off, but it was Yoongi, and he knew his business partner wouldn't call if it wasn't urgent. He looked at Jimin who was blinking sleepily up at him.

"It's okay. You can answer it."

"Sorry, Baby." Jungkook answered the call and put the phone to his ear. "Yoongi. What's up?"

"Sorry Kook. I know you're busy right now. But the cops are here wanting to talk about the thefts, and unfortunately that means I need you here. I'm really sorry man. If it was anything else I would have handled it, but they need us both."

Jungkook looked at Jimin who had clearly heard all of that. The Omega mouthed the words, "Go. I'll be fine."

"Alright. I'll be there as soon as I can." He hung up and tossed the phone to the side, turning to Jimin. "I'm sorry Baby."

"It's okay. I know you have work... but can you scent me again before you go?"

"Of course."

Jungkook scented Jimin thoroughly and when he offered the bear silently with pleading eyes, he scented that too. By the time he was up and dressed, Jimin was dozing again in the bed. He placed a gentle kiss on his forehead and left, wishing he didn't have to.

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Jungkook arrived at the office to find Yoongi and two police officers in his partner's office. It took him a total of about five minutes to realize that they didn't need him at all. Yoongi could easily have answered all the questions they were asking and that pissed him off. He'd left Jimin alone because he thought that they needed him for a specific purpose. Yoongi seemed to be in the same

boat because his partner was giving the pair across from them a very stern look, though neither Alpha brought it up. There was no use making a big deal out of something that was already done. Once they were gone, Jungkook sat back and let out a rough sigh of frustration.

“Is Jimin alright? I can only assume he’s the one who called you? I could hear his distress calls through the line.”

Jungkook roughly rubbed his eyes and looked at his friend, his mind still playing the scene of finding Jimin in his apartment completely hysterical and covered in blood.

“He’s alright now. There are just some people at his school that really fucked with the wrong person...”

“What happened?”

Jungkook gave Yoongi a shortened version of events and by the time he was finished speaking all hint of humor was gone from his friend’s face. The other Alpha was clearly pissed. Jungkook could smell the sharp tint of anger in his usually serene pine scent.

“Do you want me to contact our lawyers for you?” Yoongi asked, a hint of a growl in his voice.

“No. Not yet. I’m going to try and handle this on my own first. I’m going to find out who sent those emails, and then I’m going to make them pay.”

“Good.” Yoongi looked at Jungkook seriously and folded his hands on his desk, he gave the Alpha the look that said a serious talk was coming. It was rare for them to have a true heart to heart, since they both usually communicated in clipped sentences, grunts and insults. “I have to say Kook, I like Jimin for you. I only met him the one time, but I’ve seen how much better you’ve been since he came into your life. I think he’s good for you, and I hope that this works out because I’ve enjoyed having my best friend back, instead of the sleep-deprived zombie that’s been walking around wearing his clothes.”

Jungkook gave his friend a smile and he realized that Yoongi was right. He hadn’t felt so alive in YEARS. He’d been drifting through life with no direction except going to work and going home. But he felt so much more like himself, alive and ready to move toward the future. Toward a future he wanted. It felt like Jimin had woken him up.

“Yeah. I think he’s good for me too.”

After his heart to heart with Yoongi, he found his way down to R&D on the 16th floor. Technically floors 12 through 18 were all R&D related, but 16 was where most of the offices were. Jungkook was good with computers, but he hadn’t done any hacking in a long time. He walked through the area which was far different than the offices above with larger spaces for different kinds of building and testing. The whole area smelled like metal and a little bit like singed electronics. He found the office he was looking for with its placard hanging slightly crooked. Jung Hoseok, Head of Research and Development.

Jung Hoseok, or Hobi as his friends called him was one of Jungkook’s old college buddies. They had been very close during those days. One of the things he was looking forward to most about moving to this department was being close to all his old college friends who he’d hired when they’d first started up. He’d worked with them all alot more back then and it had gotten less and less over the years until he’d been pulled into the CEO position.

As soon as he stepped between the door jambs he was greeted with a loud yell that instantly made

him smile.

“JEON JUNGKOOK!”

He was pulled into a tight hug which he returned, patting his friend on the back.

“Hey, Hobi. How’s it going?”

Hoseok’s shout had alerted the people in the surrounding offices, and before long the Beta’s office was packed with people all scrambling to greet Jungkook. All his old friends. Cha Eunwoo, Kim Yugyeom, Kim Mingyu, and Kunpimook Bhuwakul (who everyone called BamBam). The little office was packed with his friends who all greeted Jungkook happily. It was great to see them all again. It felt like he hadn’t seen them in forever, but it also didn’t feel like any time had passed at all, as they immediately started to give him grief about smelling like an Omega and sporting a hickey on his neck, the edge of which was just visible over his shirt collar.

“So... who’s the lucky Omega? I can’t believe you haven’t introduced us to your girlfriend... boyfriend? Whatever. You are in so much trouble!” Yugyeom said, punching Jungkook in the arm.

“I’m just glad you found someone.” Eunwoo added in his usual even tone, always the peacemaker among them.

“When’s the mating ceremony? Should I get my tux pressed?” BamBam laughed as he added in his two cents.

“My little Kookie is all grown up. I remember when you were too scared to talk to Omegas at parties. Now you’re getting mated. So sad.” Mingyu sarcastically wiped a tear from his eye.

“Screw all of you! I’m not getting mated and this is why you haven’t met him, right here. I don’t need you scaring him off. Now, listen up.” Jungkook said, catching all their attention. “I’ve got two things to talk to you all about. First, I want to tell you all that I’ve hired a new CEO and that I’ll be moving down here sometime in the next few months to work with you guys again.” This was met with cheers and questions, but Jungkook just held up his hands and they quieted. “Second thing... I need some help getting some information. Off the record, if you know what I mean.”

Hobi looked at Jungkook a little worriedly and asked, “Is this for business?”

It was a fair question. It wouldn’t be ethical for him to ask them to help him hack into other companies for business advantages. But he wouldn’t do that. Corporate espionage wasn’t his game.

“No. It’s personal. Very, very personal. I’m not asking you as your boss, but as your friend.”

“We’re in.” Five voices answered at once.

It had taken a few hours of working together, all gathered around a single computer to get all the information that they needed, changing places every once in a while to let someone else do a little part here and there. They had IP addresses, emails, chat logs and messages confirming exactly who was involved in the attack against Jimin. Once he’d told his friends that it was to do with his boyfriend, they immediately hopped to work. They were all loyal friends and knowing that someone had tried to hurt Jungkook’s Omega pissed them off. Jungkook had dated a few times over the years, but none of them had ever seen him let someone scent him so heavily or mark his neck, both of which were signs that he took this relationship seriously.

Just as they thought that they were done, another string was pulled and unraveled more of the story. Jungkook found that Jimin was right all along. Eunwoo found an email trail between the

Dean of the school and several of the parents of the students who had spread the rumors about Jimin. So, not only did the school already know what their students had done, but they were actively covering it up and accepting bribes from the parents of their students. Jungkook scoffed at the ridiculously small amount, less than a hundred thousand all together. He could have paid ten times that amount, not that he would, but it amused him how much they had no idea who they were messing with. Anger was stronger than the amusement though. He was pissed.

“Here. Everything you need is on there.” Hobi said, handing Jungkook a flash drive.

“Thank you guys. Really.”

They all waved him off, insisting it was nothing, but Jungkook was grateful. He knew that he wouldn't be able to relax until the ones who had tried to hurt Jimin had been dealt with. He was going to show them that Jimin was the last person they should have messed with. His mind was still showing those photoshopped images of the Omega to him and he still felt angry about it. They had spread the rumor that Jimin was sleeping with older Alphas for money. Well, he was sleeping with one Alpha, and sure Jungkook was older than him, and sure he was paying him. However, none of those things were anyone's business but theirs. But if they wanted to know what was going on then he would damned well show them and put their stupidity to shame. He knew he was a handsome Alpha, not that he was vain about it, but he was strong, tall, good-looking and rich. He was a desirable partner, and it was about time he used those traits to his advantage, so he concocted a plan in the back of his mind.

For now however, he had a very pretty and soft Omega waiting for him and it was time to get home to him.

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Jimin had been rising up and sinking back under the surface of sleep for a while, but the distant sound of Jungkook unlocking and opening the front door pulled him into full wakefulness. He could see that the sky outside was the red-orange of sunset and he rolled clumsily out of bed, almost falling on the floor, but just managing not to kill himself as he scrambled to get out into the living room. He made it through the door just in time to see Jungkook come around the corner from the entryway and into the living room, loosening his tie. As soon as the Alpha noticed that he was there, his face broke into a smile.

Jungkook hadn't expected such an adorable sight immediately when he walked in, but it was a welcome one. Jimin was clearly just out of bed, his blond hair a messy nest atop his head and his yellow bear still hugged in his arms. He looked so soft and sleepy with his oversized hoodie and long socks, one side pushed down a little revealing a few of the hickeys on his thighs. All he wanted to do was push him back into the bedroom and get him naked so he could inspect every mark he'd left on his body.

“Hey, pretty boy. Did you just wake up?” Jungkook said, setting his briefcase aside and opening his arms.

Jimin giggled and instantly ran to him, colliding gently with his body as he wrapped his arms around the Omega. Jimin was still warm from the bed and he smelled so sweet as Jungkook turned his face down and pressed a kiss to the top of his head. The Alpha allowed himself a few moments of just holding Jimin against his body, swaying back and forth and feeling strangely giddy and complete as he held the Omega in the middle of his apartment. No. Their apartment. He was feeling so protective of him, knowing exactly what had happened with the administration of the school and how they were colluding against his little vanilla baby. Gods, he was already feeling so domestic with Jimin here. He hadn't realized how nice it would feel to come home to someone and

was strangely glad that Jimin was evicted.

“Yeah, I just woke up. Did you get everything settled with the police? Did they catch the bad guys?”

Jungkook smiled into Jimin’s hair and laughed at the words “bad guys”.

“Yeah, Baby. They caught them. They’re bringing them back to Seoul where they will be tried for their crimes. We might even end up getting most of our money back.”

Jimin shifted back to look up at him with a look of happy surprise.

“That’s good! I’m glad they didn’t get away.”

Just as Jungkook opened his mouth to reply, Jimin’s stomach gave a loud growl and they both looked down, then back at each other and both laughed at the ridiculousness of the situation.

“Have you eaten at all today?” Jungkook asked, his mirth subsiding as worry took its place.

“Uh... no. I didn’t really have a chance with everything that was going on.”

Jungkook scolded himself internally for not thinking of it earlier. He’d been so distracted by all the goings on that he hadn’t even thought about it.

“Well, let’s get that fixed up. It’s gonna be takeout tonight probably since the kitchen is barren, but we’ll go to the store this weekend and get some groceries.”

Jungkook ordered food for delivery for the pair of them and then pulled Jimin off to his office where he sat at his desk and pulled the Omega into his lap. He booted up the computer and plugged in the flashdrive. The Alpha sighed, and wished he didn’t have to bring this up, but Jimin needed to know what was going on. He opened all the files that they had collected and started to explain to Jimin as he opened this or that document.

“I looked into the email and I found a whole web of things. These are the students who I can prove had involvement in creating and spreading the email about you.” Jungkook pulled up a series of pictures, all from the school’s database. “Do these people look familiar to you?”

“They are the ones who always bully me about Daniel. So, it is them?” Jimin nodded as he gazed at the screen.

“Yes. I found the original source of the photoshopped images as well.” He pulled up three pictures that were clearly the images that Jimin’s face had been added onto. The Omega in the pictures had dark hair and eyes and looked nothing like Jimin. “I have chat logs and emails all confirming that these five students were the ones who were involved.” He flipped through a few different files. “But the most interesting is this. Here we have evidence that you were right. The Dean accepted money from the parents of the students involved to keep them out of trouble. That is not only unethical, it’s illegal.”

“So I was right!” Jimin leaned forward and read the text on the screen.

“Yes, you were.”

“So... what do I do now?” Jimin asked, turning away from the monitor to look at Jungkook.

“I was hoping that you would allow me to schedule a meeting for us with the Dean, your

professors and the students and parents of the ones involved in this incident. I would like to still take care of this for you, if you'll allow me to take the lead this time. This is going to probably get a little ugly and I am a fantastic negotiator... or at least I'm intimidating and rich and that usually works."

Jimin thought about it for a few moments, but realized that Jungkook would be much better at dealing with this scenario than he was. The Alpha had years of business experience and Jimin had no idea what to do even if he had all that information.

"Okay."

"I promise I'll fix this for you. I won't let anyone ruin your dream, little one."

Jimin smiled at the Alpha and wrapped his arms around him, hugging him as hard as he could.

"Thank you, Jungkook."

"You don't have to thank me, sweetheart. But you're welcome anyway."

Jimin stood and turned around so he could straddle Jungkook in his office chair, placing himself firmly in the Alpha's lap. His soft hands reached up and stroked over the Alpha's handsome features for a moment before he cupped his jaw and kissed him. He kissed his lips and moved to his cheek and jaw until his lips were close to his ear where he could whisper to him.

"You know you're my hero, don't you? Every time it feels like everything is falling apart... there you are, keeping me from tumbling down or helping pick me back up. You're so special to me, Jungkook. Even someday when all of this ends and you find love and a mate and move past me... you'll always be special to me."

Jungkook wasn't sure what to say to that. It was so bittersweet to think that Jimin felt so much for him and yet it felt like their relationship had an expiration date. He couldn't shake the feeling that it was inevitably going to end. He'd gotten a sugar baby because he wanted a no-strings attached relationship. But would it be so bad to put some strings on this? But he didn't know if that was what Jimin wanted. It was too soon to think about those things, they had plenty of time to decide those things in the future. He pushed those thoughts aside, to the back of his mind and focused on the Omega in his lap. He reached around Jimin and hugged the Omega tightly to his body.

"You're special to me too, Baby. So special. I've never met anyone like you. As for the future... we'll see where it takes us. But one thing I can tell you for sure, I'll never ever forget a single moment of time I spent with you, and I'll never regret any of it. My little vanilla baby..."

Jungkook turned his face to kiss over the barrage of hickeys on the side of Jimin's neck, his hands sliding over his thighs and up to his hips, slipping under the hoodie. But just as Jimin started to squirm in his lap there was a knock at the door and Jungkook groaned, having forgotten about food. Jimin giggled and slid off his lap, obviously intending to head to the door when Jungkook hopped up and cut him off. No way in hell was Jimin answering the door wearing only a hoodie and thigh-high socks.

"I've got it, Baby."

Jungkook shooed Jimin away toward the sofa and the Omega went happily enough while Jungkook went to pay for their dinner. The Alpha returned with food and they ate from the containers on the table, with disposable wooden chopsticks. The atmosphere was comfortable all things considered. They were mostly quiet, just eating and letting their own thoughts wander over the events of the

day. It had been a long, hard day for them both and had led to a whole host of changes in their lives. Jimin moving in was unexpected and surprisingly welcome among all the less than happy occurrences of the day.

After they were full, and everything was cleaned up they wound up on the sofa, Jimin in Jungkook's lap as the Alpha held him and petted over his hair and back softly. It was quiet and harmonious. Jungkook just wanted to soothe the Omega and make him feel better. The distress and rain were gone from his scent, replaced by his normal sweet vanilla bean scent.

“How are you feeling, Baby? Are you gonna be okay to go to school tomorrow?”

Jimin thought about that. Was he okay? He thought about the events of the day and his confrontation with Daniel and his little group of bullies. Gods, he felt too old to still be dealing with bullies. It was like being a teenager all over again. But as he looked down at his hands in his lap, his eyes found the dark hickeys all over his thighs and he felt warmth rush through him at the knowledge that he was so thoroughly marked and scented that other Alphas and even Omegas would probably be put off by it. There was a part of him that wanted Jungkook to cum on him again. His scent had never been so intense on Jimin as it had for the couple days after that. It had been almost stiflingly strong the following day in particular and he kind of wanted that back. But he thought there would be time for that later and focused on Jungkook's question.

“I'm... okay. I think that I'll be okay to go to school tomorrow. I was embarrassed and ashamed and I just let myself get out of control. But I know I will be better now. I know you're going to help me and you'll fix it.” Jimin's fingers tangled together in his lap and he glanced up at Jungkook. “A little part of me is glad. I'm glad I told Daniel how I felt and how good you make me feel... sorry to drag you into my spat with my ex. But I'm hoping he'll finally understand that I don't want him. I just want you.”

Jungkook reached up and gently took Jimin's jaw in his hand, turning him to look into his face.

“I'll be honest, little one. I hated that he was still pursuing you. I don't mind being in the middle of this. I don't want anyone touching you, looking at you, lusting after you except me. Maybe it's petty and jealous and possessive, but I can't help it. I just want you all for myself, pretty boy. I didn't want to make things harder for you, but I would gladly tell that pup myself that I don't want him near you. Because you're all mine.”

Jungkook leaned forward and Jimin met him in a kiss that was both sweet and possessive. The Alpha held his jaw and kissed him like he owned him, sliding his tongue into Jimin's mouth and plundering it like he was tasting the sweetest nectar. Jimin relaxed and went completely pliant under his commanding kiss. Something about Jungkook just loosened every part of him until he was just docile, pleasant tingling and submissive compliance. Before Jungkook he'd had no idea that sex and kissing could feel like this. He didn't know if other Omegas felt this when an Alpha touched them, but it was something powerful and dominating that existed between them and Jimin knew without knowing how, that no one else would ever make him feel like this.

When Jungkook moved from his mouth and down over his jaw toward his neck, Jimin moaned at the feel of the Alpha's warm breath and tongue on the sensitive, tender skin that was covered in dark hickeys. He wanted to give Jungkook something, he wanted to do something for the Alpha in return for all that he'd done for him.

“Jungkook?” Jimin half-moaned.

“Yeah, Baby?” The Alpha spoke against his neck, nose pressing at the various marks there.

“What... what can I do for you? How can I make you feel good? I want to give you something... anything you want. I’ll do it.”

Jungkook smiled against the skin under his lips. Jimin was so sweet. But he really didn’t need anything, or at least what he needed, Jimin was already giving him.

“I just want you, Baby. Just having you here with me is enough.” Jungkook nuzzled and bit playfully against the bruised skin on Jimin’s neck, making the Omega whimper and tremble in his hold. “What do you want, little one?” Jungkook slid a hand between Jimin’s legs and gently cupped him through his panties where he was rapidly getting hard. “Tell Daddy what you want. What does my pretty baby want tonight?”

Jimin had no idea how this had gotten turned around on him. He’d been trying to do something for the Alpha, wanting to please him somehow, and now Jungkook was husking his deep voice in his ear and gently massaging him through his panties.

“Daddy...” Jimin whined, petulantly. “I asked you first.”

Jungkook laughed at that. He didn’t usually get such attitude from Jimin once he was aroused. It was adorable to see just a hint of brattiness seep into his usual compliant demeanor.

“How about you ride my face, little one? Hm? Would you like that? I would love it.” Jungkook spoke his words against Jimin’s ear, licking his tongue out to flick at the lobe. “Then I could cum on you again... get you all nice and scented so everyone knows your Alpha marks you so well.”

At the words “your Alpha” Jimin shivered and felt slick gather at his hole dampening him between his legs.

“Yes. Yes, that’s what I want.”

Jimin spread his legs wider for the hand that was still massaging and cupping him. He couldn’t stop the soft whimpers that broke past his lips as he shifted his hips up against the large, warm palm.

“Oh? Do you like that, Baby? Does my Omega like being a good boy for his Alpha?”

“Fuck... Jungkook, please.”

“Answer the question, pretty boy. I want to hear you say it.”

“I like it.”

Jungkook tsk’ed and pulled Jimin’s earlobe into his mouth, biting it just hard enough to cause a sting and make him cry out.

“You like what? Be specific, sweetheart.”

“I like being a good boy for my Alpha.”

Jimin’s whole body was tingling, his nipples taut and tender as the soft lining of the hoodie grazed over them, the hand cupping him was warm and solid. Waves of heat and cool rushed over his body, flushing his skin and leaving goosebumps in their wake.

“That’s right.”

Jungkook slid an arm under Jimin’s knees and one behind his back, standing and lifting him so he



could carry him off to the bedroom. Jimin was sure he'd never get over the swooping sensation in his belly when Jungkook lifted him so easily, like he weighed nothing. It always made him feel so small and safe to be held like that in Jungkook's arms. He was carried into Jungkook's bedroom and set back on his feet for a moment before he was manhandled roughly to bend over the bed and he felt his sweater being pushed up and his panties pulled down. Jimin whimpered when he felt Jungkook's body press up behind him and bend over him before two fingers slid into his hole and Jimin gasped at the sudden intrusion. He could both hear and feel Jungkook's breath against his ear and cheek as he loomed over him.

"You're already so wet for me Baby. I bet I could fuck your pretty pink hole right now and you'd take it so well. You always take me like you were made for it."

Jungkook curled his fingers just right to press against his prostate and Jimin cried out, jerking forward as if to get away from the intensity of the sensation, but there was nowhere to go, he was trapped underneath Jungkook and that knowledge only made him burn hotter. He felt slick sliding from him past Jungkook's teasing digits.

"That's it, Baby. You're such a filthy little thing, aren't you? You love when your Alpha talks dirty to you. You want this just as much as I do, don't you sweetheart?"

"Yes... ah, fuck... yes. I love it! Please..."

"You still gonna ride my face like a good boy? You gonna let me swallow all your sweetness up until you can't take it anymore and cum on my tongue? You gonna be Daddy's good boy?"

"Yes Daddy! I'll be good I swear... I promise I'll be good."

"I know you will, Baby. You're always good."

Jungkook slid his fingers out of Jimin's hole and the Omega whimpered at the sudden feeling of emptiness as he clenched around nothing, wanting to be full again. But before he could make any verbal complaint Jungkook pulled him up to stand.

"Arms up."

Jimin raised his arms and Jungkook pulled off his hoodie, leaving him in just his thigh high socks. The Omega looked down and felt like there was something more lewd about just wearing the socks than being completely naked. Jungkook seemed to agree, and he ran his hands over Jimin's hips and brushed his lips against his ear to growl lowly.

"Look at you in nothing but socks and hickeys. You've never looked so pretty, little one. Now, get up on the bed, I'm dying to taste you."

Jimin did as he was told and scrambled up onto the bed. He turned around, still up on his knees and looked at the Alpha who was still fully dressed in his business clothes, his shirt sleeves rolled up and tie loose, the first few buttons of his shirt open. He looked very much the powerful Alpha CEO that he was. Though the obvious bulge in the front of his slacks and the disheveled hair made him look downright feral. Authority came from him like breath, and made Jimin's inner Omega preen smugly that it was him, his body that made the Alpha so aroused. He shivered at the dark, penetrating stare that slithered over his body, taking in every inch of his exposed skin.

Jimin moved his hands to his own hips, watching the way Jungkook's eyes followed the movements he slid them up over his waist to his ribs and gently touched his nipples, gasping at the sensation and feeling his cock twitch where it hung heavy at the juncture of his hips. He looked at

Jungkook as he ran his hands over his own skin, touching all the little spots of pain where his skin was dark with the marks the Alpha had sucked into his pale skin. He slowly slid his hands back down his body until he could slide them to his inner thighs, running his fingertips through the slick that had slid down there before pulling them back and lifting them to his own mouth to lick it off his fingers, letting out a soft moan.

“I taste good, Daddy... don't you want to taste me?”

Jimin reached out a small, soft hand toward the Alpha the tips of his fingers glistening in the low light. Jungkook stepped forward and grabbed Jimin by the wrist, pulling him forward so he had to catch himself against the Alpha's strong chest. Jungkook licked over the fingertips that Jimin had offered and pulled back with a soft growl.

“Careful, Baby or I might just eat you all up.”

“Daddy...”

Jungkook released Jimin and the Omega wobbled for a moment on the bed before he found his balance again. The Alpha stripped his clothes off quickly and unceremoniously before climbing up onto the bed to join the Omega there. He laid himself back and patted his chest.

“Come here, Baby. Straddle my chest.”

Jimin crawled toward Jungkook and threw a leg over his torso, bracing his hands on the Alpha's chest. It was embarrassing to have Jungkook so close to his entrance, being able to see him up close, but it also sent a shiver of awareness through his entire body as he felt a rush of hot breath against his ass. Jungkook grabbed his hips with his large hands and guided him down toward his mouth, shifting his grip so he could use his thumbs and the heels of his hands to pull him open and allow more access.

“Look at you, little one... fuck you're so wet. Is that all for me? You that ready for me to eat you up?” Jungkook asked before running the tip of his tongue over Jimin's hole, making him spasm and release another little rivulet of slick that dripped down onto the Alpha's chin.

“All for you... just for you, Daddy.” Jimin moaned, curling his hands and scratching his nails against the Alpha's chest weakly.

“Good boy. Now settle back on me, ride my tongue Baby.”

That was all Jungkook could say before he guided Jimin down all the way to his mouth. He immediately started to lap at him like a puppy, tongue soft and flat, he ran it back and forth over and over his hole, sucking and licking at him. Jimin moaned and quivered above him, hips automatically wanting to move against the hot wetness of the probing tongue and lips. He followed his body's instinct and gently started to roll his hips, mouth falling open to let his sounds fall freely from his parted lips. The softness of the Alpha's mouth felt very much like being french-kissed, and Jimin trembled and whimpered as moved. But eventually he felt Jungkook's tongue press harder, more insistently and then push inside him. The feel of his hole parting over the Alpha's slick tongue had him crying out, hips moving faster, nails clawing at the firm chest under his hands as his small, pale cock bobbed obscenely, occasionally rising up to kiss against his belly with a wet 'smack'.

Jungkook couldn't breathe, but that didn't matter. Who needed oxygen when your mouth was being flooded with vanilla slick and your tongue was being squeezed and massaged by your Omega's tight, fluttering hole? He pushed two fingers into Jimin's entrance alongside his tongue,

curling them just right to press against his prostate as the Omega started to twitch, close to his orgasm. Jungkook helped him along with the fingers that intensified the stretch of his hole and abused his prostate, the other hand still holding him open for access. He managed a few quick breaths through his nose here and there, but his lungs were burning with the need for oxygen. He disregarded it, he knew Jimin was close, so close as his whines increased in pitch and he started to tighten up around the fingers and tongue inside him.

“Oh... fuck, that’s it... right there, Alpha... fuck, fuck, fuck...” Jimin ground out through clenched teeth.

Jimin was so incredibly close to his release. He just needed a little push to get him over that edge. The tongue and fingers inside him felt so amazingly good and he was in heaven as he was tasted and touched, pushed toward the edge of oblivion. Jimin reached one hand up to pinch and tug at his nipples, giving him just that extra little jolt of pleasure he needed as he let his head fall back as his back arched and finally reached that peak that he’d been edging closer toward. His hips stuttered and his cock jerked wildly as he came both on his own chest and belly and on Jungkook underneath him. His hand fell from his chest to brace his weight against the Alpha’s chest, sliding a little on his own release, but managing to lift his hips up from the mouth that was still lapping at him, swallowing thickly the result of his labors but Jimin was too sensitive to continue.

Jungkook gulped down breath after breath of air as Jimin lifted himself off of his face. Even still he wanted him back already, feeling Jimin’s pleasure up close was magnificent. Tasting him and feeling his slick flow into his mouth, down his chin and neck as the Omega’s orgasm neared. Absolute perfection. His cock was rock hard and throbbing, he was so keyed up from eating Jimin out, feeling his slight weight shift and roll against his mouth as he’d taken his pleasure had him already so close to cumming that his balls were drawn up and aching, the tip of his cock leaking pre-cum steadily. Jimin was shaky as he climbed off of him, and Jungkook sat up at once to help him rest back against the pillows. He looked at the Omega who was still gently trembling as he laid back, looking so debauched with his glistening thighs and belly and hickeys all over.

“You still want Daddy to cum on you, Baby? Want me to mark you up good with my scent so everyone knows your mine?”

Jimin’s eyes blinked up at him slowly and the Omega smiled, clearly still floating a little on his orgasmic high.

“Yes... Please cum on me. I want it... need it so bad.”

Jungkook shifted forward until he was straddling Jimin’s thighs, the Omega underneath him, face and chest level with the Alpha’s cock. He took himself in hand and gave a few slow strokes, though his hand was dry, he’d been leaking pre-cum steadily enough to allow a relatively smooth slide. He looked down at Jimin and the Omega stared up at him. That same powerful connection between them surged forward as they looked into each other’s eyes and there was no shame or embarrassment. It was a mutual need, they were so perfectly suited together, their needs and desires lining up exactly. Jungkook had never had an Omega allow him to do this before, but he couldn’t remember ever really wanting to either. But with Jimin... he wanted everything. There wasn’t a single part of the Omega that he didn’t want to mark up or claim.

His hand started to lose some of it’s slide as the sparse pre-cum dispersed and he let out a small sound of frustration. Jimin reached up and took the Alpha’s wrist in his hands, leading it down between his legs, pushing it up against the syrupy wetness there.

“Here Daddy... use my slick.” Jimin said, shifting his hips to rub himself against the palm between his legs.

Jungkook let out a low, rumbling purr as he looked down at Jimin and pulled his hand back, now nice and wet with the Omega's slippery, honeyish slick. He wrapped his hand back around himself and started to stroke again, now faster, concentrating on the head as his orgasm started to mount higher. When he felt Jimin's soft hand reach up and cup his sac, he groaned. The Omega played gently with the twin weights as he looked up at him and Jungkook's hand continued his rapid pace.

"That's it, Alpha... I can feel how full these are... so ready to spill all over me. Mark your Omega. Show everyone I'm yours."

Jungkook felt the pressure in his lower belly coalescing into a little ball of tension ready to snap as he clenched his jaw and growled at the Omega's words. HIS Omega. Jimin was his. He looked down at the Omega's pretty face and soft features and felt that dark possession inside him, wanting to claim.

"Mine." Jungkook rumbled as he looked down at Jimin.

"Yours." Jimin said firmly, closing his eyes and tilting his head back. "Now show me."

Jungkook came with a long moan, his cock twitching and kicking in his hand, he managed to aim pretty well despite the pleasure rocketing its way down his spine and bursting from him. Streaks of white, pearly seed landed all over Jimin's face, neck and chest, a little bit down on his belly and mixed with his own. Jungkook lethargically pumped himself through his orgasm until he was spent and breathing hard. Despite wanting nothing more than to just collapse onto the bed and sleep, he reached forward and used his fingertips to slowly massage his cum into Jimin's skin, wanting to press his scent in as deep as possible and leave him so thoroughly scented that it would immediately be obvious that Jimin had an Alpha. He found himself focusing most intently on the places where Jimin was marked. He slid his hands through the cum on the Omega's chest and then massaged the wetness into Jimin's inner thighs, marking his scent on his most intimate areas until he was satisfied.

Jimin purred uncontrollably loud as Jungkook smoothed his release over his skin and he could practically FEEL himself being scented, like the Alpha's coffee and chocolate aroma was being pressed directly into his skin creating a wall of scent between Jimin and the world. He loved it. Jimin's whole body vibrated with his purr, rolling out on each exhale like a very happy kitten, and when Jungkook was done massaging his cum into Jimin's skin, the Omega reached forward and took the Alpha's hand, gripping it gently as he sat up, bringing it to his face so he could press his tongue into the palm. He kissed the center of the Alpha's hand with lips and tongue, tasting the saltiness of his seed there and only intensifying his purr as he licked one hand, and then the other. It was like he was grooming the Alpha, another catlike gesture that Jimin couldn't resist as he started to gently nibble and bite the hand in his hold, wanting to be petted and praised, wanting attention as he whined.

Jungkook didn't know how Jimin could be simultaneously the most erotic creature on the face of the planet and also completely adorable. Watching and feeling Jimin lick the remaining cum from his fingers and palms had Jungkook desperate to just look and listen to his happy purr. But after a minute, Jimin's licks turned to sharp little bites and nibbles as he whined and started to fuss, looking up at him with longing eyes. Jungkook reached the hand that Jimin wasn't biting up to the Omega's face and stroked over his skin, feeling his thumb catch on the rapidly-drying cum there. He looked down at the Omega who met his eyes guiltily and released his fingertips from between his teeth, pressing a kiss where he'd just bitten him.

"Let's get you cleaned up, pretty boy. We both have things to do tomorrow."

Jimin looked up at Jungkook and could see the exhaustion weighing him down. Suddenly he felt

himself getting protective, wanting to soothe the Alpha and care for him. He'd been so good to Jimin today. The Omega knew how important his work was to him, and yet he'd dropped everything to come and help him. It hadn't been an exaggeration when Jimin had told Jungkook he was his hero. He really was and Jimin wanted to return some small part of the favor, to make the Alpha calm and relaxed so he could get the sleep he desperately needed. Jungkook was a strong Alpha and he took amazing care of Jimin, but everyone needed care sometimes. Everyone needed to be appreciated and praised, and if anyone deserved it, it was Jungkook.

Jimin just nodded and got out of bed, following Jungkook into the bathroom, actually able to walk for once. The Alpha started the shower while Jimin pushed his tall socks down and tossed them into the hamper. As soon as they stepped inside the glass box of the shower, Jimin stepped up behind Jungkook and wrapped his arms around him, resting his cheek against the Alpha's back and held him there for a moment while he spoke.

"Let me take care of you tonight. You took such good care of me today, Alpha. Now let your Omega comfort you a little bit."

Jungkook felt the breath punch out of his lungs at the words. He hadn't even realized how tense and tired he was until that exact moment. He was used to both feelings, having dealt with them alone for years, but his own feelings and comfort were usually pushed to the side for more expedient purposes, like work and other responsibilities. He hadn't had someone care about his wellbeing and care probably since he was a child. His past relationships had all been with people who expected him to always carry the burden of caring without receiving anything in return besides sex... which up until Jimin had never truly satisfied him. But there was a tiny part of him that told him that Alphas didn't need care, he should be strong. He should be the one who was steady and steadfast against the world.

"You don't have to do that, sweetheart."

Jimin loosened his grip and stepped around him so he could look up at him, water cascading down over him as he looked up at the Alpha, small hands reaching up to push his damp hair back from his face and move down to cup his jaw.

"I want to. I want to take care of you. You told me that I don't have to be strong when I'm with you. You don't have to be strong with me either. If you're tired... if you're sad... if you're angry or jealous or frustrated. Tell me. I would never judge you, I would never expect you to carry everything on your own. I know there are things I can't help with, like your company. But I can help you with this. I can help you rest and relax so that when you need to be strong, you'll be ready." Jimin reached for the washcloth and bottle of bodywash, squeezing a dab onto the cloth and lathering it before starting to wash the Alpha's body. "Let me do this for you."

"Okay."

Jungkook's word was quiet, but it was also a surrender. He relaxed as the Omega gently washed his body, front and back sliding the sudsy cloth over every part of him, not hesitating at his privates or even to kneel down to wash his legs and feet. It was strangely like being worshiped, like Jimin was showing his appreciation for him with his quiet, gentleness and tender touch all over him. When he was done with that, he massaged shampoo into his hair, nails scratching at his scalp and making him purr as contentment washed over him. The gentle scrape against his head was pleasure, but not sexual, just a nice, sweet feeling that made his muscles relax and eased his mind down from all his stress until he was calm and nothing but the slippery feel of Jimin's soft skin and small hands registered.

He washed Jimin in return, gently removing the drying spots of cum from his skin and hair,

appreciating his lithe body with his hands and tracing over every hickey. Once they were both clean, they spent a few minutes just standing under the warm spray of water, nuzzling against each other and enjoying the feel of their skin wetly slipping and sliding against each other. It was a domestic and intimate kind of bonding, holding each other and feeling complete contentment there.

Eventually they made their way out and dried each other with soft towels before brushing their teeth and dressing for bed. Jungkook in his boxer-briefs and Jimin in plain pink panties and the same white hoodie. They changed the bedding, plugged in cell phones, set alarms and settled between the sheets. In bed, Jimin wiggled right into Jungkook's space, practically laying on top of him. The Omega wasn't sleepy, still rested from his afternoon nap, so he traced soft fingertips over Jungkook's handsome features and carded his fingers through his dark hair, scratching at the scalp again and felt delighted as he started to purr languidly, clearly already on the verge of sleep. Jimin whispered all the soft, praising words that had been building inside him quietly, just soothing and appreciating the Alpha, easing him into sleep.

“You're such a good Alpha, Jungkook. You really saved me so many times. You make me feel so good. You take such good care of your Omega. You're strong and gentle and kind. I've never met anyone like you, you're so special. My strong Alpha, so generous and loyal... everything an Alpha should be. Sleep now, get some rest.”

Jimin started to hum a soft lullaby, petting Jungkook's hair and face with tender hands until he fell asleep and Jimin curled himself up against his side, warm and content with how thoroughly scented he felt. It took a while but eventually he too fell asleep in the quiet of the apartment, the only sounds, those of their own breaths.

## Chapter End Notes

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# Wine-Colored Lips

## Chapter Summary

Jungkook does something for Jimin to make his life a little easier.

## Chapter Notes

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The sound of two alarms going off, had Jimin and Jungkook scrambling for their phones to stop the annoying sounds that were the first noise of day. Once the chiming beeps were silenced, the two flopped back onto the bed with twin sighs. Mornings always came too early, especially in winter, when all you wanted to do was stay in the warm covers, preferably with another warm body to curl up with and stay there all day. But after skiving off both lessons and work the previous day, they had to get up and get ready.

Jimin rolled over and climbed on top of Jungkook, straddling him and resting his head against the Alpha's chest. As always, Jungkook was warm and Jimin's body welcomed his heat, soaking it up like a sponge as he snuggled himself down firmly with a little sound, like a quiet 'humph'. Jungkook just groaned softly and wrapped his arms around him, feeling equally grumpy about being woken in the early hours when all he wanted was to roll over, squeeze Jimin in his arms and sleep for at least three more hours. But before they knew it, the snooze button had run out and they were hitting their alarms on their phones again.

"Mmm... we need to get up." Jungkook rumbled in his deep, sleep-husked voice.

"Ugh. Do we have to? I'll suck your dick if we can stay in bed the rest of the day." Jimin grumbled, voice muffled against the Alpha's chest.

"I'm pretty sure you'd do that anyway." Jungkook laughed.

"Don't expose me like this. It's too early."

"How about I start coffee and you start getting ready? I'll drive you to school again."

"Fine." Jimin groaned. "But you just lost out on an amazing blowjob."

Jimin rolled off of Jungkook and started to crawl toward the edge of the bed. Jungkook watched his ass flash from beneath the hoodie, encased in soft pink cotton. He loved his morning sass. Apparently Jimin wasn't a morning person and with that came his feisty attitude.

"Aww... come on, Baby. You're not gonna help me out with that soft, pretty mouth?"

Jimin paused at the edge of the bed and looked over his shoulder at him, suddenly more interested.

“Wait... really?”

Jungkook laughed gruffly. “No, I was just testing you.”

The Omega reached over and pulled all Jungkook’s blankets off and slapped his thigh, glaring at him and looking like an absolutely adorable mess with his bed head and puffy sleeping face.

“Now you’re definitely not getting it!” Jimin taunted and pulled his hoodie up and off, dropping it to the floor and walking off toward the bathroom with an extra little sashay in his hips that Jungkook couldn’t help but admire.

“I’m sorry! Wait! Come back!”

“No! You had your chance! Now you have to wait until tonight.” Jimin called back through the bathroom door.

Jungkook laughed and rolled out of bed, actually feeling really good as he stretched his body out with a groan. He heard the toilet flush and then the faucet for a while before Jimin emerged again, still in just his underwear. As he walked over toward the Omega he could smell mint and knew he’d brushed his teeth. Jungkook pressed a kiss to the top of his head.

“Morning, Baby.”

“Morning. How did you sleep?”

“Good, thanks to you, little one.”

Jimin smiled at the words and pushed Jungkook off toward the bathroom with a little laugh.

“I’m glad. Go brush your teeth. I’ll make coffee. I’m gonna have to find my makeup and things in my stuff anyway.”

Jimin bent and picked up Jungkook’s discarded button up from the previous night and slipped it on as he walked out of the room. Jungkook watched him go, and felt a little shot of pleasure at seeing the Omega wearing his shirt that was heavy with his scent. The boyfriend shirt. A classic move. Jimin was really pushing it already this morning. But two could play at that game. Jungkook cleaned himself up and quickly styled his hair, just doing his usual routine of dampening it and pushing it back out of his face with a little bit of product to keep it from hanging in his eyes too much.

In his closet, he thought about his plans for the morning and smirked as he picked out a black button up, black suit and black tie. He knew he looked good in all black, there had been an article in Vogue a couple years ago about business fashion and they’d pointed out an all-black look he’d worn to some party or other. He slipped black steel cufflinks on and turned to quickly search through the clothes in his closet that were Jimin’s, looking for something in particular and smiling when he found it. He selected an outfit and laid it on the bed before heading out.

He found Jimin in the kitchen, singing something under his breath and swaying his hips to the soft melody as he stirred a cup of coffee. When the Omega turned around and saw him, he froze, cup and spoon still in hand as he eyed the Alpha up and down with parted lips.



“Oh... wow.”

“You took the words right out of my mouth.” Jungkook said, looking at Jimin in just his panties and Jungkook’s own oversized shirt, left hanging open.

Jimin took a sip of his coffee and looked at Jungkook from under his lashes. Jungkook looked amazing. Jimin had never seen anyone in an all black suit before, but he looked powerful and elegant. He was the epitome of sophistication and class. He couldn’t help but to look at him and again feel smug that this amazingly handsome Alpha was bedding him, that he was the one that Jungkook wanted. He leaned up against the counter and forced himself to try and play it cool, though he was sure the evidence of his rising arousal was already visible in the front of his panties.

“Coffee’s ready.”

Jimin stepped aside to give Jungkook access to walk forward and make his own mug of coffee. The Alpha didn’t go for the caffeine however, choosing instead to bracket his arms on either side of Jimin and trap him against the counter.

“I didn’t get a kiss this morning, or a blowjob. Is that how you treat your Alpha?” Jungkook asked playfully, looking down at Jimin who was smiling back at him.

“You’re right. I’m such a mean Omega... are you gonna spank me?” Jimin asked taking a sip of his coffee.

“Somebody’s in a bratty mood this morning.” Jungkook said, gripping Jimin’s jaw painfully and leaning down and giving him a hard, punishing kiss, tasting both his toothpaste and the coffee that the Omega was drinking.

Jungkook growled into the liplock and Jimin’s body went lax, the Omega letting out a quiet whine as his hands tried to set aside his mug. Jungkook plucked it from his hands, pulling away and setting the coffee aside. He reached forward and gripped Jimin’s hips, spinning him around and pushing with a hand between his shoulder blades until he bent forward over the counter. Jimin gasped as two quick smacks rang across his right asscheek, then the left one, just enough to have a lingering sting. Jungkook leaned his body over Jimin’s and spoke calmly into his ear.

“Are you going to keep being a brat? Or are you gonna be a good boy for me?”

The Alpha’s voice said that either option was fine and he’d enjoy them both equally. Jungkook pushed his hips forward and Jimin whimpered at the feel of the hard ridge of his sex pressing against his ass. The Omega arched his back to present himself better.

“Good. I’ll be good.”

“Good.” Jungkook pulled away completely and Jimin shivered at the loss of heat, body going weak as he braced himself on the counter with his hands.

Jimin looked over at the sound of a cabinet opening and saw Jungkook grab a mug and start to pour himself coffee.

“Alpha? Aren’t you going to fuck me?” Jimin asked incredulously.

“No. Not until tonight. You have school and I have work.”

Jimin gave him such a look of betrayal that Jungkook had to smile as he watched Jimin push himself up straight on his shaking legs. Jungkook set his coffee aside and turned toward Jimin. He

picked the Omega up easily by the waist and set him on the counter, stepping into the little space between his legs and pressing a soft kiss to his lips.

“Don’t be upset, Baby. I promise I’ll make you feel so good tonight. But we have things to do. I picked you out a pretty outfit and laid it out on the bed for you. Will you wear it for me today?”

Jimin felt his stomach swoop at the knowledge that Jungkook had picked him something to wear. It made him soft and squishy, erasing his former irritation at Jungkook’s refusal to fuck him against the kitchen counter.

“Of course I’ll wear it for you. Anything you want.”

“Then I want you to wear that wine color lipstick I picked for you. Do you remember?”

“Yes...”

“Will you wear it for me today?”

“Anything. Whatever you want.”

“Good boy. Now, go get dressed so I can get you to school on time.”

Jimin quickly downed the rest of his coffee and flounced off to find his makeup so he could get ready. As he walked into the room that he knew was supposed to be his, he realized that this was the first time he’d actually been inside it. It was on the same side of the apartment as Jungkook’s and had the wall of windows along one side, just like the Alpha’s room. The walls were painted the same dark grey and the bedding was all black on the king-sized bed centered against the wall. It was pretty sparse, but it was nice. Jimin could picture a few ways to make it a little more personal, most of which was to set up his nest, which he needed to do after school because not having his nest setup was making him antsy.

For the moment he just grabbed his makeup and hair supplies and headed back to Jungkook’s bathroom. He knew there was a guest bathroom, but he liked using Jungkook’s because it was big and it smelled like the Alpha and he was comfortable there. In the Alpha’s bedroom, he saw on the bed, the outfit Jungkook had picked for him. Black skinny jeans and a loose, thin, wine-colored top that had a wide neck and loose sleeves. Jimin raised his eyebrows at the choice and shrugged. Once he was in front of the mirror and could see himself he understood at once why Jungkook had picked the shirt. The wide neck showed all the hickeys that peppered his neck, collar bones and shoulders, and the color complimented the reddish-purple of the marks perfectly. Jimin could only imagine how downright obscene he was going to look once he had the dark lipstick on. But he would do it for Jungkook, and besides, he was certain that he’d look pretty.

Jimin used his ancient old straightener plus a bit of product to accentuate the natural wave that sleeping with wet hair had given him so that his blond locks looked messy and tousled in the best possible way before adding his makeup. He embraced the black and wine theme, smoking out the edges of his eyes with a purpley-red color and adding a hint of liner to make his eyes look more catlike. Jungkook arrived right as Jimin was about to apply the liquid lipstick, the little doofoot just an inch from his lips, he spotted him leaning in the doorframe behind him. Jungkook made no move to stop him or say anything, just watching. So Jimin continued his makeup application, carefully swiping it over his lips until they were dark and velvety. Jimin knew from the packaging and from his experimenting with it on his own before that it would dry down matte and stay in place once it was set.

Jimin took in his completed appearance and couldn’t help but notice that Jungkook had known

exactly what he was doing. Even with the dark lipstick and shirt, the hickeys on his neck, shoulders and chest were the stars of the show. He looked thoroughly claimed. And he had to admit, he was pretty. The dark outfit set off his pale hair and skin, and as he reached up to adjust the shoulder of his shirt, the wide sleeve slid down to expose the mark on his wrist. He was really showing off his Alpha's marks in this and he had to admit that a petty part of him loved it. Daniel was in his first class of the day and so were the jerks that had spread the rumor about him. This was the class where he and Daniel were working on their project together, and having the grounding reminder of Jungkook in the marks and scent and the outfit that he'd picked for him was incredibly bracing. He turned to look at Jungkook, suddenly feeling a little shy, wanting approval.

"How do I look?"

Jungkook stood in the doorway, battling against his body and his inner wolf that told him to bend the Omega over the counter and fuck him until he screamed, and maybe add a few more hickeys to the ones all over him. His eyes had been watching the one on his nape, and the one just below that showed when Jimin raised his hands and the tension on the collar loosened. He looked... absolutely drop-dead gorgeous.

"You're the prettiest thing I've ever seen. You look like you're mine." Jungkook growled from his place in the doorway and felt pleasure as Jimin went pink.

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All bundled up in his navy coat and cream hat, scarf and gloves, Jimin was the picture of innocence even with his dark, berry lipstick. He was so pretty as he wiggled in his heated seat and giggled at the fresh snow that covered everything anew, making the world white.

"I love the snow. Even if I hate the cold, I love snow. There's something so special about seeing everything under that layer of glittering white, it makes everything seem so pure."

"I guess I hadn't thought about it. But it is pretty."

Jungkook glanced over at Jimin who was bouncy and joyous over something so simple as fresh snow. Jimin truly had the most interesting duality of pure innocence at times, and at other times he was like an insatiable sex kitten who wanted nothing more than to be debauched and taken apart, knotted until he was aching from it. It truly was his favorite combination of traits.

Jungkook pulled up outside Jimin's school building and watched as the joy seemed to drain from Jimin's face, replaced by his hard, cold mask. Jungkook hated it. He didn't want Jimin's school life to be miserable. He remembered the way he talked about becoming a chef and how happy it made him. He didn't want him to lose that fire and that spirit. Jungkook leaned over and kissed his wine-colored lips.

"You're better than anyone else, little one. You're my pretty boy and don't you let anyone make you feel lesser." Jungkook tipped Jimin's head up with a single finger under the chin. "Hold your head high. You're the most beautiful Omega in the world. Nothing can touch you. Right?"

Jimin looked at him and he saw determination there and fire in his eyes.

"Yes, Alpha."

"That's my Omega."

Jungkook pressed a kiss to his lips and watched as Jimin pulled back, gave him a blinding smile and hopped out, heading into the building at a jog and almost slipping on the ice, making Jungkook

flinch and groan to himself, “Be careful... damn.”

While Jimin had been getting ready, Jungkook had been implementing his own plan, checking a few things on his computer and then going through Jimin’s backpack, stealing a small notebook that it turned out was full of neatly written little recipes and drawings. He flipped through it for a few moments, admiring Jimin’s neat handwriting and drawing skills in the little illustrations before slipping it into his own coat pocket with a smirk. Now he reached inside and pulled the little thing free, smirk returning as he drove off to find the parking lot.

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Jimin made it inside the building and noticed again at once that people seemed to be looking at him, but as he glanced at them they looked away quickly. Jimin just kept his spine straight and head high, not letting them and their interest in his business get to him. He had resolved to himself that he wasn’t going to let anyone else affect him anymore. It didn’t matter what they thought. He didn’t need their approval.

Surprisingly he found both Mark and Jackson outside the classroom, clearly waiting for him. Mark gave him a hug, but Jackson seemed antsy when Jimin got close, he hesitated before reaching forward and patting him on the back. Jimin raised his eyebrows at him and gave him a questioning look.

“Hey guys.”

“Hey, Minnie. How are you feeling today?” Mark asked kindly, patting his back.

“I’m alot better... Jackson, what’s wrong with you?” Jimin asked, looking at the Alpha who was slowly edging away from him.

“Sorry, Min. It’s just... **WOW**. You are **SCENTED**. Like scented in all caps, bold and underlined. **SCENTED**. It’s just making my Alpha wary of touching you.”

Jimin felt pleasure at that news. He liked the idea that he smelled so much like Jungkook that he would repel other Alphas. Especially since he was working with Daniel during this class.

“Sorry... my boyfriend just went a little overboard. I was upset yesterday, you know.”

“I know. But it’s still just... alot. So I hope you don’t mind if I don’t hug you.”

“It’s okay. But I was going to ask...”

“Notes?” Mark interrupted and pulled a handful of neatly folded papers out of his messenger bag to hand to Jimin. “I already made you a copy from all the classes you missed yesterday. though we didn’t have any homework, thank god. So just review those and if you want to study together sometime this weekend we can. I’ll help you get caught up on all you missed.”

“Mark! You’re my savior!” Jimin threw his arms around his friend, but drew back quickly as Jackson let out a low growl.

Jimin stepped back from Mark and looked at his usually goofy friend, who had a hand slapped over his mouth.

“Oh god! Sorry... again... you smell so much like an Alpha. I didn’t mean to growl at you, Min. Fuck, that’s my bad.”

Jimin just laughed at his friend who looked shocked at his own behavior. Mark smiled fondly at his Alpha and stepped closer to him and tilted his head up, silently offering to be scented by the clearly agitated Jackson. The Alpha took the bait at once and started to push his face against Mark's neck and face, making his woody scent bloom fresh over Mark's flowery one. When he pulled back, he was relaxed again.

"Better?" Mark asked.

"Yeah. Sorry."

Mark just kissed his boyfriend and smiled indulgently up at him before they all three turned and entered the classroom.

Jimin found that Daniel was already at their table, and he braced himself with Jungkook's earlier words as he walked over and set his bag on the table. As soon as he was close, it was clear that Daniel could smell the strength of the scent rolling off of Jimin from the intense scenting. He cleared his throat, looked over at him and turned in his seat to address him.

"Jimin... I didn't know if you'd be here today. I just want to say I'm so sorry about yesterday. I had no idea they were doing all that. Seriously, I... Oh my god..."

Jimin had just removed his coat and pulled his scarf off of his neck, revealing the full spectrum of hickeys all over his neck and collar bones. Jimin glanced at him to see that Daniel had looked away, staring down at the desk in front of him, hands gripping the edge of the desk. As soon as Jimin's coat was removed, the scent of Jungkook burst forth even stronger and Jimin could see Daniel trying not to react to it, though he had already scooted as far to the edge of his seat as he could away from Jimin.

Jimin suppressed the smile that tugged at the corners of his lips. He knew he shouldn't like the fact that he was making Daniel uncomfortable so much. But he couldn't help it. The Alpha had been making Jimin uncomfortable for so long with his endless pursuit of him that it felt good to turn the tables and let Daniel get a taste of his own medicine. He pretended like he didn't notice his discomfort, and as Jimin spotted one of the Omegas who had perpetuated the attacks against him walking toward their table, Jimin met the other Omega's eyes with a glare of pure hatred. He watched as her glance flicked down to his neck and shoulders and her lip curled. As she passed she hissed at him loud enough for people around them to hear.

"Slut."

Jimin kept his composure and didn't react at all, just replying in a cool tone.

"Go fuck yourself, since it's clear no one else wants to."

Several people laughed at the words and Jimin particularly heard Jackson's hyena-ish cackle. Jimin grabbed his bag and started rifling through it, looking for his recipe book, unable to find it. He furrowed his brow and shifted through his backpack with more force, feeling a shot of panic at the missing item. That notebook held all his recipes and personal notes, and as he searched he heard Daniel clear his throat again and start to speak, which only made Jimin frustrated.

"Anyway, what I was saying was that I had no idea they were messing with you. I'm so sorry. I really wish you would have told me I could have--"

Jimin cut him off with a sharp glare.

"Stop right there. Don't act like this is all about them. If you think that, then it only shows that you

don't understand my problem with you in the first place. You are the one who makes me uncomfortable. You constantly try to pursue me even though I've rejected you a thousand times. You approached me to work on this project because you wanted to try and get together again even though I told you I have a boyfriend. So how about we just... don't? Don't talk to me unless it's about the project, don't touch me, don't pursue me anymore. That's enough. It's over."

Jimin flicked a glance to Daniel and saw that the Alpha's mouth was slightly open, his eyes wide as if in complete shock. But as Jimin looked at him he snapped his mouth shut and turned his focus to the front of the room. Jimin went back to looking through his bag, trying to find his notebook with increasing panic. He glanced down at his cell to see that it was only five minutes to class starting and he couldn't find his most important notebook. There was a knock on the door and he heard it open, but didn't look up as he searched. As everyone in the class quieted however, Jimin glanced up curiously to see if class was starting early and felt his heart pound when he saw Jungkook standing just inside the door. Jimin could hear the giggling whispers of his little group of tormentors a few rows back. He saw the professor walk over to the unexpected guest in his class and address him. Their voices were audible over the hush.

"Yes sir, can I help you?"

"Yeah, my boyfriend dropped this in my car. I thought he might need it." Jungkook held up a little notebook that Jimin recognized at once.

What the hell was going on? Jimin knew his backpack had been zipped. There was no way he'd accidentally dropped something out of it... and then the realization dawned on him. Jungkook was doing this on purpose. He was doing this for him. He was showing everyone that he wasn't dating some old man. Suddenly, the all-black suit, the shirt that showed off his neck, the missing notebook all came into focus. Jungkook was showing himself off... for Jimin. Jimin wanted to cry at the amazingly sweet gesture, but he just watched the scene up front as everyone started to whisper, questioning who he was here for.

"Who are you looking for?" The professor asked.

"Park Jimin." He spoke the words, clearly and loud enough for everyone to hear as he turned and looked straight into the Omega's eyes. "Ah. I see him there. I'll just drop this off."

Jungkook didn't wait for approval before walking straight down the aisle to the table where Jimin sat next to Daniel. He could see the Alpha's signature smirk tugging at one corner of his mouth and Jimin felt absolute joy and fondness bloom in his chest at what Jungkook was doing for him. He was making himself into a spectacle for these people to see, just for Jimin.

The Alpha stopped in front of him and held out the little notebook and Jimin looked up at him and was struck with the full effect of Jeon Jungkook, billionaire, CEO, genius, and absolute sex god. It was like the dial on his presence had been turned up to 100 and Jimin was just as affected as everyone else as he looked up into the familiar face that somehow seemed totally foreign as he bled power, money and class from every pore.

"Here, Baby. You left this in the car."

Jimin reached out and accepted the little book, taking it and hugging it to his chest.

"Thank you."

Jungkook smirked again and leaned down, one hand wrapping around the back of Jimin's neck and pulling the Omega into a hot kiss that made his whole body burst with warmth as the Alpha licked

into his mouth briefly, pulling back and pressing one more soft kiss to his lips before standing back up to his full, commanding height. Jungkook reached down and swiped a thumb over Jimin's bottom lip.

"See you at home, Baby." Jungkook said before popping the thumb into his mouth and licking over the pad that had brushed Jimin's lip.

"Yeah... see you at home, Alpha." Jimin husked out, voice too whispery as he felt himself soften and try to sway toward the Alpha's mesmerizing presence.

Jungkook turned and walked out of the room, only sparing one extra moment at the door to give Jimin a quick, two-finger wave and then he was gone.

Jimin could feel the warmth of his cheeks and knew he was blushing like mad as people around him started to whisper. Surprisingly he heard several people using Jungkook's name and he glanced around. How could they have known who he was? But then his mind cleared and he realized... Jungkook was right, famous. Not exactly a celebrity, but he was known for his company. This was confirmed when Jackson let out another cackle of wild laughter and practically screamed to Jimin across the class.

"You're boyfriend is Jeon Jungkook?! You've gotta be fucking kidding me! You're dating a goddamn BILLIONAIRE?" He dissolved into laughter for a second and then continued through his wild laughter. "Oh... the ones who sent those emails are so FUCKED! Ahahaha!"

From behind him Jimin heard hissing questions shot back and forth between the little group of Omegas.

"Who is that?"

"What's going on?"

"Did he say... billionaire? With a B?"

"He's probably faking it... don't worry."

"He's clearly not faking I could smell his scent when he first walked into the building!"

Jimin only let a tiny bit of his mirth show in the turned up corners of his lips, and as the professor called everyone's attention to the front, there was silence. The rest of the class was awkward as Jimin and Daniel worked on their essay in near-silence, only exchanging a few words here and there and by the time they were done and dismissed, Jimin was throwing his things into his bag and darting over to Jackson and Mark.

"Jimin, why didn't you tell me your boyfriend was Jeon Freaking Jungkook?" Jackson asked, gripping his shoulder and shaking him slightly.

"I didn't realize that you even knew who he was. How do you know?"

"Jimin, he's the god of computers. His company makes literally the best parts in the industry. All the pro gamers use their stuff. I heard that even the government had them consult about security. They do it all. Cell phones, computers, parts, software, everything. He's amazing. I heard he's like some kind of tech genius. He created the first technology that put them on the map."

"Wow... do you want me to set you up a date with him? It seems like you're already in love." Jimin joked as they walked out of the classroom.

“Shut up. I’m just still in shock. How the hell did you pull that off? He’s like one of the most eligible bachelors in the country.”

“I pulled it off by being a catch. I mean, have you seen my ass?”

Mark lagged behind and looked at Jimin from the back as he walked and hummed.

“It is a nice ass.” Mark agreed.

“But is it a billion-dollar ass?” Jackson asked, looking at his boyfriend.

“It is when I’m wearing lingerie.” Jimin quipped and Jackson choked on his spit, which made both Mark and Jimin burst into laughter as the Alpha spluttered.

“Ooo... Babe.” Jackson started, looking at Mark with pleading eyes.

“No, we cannot go buy me lingerie this weekend.” Mark answered.

“Come on... just a little bit. Why not?”

“Because we are broke college students, not billionaires. For Christmas, I will let you buy me some lingerie, if and only if you promise not to carry on about it.”

“Deal.”

Jimin laughed at his friends as they walked, but before long Jimin heard his own name from behind him, called rather tentatively. He and his friends turned to see the little group of Omegas who had been making it their mission to make his life a living hell. Their superior smiles and smug attitudes were gone, replaced by nervousness.

“Jimin... hey. Look, you know all that stuff was just jokes, right? I mean, you don’t need to like, press charges against whoever sent that email.” Spoke the one who Jimin had slapped. He still couldn’t remember the other Omega’s name.

“Yeah! I mean it was just a prank. I don’t think that there’s any reason to go so far, right?”

“I’m sure they’re sorry... so you can just let it go, can't you?”

Jimin looked at the little group and thought he should feel sympathy. He held in his hands their futures, and yet he felt nothing but coldness in his chest.

“I think that I’ll take the appropriate measures against ‘whoever’ spread those rumors about me and not only sent it to other students but the administration. I am completely certain that those individuals... whoever they may be had every chance not to attack me. It would have taken them literally zero effort to leave me alone and just let me study, which is all I’ve ever wanted to do.”

Jimin turned and walked away, not bothering to respond to any of the words called after him. He didn’t want to hear it. He didn’t fucking care what they had to say. He was done letting people walk all over him in the name of being nice. He was so done with all of that, for good.

Jimin wanted to text Jungkook and thank him for everything. But he felt so much that he knew a text could never convey all the things inside him. He sat through the rest of his classes, paying attention, but still letting his mind wander over what he would possibly do to thank him. He thought of and discarded many plans and ideas. By the time he was leaving school, he had concocted a plan that he thought was just perfect. Jungkook had texted earlier in the day to ask if



he needed a ride home, which Jimin had refused as it would interfere with his scheme. But he had confirmed that Jungkook would be home around 6:30, so he would have to hurry.

He grabbed a taxi outside the school and had it drop him at the little grocery store nearby Jungkook's apartment where he hurriedly snatched up all the ingredients to make bulgogi and rice, one of his Eomma's recipes that he'd been making since young childhood. It was a personal favorite of his, and he really wanted to do something nice for the Alpha. He darted through the store, tossing things into his cart and checking out quickly before catching another cab to Jungkook's apartment... well he guessed it was both of their apartment now.

The Omega was glad to see that Jungkook hadn't arrived home yet and checked his cell to see that it was already almost 6:00. He unloaded the groceries in the kitchen and rushed into the bedroom, rifling through the drawers until he found everything he wanted. Jimin took a deep breath and calmed himself before carrying his little load into the bathroom and stripping down completely. He filled the sink with water and took what Tae always referred to as a "whore's bath", a thought which made him laugh as he cleaned himself with a washcloth in all the important places. He refreshed his makeup and hair before stretching himself open and fitting a black, glass plug inside himself. The feeling of being stretched had his breaths coming hard and fast, but he forced himself to focus and wash his hands before pulling on the lingerie he had selected.

He started with the panties, a black lace thong, then the matching garter belt that fit snugly at the smallest part of his waist, with straps dangling down to clip onto thigh high stockings. He added those next, easing the silky hose up his legs and clipping them to the garter belt in the front and back. In the back, the strap pressed a little line into the round flesh of his asscheeks, but he thought it was sexy. He opted out of wearing anything on top, his skin was still a map of hickeys and he wanted to make no effort to disguise it. He grabbed the thin, plain, leather collar and fastened it around his neck and lastly slipped his feet into a pair of wine red platform high-heel pumps that matched his lipstick and hickeys. He allowed himself a few minutes in the mirror to admire himself before he strutted out to the kitchen to start cooking.

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Sitting in his car outside Jimin's school, Jungkook looked down at the little notebook in his hands. The edges of the pages were soft, like Jimin had flipped through it many times, and he could tell that it was important to him just based on how strongly it held his scent. He must have spent many hours penning these recipes and drawing the little illustrations that went along with them. He flipped it open to a random page and smiled as he looked at the recipe for a lemon cake. There was a little drawing of a lemon tree up at the top and it was colored with what he was certain was yellow highlighter. He traced the little letters with a fingertip and pictured Jimin painstakingly writing each word so perfectly even and neat. It was incredibly endearing.

He checked the time and saw that it was almost time for Jimin's class to start. He'd checked Jimin's schedule and found that all his attackers shared this class with him, as well as his ex. Jungkook didn't know if Jimin would be happy with what he was doing or not, but he hoped that the Omega at least saw that he was trying to help. He hadn't told him, partly because he didn't think Jimin was a very good liar, but also because he didn't know if Jimin would allow him to do what he was planning. Jungkook had to do something though. His Alpha instincts wanted him to find that little punk Daniel and break his fucking nose, and then find the families of all those idiots who had dared attack his Omega and bankrupt each and every one of them until they had nothing left. He was limiting himself greatly with just this one small show of possessive dominance and by assisting with clearing up the situation with the school.

He turned off the car and stepped out, walking into the building and finding his way to classroom

number 104A quickly. He knew that the class hadn't started yet, but he knocked anyway before opening and stepping inside. The room was large, separated into rows were tables that were equipped with cooktops and all around the walls were ovens. He spotted Jimin at once, rifling through his backpack, probably looking for the very notebook that he held in his hand. When he heard footsteps approaching he turned his attention to the old Alpha who was clearly the professor.

"Yes sir, can I help you?"

"Yeah, my boyfriend dropped this in my car. I thought he might need it." Jungkook said, holding up the notebook.

He could hear whispers passing back and forth, questions. He was sure at least a few of these students knew who he was. A lot of young people who were into gaming and technology knew about him, and those who just kept up with the rich and powerful. He couldn't help the little smile that tugged at one side of his mouth. He'd like to hear them talk about his little vanilla baby after this.

"Who are you looking for?" The professor asked.

"Park Jimin." Jungkook turned and looked right at the Omega who he found was looking at him with wide eyes, mouth slightly open in surprise. "Ah. I see him there. I'll just drop this off."

He turned away from the professor and walked toward Jimin, he kept his eyes focused solely on his target, never wavering from his pretty boy. No one else here was worth his attention and he wanted them to know it. Honestly, he didn't even feel worthy of Jimin's attention sometimes. It didn't matter how much money or power he had or how handsome he was told that he was. Jimin was infinitely more precious and rare than he was, and these fucking idiots had no idea there was a priceless jewel in their midst. He walked with his best "powerful CEO" strut, and was pleased when he saw happiness in the Omega's eyes, his cheeks going pink. Gods he was pretty in his hickies and lipstick. He wanted nothing more than to take him back home and see how badly he could wreck that makeup.

"Here, Baby. You left this in the car."

Jungkook offered the little notebook and Jimin looked at it for a moment before reaching forward and taking it. Jungkook watched as the Omega hugged it to his chest cutely and looked up at him with his big, gray eyes and he felt himself melt. Yoongi was so fucking right. He was completely whipped.

"Thank you." Jimin said, quietly as his cheeks darkened.

Every Alpha instinct in his body was screaming at him to mark his territory, claim what was his and he was hard pressed to resist the impulse. He leaned down, wrapping his hand around the back of Jimin's neck, sliding over the place on his nape where he knew there was a large, dark hickey and connected their lips. Just like always, he was consumed by Jimin's fire as soon as their mouths touched and when the Omega gasped in a quiet breath, he slid his tongue inside, just a brief kiss, but it was hot and claiming and it was enough to soothe his inner Alpha. As he pulled back, he could see that Jimin's bottom lip was shining, where the lipstick had been matte. He instinctively reached down and wiped the saliva off his lip.

"See you at home, Baby." The Alpha said, bringing his thumb to his mouth and licking off the wetness there.

Jimin was looking up at him with that soft, needful expression that always made him hunger for

him. He could see the way the Omega swayed toward him like he couldn't stop himself and Jungkook knew he had to go before he carried Jimin out of here over his shoulder.

“Yeah... see you at home, Alpha.”

Jimin's whispery voice sent a shiver down his spine and he gave him a little smile before walking away, pausing to give a goodbye at the door and then he left. He could hear a burst of noise after he closed the door, but couldn't make out the words. He only hoped that he had helped and not hindered Jimin's schooling.

He made it to his office only a few minutes before Kim Namjoon arrived, and by the time the other Alpha was walking into his office (that he was looking forward to handing over in the very near future) he was just checking his emails. He hopped up and met him in a handshake, smiling and welcoming him to Cypher Tech. Yoongi wasn't far behind, and as all three Alphas found themselves in Jungkook's office they sat.

“So, how does it feel to be out of Gaon Tech?” Yoongi asked, sitting in his usual seat, posture relaxed and welcoming.

“I probably shouldn't admit it, but it feels amazing. I'm looking forward to something new.”

“We're just happy to have you, honestly. I'm sure you've seen our problems in the news.”

“Yeah, I've been keeping up with it as much as you can with just news reports. What's going on, how can I help?”

Jungkook and Yoongi spent most of their day getting Namjoon set up with an email account, passkey, parking space, etc., all while getting him apprised of their current situation. He had some interesting insights and some useful contacts that he promised to reach out to for some guidance. Jungkook even had him sit in on his video conference with Park Jinhwan.

It turned out that things in Busan were moving ahead smoothly, maybe even a little ahead of schedule. The bulk of the foundation for the expansion of the buildings had already been laid. The intermittent snows had interrupted a little bit, but they had been sporadic enough to allow construction to go on. By all accounts the machine shops that they had making the many intricate parts for the new equipment were all on schedule to be finished by early January. If luck remained on their side, they would be up and running by no later than the beginning of February, give or take a few weeks to work out bugs and kinks in the system.

He even managed to schedule a little time with him during his visit, so that he would be able to tour the place and see what was done. He apparently had family coming to town, so his availability would be limited. Though he assured Jungkook that he'd make time for him, even though his mate would probably lock him out of the house, which made both Jungkook and Namjoon laugh. He closed out of the call feeling satisfied that things were moving swiftly and in the right direction to get their business back on track.

Overall, he had a very productive and satisfying day. Though with their hectic moving around and getting Namjoon set up, he hadn't eaten all day. Jungkook had spent his own lunch hour on the phone with his lawyer and then with the school administration setting up the meeting for tomorrow afternoon for he and Jimin to take care of his little one's problems once and for all. He was tired of seeing Jimin sad and upset, the Omega deserved nothing but happiness and seeing him break down, feeling his pain up close had hardened something inside the Alpha and sharpened it into a blade that was ready to slice into anyone who dared to upset Jimin. That was it. He was so done with seeing his pretty baby in tears.

He'd apologized to his new CEO, but he was just reassured that it wasn't the first time he'd missed a meal for lunch. But Jungkook did promise that he and Yoongi would take him out the next day to properly celebrate his joining the company. He was so busy he'd only had a moment to spare to think to text and offer to go pick Jimin up from school, which he luckily declined. He'd been looking forward to getting home all day, and as it neared 6:30 and his call wrapped up, he was finally free to go home and see his pretty boy. He left off Namjoon in the parking lot with a wave and headed home.

## Chapter End Notes

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# The Things You Do For Me

## Chapter Summary

Jungkook comes home to his surprise.

## Chapter Notes

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The moment Jungkook walked into the apartment his nose was met with the smell of delicious cooking. His stomach immediately rumbled at the amazing smell. He pulled off his coat and scarf and hung them up, kicking off his shoes before walking into the living room.

“Baby, I’m home!”

Jimin’s heart started racing in his chest the moment he’d heard the front door unlock, but at the Alpha’s call, it actually calmed a little bit. He’d been worried that Jungkook wouldn’t like his surprise, but he knew that was ridiculous. Jungkook had bought him the lingerie and he knew he wanted to see him wear it. He took a deep breath and smoothed out his expression to one of polite interest. He’d never cooked in so little clothing before and it was oddly freeing in a weird way. He set his spatula aside and turned down the heat on the burner before turning and walking out into the living room. He found Jungkook there loosening his tie as he just stepped out of the vestibule area and into the living room. He watched with happiness as Jungkook’s mouth fell open and his eyes went wide, his whole body freezing in place almost comically.

“Dinner’s almost done.” Was all Jimin said before turning and walking back into the kitchen, knowing he was giving Jungkook a truly amazing view of his ass.

Jungkook had not been expecting that at all. He was prepared for his cute little vanilla baby to rush out in one of his soft hoodies and maybe a pair of his tall socks. What he had not expected was black lace and wine colored high heels, or for the lipstick to still be there, accentuating all the perfect reddish marks that adorned the Omega’s skin, all exposed to his view. And the collar... fuck. He was hard. As he watched Jimin turn and walk into the kitchen he wanted to whine at the sight of his ass, bouncing and jiggling with his steps, a line pressed down the center of each cheek by the straps of the garter belt. His eyes roamed up his spine, counting each mark all the way up to his neck. He was perfection itself. Jungkook pulled off his tie and suit jacket and tossed them over the back of the couch, already unbuttoning his sleeves to roll them up and give him better use of his hands as he walked into the kitchen.

Okay... Jimin in lingerie, holding a knife and chopping green onions at breakneck speed should not be a turn on, and yet he felt himself throb in the confines of his slacks. He walked forward,

intending to get close enough to touch, wanting to run his hands over all the smooth, soft skin he could see and press his cock right between those full, round cheeks while he nibbled on his...

“No.” Jimin said, holding up the knife and pointing it at him with a serious look.

Jungkook stopped in his tracks and raised his eyebrows at the stern word and knife combo... okay, that really definitely should not be a turn on.

“What?”

“You know what you were about to do.” Jimin said, raising a brow at him and smirking.

“I was going to come and greet my Baby properly. It’s the least I could do when you dressed so prettily for me.”

“No sex in the kitchen.”

“If I recall correctly, you were begging me to fuck you against the counter just this morning.” Jungkook smirked, and watched as Jimin remained unmoved except a small pinkness in his cheeks.

“First of all, I wasn’t begging. When I beg, you’ll know it. Second of all, that was then and this is now. Go change into something more comfortable and you can watch me cook if you want to, and I’ll even sit in your lap while we eat. But no touching me while I cook. That’s the rule.”

“If that’s gonna be a rule then you don’t get to dress like that while cooking. If you can even call that being dressed.”

“I can go change... if that’s what you prefer?”

“No. What I would prefer is for you to be a good boy and greet your Daddy properly when he gets home from work.”

Jimin smiled at Jungkook’s little show of frustration at his sassy, bratty attitude. He liked it a lot more than he probably should. He knew he was riling him up, but that was what he wanted. He wanted to get Jungkook so worked up that he’d pin him to the bed and fuck him as hard and deep as he pleased. Even if he was being a little difficult, tonight was still about Jungkook. It was his chance to thank the Alpha for everything he’d done for him, not only this morning, but since they had met. Jungkook had changed his life for the better in so many ways.

Jimin set his knife gently down on the counter and walked around to stand in front of the Alpha who was still looking at him with that same stern disapproval. Jimin gave him a soft smile and reached up, smoothing a thumb over his furrowed brow. He stepped in closer and whispered softly, letting his voice take on a husky, quiet quality as he spoke.

“I’m doing this all for you, Daddy. I dressed pretty for you to show off all your beautiful marks.” Jimin dragged the tip of his nail down, over Jungkook’s strong nose. “I’m making you dinner and I’m gonna sit in your lap and feed you, like a good Omega.” He dragged his nail down further over his lips and chin, to his neck, grazing his Adam’s apple. “And then... I want you to do whatever you want with me... tie me up, make me beg for your cock and then fuck me until I cry and all my pretty makeup is ruined.” The path of his scratching nail continued down over Jungkook’s chest, catching on each button of his shirt until he reached the buckle of his belt where he hooked his finger. “You can even spank me if you want to... tonight is all about you and I’m all yours.” Jimin released the finger he had hooked in the Alpha’s belt and stepped back a half step to remove him from Jungkook’s space. “But all of that, after I finish cooking.”

Jungkook released a soft growl of desire as he looked down at the Omega in front of him and stepped forward to get back into his space. He reached his hand to the nape of his neck and up into the back of his hair, before gripping harshly, tugging his head back and taking his lips in a bruising kiss. Jimin moaned and he slid his tongue inside, plundering the Omega's sweet mouth for a few moments, still growling as he kissed him harsh and feral, a preview of what was to come. But before he could get carried away, he forced their lips apart and looked down into the Omega's silvery-gray eyes to find that he already had a slight sheen of tears on his lashes.

“Look at you... already so needy over just a kiss. I can't wait to get inside you, Baby.” Jungkook stepped forward, pushing Jimin back until the Omega's back was against the counter and Jungkook could grind his hard cock into Jimin's firm belly. “Gonna stretch you open so good on my knot... but maybe I'll fuck your pretty mouth first. I bet your lips would look obscene in this lipstick, wrapped around my cock.” Jungkook swiped a thumb over Jimin's bottom lip before pressing the digit into his mouth and slowly pulling it out, finger-fucking his mouth, making the Omega whimper as he watched with fascination. “This lingerie, the collar, the heels... you look good enough to eat. You did such a good job for me, little one. I'm so happy with my surprise. Now, finish up here so I can get you in my lap, pretty boy.”

Jungkook pulled away from Jimin all at once, extracting his thumb from his mouth and stepping back from him. The Omega had to catch himself against the counter as he swayed on the spot, wanting to chase after the heat of Jungkook's body, his mouth. But the Alpha just gave him a small, self-satisfied smirk and walked out of the kitchen. Jimin took a deep breath, straightened, and turned to the stove to stir the contents of a large skillet and check the rice. Wine. He needed wine. He grabbed a bottle and two glasses, quickly uncorking it and pouring a share for himself, downing the first one in one go and refilling his glass. He kept the glass in his hand as he continued to cook and tried to suppress his mounting arousal. He was just starting on his third glass and feeling much calmer when Jungkook arrived in the kitchen, wearing only a pair of loose, black sweats that did nothing to hide the substantial arousal tenting the front of them. Jimin just took another swallow of wine and continued stirring his meal.

Jimin had half expected Jungkook to disregard his rule about touching in the kitchen after the little scene a few minutes ago, but the Alpha just walked over and poured himself a glass of wine before taking up a post across the kitchen, watching Jimin with his hungered stare. The Omega shivered at the intense scrutiny, the weight of his gaze was like a physical touch, stroking over his skin and making goosebumps flutter all over him. Jimin just cooked and sipped at his wine, never letting the glass leave his hand, needing the bracing effect as he tried to ignore the tingling awareness of being watched.

As the wine started a pleasant buzz in his body, he felt more at ease. He hummed softly and swayed his hips, as he cooked, surprisingly steady in his high heels even though he had a light buzz going. When he dropped an onion slice on the floor, and bent in half to pick it up, he heard a quiet, “Fuck..” from behind him. Jimin stood and turned, looking at Jungkook whose glass was set aside, barely touched and whose focus was solely on him as he slowly palmed himself through his sweats. The Omega let his gaze wander down to the bulge there and had to keep from making a sound. He wanted nothing more than to walk over there and slap his hand away and fall to his knees to swallow him down whole. It was strange to try and focus on cooking with so much sexual tension in the air, but with a final stir, the food was done and he turned off the fire.

Jungkook was sure that Jimin had no idea how strongly he affected him. But as he watched the Omega sip his wine with his matching lips and sway to a soft, sensual song that he hummed in a surprisingly beautiful voice, the Alpha was a complete goner. He really had never stood a chance with Jimin wearing that outfit, looking so pretty and sexy, all marked up by his own lips. Somehow the little ban on touching only made him want to touch more. It fueled the fire of his desire. But he

was actually just enjoying watching. It was a show he could watch forever and never get tired of. When Jimin had bent over, he'd seen past the strap of his thong, the base of black plug that was stretching him open and he'd had to physically hold himself back from walking over and carrying Jimin off to bed, dinner be damned. He'd only meant to adjust himself, but the touch was addictive, and he couldn't help but grope himself through the fabric of his sweats. When Jimin had looked at him, he'd seen at once the desire in his eyes. He wanted to be on his knees. He wanted to suck him off right in the kitchen. He'd recognize the look anywhere. He'd seen it often enough when the Omega's eyes went half-lidded and his lips parted, soft, pink tongue peeking out to lick over the seam of his lips. But he looked away after only a few moments.

“Dinner's done.”

Jimin didn't bother to make two servings, just putting enough for them both in a single bowl. He grabbed chopsticks and walked out of the kitchen, toward the living room. Jungkook moved silently in his bare feet and Jimin felt him following behind more than he heard him. He stopped next to the sofa and turned to look at the Alpha, he nodded his head towards the couch. Jungkook was carrying their wine glasses, and he set them both on the coffee table.

“Sit.”

Jungkook sat on the end of the sofa and Jimin settled himself across his thighs, stretching his lean legs across the other cushions and crossing them at the ankle while balancing the bowl in his hand. The side of his hip pressed into the Alpha's erection, but Jimin ignored those urges for the moment. Though Jungkook's hands started to stroke over his skin, petting and appreciating, tracing the lines of his body and softly probing the hickeys all over him. He took the chopsticks and gingerly picked out a slice of beef, holding it to the Alpha's lips and smiling at him when he opened and let himself be fed. The Omega took turns feeding them, back and forth.

He hadn't realized that feeding your lover would be so sensual. But there was something about feeding his Alpha food he'd prepared with his own hands that was satisfying to a deep, inner part of him. It was instinctual and gratifying to his inner Omega, who wanted to care for the Alpha, more than just sexually. That part of him wanted to prepare meals for him to make sure he was eating properly, wanted to pet him and scent him until he fell asleep so he could get the rest he so desperately needed, and he wanted to hand over every part of his body for the Alpha to use, to be dominated and taken until he was fulfilled and sated. They didn't speak as Jimin fed them both, it was quiet and comfortable without the need for chatter. They both knew exactly where they stood and what was coming after they finished.

When the food was gone, Jimin leaned over and set the bowl on the coffee table and picked up their wine glasses. He offered one to the Alpha and Jungkook took it, he kept his eyes trained on Jimin as he took a large swallow. The Omega returned the gaze steadily, feeling his desire starting to stoke up again now that he was full and he knew that Jungkook was right there with him. Jimin lifted his glass to his lips, tilted his head back and drained it in one go before taking the Alpha's glass and doing the same. He set the empty glasses aside and looked back to Jungkook, letting his focus zero in on the male whose lap he was occupying. One of Jimin's small, soft hands reached up and cupped the side of his face, gently stroking over his smooth, tawny skin.

“Okay. Now I'm all yours.”

One of Jungkook's hands slid between his legs and gripped the muscle of his inner thigh, so close to where Jimin wanted, and yet even that was still good. The Alpha's lips pressed against Jimin's shoulder and started to gently trace back and forth over his skin.

“All mine, huh? So, I can play with you all I want? Do whatever I want with you?” Jungkook asked



as his lips moved over his shoulder toward his neck and Jimin automatically tilted it back to allow him as much access as possible.

“Anything.”

“What if I just want to fuck your pretty thighs over and over until I’m all spent and you’re left hard and wet and aching? What would you do then?”

He knew that shouldn’t turn him on. The idea of being left unfulfilled and aching, while the Alpha used his body for his pleasure. But the idea of being used, just being a toy for Jungkook to play with was so erotic that it had his cock twitching and his hole clenching around the base of the plug inside him. Some part of him, deep, deep down knew that Jungkook would never leave him off like that. He might pretend like he would as a part of sexual play, but Jungkook was too good of an Alpha to truly neglect his Omega’s needs.

“Anything you want. I’ll be good for you. I’ll do whatever you want me to.”

“What if I want to spank your pretty ass until you cry and your skin it’s all red and covered in my handprints and you’re a crying, whimpering mess, desperate for my cock to fill up that perfect, tight, little hole of yours? What if I want you to beg me for my cock? Would you beg for it?”

Jungkook’s hand was still massaging the meat of his thigh, slowly moving upward between his legs. Jimin’s hips canted up involuntarily, legs uncrossing and sharp heels pressing into the leather sofa.

“Yes.”

“And if I told you to get on your knees right now in the middle of the living room and suck my cock, would you do that too? Would you swallow me up like a good boy?”

Jungkook’s hand finally cupped him through his panties, his palm large, warm and firm as he groped him expertly with just enough pressure to have him gasping and wanting more.

“I-I would. I would suck you so good, Daddy. I’d be your good boy.”

Jimin whined as Jungkook’s palm moved away from his cock and his hands found his hips. Jimin allowed himself to be guided and turned until he was sitting in the Alpha’s lap with his back to Jungkook’s front. He relaxed back against him, leaning his head onto Jungkook’s shoulder as he arched his neck back. The Alpha hooked his ankles with Jimin’s and spread his legs, leaving the Omega feeling completely exposed and vulnerable. Jungkook’s legs were longer than his, so he was held fully open as the Alpha’s hands started to roam over his body. Jimin didn’t know what to do with his hands, and they somehow found their way into the Alpha’s hair, as his spine arched and he pressed his ass back against Jungkook’s erection. Jungkook’s fingers found his nipples and he started to pinch them softly, tugging at the little pink buds, which made Jimin cry out and shudder at his touch.

“What if I want to play with these soft, rosy nipples until they’re all swollen and red? Do you think you could cum just from this, little one? Would you cum for me just like this?”

Jungkook’s lips found his scent gland, that sensitive spot that always made Jimin’s knees weak and heart pound when it was touched, but as the Alpha licked at it and sucked the spot harshly where the skin was already tender and bruised, he was extra sensitive. The fingers on his nipples were still pinching, tugging and twisting, occasionally releasing their hold to thumb over them softly to soothe the ache. Jimin felt his muscles tightening as his body prepared for orgasm, he arched and

his mouth fell open as his head pushed back against Jungkook's shoulder, his spread thighs trembled and quivered rapidly.

"C-close... Alpha, I'm close.... Uhn... fuck..."

Suddenly Jungkook's hands and mouth pulled away all at once. Jimin's whole body convulsed as his release was cut off and a sob of pure need broke past the Omega's lips. His hands, still in Jungkook's hair, gripped tighter as his body arched, trying to find the orgasm that was just on the precipice. Every part of him was in revolt and he shuddered hard against the Alpha, body finally giving up on finding release. He quivered as he felt Jungkook's lips at his ear, his hot breath fanning over him.

"Not yet, Baby. Not until I say you can."

"D-Daddy..." Jimin whined.

"You said tonight it's all for me... so I'm gonna take my time with you, little one. Gonna make you feel so good, but it's gonna hurt too. Are you ready for that? You ready for Daddy to make you cry, little one?"

"Yes... I'm so fucking ready, Daddy."

Jungkook's hand slid up and gripped Jimin's chin in a hard, unforgiving hold, the tips of his fingers digging into the tender joints of his jaw as the Omega whimpered but made no other complaint as his face was turned toward the Alpha and his mouth was claimed in a hard kiss. Jungkook kissed him the way that only he could, like he owned him, like he was the master of Jimin's entire universe and the Omega gave himself over to that control without any hesitation. This was what he wanted, what he needed. The Alpha pulled back from the kiss and pulled Jimin's wine-colored bottom lip between his teeth, giving it a soft tug and biting down just hard enough to pull a gasp out of the Omega in his lap before releasing him from his bite.

"Here's what I want you to do, pretty boy. Stand up and walk over to those windows, stand right there and wait for me while I grab some things."

"Yes, Daddy."

"Good boy."

Jungkook helped Jimin to stand and watched as the Omega walked around the coffee table and went to stand in front of the windows. The Alpha just admired the view for a few moments, all the hickeys on Jimin's pale skin, the black lingerie, the red soles of the shoes. Jimin was a tapestry of sensuality before him as he gazed forward, arms wrapped loosely around himself. But eventually Jungkook got up, went into the bedroom and found the drawer with all the toys and things they had purchased in it. He smiled as he ran his hands over the selection of items and picked out a few of them, imagining using them on his lovely little vanilla baby. What a perfect treat this evening had turned out to be.

Jimin was exactly where the Alpha had told him to be when he returned from the bedroom, still standing in front of the window, unmoved. Jungkook was pleased with his obedience and the lack of reaction as he walked back into the space, and even as he turned off the lights and left the room in darkness, the only lights coming from the windows in front of the Omega, cast from the city below and the moon above. Jungkook took in the unmoving, seemingly serene silhouette of Jimin standing against the wall of windows in his heels and lingerie. He was beautiful, even just his outline cast against the dim light of the night.

The Omega wondered if it was odd to be so relaxed when he knew he was about to be subjected to the kind of sex that would probably hurt, that would have him crying and begging as he was overwhelmed and taken apart down to his most fundamental level by Jungkook's skilled hands. Probably. But he didn't feel any fear or apprehension. He felt... content and calm, but he was also full of anticipation and arousal. He was still rock hard, the tip of his cock made a little damp spot in his black lace panties, the feel of the air gently moving over his exposed skin had it tight with goosebumps, but he remained perfectly still as he heard Jungkook leave and then return. The lights turned off and he stared at the reflection of himself in the dark window, able to make out most of his features. He watched as Jungkook walked up behind him and set some things in a little chair off to the side and pulled it a little closer, to have access to it.

Jimin wanted to look, to see what he'd brought, but he didn't move at all and remained still. He could tell that pleased the Alpha because he let out a low growl and Jimin watched in the reflection as he stepped up behind him. He could feel the Alpha's heat against his back and watched as his handsome face appeared in the reflection beside his own and large hands slid over his hips. Jimin sighed as Jungkook pressed himself up against his back and his warmth soaked into his skin. He could feel the Alpha's arousal pressed against his ass and he enjoyed the knowledge that Jungkook was hard for him.

“You're being good for me already, Baby. You're making Daddy so proud.”

Jimin didn't really know what to say, so he just hummed a soft ascent. Jungkook leaned away and he heard him grab something from the chair before reaching his arms around Jimin and the Omega saw that he had a pair of black leather cuffs in his hands. Jimin didn't need to be told what to do, he put his wrists up in offering and the Alpha cuffed him with the black leather that was lined with soft, silky fur, first one side and then the other, he buckled the little straps, the soft click of metal the only sound in the silent apartment.

“Brace your hands against the glass.”

Jimin followed the instruction, only letting out a small hiss as he touched the cold window, but he pressed his palms against the glass. Jungkook's hands returned to his hips and pulled him back, Jimin's hands shifted down a bit until he was bent just enough to arch his back and push his ass out, his elbows still partly bent as he braced himself against the glass for balance.

“Straighten your legs, feet and thighs together.”

Again Jimin did as he was told and heard Jungkook grab something else off the chair. He felt something being wrapped around his legs, just above the knee and looked down to see a padded leather strap that looked kind of like a belt being buckled around his legs, holding them together tightly. Jimin felt his breaths coming quicker as arousal rose in him uncontrollably. This whole thing was so obscene and he fucking loved it. He honestly didn't know what else to expect, but he felt Jungkook lean away again and something appeared in front of his face. It took a few moments for him to realize what it was, but when he did he actually whimpered.

“Open your mouth, pretty boy.”

Jimin opened and let the Alpha push the rubbery black ball-gag into his mouth and he buckled it around the back of his head and neck. Jimin's jaw was stretched almost uncomfortably wide, but he liked the feel of biting down into the rubbery ball, it was oddly satisfying. Jimin looked up into his reflection and could see his mouth stretched wide open around the ball gag and he looked completely filthy. He watched Jungkook lean over him in the reflection, one of the Alpha's big hands came up and gripped his jaw as he looked into their reflection too.

“You look so fucking beautiful right now. But since you can’t talk to me, I need you to listen. Are you listening?” Jimin nodded. “If you want me to stop at any point, if it’s too much for you, just knock on the glass or snap your fingers. Can you do that?” Jimin knocked on the glass and then snapped his fingers to show that he could. “Good boy.”

Jungkook pulled back to stand behind the Omega and just looked at him. Gods, he was absolutely perfect. There were so many things he wanted to do to Jimin, a whole laundry list of sexual acts that he knew the Omega would enjoy. But first and foremost his eyes were drawn to the lush, round ass before him with the straps on the garter pressing lines into each cheek, even deeper with the way Jimin was bent. He reached down and gripped the lush globes in his hands and kneaded them roughly, squeezing just a little harder than he might normally have done, and he heard Jimin’s moan muffled through the gag. Exquisite.

“You’ve got such a perfect ass. How does such a little thing like you get such a big, round ass? It’s absolutely obscene. I just want to bury my face in it and eat you out until I can’t breathe, until you’re cumming all over yourself like the messy, filthy boy that you are. I want to fuck my cock into you until you’re so stretched out and full that your hole can’t even keep it all inside anymore, until you feel empty anytime I’m not fucking you. I want to spank you until the skin of your ass is all red and hot to the touch and you whimper and cry and mess up all that pretty, pretty makeup that you wore for me today. So that when I fuck you even the feeling of my hips hitting your ass will hurt, but you’ll love it. I know you will. You love it when Daddy makes it hurt a little, don’t you sweetheart?”

Jimin was already trembling and Jungkook hadn’t even touched him except to squeeze his ass. But the things he was saying were exactly what Jimin wanted. His hole was clenching erratically around the plug inside him and precum was making a wet spot in the front of his panties. He felt so incredibly helpless in his position and that was terribly and wonderfully erotic. His jaw was already aching, drool escaping and running down his chin from being open so wide and his feet were hurting from the high heels but he didn’t give a single fuck about that, because Jungkook was talking dirty to him and making such delicious promises. He nodded his head frantically.

“Mm-hm.”

Jimin felt a smack from Jungkook’s hand on his right asscheek and he shrieked through the ball gag, but arched his back more, trying to present his ass better for the Alpha to spank him again. The slap had been stinging, and he wanted it again. Another smack, this time on the left. Jimin bit the ball gag as he cried out and his body jerked, but he still kept his back arched, ready for more. Jungkook rained down slap after slap onto Jimin’s ass, alternating sides randomly as well as force, so that Jimin never knew how hard to expect the spanks to be. It was pain and pleasure all at once and Jimin didn’t know what to do with it all. He sobbed and moaned at the same time, jerking away and then arching back into the swatting hands seconds later. The Omega was drooling in earnest and crying steadily, makeup ruined by tracks of black tears down his cheeks by the time the Alpha was done. His ass felt hot like he had a bad sunburn and his knees felt weak. He was whimpering on every exhale, but he was still hard as stone and desperate for more.

“You okay, Baby?” Jungkook asked as he ran his hands up over the stinging, tingling skin of Jimin’s ass and the Omega nodded. “Can you still knock and snap?” Jimin knocked and snapped his fingers. “Good boy.”

Jungkook worshipped the plump skin under his hands with reverent care. Jimin’s ass was hot to the touch from the spanking he’d just given him. He knew Jimin had liked it, he’d watched the Omega push himself back to get more, to offer himself more openly for his hands. His little vanilla baby was such a treasure, something that he’d never thought he’d find. He was so precious and rare, a

one-of-a-kind Omega who gave himself over to Jungkook's desires, not just to please him, but also because he wanted the things that he did to him, he craved this dynamic between them. Jungkook wanted to dominate, control and provide. Jimin wanted to submit, comply and receive. He didn't get shy or grossed out about his dirty talk, he didn't ask him to tone down his needs or desires, he let him do what he wanted and he trusted him not to hurt him, which he never would. At least not more than he wanted him to.

"I'm so hard for you, little one." Jungkook said and pushed his hips forward, grinding his cock against Jimin's ass. "You feel that? Feel how hard my cock is? That's all for you. I'm gonna fuck your thighs now, pretty boy. I bet you're gonna love that aren't you? Just letting me use you to get off."

Jimin nodded again and pushed back into Jungkook, offering himself as best he could. He wanted the Alpha to use him. The fabric of Jungkook's sweats was rough against the ravaged skin of his ass, but he disregarded it as he pushed back and swiveled his hips in a circle to rub against the hard cock he could feel pushing against him. But after a moment hands on his hips stopped him and a low growl made Jimin freeze completely.

"Be still."

Jimin went as still as a deer in the headlights at those words, the only movement the rise and fall of his chest as he felt Jungkook lean away again. He heard the snap of a cap and a wet sound, then he made a sound as a cool, slick hand slid between his thighs. He heard material and then another wet shifting sound and realized that Jungkook must be lubricating his own cock with whatever bottle of lube he had. Jimin didn't like it. Something in him hated the idea of the Alpha using the lube, his slick was right there, ready and willing to be used, but he pushed those thoughts away and focused on the moment. He felt Jungkook push his cock against the seam of his thighs and slowly slide into the tight space created by the leather strap holding Jimin's legs together. The Alpha's cock felt hot compared to his own skin and Jimin whimpered around the ball gag and ground his teeth into it as his hole clenched, as if volunteering to be what was receiving the Alpha's cock instead. Jimin looked down his body and could see Jungkook's cock appear from between his thighs, glistening and thick, darker than his own skin before it disappeared and then reappeared as the Alpha started to fuck his thighs.

Jungkook leaned forward and molded himself to Jimin's back, he reached his longer arms out and braced his hands against the window on either side of the Omega's hands and turned his face into Jimin's neck to breathe in his sweet vanilla scent and nuzzle into his soft skin. It was so soft and tight between the Omega's thighs that he couldn't stop moving. He fucked into that soft, perfect space and moaned into Jimin's neck as the Omega whined around the ball gag and trembled beneath the shelter of his larger body. Jungkook looked up into the reflective surface of the glass and saw them there, him over Jimin, the Omega a picture of desperation, though he was getting no real stimulation from what Jungkook was doing to him. He couldn't look away from Jimin's dark lips stretched wide around the black ball-gag, it was absolutely the most erotic thing. He moved one of his hands from the glass to take Jimin by the jaw and turn his face so he could look at it up close, rather than just in the reflection. He licked up Jimin's drool-slicked chin, over his wine-colored lips and the black ball-gag and pulled back.

"You look like a wet fucking dream... mmn... god, I'm gonna cum just from looking at you..." Jungkook ground out as he studied Jimin's teary eyes and ruined makeup. "Nngh... Fuck... You're so goddamn pretty, Baby... Ahn... I'm about to cum..."

Jimin's eyes drank in every inch of the Alpha's face as he came, he took in the look of blissful agony as he felt him thrust against him and his knot form and nestle perfectly between his thighs,

his cock kicked and jerked as he shot ropes of pearly seed onto the window and floor, some even landing on the toes of Jimin's high heels, but he had no mind for that. All he could see was Jungkook's expressions and hear his deep, growling moans. He was beautiful in his pleasure. There was something both feral and dangerous about him when he was in the throes of his release, his teeth clenched, the tendons in his neck standing out, brows drawn down, and when his eyes cracked open and looked into Jimin's own the Omega couldn't hold in the soft whine in his throat.

"Oh... my pretty boy. Look at how needy you are for me. I've got something for you though. It's gonna make you feel so good. Just wait for Daddy's knot to go down and then it's your turn, sweetheart. I'm gonna love watching you fall apart for me over and over."

Jimin whimpered but nodded and braced himself against the window to wait. It took a few minutes for Jungkook's knot to relax and when it finally did, the Alpha pulled himself free from Jimin's thighs and moments later the restraint just above his knees was released and Jimin widened his stance a little to improve his balance. He felt hands at the back of his head and then the ball gag was being pulled from his mouth and set aside. Jimin sighed and flexed his jaw as the ache intensified upon the removal of the gag. Jungkook leaned forward and kissed over his shoulder and neck.

"You okay, little one?"

His Daddy was so funny sometimes. One minute he was shoving a ball-gag in his mouth and spanking him until he cried and the next he was kissing and caressing him like it was their honeymoon and he was the bridal virgin, and asking him if he was okay. Jimin gave a soft laugh and tilted his head back, he turned his face to look at Jungkook with a big smile that hurt his aching lips that felt cracked and dry from being stretched so wide.

"I'm perfect. What's next?"

Jungkook looked at his little one who was already so wrecked, but he was smiling and looking at him with that same familiar trust and anticipation that had his gut clenching up tight. He thought about what he had planned next and smiled back at his Omega devilishly. He'd been looking forward to using this for a while and now was his golden opportunity. He slid a hand down Jimin's spine, tracing over the series of hickeys all the way to his thong where he pulled aside the strap of the panties and found the base of the plug with his fingertips. He looked at Jimin as he gave a gentle tug and watched the Omega's lips part on a soft gasp.

"Now, I'm gonna take this out and replace it with something much more fun."

"Your cock?" Jimin asked hopefully, looking up at him.

"No. Not quite yet." Jungkook answered with a laugh as the Omega pouted a little. "Now be a good boy and open your legs a little... that's it."

Jungkook gently pulled the black plug from Jimin's hole, unsurprised when it was followed by a gush of slick, but he pushed the new toy inside quickly before too much could escape and make a mess of Jimin's pretty lingerie. Jungkook could see Jimin's confusion as he felt what seemed to be one plug being replaced with another, maybe slightly different shaped plug. The black one that Jungkook had removed was short, blunt and bulbous. The pink one he had replaced it with was longer, a little thicker and unbeknownst to Jimin also vibrated at six different speeds. Jungkook helped Jimin to stand straight again before he scooped him up into his arms, dipped down to snatch the remote, and carried him to the bedroom. He'd contemplated briefly laying him out on the sofa, but he wanted Jimin to be in his bed where it was soft and warm and he could take his time without worrying about his Baby's comfort. He'd have to come back out afterward and clean up some of

the mess. He did have housekeepers... but there were some things you just didn't want other people cleaning up for you.

Jimin turned his face into Jungkook's neck as he was carried off into the bedroom. He had no idea what was coming next, but he was feeling clingy and needy already and he couldn't stop himself from licking over and over the Alpha's scent gland, making his scent bloom fresh and strong between them as Jimin purred and nuzzled at him. His family had always called him a "little kitten" a nickname he'd protested and despised all his life, insisting that he was nothing like a kitten and he was a grown man, goddamnit. But Jeon Jungkook had proven to him once and for all that Jimin was in fact a kitten deep down, he brought out every catlike instinct in him. He wanted to lick him all over, scent him, make a nest of blankets with the Alpha at the center and curl up on top of him. He wanted the Alpha's undivided attention, he wanted praises and pets, and if he didn't get them he wanted to fuss and whine and nip at him until he got his way. When Jungkook laid him out on the bed, Jimin arched his back and stretched, purring and happy as he looked over at his Daddy who was watching him with a slight smile pulling at the corners of his lips.

"As pretty as you look in all your lingerie, I think it's time to get you out of it, kitten."

Jimin's purr increased at the nickname and there was no disguising the pleasure that reaction stirred in the Alpha as he smiled and reached down to pet the Omega gently over the side of his face.

"Whatever you want Daddy."

"Such a good little kitten."

Jungkook started by removing Jimin's heels one at a time and setting them aside. He unclipped the thigh highs from the garter and slid the silky stockings down and off, followed by the panties and finally the garter belt, lastly he removed the cuffs, until he was only wearing the collar. The Alpha reached for the remote that he'd set aside and slipped the small device into the palm of his hand before climbing up onto the bed and positioning himself between Jimin's legs. The Omega was leaned back against the pillows, propped up, the Alpha sat with his legs crossed and let the Omega's open ones drape over his bent knees so that he was as close as possible to see Jimin's pleasure. He knew that his little one still had no idea what was going on, and as he shifted his thumb and pressed a button on the remote in his hand, he heard a soft buzzing and Jimin's entire body arched and jerked at the unexpected sensation as a scream tore past his lips like a sob. He was a vision.

"D-Daddy! Oh m-my god!" Jimin cried out as his little hands fisted into bedding underneath him and he shuddered uncontrollably and then fell back against the bed.

Jungkook watched as the Omega's abdomen clenched spasmodically, his body trying to get used to the sensation of the vibrator inside him. It was only on the lowest setting, and he was already so responsive, Jungkook could tell this was going to be wonderful. He set the remote down by his leg and rested his palms on Jimin's knees, trailing them up his thighs slowly, feeling the muscles underneath fluttering. The Omega still hadn't cum, even after all the teasing and edging, getting his thighs fucked. Jungkook could tell he was close to his first orgasm already as his cock twitched and his entire body seemed to be tightening up, preparing to release. His moans were turning to high, whines as his eyes squeezed shut and he trembled on the bed in front of him.

"Are you gonna cum, Baby?"

Jimin's eyes cracked open and he looked at the Alpha with desperation as his spine arched and he tightened his hold on the blankets until his knuckles were white.

“Y-you said... not until you told me... Can I? Can I?” Jimin sobbed as tears leaked from his eyes and he grit his teeth. “Please Daddy... I need to cum... mmn... I need...ahn...”

Jungkook was confused for a single moment, and then he remembered telling Jimin when they were on the couch that he couldn't cum until he said so. He hadn't really meant for the whole night, but he did like that Jimin had listened so well to him. He was such a good boy for him, a perfect little treat. The Alpha used his grip on Jimin's thighs to push his legs farther open, just so he could see the Omega clearly, not wanting to miss out on anything.

“Go ahead, little one. Cum for your Daddy. Let me watch you.”

The words hit Jimin like a jolt of electricity and his entire body arched off the bed as a long, loud moan of pure pleasure shivered up from his throat. He could feel Jungkook's big hands holding his thighs down, keeping him open to the Alpha's gaze and that only took him up higher. He was like a firework, he'd just shot off from the ground and was headed straight into open space and without warning, he burst apart in a brilliant explosion of bliss as his cock jerked and he felt his own cum paint lines up his own body as he throbbed and twitched, his hole spasmed and clenched around the vibrating intrusion in his hole, pressed right up against his sensitive prostate, it was an agonizing kind of pleasure. The perfect kind, just like Jungkook always made him feel, somewhere between good and bad and yet better than either one.

Jungkook watched with dark, possessive fascination as Jimin came. He was so fucking erotic as he arched up and seemed to freeze in a sort of limbo for a few seconds, quivering like a just plucked guitar string before finally breaking. Jungkook could see everything in so much detail as he watched from so close. He watched Jimin's balls draw up, his smooth sac pulling in tight to his body just before his pretty cock jerked and started to shoot spurts of pearly cum onto his belly. He could see the way the Omega's glistening pink rim clenched around the vibrating toy inside him, seemingly trying to both push it out and pull it in further. It was all a pornographic kind of beautiful that he wanted to commit to memory. There was no part of his pretty boy that he didn't enjoy looking at. As Jimin's orgasm came to an end, he could see that the continual vibration was alot on his sensitive insides, and he reached for the remote. As soon as it was in his hand, Jimin's smaller one was on top of his and the Omega was whimpering.

“What is it, little one? Does it hurt? You want me to turn it off?”

Jimin shook his head frantically.

“N-no... more.”

“No more?” Jungkook asked, confused and hit the button to turn off the vibration but felt surprise when Jimin sobbed at that and clawed at the hand holding the little device.

“I want... more. I can take more, Daddy. Turn it up higher.”

Jungkook felt his whole body go numb for a few seconds as his brows raised and he felt a smile pull at the corners of his lips. Fuck. Yes.

“I absolutely adore you. You know that, don't you?” Jungkook said as he looked down at the Omega who was still whimpering and slid his thumb over the buttons, skipping past the second setting and going straight to number three.

Jimin screamed at the intense vibration inside his sensitive body, but it was perfect. It pushed against his prostate painfully and made his cock start to fill again at once with the direct stimulation. He loved that his Daddy was watching him, enjoying what he saw as Jimin was pulled



back and forth between pain and pleasure in a tug of war that had more tears spilling from his eyes. He forced himself to open his lids and look up at the Alpha, who was watching him with that dark gaze, taking him in with his hungry stare. He could feel the weight of Jungkook's eyes on him as his body moved with natural instinct, his hips rotating in a circle, swiveling the toy inside him around so it rubbed against his tender walls and moaned. He was just barely starting to feel a small tingle in his lower belly, but he knew without knowing how that this orgasm would be so much more powerful than the first. He needed more. He released his death-grip on the blankets and moved his shaking hands across the sheets to his own body and up over his ribs as he looked at Jungkook.

“Daddy... can I touch?” Jimin asked, fingers trembling against his own skin.

“What do you want to touch, little one?”

“Mmm... my nipples.”

“Yeah, Baby. Go ahead.”

Jungkook was completely rock hard again and leaking pre-cum, but he was more interested in the show before him as Jimin's small, soft fingertips began to massage over his nipples, rubbing little circles against the taut, pink nubs and making the Omega gasp and moan. His pale cock twitched against his belly and Jungkook was absolutely entranced by the sight. It was better than any porn, any wet dream, anything he could even imagine as he watched Jimin softly scrape his thumbnails over his flushed, little nipples before pinching them and giving a gentle tug. Jimin bit his lip and moaned as he started to pinch and tug at his nipples, his sounds getting louder as he went on, the soft pink buds getting darker and redder until they were swollen and soft-looking, red and too sensitive to touch anymore, but Jungkook could see that it had done its job, the Omega was starting to shiver and tremble again. He smirked and hit the next button on the remote, kicking the vibration up a notch and making Jimin jerk in surprise at the unexpected feeling.

“Look at my little baby... so fucking pretty and wrecked for me already and you only came once... Mmn... but I can see you're about to cum again. Then I'm gonna make you cum one more time before I finally fuck you.”

“Yes! Ngh... Daddy... Gonna cum... so close...”

The vibrations inside Jimin were taking on an edge of numbness and pain, but it still felt so good. He was surrounded by Jungkook's scent and he could feel him watching him from his place between his legs. The filthy promises from his mouth were so erotic, it was too much for him to bear. He wanted so badly to just take the vibrator out and for the Alpha to fuck him... but he also didn't want it to stop. It hurt so bad but it also felt so good. He didn't know what to think or how to process all the sensations that were all assaulting him at once, but as he watched Jungkook sat the remote aside and licked his own thumbs before reaching up and pushing them against Jimin's painful, swollen peaks. He massaged a few times in gentle little circles, and that was all it took to push him over the edge the second time. His second orgasm was like a bolt of lightning straight to his center. He screamed and arched his neck back. He gripped onto Jungkook's forearms, digging his nails in as his core tightened up to the point of near cramping and felt a rush of wetness between his legs, despite the plug... he was squirting. He thought that probably should embarrass him but he had no energy for shame, especially when Jungkook growled low and approving at him.

“Fuck yeah, little one. That's it... make a fucking mess for me, sweetheart.”

Jimin's whole body was shaking and the vibrator inside him was right against his prostate as he came down from his orgasm. But before he could really process it, one of Jungkook's hands pulled

away and the toy inside him kicked up another notch and the Omega sobbed out a protest, his body flopping weakly against the bed as more hot tears escaped the sides of his eyes. His eyes found the Alpha and he looked at him pleadingly, both his small hands gripped onto the hand that was still resting on his chest.

“D-Daddy... ngh... Daddy, please...”

“What is it, little one? You want me to stop? Is it hurting too much?” Jungkook asked, as he turned the vibration down to the lowest setting.

The lowest setting was like a pleasant tingle to Jimin now, his insides felt almost numb from the constant vibration. It allowed him to focus on the Alpha and his words. He smoothed his hands up Jungkook’s arm lovingly, the only part of him he could reach from his position. He could only imagine what kind of sight he made there, but Jungkook seemed to approve of it because he had the Alpha’s undivided attention as he stared at him with something akin to awe. Jimin could see that Jungkook was hard, his cock standing proudly up against his abdomen, flushed and dark, it looked painful with its glistening purple tip and he wanted it inside him. He wanted to feel it when the Alpha came and knotted him, that familiar feeling of being locked together as his length kicked and searing bursts of burning hot cum filled him up. He wondered what it would feel like for Jungkook to fuck him now, when he was almost numb from all the vibrations. He wanted to get to it, so he wanted to hurry this along. He knew his Daddy’s weaknesses. He liked when Jimin asked for what he wanted and so he would ask. He looked up into Jungkook’s eyes and pouted a little bit, knowing his tears only added to the effect.

“Daddy, I want you to fuck me. I want your cum inside me. Don’t you want that too? Don’t you wanna put your big cock in my wet, little hole and fuck me until your knot stretches me open so wide it hurts?”

Jungkook had to close his eyes as a shiver rolled up his spine at the words. Gods... he’d never heard Jimin talk so dirty before. He’d heard him beg during sex plenty of times, but this was somehow more coherent and so much hotter. Because what he was saying was exactly what Jungkook wanted, like he’d taken his own thoughts and spoken them aloud to him.

“Fuck, Minnie... you know I do.”

“So, take that remote and turn it up all the way... make me cum again... do whatever you have to do... and then fuck me... knot me...”

Jungkook just growled low in his throat and hit the highest setting on the little remote in his hand. The buzzing sound increased and Jimin shrieked out a burst of sound that was a mix of pain and pleasure as the toy inside him vibrated unforgivingly against his sensitive bundle of nerves. The Alpha set the remote on top of his thigh and slid his hand through the slick on Jimin’s thigh before wrapping it around the Omega’s, semi-soft cock and slowly starting to jerk him off, while the toy still buzzed inside him at top speed. He could feel that Jimin wasn’t getting hard in his hand, but he could tell from Jimin’s sounds and the way his body was arching up that he was about to cum regardless of that. He was so overstimulated that the vibrator was about to rip an orgasm out of him whether he liked it or not... but Jungkook knew that he liked it.

It was agonizing, but it was wonderful. Jimin’s hands reached up over his head to grip onto the pillows above him as his body arched and Jungkook’s big, strong hand worked his sensitive, mostly soft cock. Everything was too much, too intense and too soon after his last orgasm. The line between pain and pleasure blurred until Jimin couldn’t tell where one sensation began and another ended. Pain and pleasure were one and his body protested it by getting the only relief it could, an orgasm. He went rigid as a scream tore past his lips and his cock gave a weak throb, a single tiny

spurt of cum releasing onto his belly as his scream turned to a whine.

“Off... off, Daddy... It’s too much...”

Jungkook grabbed the remote and turned the plug off at once. Jimin’s body went limp against the bed, chest heaving and muscles occasionally spasming randomly all over his body. The Alpha gently ran his hands up Jimin’s inner thighs and around to his hips as he watched the Omega come back to himself slowly until he finally looked down his body and met his gaze.

“Are you okay, little one?”

Jimin gave a soft hum of ascent and slid his own hands to rest on top of Jungkook’s on his hips. His hole was still buzzing from the feeling of having the vibrator inside him for so long. It was almost like the feeling when you laid on your arm too long and it fell asleep, a distant kind of numbness, but it was pleasant. He was certain that he’d been milked dry of orgasms, but he still wanted the Alpha to fuck him. He liked it when Jungkook was lost to his pleasure and he was still coherent enough to observe him. The Alpha was beautiful when he was just enjoying the pleasure of Jimin’s body, using him to get off. He adored watching him when his jaw clenched and his muscles strained. Or even when he couldn’t see him, he liked to hear his pleased sounds, deep rumbling moans that shivered up his spine and made his whole body tingle with awareness.

“I’m perfect... Are you gonna fuck me now, Daddy? I need your cum in me. I wanna feel so full that it hurts. So full that I’ll cry from the ache of it.”

Jungkook growled and gripped the hips under his hands with brutal force, hard enough that he was certain that Jimin would have little bruises tomorrow. Fuck, sometimes his pretty little baby just knew how to rile him up and make him lose control. He knew how sensitive the Omega must be in that moment, and yet he was still asking to be fucked, teasing him and riling him up so he’d fuck him hard and deep. He doubted he’d be able to cum again after all the orgasms he’d just given him, so it was just going to be for Jungkook’s pleasure, but he knew that being used was one of Jimin’s kinks, he liked to be fucked even when he wasn’t getting off, just because he liked the feeling of Jungkook using his body to milk his own orgasm, like a living sex doll. Jimin liked the pain of it. Jungkook liked it too.

“Oh yeah, pretty boy. I’m gonna fuck you so good.” Jungkook ran his thumbs over Jimin’s flat abdomen, just under his bellybutton. “Gonna fill you up so full that your little belly is swollen here. Would you like that? You want to see how pretty you’ll be when you’re that full for me?”

“Oh god yes! Please, Daddy... I wanna see it.”

“Your wish is my command.”

Jungkook reached between them and pulled the pink plug from Jimin’s hole, fingers slipping on the copious amounts of slick all over the thing as he tossed it aside and quickly replaced it with his cock, before too much of the gathered slick could escape. As he pushed inside, there was a quiet squelch of wet sound and he was surrounded by pure heat. He wasn’t sure if it was the friction of the vibrations that had made Jimin so hot inside, or if the little motor in the plug had warmed him, but either way, he was sweltering in that wet, sleek sheath as he pushed inside.

“Mmmn... You’re so fucking hot inside... god, I’m gonna cum just from your fucking... heat...” Jungkook groaned as he pulled back and slammed forward as hard and deep as he could, making another wet squelching noise as Jimin’s slick was churned around inside him by the Alpha’s plunging cock.

Jimin moaned, and his instinct was to close his eyes and enjoy the pleasure as Jungkook started to fuck him hard and deep, his pace steady and intense. But he wanted to see the Alpha above him, wanted to watch him come apart from the pleasure of his body, so he kept his eyes open, gaze focused on him. Getting fucked after so many orgasms was a little bit painful, each time the Alpha pushed against his prostate, it was almost like the need to pee, but not being able to. In a weird way, he liked the feeling. He liked the way it felt as the tremulous numbness started to fade and sensation started to return. It was intense and incredible. Above him he watched through bleary, sexed-up eyes as Jungkook's jaw clenched and his muscles bunched and released as he fucked into Jimin's willing body, his strong arms holding his weight up as his hips pistoned into and out of the Omega's pliant warmth.

Jungkook opened his eyes and looked down at the Omega underneath him, surprised to find those pretty gray eyes looking back up at him. Jimin's face was lax, his mouth open in pleasure as he breathed out quiet little moans on every thrust. His arms were curled up above his head, his head tilted back just enough to offer his neck, if the Alpha wanted it, so perfectly submissive. Jungkook met his eyes, and took in his blown pupils and half-lidded stare that seemed to get just a little hazy with each inward push. Suddenly he was desperate to see him cum again. He knew it was going to take everything he had to get it done, maybe even knotting him several times, but he was determined that Jimin would cum one more time for him before the night was through, even if it was a dry orgasm that was more pain than pleasure, he knew his little vanilla boy could take it.

He sat back and hooked his hands up under Jimin's knees, pushing them to his chest and practically folding the Omega in half so that his heels were resting against his shoulders. He could tell that the new angle pushed harder against Jimin's prostate because his soft moans turned to whimpers as tears filled his eyes and leaked from the sides of his eyes, adding to the already ruined mess of his dark makeup. But Jimin made no protest, no move to stop him as he pounded against his prostate over and over in what must have been painful oversensitivity. He just laid under him and took what he was given, just like always.

"You're such a good boy for me. Look how well you take my cock. Even when you're crying from it, you still love it, don't you?"

"Yes... fuck yes, I love it... Daddy, fuck me harder..."

Jimin had known he liked a little bit of pain. That wasn't really a surprise to him. But this was just painful overstimulation and he never wanted it to stop. He adored it. Pleasure was long gone and he felt like every press of Jungkook's cock against his prostate was like a battering ram, but he was consumed by the Alpha's fire, his presence on top of him, the dark chocolate and coffee scent, mixed with dark male essence. He was wrecked off the Alpha's scent and feel. Even if this was painful and even if begging for more while he sobbed from pain was a little bit humiliating, he was okay with everything. As long as Jungkook was the one making him feel those things, he knew it was what was best. Daddy always knew what he needed.

When Jungkook finally knotted, his entire body felt his orgasm. It tore through him like a stick of dynamite, rocketing pure bliss through him as he buried himself as deep inside Jimin as he could and burst warm shots of creamy release into his soft, quivering body. The Omega whined as he was knotted and his small hands moved from the pillows above his head to clutch at his shoulders, nails scrabbling against sweat-slicked skin. Jungkook thought that Jimin was just too perfect for words. Just like that morning when he'd been walking toward him in his class, he'd watched his pretty boy blush at his nearness and felt unequal to his perfection, he felt that same thing as he held himself up on shaking arms and looked down at the absolute mess of his Omega underneath him. Jimin was crying again, silent tears leaking from the sides of his closed eyes, his mouth open and letting out soft whimpers on each exhale. But he was smiling. The corners of his lips were turned up just

the tiniest amount, making him absolutely devastating in his beauty. As his eyes slid open and looked up at him, his smile widened more until he was beaming up at him like he'd just given him an amazing gift. His small hands, pulled at his shoulders.

"It's okay, Daddy. Lay on top of me... I want you to hold me while you knot me."

Jungkook helped Jimin to let his legs open and his heels to slide from his shoulders so he was no longer folded. He slid his arms up underneath Jimin's body and laid his larger weight down on top of the Omega carefully, afraid he would crush him. Jimin just wrapped his slender arms around his shoulders and his legs around his waist. One of his small, soft hands palmed the back of his head and carded through his hair as he encouraged him to bury himself in his neck. Jungkook shuddered and moaned as Jimin clenched up his muscles around his cock, squeezing his knot with his wet inner walls and released, then again, massaging his formed knot with the inside of his body.

"Fuck... Baby, what are you doing?" Jungkook moaned as his entire body reacted to the sensation, jolting and starting to shake again.

Jimin just continued to card his fingers lazily through his hair as he tortured Jungkook in the most exquisite way imaginable, tightening and releasing around his throbbing knot. He hummed a quiet sound of contentment and pleasure.

"Does it feel good?"

"Yeah. God yes. Feels amazing."

"Good."

Jimin continued his slow massage of Jungkook's knot inside him until it finally relaxed and the Alpha pulled out of him. The Omega made a little noise of protest as he felt slick and cum leaking from his hole, but before he could say anything else, he was being flipped over onto his belly, his hips pulled up so he was on his knees, chest still on the bed as Jungkook pushed back inside him. His distress at the fullness inside him ending was replaced with pleasure and contentment at being filled up again by the Alpha's cock. Jimin wondered if there would ever be a time when he felt whole again without Jungkook fucking him. He wasn't sure it was something that could ever be gotten over or replicated. Jungkook was so perfectly dominant, just the right amount of filthy talking mixed with the perfect praise. As if to prove his thoughts, Jungkook curled himself forward until he was right against Jimin's back, his cock as deep inside him as it could go and he whispered into his ear in his deep, sex-roughened voice.

"You're being such a good boy tonight. You really just let Daddy do whatever he wants. You just take it, don't you? You love cock, don't you sweetheart?"

"J-just yours." Jimin stammered out as the Alpha swiveled his hips and made the cock inside him rub perfectly against his walls, sloshing around the volume of slick and cum inside him already.

"Oh? Just my cock? But mine is the only real cock you've ever had... how do you know you only like mine?" Jungkook asked as he gently started to move in a slow slide that allowed him to keep his front pressed to Jimin's back.

"No one makes me feel as good as you do Daddy... I don't want anyone else to touch me. Don't want anyone else to fuck me."

Jungkook felt satisfaction rise in him at those words. That was right. He was the only one who could do this, see Jimin this way. He would fuck his pretty boy so good that no one else could ever

satisfy him, so that he felt empty without his knot stretching him open. Jimin was HIS. His little vanilla baby belonged to him and anyone who dared to try and lay so much as a finger on him would pay the consequences.

“Mine.” Jungkook growled low and dangerous as his hips moved a little more forcefully, his lips moving from Jimin’s ear to the back of his neck, where he bit his nape in a possessive show of dominance.

“Yours! All yours, Daddy.” Jimin whined as Jungkook’s teeth dug into the skin of his neck.

If there were a way to submit any farther, Jimin would have done it, but he was already face down, ass up and begging for cock, taking everything his Daddy gave him like a good boy. He arched his back, just a little bit more until it was almost painfully arched and he started to purr, loud and thready and uncontrollable. He couldn’t present himself any further than he already was, but Jungkook seemed to realize what he was attempting to do and gave a soft growl of approval where he was biting against his neck and a deeper, steadier purr joined Jimin’s until the Alpha finally released his bite, making Jimin whine, but Jungkook licked the spot over and over and pressed a soft kiss there before pulling back.

“Look at you... already so fucked out, and still purring for my cock. You really are the neediest little thing. You want all Daddy’s attention on you don’t you little kitten? You want Daddy to fuck you and knot you so much... until I can’t cum any more and you’re little hole is so full that you’ll be spilling out everywhere, making a mess of slick and cum all over yourself. Isn’t that right?”

Jungkook watched the effect of his words on the Omega beneath him as he straightened and gripped his hips, starting to fuck him harder, faster. Jimin’s gray eyes opened and looked at him from where his head was turned, one side of his face pressed to the bed. He looked back at him as his purr started to get interrupted by little jolting noises of pleasure as the Alpha started abusing his prostate again with every thrust. Jimin looked completely wrecked already, but Jungkook wasn’t quite done with him yet. The Alpha let his head fall back as he lost himself to the heat and wetness surrounding his cock, he gripped the hips in his hands harder and pulled Jimin back into every thrust until their skin was slapping and he had sweat running down his brow from exertion. He moaned freely as he was sucked back into that moist inferno time and time again until he felt his body starting to prepare to release again. Heat licked up his spine and pressure built low in his belly, but he wanted Jimin to cum with him.

Jimin was just enjoying the feeling of being taken, being used for the Alpha’s pleasure, but as an arm wrapped up under his chest and pulled him up, he whimpered, even as he followed along with it. The Alpha pulled him up until he was up on his knees, his back pressed to the Alpha’s front while Jungkook still moved inside him. He relaxed back against the larger body, as the arm around his chest held him in place, but as the Alpha’s other hand wrapped around his cock and started to squeeze and stroke the semi-hard shaft, he made a little sound of protest. He was so sensitive that it burned and ached to feel himself getting hard again. His balls were already sore from the relentless cumming and now it appeared that he was going to have one more orgasm milked out of him.

“Ah... Daddy, it hurts...” Jimin whined as the Alpha pushed against his prostate while stroking his small cock in his big hand.

“I know little one... just one more, huh? Can you cum one more time for Daddy?”

The Alpha’s hand was so hot where it was stroking him off and the cock inside him, was hitting against his prostate head on with each thrust. It hurt, but it felt so good that Jimin didn’t know what to do with all the feelings. His hands reached up over his head and bent his arms back so he could bury his hands in Jungkook’s hair and lead him to his neck.

“Yeah... I think so... “

Jimin moaned as Jungkook mouthed and sucked over this scent gland, the sensitive spot already so tender from the hickeys and constant touching that he instantly reacted to it, his back bowed outward and he pushed back against Jungkook’s penetrating thrusts. The hand on him squeezed harder and Jimin felt tears gathering and spilling as a soft scream left his lips. He was close, and he knew that Jungkook was too. He could feel the Alpha’s knot starting to form, catching on his rim with each inward thrust.

“You gonna cum for me, pretty boy? I’m about to knot you, Baby.” Jungkook half-growled, half-moaned against his neck.

“Bite me...” Jimin demanded, his hands gripping harder in the dark hair they were tangled in.  
“Bite my neck... hard.”

Jungkook’s lips trailed up so that he wouldn’t bite the Omega’s scent gland, but as soon as he found a spot on the already marked up column of flesh, he opened his mouth and bit him. Jimin instantly convulsed in his hold and screamed as his hole clenched around him and the small cock in his hand twitched wildly, a single drop of cum all that managed to come out of him. His knot formed as he pushed inside the soft, perfection of Jimin and came again, adding to the volume inside him. As he looked over Jimin’s shoulder, down his body he could see the little swell of fullness there, on the usually flat expanse. He ran his hand over it, and Jimin whined at the pressure.

“Look how fucking full you are, Baby... Oh fuck, you’re pretty like this. I bet you’re a fucking sight during your heat... Mmn... I’d love to fuck you during my rut. You’d be so fucking full for me.”

“Oh... god. Daddy please... “

Jimin’s body was shaking so hard he could hear the tremor in his voice. The Alpha knew he was being a little mean now, Jimin must be so overwhelmed and sensitive that even dirty talk was a lot for him. Jungkook just wrapped his arms around the Omega and helped him to steady himself as Jungkook shifted around and laid himself back against the pillows, still inside him, knot keeping them locked together. He petted him with gentle hands and pressed kisses to the side of his head as the Omega went completely lax against his body, purring gently.

“Okay. That’s enough for tonight, yeah? You did so well for me. Oh, Minnie... my precious little baby. You’re always such a good boy for your Daddy. You’re the best Omega, my pretty Omega. My soft little kitten.”

Jimin’s purr increased as he turned his face into the Alpha’s petting, appreciative hands. Jungkook adored that his little one could have such an innocent reaction and seem so completely sweet and vanilla as his scent while he was still being knotted and he was so full of slick and cum that his belly was slightly distended below his belly button. An hour ago, he’d been in the living room, cuffed, tied and ball-gagged, wearing lingerie and getting his thighs fucked and now he was laying back against him as if this were just a warm summer day and they were about to take a nice, relaxing nap. Truly Jimin had to possess his favorite mixture of traits. Innocent and filthy. Sweet and sensual. Shy and brazen. So much duality in him, and yet he was still just... totally himself. None of those parts were put on or false. Jimin really just WAS all of those things.

“Thank you.” Jimin mumbled sleepily.

“I’m the one who should be thanking you, sweetheart.”

“Mmm... no. You’re the good one, Daddy. You’re so good to me. Thank you for taking care of me.” Jimin replied, clearly already on the cusp of sleep, regardless of the fact that he was still so full and being knotted.

Jungkook wanted to laugh. Thank... him? Why in the hell would Jimin thank him? The Omega was the one who had done so much for him, given him the amazing surprise of coming home to dinner and finding his pretty boy dressed up in lingerie and heels for him. Jimin really had no idea how much he did for Jungkook. The Alpha just held him and waited until his knot relaxed, which didn’t take long, as he was on his third orgasm. Jungkook shook the Omega on top of him gently.

“Baby, we need to get up and clean ourselves up. How about we take a bath?”

Jimin’s head lolled over and he looked up at the Alpha with sleepy eyes.

“We? Are you gonna take one with me?”

“Yeah, if that’s what you want. Would you like that? You want me to take a bath with you and clean you up?”

“Will you hold me?”

“Sure, little one. I’ll hold you.”

“Mmkay...”

Jungkook looked over and located the plug that he’d removed from Jimin earlier, and grabbed it. It was still a little bit slippery with slick, but he managed just fine. Jungkook smoothed his hand down to Jimin’s hip and gave a soft squeeze as he sat up a little more and brought the hand holding the plug down between Jimin’s legs.

“Open your legs a little bit more for me, Baby. I need to get this inside you.”

Jimin looked down and then glanced back up at him over his shoulder.

“Oh... are we doing more?”

The question was asked with a gentle kind of surprise as he looked up at him with his wrecked makeup and messy hair. He clearly was okay with the Alpha doing whatever he wanted, Jungkook gave a short laugh and shook his head before pressing a kiss to Jimin’s forehead.

“You actually would let me keep going, wouldn’t you? If I wanted to?”

Jimin just nodded and looked up at him with that same innocent wonder that he always had.

“But... I don’t think I can cum any more.” He said, lips pouting slightly.

“You are so cute... but no, little one. We’re not doing any more. I just need to put a plug inside you so I can get you to the bathroom and clean you up.”

“Oh. Alright then.”

Jimin spread his legs farther as requested, and hissed quietly as Jungkook pulled out and replaced his cock with the pink plug. He gently maneuvered Jimin out of bed and into his arms so he could carry him into the bathroom. He stood in the doorway of the space for a moment, deciding how to proceed. He started by placing Jimin on the counter, as usual and starting up a hot bath for them. He grabbed the pack of makeup wipes from the counter where Jimin left his makeup and gently



removed the Omega's dark lipstick and running eyeliner until his face was bare again.

“Do you want to keep the plug in until after the bath, or take it out now? If you leave it in, I'll have to switch it out for one that's not electric.”

“I wanna keep it... wanna feel full.”

“Alright, little one. Let me grab a different plug. I'll be right back.”

Jungkook turned and shut off the water in the tub before walking back out into the living room and grabbing the black plug Jimin had been wearing earlier. He carried it back to the bathroom and washed it in the sink before setting it aside and pulling Jimin into a better position, so his bottom was hanging just off the counter and his heels were pressed to Jungkook's shoulders for support. The Alpha quickly swapped the plugs, Jimin whimpering in sensitivity as his puffy, used rim was abused by the stretch of removing and replacing the plug. He gently picked the Omega up, bridal style and carried him to the bath, settling him in first before sliding in behind him. Jimin instantly leaned back against his chest and relaxed completely, and as Jungkook wrapped his arms around him, he started to purr again.

The Alpha traced little patterns over Jimin's sensitive skin as he held him in the warm bath. He felt so sleepy and calm. Even though he was already starting to ache in his legs, hips and back, he was warm and replete, held against the Alpha's body in the water. He felt so full too, his belly aching with it, but it also felt wonderful. There was something about Jungkook that just made him feel so relaxed. He knew that if he was with the Alpha, he was safe. No one and nothing could touch him while he was being held in strong arms and soothed. He tilted his head so he could look up and over his shoulder at the Alpha holding him.

“Did you like your surprise, Alpha?” Jimin asked with a yawn.

“I adored my surprise, Baby. Thank you. But, what was all of this for?”

“All of those Omegas who were bothering me are scared now... and, it was to thank you for doing what you did this morning. You didn't have to do that, but I really appreciate it.”

“I absolutely had to do that. I don't like seeing you upset, little one. I don't want them affecting your dream. When you came into my life, I was really just... existing. I'd forgotten what it felt like to be passionate and have a dream that you wanted to fulfill.” Jungkook cupped the side of Jimin's face and looked into his pretty gray eyes. “You reminded me what that is like. If it weren't for you I never would have hired a new CEO or started making the changes that I have to get back to developing technology, like I always wanted. You gave me back that dream, by reminding me what it's like to have fire and passion.” He brushed his thumb over Jimin's soft cheek. “That's not even mentioning what you do for me sexually. You can't know how much I appreciate you and all the things you do for me. Before you... I don't think I'd ever been satisfied in any sexual relationship. I was always the one who was too intense, too rough, too kinky. It felt like everyone always wanted me to change, expected me to just mold myself into the shape of what they wanted. A show pony to walk around at parties and buy things for them, but then even in bed, I was expected to be the one who was left unsatisfied.” Jungkook pressed a soft kiss to Jimin's lips. “That is what you do for me, pretty boy. That's why you're special and that's why I won't let anyone upset you.”

Jimin looked up into Jungkook's face and tried to imagine anyone wanting to change him. Why on earth would they want to change his perfect, handsome Daddy? He knew what it was like to think that there was something wrong with you. He'd felt that with Daniel. When the Alpha had kissed him and touched him with such gentle hands and reverent care and he'd felt... nothing. He'd

thought something must be wrong with him because he knew how sought after the Alpha was, and yet he hadn't felt even a wiggle of arousal when they had kissed. He understood too what it felt like to feel like you were the one who needed to change to suit other's happiness. He reached up and placed a hand over the one on his face and let out a soft sigh.

"I understand, Jungkook. I really do. I can't tell you how much of a relief it was for me when I met you and realized that I'm not a total freak of nature. Like... when I was with Daniel, you know, we kissed and stuff, but I just... didn't feel anything at all. My fantasies and dreams were all about things like what you and I do together. I wanted what you do to me... and I thought that must be wrong. Everyone else seemed so obsessed with Daniel, so what was wrong with me? Why didn't I want that too?" Jimin shook his head a little as if to dispel those thoughts. "Then... he just started talking about how we were going to get mated and how I would stay at home with our pups and he would open his restaurant... I freaked. I don't want to stay at home with pups. I don't even know if I want pups yet, I'm only 21. He didn't see why it was a problem that HE should get to fulfill his dream and I was the one left to just be a baby machine. We hadn't even had sex! We'd been together less than a month, and he had our entire future planned, down to the number and gender of our pups. I think any other Omega in my school would have fallen right in with him and happily skipped off into the sunset... but that's not me."

Jungkook looked down into Jimin's face and could clearly see the insecurities in him, simmering behind his gray eyes. He leaned down and pressed another kiss to Jimin's lips, this time harder, more insistent. He pushed his tongue into Jimin's mouth and dominated the kiss effortlessly as he palmed the back of his head and held him in place. After a few moments, Jimin whimpered into the kiss and he pulled back.

"There's nothing wrong with you. You know what you want and you go for it. You don't take shit from anyone. You might be submissive in bed for me... but I have a sense that outside of that, you never let anyone tell you what to do on mere principle. You are incredibly smart, strong and sexy. You're more than your Omega status, you aren't some Alpha's incubator. You are Park Jimin and nobody is a good as you. You are going to open your restaurant and you're going to do amazing. Right?"

"Right."

"That's my Omega."

Jimin felt himself swell with confidence at those words. Jungkook made him feel so good about himself, being with him had really given Jimin a lot of confidence. Not just sexually, but in himself as a person. The Alpha made him feel good about himself in so many ways. He couldn't imagine anyone actually having the chance to be with him in a REAL relationship and throwing it away over something that Jimin adored, something he coveted. Those other Omegas were fucking morons and he felt so protective of Jungkook at that moment that he wanted to find them and blister their ears well enough to leave the devil blushing.

"Those exes of yours were idiots. You are an absolute GOD in bed." Jimin reached up and took Jungkook's chin between his fingers and kept their eye contact. "You're my perfect, handsome Daddy, and anyone who couldn't take what you have to offer is a fucking weak bitch. I love the way you fuck me. You make me feel so small and safe, you're strong and also gentle when you take care of me afterward." Jimin leaned up and pressed a kiss to Jungkook's mouth. "What I do for you sexually... I can promise you that is my pleasure. Giving to you, submitting to you, letting you take from me, that's what gives me pleasure. I know this is... an unusual arrangement, but regardless of the money you paid me or the gifts you've given me, nothing we've done has been anything I wouldn't have done anyway. You shouldn't feel bad about your desires because, you

know I wouldn't change a single thing about you. Right?"

"Right."

"That's my Alpha."

Jungkook laughed softly and ruffled Jimin's already messy hair with a wet hand. Jimin was so sweet and pure. He had a kind heart, but he was also so sassy and fierce. Jungkook admired the combination of traits that he was sure he'd never seen in anyone else. He really had never met anyone like him in all his years of living. Jimin lived his life so... purely. He was exactly who he was and he didn't apologize for it or make excuses. Even if he'd had some doubts about himself, he'd never let them change him. He was something that ought to be cherished, Jungkook thought. He deserved the world.

The Alpha washed them both, and gently massaged Jimin's already sore muscles under the water as he held the Omega in his lap until the water started to get cool. Jungkook got out first and dried himself quickly, going out and pulling on a pair of black boxer-briefs and selecting a pair of white panties printed with lemons that reminded him of the lemon cake recipe he'd seen in Jimin's little recipe book, yellow thigh-high socks and one of his own hoodies, a soft white one, laying them out on the bed. He quickly went out into the living room and cleaned up the mess from their earlier scene at the window and changed the bedding before returning. He found Jimin in the tub, just where he'd left him. He could tell the Omega was getting cold, his pink nipples were taut and he was shivering slightly. Crouching down next to the tub, he pushed the Omega's blond hair back from his face with a gentle hand.

"Alright, little one. It's time to take your plug out."

Jungkook felt a little guilty as he saw Jimin's pretty face look sad, his brows drew down, lips pouting a little as he looked at him with big, kittenish eyes that begged him to give in to his wishes.

"Do I have to?"

"Unfortunately, yes. You have to."

The Omega pouted more, but nodded and let Jungkook guide him to lean back against the back of the tub and opened his legs. The Alpha found the base of the plug and gently pulled it out of him, before setting it aside and used his fingers to coax the slick and cum out of Jimin's fluttering entrance. The Omega grabbed onto his arm and whimpered as he was emptied out, nails digging into his skin as the Alpha gently encouraged his seed from him with his long fingers.

Jimin thought this was a sensation he must get used to at some point, but it still made him emotional every time. There was just something upsetting about feeling that fullness and security and then having it emptied out that made him want to cry. He resisted the impulse and just let Jungkook do what he had to before lifting him up and out of the water and setting him on the counter. He dried him with a soft towel and whispered quiet praises to him, which made the Omega feel better. They both brushed their teeth and Jimin clung to him as he was carried to the room and sat on the edge of the bed, dressed in the panties, socks and hoodie and tucked in. The Alpha plugged in their phones, set alarms and climbed in his side of the bed, where he pulled Jimin back against his body instantly so he could spoon him while he fell asleep.

"Goodnight, pretty boy. Sleep well, we've got a long day tomorrow. I set up a meeting with your school for the afternoon, so get some rest."

"We're meeting them tomorrow?"

“Yes, but don’t worry. Daddy is going to take care of everything. You know that, right?”

“Yeah.”

“Good. So get some rest. You have school tomorrow.”

Jungkook slid his hand up under Jimin’s hoodie, and traced soft patterns in the skin of his belly, which was now flat once again. As he started to doze. It was soothing to feel that velvet skin under his fingers as he fell asleep, and perhaps it was his tiredness, or maybe it was just something about Jimin’s presence that made him a little too honest. But he found himself saying what was on his mind without thinking.

“I know you said that you don’t know if you want pups, and that’s fine, it’s your choice... but you’d be pretty when you’re pregnant.”

Jimin didn’t know what to say to that. It felt like such an intimate statement, but he didn’t feel uncomfortable. It wasn’t like the times Daniel had talked about him being pregnant, as if it were some certainty, just a fact of the future. It wasn’t him trying to stroke his own ego either by saying he’d look good carrying HIS pups... he was just saying that he’d be pretty when he was pregnant. He felt a warm rush of pleasure at the idea of Jungkook thinking so. For the first time in his life, he enjoyed a fantasy of some distant future where he would want pups, when he was ready and he’d found a mate. He pictured his own belly being round and full, heavy with a little life inside, one that he carried and grew from the offerings of the body of an Alpha he loved. Maybe someday he’d find those things... and when he did, he’d remember this moment and smile back on the memory with fondness.

“Thank you, Daddy.”

“You’re welcome, little one.”

## Chapter End Notes

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# Actions Have Consequences

## Chapter Summary

Jungkook helps Jimin with his problems at the school.

## Chapter Notes

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Jimin woke to the wonderful feeling of a soft, warm tongue lapping at him between his legs, gently brushing against his sore, abused entrance and lessening the pain. He groaned, blinked his eyes open, he looked down and buried a hand in Jungkook's mess of dark hair between his thighs. He glanced over at the wall of windows to see that the sun was just coming up, casting the room in a pale pink glow that matched the soft feelings inside him.

“Mmn... good morning, Alpha.”

Jungkook pulled back and looked up his body, meeting his eyes. When he spoke back, his voice was thick and syrupy.

“Good morning, pretty boy.”

“Are you going to do this every time you fuck me hard?” Jimin asked, trailing his fingers down over the Alpha's cheek to his shining lips, wet with his slick. “Because I could get used to it.”

The Alpha parted his lips and playfully nipped at the tips of Jimin's soft fingers before kissing them and pulling back.

“Is that you giving me permission to fuck you as much as I want as long as I kiss it better in the morning?”

“You really have no idea how much I'd let you do to me... but let's just go with that, for now.” Jimin pushed his hand back into Jungkook's tousled hair and pushed him back down between his legs. “You're not done here, yet.”

Jungkook growled low in his throat as he let himself be guided back down toward the Omega's sweet, vanilla-flavored entrance.

“I do adore how fucking sassy you are in the morning, little one. I think it might be my new favorite thing.” Jungkook said before he buried his face back between Jimin's legs and started to eat him out properly.

Jimin buried both hands in Jungkook's hair and opened his legs wider, ignoring the slight ache in his hips. He let his heels rest on the Alpha's shoulders as his knees fell wide open and he moaned at the feeling of his searingly hot mouth against his entrance. Jungkook licked and sucked at him, face buried between his legs, as his strong hands held him open, his tongue pushing inside him over and over until the pain was all gone to a gentle buzz and all he felt was the warm pleasure of being licked open in the early morning warmth of the Alpha's bed.

"Alpha... oh, Daddy that feels so good... mmngh... I'm gonna cum..."

Jimin's small hands wrapped around the back of Jungkook's head as he curled forward, his stomach muscles clenching up tight. He pushed the Alpha closer, deeper into him as his body started to quake and shiver violently on the precipice of his release. Jungkook didn't stop his ministrations, only redoubling his efforts and fucking his tongue into him with more intensity and speed until the Omega came with a cry of pure, animal pleasure, collapsing back onto the bed, spine bending in the opposite direction as Jungkook moved his grip to his hips to keep him still while he worked him through his orgasm.

When the Alpha pulled back and sat up, his entire face, neck and chest were covered in Jimin's shimmering, glistening slick. His chest was heaving with harsh breaths, a low growling purr rumbling out on each exhale. His cock was hard and heavy, jutting from his hips obscenely with its flushed purple tip and glistening head. Jimin looked at him with that sex-drunk needful look, mouth slightly parted, pink tongue licking at the seam of his lips, and reached his small, soft hands out to him, summoning him.

"Come here, Daddy... fuck my mouth."

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Jungkook smiled as he leaned in the doorway and watched Jimin fixing his makeup. His pretty boy couldn't look any more different than he had the previous day. Whereas the day before he'd been sensual and sexual, a dark lustful figure, showing off all his hickeys like cherished prizes, today he was soft and innocent. The pure and small Jimin was back, his little kitten who was so soft and sweet and absolutely adorable. He wore an oversized, fuzzy cream-colored turtleneck and dark wash jeans. His hair was all messy waves and gentle curls, his makeup light browns and glitters with just enough eyeliner to make his grey eyes look big and innocent, his lips a soft gloss of chapstick, his cheeks and nose pink with blush. When he turned around and the Alpha saw him, and got the full effect from the front, he understood at once that his pretty boy was brilliant. No one at this meeting could ever look at him with any kind of suspicion or antagonism when he looked like that.

Jimin looked like the absolute most innocent creature that had ever walked the earth with his sweaterpaws and soft, shimmery makeup. He looked so cute that Jungkook wanted to pull him into his lap and scent him and then maybe just let his pretty Omega cockwarm him while he worked on his side project from home... a good idea and one he'd have to implement at some point. But for the moment he returned his focus to his pretty baby and stepped forward to touch the soft, velvet skin of his cheek. He was pleased as he looked down at him, that a few of his hickeys were still visible, due to the oversized nature of the turtleneck that his Omega was wearing, and his scent was still strong on him.

"Oh, look at my precious little kitten. How can I let you go off to school when you're so cute?"

Jungkook smirked when Jimin purred at the nickname and bounced slightly, little sweaterpaws coming up and covering the lower half of his face. It was unbelievable that this was the same Omega who less than an hour ago had been propped up on his elbows as Jungkook mercilessly

fucked into his throat, or who last night had let him cuff, bind and gag him before fucking his thighs. Sometimes it felt like Jimin was two different people, the cute and pretty Omega he appeared in this moment and the needful and sex-crazed minx that he was when Jungkook touched him. He knew he could bring that out of him now if he wanted to, it would be only too easy to put him in that submissive, pliant headspace.

“Am I cute?” Jimin asked, blinking up at him owlishly with his big glittery eyes, lined perfectly with dark brown liner, his thick lashes making him look like a little doll.

“You’re the cutest, and I think you know it.” Jungkook said, tipping the Omega’s face up with a finger under his chin and pressing a soft kiss to his lips. “But I know what you really are.”

“What am I?”

“You’re my good boy.”

Jimin felt his stomach dip like he’d just gotten on a rollercoaster as Jungkook spoke his four favorite words. He swayed toward the Alpha unconsciously and parted his lips on a soft inhale, taking in a deep breath of coffee and chocolate and dark, male essence as his eyes went half lidded. He reached up his hands and cupped either side of Jungkook’s neck, stroking his thumbs over his jaw.

“Always, Daddy.”

“Before we get caught up with things far more pleasant and enjoyable than school or work...” Jungkook said, sighing. “...we should probably stop ourselves and get ready to go.”

Jimin pouted and in his innocent look, it was incredibly effective. Jungkook just pressed another kiss to his pouty lips and smiled down at him.

“Do we have to go?”

“You know that we do, but this weekend I’m going to buy you a reward for being such a perfect little treasure. How does that sound?”

“What kind of reward?” Jimin asked, suspiciously.

“You’ll find out tomorrow. Now, be a good boy and bundle up nice and warm. It’s time to take you to school.”

Jungkook had used the magic words and Jimin skipped off to pull on his light brown fur-lined boots, tan coat and cream-colored hat, scarf and mittens. By the time he was ready to go, he was adorable, all bundled up and cozy in his warm clothes. The Alpha felt a deep satisfaction every time he saw Jimin bundled up so warmly in his new wardrobe. He still remembered the Omega from their first meeting, in his too-thin coat and hole-ridden jeans. He was a poor cold-natured little thing, and he could recall with perfect clarity the way he’d shuddered against him as he’d drawn him inside his coat outside the restaurant. The way his elegantly curved figure leached the warmth from him like it couldn’t get enough, like it had been starved for heat. He’d learned that night, that he was starved for heat, but also for touch. Just as much as him if not moreso, as Omegas needed physical affection even more than Alphas. He’d seen it in the way that his little kitten turned into his petting hands and purred at the tiniest touches.

Jungkook drove him to school through the snow-covered city, the Omega happily staring out the window as he was warmed by his seat and watching the glittering winter world pass by the moving car. The Alpha held one of his mitten-clad hands and Jimin looked over at him occasionally with

happiness and shyness mixed together. The Alpha stopped outside the main building again and parked just as he had the previous morning. He looked over and met the eyes of his lovely vanilla baby.

“Alright, little one. Your classes go today until noon. Our meeting is at twelve thirty, so just meet me outside the administration offices. We’ll be meeting in their big conference room.”

“Are you going to have those other Omegas kicked out of school?” Jimin asked, looking at him with his big, sparkling eyes that were so full of soft innocence in that moment that it made Jungkook feel a little bit bad for the amount of anger in his heart.

“Yes.”

“Good.”

Jungkook watched as sparkling silver turned to gunmetal, as Jimin’s eyes hardened and he looked for a moment cold and angry, an expression that the Alpha hated to see on him, but one that reflected his own feelings perfectly. Jimin was soft and innocent, and he knew that he wouldn’t wish harm on any innocent person, but he also knew that his pretty boy had been through enough at the hands of those assholes that he was fresh out of mercy. Jungkook had never had any to begin with, and so they found themselves of one mind. The Alpha reached forward and took Jimin’s jaw in his hand, holding it in a grip that was dominating, but gentle as he turned his face up to look at him directly.

“I promised I won’t let them mess up your dream, Jimin. I will keep that promise. No matter what it takes.”

“Thank you, Jungkook.”

“Anytime, pretty boy. I’ll see you at twelve thirty.” Jungkook said and let his hand fall away from Jimin’s jaw.

“See you.”

Jimin leaned forward and pressed a kiss to the Alpha’s lips before grabbing his backpack and hopping out of the car. Again, he almost slipped on his way up the icy sidewalk, making Jungkook flinch but he recovered and disappeared inside the building with his little designer backpack. Jungkook drove off and headed to work.

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Jimin headed in to his first class, French Cuisine and found Mark there waiting for him. He pulled off his jacket backpack and outerwear, setting everything aside before giving his friend a hug.

“Hey, Mark. How are you doing?”

“Good. You seem like you’re in a good mood, Minnie. What’s up?”

As if in answer to his question, two very angry Omegas stomped into their classroom and right up to their workstation. They were part of the little group of his tormentors, one of them was female, the other was the male that he’d slapped. He still didn’t know their names, not interested to learn them, even after everything that had happened. The one he’d hit was shaking with anger as he pointed a finger straight at Jimin accusingly.

“What the hell is this meeting? Why are our parents coming? What did you do?”



Jimin looked at him with a soft, serene smile and folded his hands in his lap calmly. He wasn't going to be intimidated by them anymore. He wasn't taking anyone's shit anymore. He was Park Jimin, and he was strong. He didn't need the approval of others to be happy. Perhaps there had been a time, not so long ago when he'd thought that he was lesser than these other Omegas just because he was different and had different drives and desires than them, but Jungkook had shown him that he wasn't lesser, he was better than them.

"I think the real question is, what did YOU do?" Jimin asked in a bland tone.

"Just because you're fucking some rich guy doesn't mean that you're better than me!"

Jimin tilted his head to the side and smiled more.

"I agree, that's not the reason I'm better than you. There are a lot of reasons, and that's nowhere near the top of the list."

"You really think you're better than me? I went to private school all my life and grew up getting the finest education, raised in the best social circles. What about you? What is your background?"

Jimin laughed, a small tinkling sound that echoed in the silent room. Everyone seemed to be watching their little confrontation. It would seem that word had spread about yesterday's events.

"My Appa is a foreman and my Eomma works as a part-time seamstress. I went to public school all my life and grew up in a regular, middle-income household... and yet, we both ended up here, at the same school. What did all that impeccable breeding and fancy schooling earn you in the long run? Nothing that I wasn't able to attain without all of those advantages... and I still managed to find two boyfriends that you could never have a chance with." Jimin tucked a strand of hair behind his ear with a dainty hand as he giggled again, quiet and cutely. "It's almost like you're not as special as you thought..."

Jimin hadn't been expecting the slap that rang across the side of his mouth, but he felt his lip split and blood filled his mouth as his head snapped to the side. Jimin just swallowed the mouthful of blood and licked his lip. He reached up and swiped a thumb over the split, and the finger came away bloody. He had to hold out an arm to stop Mark from jumping to his defense and attacking the other Omega. He looked at his friend first and shook his head.

"It's fine, Mark." Jimin looked toward the one who had just slapped him and smiled as he felt his lip starting to swell slightly. "Mmn... You really shouldn't have done that. But you really don't hit very hard anyway. If that's all, my class is about to start, so I'd appreciate it if you removed your stench from my presence so I can concentrate. Some of us will still be enrolled here by the end of the day."

The other Omega let out a loud sound of frustration, hands balled up into little fists at his sides and feet stomping like a petulant child. Jimin just looked at him with his same cool detachment until he and his companion turned and fled from the classroom. As soon as he was gone, Mark was pulling out a little pack of tissues and pressing them to the bleeding lip while he growled quietly.

"Min, what the hell? You should have let me kick his ass!" Mark grouched as he gently dabbed at his bloody lip that Jimin could already feel swelling and throbbing.

Jimin smiled at his friend and reached up to pet his honey streaked brown hair in an attempt to calm him down. Mark and Jackson were both good friends, and both very protective of him.

"It's okay, Mark. I'm really fine. Jungkook is going to deal with all of them at this meeting and

after that they aren't going to be an issue any more, so don't worry about it. By Monday everything will be totally back to normal."

"I really hope so... I'm tired of all this. I hate seeing you so upset, Minnie. You don't deserve any of this."

"Thanks." Jimin took the little wad of tissues from his friend and dabbed at his split lip for a few more moments before pulling it away and looking at the other Omega. "So, how does it look?"

"It looks like your boyfriend is going to be pissed. Your lip is split and huge... if Jackson saw me like that... it would be fucking armageddon for whoever hurt me. I'm imagining that your Alpha is probably going to feel basically the same. You might want to text him and warn him so that he's prepared."

"Why?"

"Because if he shows up and sees you looking like that out of nowhere, with no warning... he's going to blow a gasket. While the most Jackson could probably do is beat someone up, your boyfriend is a billionaire, I think he's got a little more clout behind his decisions."

Jimin thought about that and weighed his options for a few moments. He knew that Jungkook did feel a certain protectiveness over him. He'd told him that he was special to him and explained why, told him all the things that he offered him that he hadn't been able to find before, and told him that he wouldn't let his bullies affect his dream and his future over something so stupid as his dating history. But was this something he should warn him about? They weren't really boyfriends after all, and he wasn't grievously injured. It was a small injury that he could get the Alpha to heal for him later on tonight. No big deal. Jimin pulled out his cell phone and used the camera as a mirror to check out his lip, which was swollen and still bleeding a little, but he was overall okay.

"I think it will be okay."

"Minnie... I really think you should." Mark said in a hesitant, warning tone.

"Really, I think it will be fine. It's not that bad, plus he'll heal it for me later."

Mark still seemed nervous, so Jimin just took his hand and used the other to continue to dab at his slowly bleeding lip with the tissues until it stopped and he tossed them in the trash. He sat through his classes as his lip continued to throb dully. He ignored it and focused on preparing the meal they were working on that day with Mark, making small notes in his own notebooks for later as he worked on the recipe for coq au vin which turned out delicious. The professor even complimented theirs specifically as he went around and tasted each pairing's dishes, which had the Omegas swelling with pride at their success.

In the hallway they met up with Jackson, who instantly grabbed Jimin by the shoulders the moment he saw him and pulled him in close, looking shocked and worried. His usual goofy grin replaced with an unfamiliar anger and protectiveness.

"Jimin! What happened to your face? Who hit you?" The Alpha said, throwing off the spicy scent of anger.

"It was Hajoon, that Omega who is always messing with him." Mark answered from beside Jimin.

"Oh... is that his name?" Jimin asked, looking over at Mark curiously as the other Omega nodded and he looked back at the Alpha. "It's alright, Jackson. It's not that bad and I'll be perfectly fine. Jungkook and I have a meeting with the administration at twelve thirty and everything will be

taken care of then.” He reached up a hand and patted his friend’s shoulder. “Don’t worry, my Alpha will take care of it.”

That actually seemed to help him relax and he released him, which allowed Mark to step forward and hug his boyfriend, pressing a kiss to his neck to help soothe his agitation.

The next class was Wines in Culinary Arts, which he also had with Mark and which was basically just a fancy wine tasting once a week. Though, usually Jimin didn’t have a split lip that stung and burned with each small sip of alcohol. The wines that day were excellent and the professor had a spread of different complementary cheeses, fruits and dishes for them to try with each one. The class was more to help refine your palate, than to teach you how to cook. Each student was given little cards to fill out about each wine and what notes and flavors they detected in them and why they agreed or disagreed with the paired food items. Jimin was good at this part of cooking, he’d always been great at tasting things and identifying their ingredients. So he and Mark worked their way through the selections and filled out their little cards, finishing up around the time class ended.

Jimin parted from Mark outside his class as his friend wished him good luck and he headed quickly toward the main building on campus, where all the administration offices were located. As Jimin walked around the corner where the Dean’s office and the conference rooms were, he spotted Jungkook and a large group of others, some familiar, some not. He could see among the group, his tormentors, a few of his professors, including professor Heechul, and some older unfamiliar people who he could only assume were the parents of the Omegas who had been making trouble for Jimin, based on the way they were standing. The parents all looked put out and angry, but were continually flicking glances toward Jungkook that spoke of insecurity and fear. They clearly knew who he was.

Jimin knew the moment the Alpha spotted him because his face went from bored indifference to a mild pleasure and then morphed into a kind of animalistic anger that Jimin had never seen on his face before. The only thought that went through Jimin’s mind was, ‘Maybe Mark was right...’ as the Alpha started to walk toward him, face still twisted in his look of fury as his eyes focused on Jimin’s mouth.

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As soon as Jungkook pulled away from the curb he used the controls on the steering wheel to call his lawyer, connection playing through the speaker system as he answered. Han Sejoon had been Jungkook’s lawyer for as long as Cypher Tech had existed. He had been fresh out of law school, and Jungkook and Yoongi were just starting out when they had hired him. Their business and his firm had grown together over the years, and they were as close as business associates could be. Though he mostly worked in business law, he’d dabbled in other parts for them over the years, and the other partners at his firm were experts in various legal areas. When he’d called and explained the situation yesterday, the other Alpha had asked for everything he had, gotten as much information as he could and then assured him that it would be taken care of. Jungkook trusted Sejoon to do his job, he’d never failed them in all the years they’d worked together.

“Jungkook, good morning.”

“Good morning, Sejoon. I was calling to make sure that everything is set up for the meeting. Did you get everything done on your end?”

“Absolutely. Everyone has been contacted and you are good to go. I’ve sent over some information for you, and of course I will meet you at the university at the scheduled time for the meeting. We should have all this wrapped up by one o’clock and everything smoothed over for your Omega.”

“Perfect. I knew I paid you all those exorbitant retainers for a reason.”

“Of course. You know well, that when you’re the best you charge for it. You are the one who taught me that.”

Jungkook laughed at that.

“Perhaps I taught you too well, then.”

“Maybe.” There was a short pause. “I was going to ask, should I start preparing any documentation for an upcoming change in legal status?”

“Excuse me?” Jungkook asked, confused by the question.

“It’s just, you’ve never done anything like this before. I was wondering if I should start drawing up a prenup or getting your affairs in order for an upcoming mating.”

Jungkook felt his lip curl at the word “prenup”. It should be the idea of mating that made him nauseous, just as it always had, but at the moment he was too distracted by the idea of making Jimin... his pretty, vanilla baby, who had a hard time accepting even the things Jungkook had given him, a warm winter wardrobe and payment for being his sugar baby... the idea of making him sign a prenup was revolting. Hell, when he’d gotten his file from the Magic Shop, the Omega had barely been asking for enough money to cover his bills, which still made his skin crawl. The Alpha could only imagine how easily he could have been taken advantage of by someone who would have paid him mere pennies and used his body like their own personal playground, the mere idea made him cringe.

Jimin couldn’t scam his way out of a paper bag, and he couldn’t imagine him actually getting mated just for money and then breaking it off to try and keep half his fortune. If he was wrong about that, then he was no judge of character. He knew that Jimin wasn’t a gold digger or one of those socialites who just wanted to date him for the status and to be able to hold it over the heads of their friends and use him for his vast wealth. Jimin actually liked what they did together, the sex and the domination. Maybe they weren’t in a real relationship, but that didn’t matter. His pretty boy was so pure and innocent... well at least in that sense. Jungkook felt irritation at his lawyer and as he responded, he heard the curt, snappishness in his own tone.

“I’ll decide when I’m ready to be mated, and if I ever did get mated, I wouldn’t need a prenup. I don’t know what you think you know about my Omega but don’t make assumptions about him again if you want to keep your job.”

There was a long pause on the other end of the line and Jungkook could almost picture the Alpha’s frozen stature and surprised face.

“Of course, Jungkook. You know I didn’t mean anything disparaging by that. My apologies if I came off wrong.”

“It’s fine.” Jungkook said with a long sigh. “Sorry, this whole thing has just been stressing me out and I’m taking it out on you.”

Sejoon laughed a little and Jungkook heard the creak of his chair leaning back.

“No problem. You do pay me enough that you get to snap at me from time to time.”

“ Good to know. I’ll have to take advantage of that perk more often then.”

“It’s only once per quarter, so you’ll have to wait another three months before it’s renewed.”

“Alright then, I’ll see you at the meeting.” Jungkook said with a laugh and hung up the phone.

He drove to work with his mind full of thoughts. Why hadn’t he cringed from the idea of mating? Was it just because he’d been too distracted by the prenup talk? But, if that were the case, why wasn’t he feeling it now? He wasn’t ready to get mated right this second. Of course not. Perhaps he was just reaching that age where he knew that he was going to have to get mated at some point and his inner Alpha was just not as intensely against it as he had once been. He was rapidly approaching thirty, and maybe it was just his mid-life change of priorities creeping up on him. He pushed those thoughts aside, locking them away in a little box of “things not to be pondered on” as he arrived at his office and parked in his designated space.

Namjoon was already in the office, talking to Yoongi when he arrived. He set aside his coat and briefcase before greeting them and grabbing a cup of coffee. They settled at his desk and started going over more information about the company, spending several hours on the financial setup, their vendors and how their lines of credit were all funded, some having to be paid up front, others had a payment period of anywhere from 10 to 60 days. It was a giant spiderweb of money and moving parts, all being plucked and maintained by different hands. Namjoon actually had great insights about how to streamline some of their processes by cutting down on excess steps for certain vendors or trying to create a single process for each invoice.

Jungkook was incredibly impressed by his knowledge and ability to look at the complicated maze of accounting, receivables, payables, vendors and customers and map it out in his mind to create a workable ideal. It had taken him years to figure out how everything worked and everything in him to keep it running smoothly, but Jungkook’s genius had never been in accounting. He was a tech whiz, and inventor and a computer nerd. Finances and math were something he was good at, but Kim Namjoon made him look like an absolute amateur. He knew that his company was going to be in good hands, and it was like a giant weight off his shoulders as he watched his new CEO-in-training sketch out notes on a notepad about changes that they could implement to make everything run more smoothly.

They took an early lunch to celebrate Namjoon’s hiring, though Jungkook took his own car, since he would have to leave the restaurant to head straight to Jimin’s school. Yoongi had made them reservations at a high-end sushi bar, and as they were served, Jungkook couldn’t help but think of Jimin and wonder if his pretty boy liked sushi and if he’d enjoy the place. It was elegant and modern with just enough touch of that classic Japanese feel to keep an air of authenticity about the place. The walls were paneled in dark wood that was carved with intricate designs of cherry blossoms and landscapes, traditional buildings and scenery. The tables were low to the floor, made of the same dark wood as the walls and the guests sat on jade and cherry red silk pillows. The space was interspersed with elegantly painted screens that offered the patrons a little privacy at their tables.

Namjoon fit easily into Jungkook and Yoongi’s dynamic, though it was a bit awkward at the beginning of the meal as they navigated their way through regular office politeness and protocol, but when Yoongi finally got tired of trying to be his “office self” and finally eased into his more casual persona that he usually embodied around Jungkook, Namjoon followed his lead. Things became more comfortable as they started to talk about more personal matters and less about office talk. It turned out that Namjoon was single and unmated, though he was open to the possibility of meeting an Omega if the right one came along, but he wasn’t in a hurry. He was the only son of two loving parents that lived in Ilsan and he was planning to go there during the Christmas holiday to spend it with them. Most importantly and most welcome among all the news that they learned about him however was that he was just as much of a vile-mouthed, sarcastic, acerbic jokester as

Jungkook and Yoongi, and by the end of their meal, it was clear that he was going to fit in quite well.

Jungkook put the meal on his corporate card and parted from them outside the restaurant so they could head back to the office and he could head to Jimin's school. He arrived just before noon and found Sejoon already waiting for him, carrying two black cases, one a laptop case, the other for a projector. The lawyer was tall, well-built and handsome in a refined and gentlemanly kind of way. He looked like the kind of Alpha who spent his weekends sipping expensive brandy from crystal sifters and puffing from pricey cigars, which he honestly was. Jungkook had been invited to enough of his parties to know exactly what kind of luxurious affairs they were. He was probably going to have to attend his Holiday Party again this year, but as he thought that he felt a little thrill at the idea of taking Jimin. His pretty baby would no doubt appreciate the exquisite catering and fine wine selection they provided every year.

As he scanned over the hallway, he realized that there were other people there as well, faces he recognized. He felt his friendly smile fall as he looked over at the six students who had been bullying Jimin. He'd read through their chat logs and seen the things they had said about him and he had to physically restrain himself from growling at them when their eyes turned to him. But he didn't lessen the look of pure disdain on his face as he raked his eyes over them, taking in their designer clothes and warm coats. Their parents were all just as well dressed and elegant, most of them were on their phones or fussing over their own appearances. It was clear that none of them had ever wanted for anything in their lives, and as he compared them mentally with the Jimin of his memory with his thin coat and ragged clothes and tiny shoebox apartment, he was pissed.

"Jungkook, you made it. I was just about to go and greet the Dean so I could get set up in the conference room. You want to come?" Sejoon asked in greeting.

"No, you go ahead. I'll wait here for Jimin." Jungkook said, waving the lawyer off and he disappeared into the administration office with a nod.

It was oddly silent in the hallway considering that it was full of people, but Jungkook could tell that the parents were shooting him covert glances. They knew who he was. It wasn't exactly a secret. He was famous among those who kept up with society news. He'd looked into each of these families, and though they were upper middle class, perhaps verging into the lower part of upper class, they were nowhere near Jungkook's level of wealth. But because of their clear ambitions to be part of higher social circles they all knew who he was. He was one of Korea's most eligible bachelors, and any one of them would love to snatch him up as a trophy mate for their Omega children... as if.

He let his eyes briefly wander over the six familiar faces that he'd seen in the pictures from both their school ID photos as well as their social media. None of them were unattractive physically, but they all held the same air of superiority and untouchability. It was clear why Daniel would pursue Jimin over any of these Omegas, two males and four females, all pretty and soft in a very carefully modulated and calculated-to-please kind of way. It felt fake and uncomfortable to look at their soft, glittery appearances and couple that with the hard, sharp eyes and false expressions. He even thought he spotted interest in a few of their eyes as they looked at him and gave him slow smiles that he supposed were meant to be seductive. To him however, they were repulsive. Compared to his little one, with his genuine reactions and soft, sometimes even slightly messy beauty... there was no contest. Jungkook returned their looks with one of cool disapproval and looked away.

After a few minutes of uncomfortable silence he heard footsteps and looked toward the source to spot Jimin headed down the hall, he was all bundled up cutely again. The Alpha knew he had to go outside to get to this building from the one his previous class was in, and he felt a shot of soft

adoration as he looked at him in his tan coat and cream hat and scarf, little mittened hands holding the straps of his backpack cutely. But as he looked up and their eyes met, his lower face retreated from the soft folds of his scarf and he saw his lips. The right side of his lower lip was swollen and bruised with an obvious split. It was clear that someone had hit him in the mouth.

Jungkook felt his face contort into a mask of fury as his heart beat so hard inside his chest that he could feel his pulse in the veins in his neck and hear the blood rushing in his ears. His hands curled into hard, shaking fists as his vision tunneled in on the Omega's lips, and he walked forward in long, quick strides to reach his little one quickly. Anger burst inside him stronger with every second, each inch that he moved closer to Jimin the more hatred rose inside him until he felt like a volcano ready to explode. His inner wolf wanted out, and for the first time since he was probably a teenager he had to battle against his most primal nature to keep himself in check and not attack anyone. He managed it by focusing on the Omega in front of him who was looking at him with his big silvery eyes and walking toward him in quick little steps that made his messy blond waves of hair bounce with his steps, his mittened hands releasing his backpack straps and coming up under his chin to ball into nervous little fists. Somebody was going to pay for this.

As soon as he was within reach, Jungkook cupped Jimin's jaw gently in his hands and turned his pretty face up toward him so he could inspect the damage to his mouth. His lip had a split in it and it was swollen on one side, purple and blue all around the little spot in a small bruise. He used one thumb to pull his lip down as tenderly as he could so he could inspect the inside and found exactly what he'd expected, he'd been cut by his own teeth on the inside of his lip. The little hiss of pain this elicited, as well as the wince and drawing down of eyebrows, closing of eyes as his Omega cringed from his touch for the first time ever, made him absolutely murderous. He looked down into Jimin's eyes and saw the glittering sheen of tears clinging to his bottom lashes and that hardened something inside him into a cold ball of pure malice.

"Who hit you, Baby? Tell me who did this." Jungkook growled lowly, stepping even closer to Jimin, not wanting a single centimeter of space between them.

Jimin's eyes flicked to the side and sought out Hajoong, the Omega who had hit him and the Alpha followed his stare.

"Him?" Jungkook nodded at Hajoong.

"Yeah."

"Mmn... Don't worry, pretty boy. I'll take care of it." Jungkook said.

Their conversation was loud enough that the families, students and teachers that had gathered could hear and Jimin heard a soft giggle, poorly suppressed by a cough that he was sure came from Professor Heechul. The Alpha turned his face back toward him and Jimin gasped and made a soft sound as Jungkook leaned down and licked over his split lip. The Omega curled his mitten-covered hands into the lapels of Jungkook's black cashmere coat as he slid his tongue into the space between his gums and lip and slid it back and forth several times before pulling it out to lick over and over the split in his lip again. He gently sucked the swollen flesh into his mouth and laved his tongue over it until the throbbing stopped and Jimin felt the pain in his lip ease. He could tell that Jungkook was becoming aroused by healing him because his scent surged between them, coating Jimin where they touched and the scent of dark chocolate and french-pressed coffee filled the hallway. Jimin's own vanilla bean scent joined in with it, mixing perfectly until they smelled like a fancy coffee house and the Alpha finally pulled back.

"That's much better." Jungkook said, as he swiped a thumb over Jimin's wet bottom lip and popped it into his own mouth before wiping the excess on his coat.

Jimin reached up and hesitantly probed his mouth with the tips of his fingers. It was still tender and bruised, but the cut was sealed and the swelling was almost all gone, just a slight puffiness remaining. The Omega smiled as he realized he was healed and lifted up on his tippy toes to press a kiss to Jungkook's lips, only a little sore where he was still slightly bruised.

"Thank you."

Jungkook let out a low, quiet laugh and tapped the end of Jimin's small button nose with the tip of his finger, which made the Omega giggle in response. He knew that his own expression was now one of doting fondness, the same one he probably always had when he looked at Jimin, the same one that had caused Yoongi to call him whipped. He couldn't control the look though, when his pretty boy was looking up at him so sweetly, freshly healed by his own mouth. He hated that he was hurt, but he did enjoy healing him. There was something primally satisfying about it that made him want to purr low and deep and strip Jimin down and show him what else he could do with his mouth.

"Anytime, sweetheart."

Jungkook released Jimin from his hold very reluctantly, but he wasn't here just for a social visit with his pretty sugar baby. As soon as his gaze left Jimin, all the softness fled his features and he returned to being his usual drawn and hawkish self, even more than usual as he raked a look of loathing over the Omega who had dared to strike his pretty boy and damage his lovely face. As soon as his gaze met with Sejoon, he could see a mix of shock and amusement in him. His lawyer had met a number of Jungkook's exes. They moved in the same social circles after all and were invited to many of the same parties and events. Jungkook usually preferred a formal amount of distance between himself and his partner in public, and he was well aware of how much of a departure from the norm this was, but he guessed Yoongi was right. He was whipped for one adorable and soft Omega Park Jimin, but how could he not be? He ignored his lawyer's look and addressed him.

"You spoke with the Dean?"

Sejoon looked for a moment like he wanted to laugh, but he suppressed it and ordered himself into something close to a businesslike manner.

"Yes. We'll be in conference room #2. I'm going to go and get set up in there. You and Mr. Park can come with me while I set it up."

"Sure, but one second..." Jungkook said and hesitated, turning to look at Hajoon and his parents, addressing his father. "You're Gwan Myungdae, correct? Owner of Gwan Trucking and Logistics?"

The Alpha looked a bit shocked that Jungkook knew his name and profession so easily, but his chest puffed up slightly, clearly feeling important that someone so impressive knew about him. He reached out a hand as if to offer it to Jungkook to shake.

"Yes sir, and you must be Jeon Jungkook. This is quite an unfortunate set of events to bring us all together, but maybe some good can come of it, huh?"

Jungkook completely ignored the offered hand.

"Your main competitor is Hwang Transportation Services, isn't it?"

"Oh, yes. But our facilities and trucks are much nicer and more up to date than theirs. They aren't



much of a competitor against my company.”

“I see.” Jungkook pulled out his cell phone, pushed the button on the side until it made a soft beep and spoke into the little speaker. “Schedule a reminder to call Hwang Transportation Services tomorrow morning at 8:00 AM.”

Another beep came from the device and a soft robotic voice spoke back. “Reminder scheduled.”

The look of dawning comprehension and horror on the man’s face was priceless as he realized that Jungkook was not in a forgiving mood, and his son had likely just cost him his life’s work. The Alpha wrapped a protective arm around Jimin’s shoulders and guided him along toward Sejoon who was back to looking amused before he turned and led the way toward the conference room where they would set up. As soon as they were inside, the lawyer set his bags on the table and turned to Jimin, offering his hand which the Omega stepped forward and shook.

“Han Sejoon, pleasure to meet you. I’m Mr. Jeon’s legal council. I’m just here to make sure everything goes as smoothly as possible today and hopefully within the hour this will all be over and you’ll be back on the road to getting your education.”

“I’m Park Jimin. It’s nice to meet you. Thank you for helping out with this. I’m not sure about legal fees... but I’ve got a bit of money saved up so you can just send me...” Jimin trailed off as the Alpha shook his head and Jungkook stepped up beside him again, wrapping his arm around him.

“Jungkook here has me on retainer, so don’t worry. You don’t owe me anything. Besides, helping out a pretty Omega in dire straits every once in a while looks good on a lawyer’s reputation.” Sejoon said, giving Jimin a sly wink. “Makes people think you’re less of a heartless shark.”

“Oh... well, it you’re sure.”

“Positive. Now, let me get all of this set up, we’ve got to get this show on the road.”

Sejoon stepped back and turned toward his cases, unpacking them and starting to set up the laptop and projector on the enormous glass conference table. While he worked, Jungkook turned the Omega in his arms and looked down at him. Now that they were away from prying eyes and ears (mostly) he removed Jimin’s backpack, hat, scarf, mittens and coat, folding the clothes up neatly and setting them aside on one of the expensive, modern black leather chairs lining the long table that took up most of the conference room. He eyed the Omega up and down, looking for any other injuries and satisfied when he found none, he pulled him closer, sliding a hand around his back to press him in against his body while the other snaked up into his blond hair

He guided Jimin into a much more satisfying kiss than the one they’d shared in the hallway, not quite as lewd or intense as he wanted to be, but still enough to slake at least a little of the dark possession that was surging inside him. He didn’t like seeing Jimin hurt, and it was the second time that he’d been hurt because of those assholes. Maybe the first had been self-inflicted by the knife in his little kitchen, but it had been because of his overwhelmed state, which had been caused by those Omegas. In Jungkook’s book, that made it their fault. He pulled back with one last soft kiss to Jimin’s full lips, and when he looked into his eyes, the pupil was wide and dark, calling to him. He wanted nothing more than to answer that call, but he refrained.

“Are you alright, Baby? What happened? Why did he hit you?”

Jimin went pink and wiggled a little as he explained the scene from his class that morning. He told Jimin what Hajoong had said, and what he’d responded. When he told Jungkook what he’d said to the other Omega before getting slapped, Sejoon actually snorted out a laugh, that he clearly had

been trying to hold in but was unable to.

“Yeah... I was just tired of him and all his bullying. He really thought that growing up with money made him better than me. I don't care about money. If I did I would have tried to be an investment banker or an accountant like my parents wanted. I decided to become a chef because it's what I love...” Jimin trailed off and looked away, face dropping a little. “Of course, that probably sounds like lies to you because of... well, you know.”

Jungkook used two fingers to gently turn Jimin's face back toward him so he could look at him.

“Hey, I didn't grow up rich either. My Appa owned a paint and body shop and my Eomma was a schoolteacher. I know you're not after my money little one. Do you really think I have that low of an opinion of you? Come on now. I've told you enough how special you are. Now, let's get this done and I'll spend the whole weekend just spoiling the fuck out of you to make you feel better.”

Jimin threw his head back in a genuine laugh, his body swayed forward and he caught himself against Jungkook's chest. The Alpha felt himself lighten at the little happiness on Jimin, and his light, tinkling laugh. He was so pretty and soft with his glittery makeup and cream turtleneck, the joyful expression and giggling made him irresistibly beautiful.

“How about we just go to the grocery store and then spend the weekend in?” Jimin looked up at him with his sparkling eyes and smiling lips, suddenly just a little mischievous. “I'm sure we can find... something to do.”

Jungkook laughed too at Jimin's little seduction. He knew what the Omega was doing. He remembered telling him that morning that he was buying him a reward this weekend, and Jimin was already trying to distract him from spending more money on him. But he could see through all his little tricks. Of course, they would go to the grocery store and they would be spending plenty of time inside... and he'd be spending lots of time inside his lovely Omega. But he was getting his reward. He deserved something special and Jungkook already had a few ideas.

“You can't trick me that easily, Baby. You aren't getting out of a shopping trip.”

“But-”

“No buts.”

“Fine.” Jimin huffed and crossed his arms.

“You're cute. Now, let's get started so we can get this over with.”

Jungkook turned and walked over to Sejoon, who was clicking away at the laptop. Jimin watched as they worked together and got the laptop screen projecting onto the wall, before lowering a big, hanging screen with a remote. He studied the projection and saw that they had several programs open, a video calling application and a power point full of various documents and chat logs, all things Jimin recognized from the files that Jungkook had shown him. It was quickly organized and prepared and with a few clicks a call was being connected as a little mechanical song played, indicating it was ringing. After a few moments it connected and showed a view of another long conference table, packed with people that Jimin didn't know.

“Good afternoon, can you hear me? Are we coming through clearly?” Sejoon asked, leaning down and waving into the camera clipped to the top of the laptop.

“Yes, you're clear. How is it on your end?” A stately, older male on the screen asked in return.

“All good here. Have all the board members and donors arrived?”

“Yes, we’re all here.”

“Are you ready to get started?”

The same male sighed and looked a little disappointed.

“As ready as you can ever be for a situation like this.”

“Understood. I’ll gather the rest on our side and we’ll get this over with quickly.”

As Sejoon walked out into the hallway, Jungkook stepped back over to Jimin and the Omega whispered quietly so the camera wouldn’t pick it up.

“What’s going on? Who are they?” Jimin asked, indicating toward the screen.

“They are the university’s board of directors and some of the major donors. I actually know a lot of them personally, so I called in a few favors. Don’t worry, little one. Daddy’s got this. You trust me don’t you?”

“Of course. You know I do.”

Jungkook gave him a smile and a little wink, then tipped his chin up with a single finger and pressed a kiss to his lips.

“Then just have a seat and let me take care of everything.”

Jungkook pulled out a chair for him at the front of the table and Jimin took a seat, letting himself be pushed forward. The Alpha gathered his coat and things and stored them aside safely with Sejoon’s bags then stood just behind Jimin with one hand on his shoulder, a sign of simultaneous support and possession.

After a few moments people started to stream into the room and take seats along the table, starting at the back, clearly trying to keep their distance from Jimin. The Omega could see that Hajoon’s face was red and his eyes puffy and wet from crying, his father’s, red with anger and he imagined that he’d probably been getting a tongue lashing out in the hallway. He wondered if he should feel bad, because he really didn’t. This group had been making his life so hard for so long and he’d never done anything to them, he’d never retaliated except the single time he’d hit Hajoon that time he’d insulted Jungkook. But that had been after a year of bullying, rumor mongering and verbal abuse. Even the strongest and most patient person had a limit. Jimin was fresh out of sympathy, even for their parents who had known what they were doing and tried to just smooth it over with money.

Sejoon took the seat directly next to Jimin and the Dean sat on the lawyer’s other side. The professors filled in the spaces between the parents and the front of the table. When Jimin glanced over at the Dean he was staring at the screen showing the table directors with abject horror on his face, his eyes flicking back and forth between Jungkook and the screen as if just then realizing how absolutely screwed he was. There were a few moments of shuffling as everyone settled at the table and once there was silence, Jungkook gave Jimin’s shoulder a soft squeeze before releasing it and stepping forward to the head of the table.

“Good afternoon, my name is Jeon Jungkook. I’m sure we’re all aware of why we are here. But just in case, let’s start with some basic information.” Jungkook indicated to the screen behind himself. “Behind me you’ll see the university’s Board of Directors as well as a few of the school’s

more prominent donors.”

The Dean sat forward and cleared his throat, interrupting Jungkook as he held up a finger and the Alpha looked at him with disdain, but made a little gesture for him to go on.

“As good as it is to see you all, I really don’t think that this matter is something that will require their purview. It’s a mere prank between students. I understand you want to protect your... um... friend, and that’s admirable, but this is going a bit far isn’t it?”

Jungkook’s face was composed, but Jimin saw just the tiniest twitch of an eyebrow on the word “friend”. The Alpha simply waited for the other to finish speaking and then coolly replied.

“No, it’s not too far. Nothing would be too far for me to protect my Omega, but in this case, it’s not a simple circumstance of me being an overprotective Alpha boyfriend. I will explain these circumstances to you all, though I know that most of you are aware of them already.”

The Dean looked panicked as he looked into Jungkook’s face and the Alpha just smirked and quirked one elegant eyebrow. The look was full of knowledge and smug self assurance. Jungkook knew what he had done. The middle-aged, balding Dean was glistening with sweat as his woody scent turned damp and distressed.

“Mr. Jeon... I’m sure there’s something we can-” He started, but Jungkook interrupted him snappishly.

“No. There’s really not.”

Jungkook looked down at the laptop and tapped a few keys, the screen changed so that it showed the powerpoint presentation and the video call was just a small box in the bottom corner. The first image was a chat log.

“As I was saying, let’s get the basics out of the way. This entire situation is completely childish and was one hundred percent avoidable.” Jungkook indicated toward the screen behind him as he tapped another key and another screen popped up, a zoomed in shot on one part of the chat log.

“As you can see here on this chat log, this group conspired to get Park Jimin kicked out of school by creating fake pornographic images of him...” Jungkook paused for a moment and Jimin could see a tic working in his jaw as he was clearly angry and trying to control himself. “...and sending them to both the student body as well as the administration.”

Everyone’s eyes focused on the screen and read the little section of the chat that was zoomed in on. It was clearly a record from a computer because it was listed out with phone numbers instead of contact names, though those had been neatly typed in red underneath each phone number so it was clear who was speaking. Jungkook hit the button again and one particular section was highlighted.

(XXX) XXX-XXXX Gwan Hajoong: That little slut finally got exposed! Now we just have to make a move and he’ll be kicked out of school!

(XXX) XXX-XXXX Kim Yoonhee: Yeah we need to get him away from Daniel. He has no idea how disgusting he is!

(XXX)XXX-XXXX Hak Misun: How??? All the professors love him because he’s an “ideal student”. Whatever, he’s just a teacher’s pet. I heard a rumor that he’s sleeping with Professor Heechul... we could spread that around.

(XXX)XXX-XXXX Gwan Hajoong: That’s not bad. But I have something better. I downloaded this illegal program on my computer from like... Russia or something, but it makes DEEPFAKES! So,

all we have to do is find some grandpa porn, photoshop Jimin's face onto it and send it to everyone!

(XXX)XXX-XXXX Kim Yoonhee: Genius! The professors won't take his side if they think he's a prostitute! The rumors are already spreading about his little side business.

(XXX)XXX-XXXX Lee Hanna: OMG... I came back to amazing ideas in the group chat. Yes! Let's finally take that bitch down a peg! Daniel won't want him if he knows he's getting paid for sex by some old grandpa.

"It goes on for quite some time after this, but I won't bore you with the inane ramblings of a group of empty-headed twits. Suffice it to say that they made their plan and executed it. They photoshopped three images, that I am not going to show you because regardless of whether or not they are fake... that's my Omega and I don't take kindly to the idea of anyone other than me seeing him in any state of undress, real or fictional." Jungkook stated matter-of-factly and tapped another key, making the screen change again. "Here, you can see the the false account that was created to send the mass emails out to the school, and you can see here that it is tied to the IP address of the home of Gwan Hajoong. Therefore, we can be assured that the plan was indeed devised and executed by this group of Omegas here." Jungkook swept a hand to indicate the end of the table where the group sat with their parents, now looking worried and scared as their dirty secrets were all spilling out.

The Dean sat forward again and did his little one finger request to speak and Jungkook gave him that little nod that said he could.

"I-It's just as I said... a simple prank. Perhaps, done for the wrong reasons, and surely there should be punishment, but this is not so serious as all of this. The boy didn't get expelled, did he? Everything worked out in the end, didn't it?"

"The boy has a name and it's Park Jimin and you'll refer to him as such." Jungkook said, glaring at the Dean, for the first time allowing the pure malice inside him to leak through to his expression. "As for this being a harmless prank, I don't see how you can think that. Their goal was to get him expelled from school by creating revenge porn. That is illegal... but we both know that wasn't the only illegal thing that happened. Was it?"

Jungkook looked at the Dean with eyes full of deep anger and distaste. Beads of sweat were rolling down the elder's clammy, pale face as he sputtered and adjusted his necktie, like he couldn't get enough air. His eyes seemed to flick back and forth between the screen, Jungkook and the parents, not knowing where to land.

"I-I don't know what you're talking about."

Jungkook looked at him and nobody moved for several long seconds before the Alpha just curled his lip and tapped another button.

"Sure you don't. Now, let's move on. So, the email went out and the school was abuzz with the false rumor that my boyfriend was being hired by various and sundry elderly Alphas to cheat in their matings, accompanied by the false photographs and misinformation in the email. Obviously, Jimin was upset by this turn of events and ended up leaving school early that day. I was surprised however, when that very afternoon, he received a call informing him that there was absolutely nothing the administration could do about the obvious attack against one of their own students. Their reasoning was that it was sent from an anonymous email address and they had no way of finding out who it was. But, as you'll see here, that was a lie. Here is an email from Dean Yang to the parents of the 6 students involved in this incident." Jungkook tapped the key again and another

screen popped up, a screenshot of an email. “I’ll save you the boring exposition of reading it, but he informs them of what happened and their children’s role in it. Several emails get exchanged... and eventually we come around to this...”

Jungkook tapped through several keys slowly, letting each email sit on the screen for a few moments to show that they are real messages. He finally stopped on one with another highlighted section. Jimin glanced up to the sent address and was unsurprised to find that it was from Hajoön’s father. He looked down at the highlighted section and read it.

‘I’m sure that we can come to an arrangement. Our children were admittedly a bit overenthusiastic about their little crush on this, Daniel, but the Omega they were messing with wasn’t harmed in any real way. Maybe he was a little embarrassed and I feel for him, that’s not easy. But it’s just a little prank, he’ll get over it. As parents we just want what’s best for our pups. So, how about we chip in about \$10k each and you get yourself a nice little nest egg, and in return you can sweep all this under the rug for us?’

Jungkook let out a small, humorless laugh that drew everyone’s attention back to him. He was smiling, but it was the shark’s smile, cold and predatory. Jimin almost didn’t recognize him like that. This wasn’t the same Alpha who looked at him with his big doe eyes and gave him soft bunny smiles while he gently washed him in the bath and petted him after guiding his body through the most exquisite pleasure. This was the Alpha who had made a multi-billion dollar company from nothing and who had the world at his fingertips. This was the cold, calculating genius, the business man and the animal. Jimin had no idea why he was getting hard, but he told his body to shut that reaction down STAT.

“Sixty thousand dollars was what it took to get you to betray one of your students. Little did you know that I could have paid you ten times that... hell I could have paid you a hundred times that. Not that I would. I don’t bribe lowlife bastards to do their jobs.”

The entire room was quiet as the grave as Jungkook’s words processed and they all realized that they had majorly fucked up. Jeon Jungkook was not the kind of Alpha who could easily be dissuaded or moved from his course and as they realized who and what they were dealing with, no one could help but to take in the small, soft-looking Omega with his messy waves of blond hair and glittery makeup, so very petite in his oversized cream sweater. How on earth had this tiny, pretty boy moved this Alpha so much? That was the question on every mind, as they looked back and forth between the two who seemed so different and yet, strangely complimented each other. Jungkook tapped the key again and the screen changed.

“As you can see, this offer was accepted and payment was made.” Another tap of the key and bank transfers showed up on the screen with little notes in red, indicating who the numbered accounts belonged to and where they went into the account of Dean Yang. “Sixty thousand dollars was transferred into the account of the Dean and... here you will see that he instructed his student liaison to contact Park Jimin.”

The Alpha tapped the key and another email showed up with a highlighted section. Every eye read the section quietly.

‘Contact Park Jimin and inform him of the incident. I spoke with the IT department and unfortunately, since it was all anonymous it won’t be possible to track them down. It’s just a prank, and though I’m sure it caused him some embarrassment, it will blow over soon.’

Jungkook tapped another few quick keys and the video call resumed at full screen. Now that the video was large again, you could see that the faces of the board members were extremely serious and stern. The Dean was shaking in his seat, beads of sweat pouring from his head and face. The

group of Omegas at the other end of the table sat in various states of distress, some crying quietly, others still seemingly in shock. The parents all looked fearful and angry, as if they wanted to say something in retaliation against Jungkook, but were too afraid to incur the Alpha's wrath more directly. Jungkook's little show in the hallway with Hajoon's father had been understood. Jeon Jungkook was an extremely wealthy man, and a business genius. He was going to bankrupt his company and it wasn't even going to be hard for him to do.

"So, in conclusion... these six students, who are all of legal adult age, created and spread revenge porn, a crime. Then their parents bribed the Dean of their university to cover up what they had done, also a crime." Jungkook's face was no longer smiling, he was stone cold and unfeeling as he addressed the little group around the table. "Out of everyone involved in this entire set of events, the only person who did nothing wrong was Park Jimin. Yet, he was the one who was expected to suffer shame and humiliation from both his peers and his mentors. Not on my watch. Not my Omega."

The silence in the room was complete. You could have heard a pin drop in the absolute stillness. Jimin felt his heart swell inside his chest at the absolutely amazing show of brilliance and sheer dominant will. Jungkook was such an amazing person. Sometimes Jimin forgot that he was really a billionaire, a genius and all of those other amazing things. To him... he was Jungkook. He was his perfect, handsome Daddy, who took such good care of him and made sure he always felt good and had what he needed. He just studied the Alpha with absolute awe, looking at him where he stood at the head of the table. He was powerful there, a figure of such sweeping elegance and authority that Jimin wanted to get on his knees for him then and there, regardless of who was watching. He was startled from his thoughts by the voice of the elderly man on the screen.

"These events are very concerning. We put you in charge of the Seoul Culinary Institute and this is how you have run it? This is a place of learning and higher education, not a source for you to pad your own pockets at the expense of our students. Dean Yang, you are fired, effective immediately. The six students involved in spreading the false pornographic images are expelled also, effective immediately. Our own attorneys have been contacted and they will be working with the authorities to prosecute these offenses both against you as well as the students and parents involved in this shameful matter." There was a moment of pause and Jimin was surprised again when he was addressed personally. "Mr. Park, I'm so sorry that your school life has been so interrupted by these events and I hope that you can continue to pursue your education from now on without this interference."

"Th-thank you, sir." Jimin stuttered out with a little nod, not knowing what else to say.

"Mr. Jeon, it's been a pleasure as always. I'll see you at the Seoul Arts Gala, I'm sure."

"Of course. Jimin will be accompanying me this year as well, so you'll be able to meet him in person."

"Wonderful. I look forward to it. Is there anything else you need from our end?"

"That should be it for now. Thank you."

Just as it appeared Jungkook was going to end the call, Dean Yang stood on shaky legs and spoke. His voice was high and panicked as he started to plead.

"No! Wait, please! You have to listen to me. I can explain, it was just one time! I never meant anyone to get hurt." He turned and staggered around Sejoon, to Jimin, gripping the back of his chair and turning him to face the obviously unstable man. "Jimin, please if you tell your Alpha to stop this, I'm sure he'll listen to you..."

He reached forward as if to place a hand on the Omega's shoulder, but before his hand could make contact, Jimin gasped as his chair was yanked backward away from the Dean and Jungkook stepped in front of him.

“Lay so much as a finger on him and you will regret it.” Jungkook growled low and fierce as he stepped forward into the Dean's space, crowding him further away from Jimin. “This is over, there is no way out of this. No matter who you beg or what you say, you made your choices and you're paying for them. Now sit back down before I have to make you.”

The Dean looked into Jungkook's face for a moment, seemingly searching for any small mercy in those dark, angry eyes, but there was none. He deflated like a punctured beach ball, all his fight leaving him at once and he sat back down, elbows on the table and head in his hands. Jungkook turned and instantly went to Jimin who was looking up at him with wide eyes and parted lips. He rolled the Omega's chair back to its correct spot and gently turned his face up with fingertips under the chin. The look on his face when he stared down at the Omega transformed him completely from the Alpha he'd been just moments before. When he'd looked at the Dean, he'd been a terrifying, merciless, unfeeling beast. But as he touched Jimin and looked into his gray eyes he softened, and his expression was one of concern and curious intent.

“Are you okay, little one?”

“Yes. I'm fine, D- uh... J-Jungkook.”

Jimin's face went bright red at the almost slip up. He'd damn near just called him Daddy in the middle of this meeting. The Alpha smiled at him so indulgently that he only felt himself getting warmer in the face, wanting to look down and hide in the oversized collar of his turtleneck sweater.

“Good. We're almost done. Then we can go home.”

“Okay.” Jimin whispered softly.

Jungkook had to take a deep breath to keep himself from leaning down and pulling him into a kiss. His pretty boy was looking up at him with that soft, trusting expression and it made him want to shield his little vanilla baby away from these assholes who had tried so hard to hurt him. He pulled his hand away and turned back to the group, feeling his expression morph back to the cold fury he'd been wearing before.

“You know, the funny thing is... if you had done this to literally anyone else in the world, I wouldn't have given a single damn. It was just bad luck on your part that you chose to mess with my Omega. Anyone who upsets him gets no mercy from me.” Jungkook said with a sardonic little twist of his lips. “If there are no more interruptions. Then I believe this meeting is adjourned.” He turned his attention to the laptop and tapped a few more keys the open programs closed and the screen became just the desktop background. “I'd suggest that you all try to find decent attorneys. You're going to need them... as for you Mr. Gwan... well, I hope you get a decent public defense attorney.” He turned to Sejoon. “I assume you can take things from here?”

“Of course.”

Jungkook inclined his head to him curtly before turning, grabbing Jimin's things and stepping back over to the Omega. He helped pull his chair out and offered his hand, which the Omega instantly took and allowed himself to be pulled up. As if the stunned crowd weren't there at all, the Alpha bundled Jimin carefully in his coat, hat, scarf and mittens and smiled fondly down at him as he shrugged his little backpack on one shoulder and then pushed his blond hair back out of his face.



“You ready, Baby?”

“Yeah.”

“Let’s go.”

## Chapter End Notes

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# Nesting

## Chapter Summary

Jimin needs his nest. Jungkook helps him.

## Chapter Notes

Please enjoy!

On Friday (Valentines Day) I will have a fic going up in the Jikook Lovestruck Fic Exchange. Please check it out. I worked really hard on it and would appreciate your support!

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

Jungkook wrapped his arm around his waist and guided him out of the conference room. As soon as they were in the hall, it felt like a great weight left Jimin and his whole body started to tremble. It felt like he'd been holding up something heavy for so long that it had started to break something inside him and now that his burden had been lifted, the relief was overwhelming. He didn't want to be here anymore. The school hallway with its white linoleum tiles and cool blue walls was too sterile and cold, the memory of the meeting too fresh, the Dean pleading with him, the feeling of other's eyes on him. He hated it. He'd never wanted any of this. All he had ever wanted was to be left alone to study so he could open his restaurant and cook... but they had all brought this down on their own heads. He didn't feel guilty, exactly. It was more that he felt the impact of what had happened in that room. The ripple of those actions would spread out from these moments and affect the futures of all of them for years to come. It was just alot to take in.

“Let's get you to the car, sweetheart. It's right out here.” Jungkook said gently, squeezing the arm around his waist a little tighter to bring him closer to his body.

Jungkook could feel the Omega shaking and he wanted to go back in there and rip all of them to shreds. But he just guided Jimin outside and down the salted sidewalk to the car where he helped him in and bucked his seatbelt before rushing around to his own side and hopping in. He tossed the backpack in the back and cranked up the heater and seat warmer first, so that the Omega could be warm and as he waited for the car to heat up, he reached over and cupped the side of Jimin's face, turning him so that he could look into his pretty eyes. Instantly, the Omega closed his eyes and pushed into his palm as he started up a soft purr like a needy kitten, seeking more of his touch and that soothed something inside him. His little kitten was still his same, adorable and sweet self.

“What do you need, Baby? What will make you feel better?”

Jimin's eyes opened and he looked up at the Alpha in the seat next to him. His smaller hand came up and rested over the one on his cheek. He knew exactly what he wanted. He wanted to go to his

nest.

“I wanna go to...” Jimin said and then realized that he didn’t currently have a nest set up anywhere.

It made his stomach plummet and his vanilla scent weakened and wilted at the idea of not having a safe, warm space. A nest was an Omega’s most important place and he didn’t have one when he needed it most... His eyes filled with tears.

“What? What’s wrong, Baby?”

Jimin felt ridiculous. He was a grown adult, he shouldn’t be crying about not having his nest set up. But he’d looked around the room that was supposed to be his room at the apartment, and he’d seen the bed. He didn’t have a canopy nearly large enough for it, or enough nesting supplies to fill such a large space. He imagined trying to set his tiny nest up in the center of the vast bed and in his mind it felt like one tent in a huge open field. Dangerous and too exposed. He bit his lip hard as a little hiccup of sound made its way out of his mouth, but Jungkook gently used a thumb to pull it free from his teeth.

“Minnie... what is it? Talk to me, little one. Tell me what you need.” The Alpha said with pleading eyes.

Jungkook’s gut felt tight. He didn’t know what was making Jimin cry, but every instinct in his body was on edge as he waited for the Omega to tell him what he could do. God, he felt like he would do literally anything as he studied those dark lashes, tangled with wetness that made him look like a vulnerable little doll. He would drop millions of dollars in an instant to wipe that look off Jimin’s face and get back the soft, giggling smile and bubbly happiness that he had grown used to seeing from him.

“N-n-nest...” Jimin managed to stammer out as he tried not to cry.

“You want to go to your nest?” Jungkook asked, brows raised.

Jimin nodded frantically, but another little hiccuping sob worked out of his mouth and he had to take a few deep breaths and clear his throat, wiping his eyes before he could answer.

“I d-don’t have a nest, Daddy... I c-couldn’t set it up. I don’t have enough nesting supplies for that big bed. But I n-n-need it!” Jimin’s small, mittened hands moved forward and grabbed Jungkook’s coat lapels as he shook. “Daddy, I need my nest. Please... help me.”

Jimin looked up at him with so much desperation in his wide, gray eyes that Jungkook was breathless. He would do anything for him, and as he asked him for help, he was weak. Jungkook reached forward and took Jimin’s small face between both his hands, and met that needful, silvery gaze with one of sure, solid conviction. He would take care of this for him.

“It’s okay, Minnie. Daddy will take care of everything, just like always. You know that, right? You trust your Daddy to take care of you, don’t you?”

Jimin’s trembling eased and Jungkook watched as his pupils widened and his lips parted on a deep breath.

“Yes.”

The Alpha petted over his silken hair and skin with calming hands for a moment, easing him and helping to calm him further.

“That’s it, little one. You’re safe. Everything’s going to be okay. I’m going to take you to right now to buy nesting supplies, alright? How does that sound? Let’s get you some soft, pretty things to put in your new nest, and then I’ll take you home and I’ll keep you safe while you nest to your heart’s content. How about that?”

Jimin nodded, eyes wide again, but this time with happiness and excitement.

“Yes. I want that. Will you... fuck me in my nest when we get home, Daddy?”

“Of course, if that’s what you want. Anything for you, pretty boy.”

Jimin’s smile burst from him like the first rays of the sun after a storm, warming the earth and turning gloom into warmth and beauty. Jungkook couldn’t stop himself from leaning over and kissing that smile, adoring the fact that he could feel it in the kiss.

Jungkook pulled back and buckled his own seatbelt, he held Jimin’s hand as he drove with the other. He found his way to a high-end store that sold nesting supplies, furniture and other household goods in one of the trendy districts near their apartment. The place was called ‘SOFT’ and he’d seen advertisements for them all over the place over the last few years, it was a huge store that had its own underground lot. He parked, but before they got out of the car, the Alpha turned to Jimin and looked at him seriously.

“Jimin, look at me. We need to talk.”

The Omega looked at him with wide, concerned eyes. It was rare for Jungkook to address him by his real name, which made it feel much more real and formal as he was spoken to. But he just looked at him and nodded, listening raptly.

“I know you usually have a hard time accepting my gifts and money, and I understand that and I respect that it’s part of your principles. But this time I want you to pick out anything you want. Don’t look at the prices, don’t worry about what’s too much or too little. You just pick what you need, what you want and what will make you feel good and safe. Your nest is your special place and I want you to have a safe, warm place in my apartment. I want you to feel welcome there. Do you understand?”

Jimin felt himself relax at those words. He did want to have a nice, soft nest full of pretty things. He wanted a safe place. He could give up his concerns... just this once. He could let himself go and allow himself to be spoiled without worrying over how much something cost, one time only. This wasn’t some frivolous expenditure, it was something he needed for his mental and physical health. Omegas who didn’t feel safe, happy and cared for could become depressed and sick.

“Okay. I’ll let you spoil me. Just this once.”

“Don’t hold back. Even a little bit. If you like something, I want you to get it. Okay?”

“Okay. I won’t hold back.”

“Good boy.”

They took the elevator up to the third level which according to the information on the little sign inside the elevator said held nesting supplies.

Jimin cuddled close to Jungkook’s side as they rode up the elevator and he allowed himself to be guided out into the shop. The Alpha retrieved a cart and helped them out of both their coats, setting them in the little space that would normally be used to sit a child and walked behind Jimin, boxing

his smaller body in against the little trolley with his own as they started past the entryway and into the main part of the store. Jimin looked around the place in wonder, everything was so nice. The light fixtures that hung from the ceiling were adorable little stars and moons, and the walls were all painted a soft and inviting mauve pink. There were no overwhelming scents, and the music was soft and gentle. The atmosphere was comforting and being caged against the cart by Jungkook's body, feeling the heat soak into his back had him feeling secure. He turned his attention to the items on display as Jungkook guided them toward a section that seemed to be blankets and throws.

Jimin looked at the displays and noticed that everything was very organized. Each item had a display version at the front and behind them were the ones you could purchase, sealed and sterile, so that they wouldn't carry any strange scents home to your nest. He knew an Omega must have created this system, because it was absolutely perfect and so well thought out for nesting and scenting. As they walked down the aisle, Jimin noticed that Jungkook was letting him guide them, pausing when he hesitated to touch something curiously. The Omega ran blankets through his fingers, occasionally adding a neatly packaged one to the cart.

The Alpha watched this with rapt fascination as Jimin carefully selected the items he wanted for his nest. The Omega touched each blanket carefully and he saw in his expression his feelings about them. Everything from happy approval to frowning distaste as he ran soft fingertips over them. He was pleased to see that the Omega was following his request and adding things he liked to the cart, not glancing at the price tags at all. He approved of this greatly. Cost was not an object here, this was about his little one's comfort and security, any price was worth it. As they turned down another aisle, there were a series of very fuzzy colorful blankets that he realized were electric as Jimin touched it. The Omega made a little sound and then buried his whole arm in it up to the elbow as he started to purr uncontrollably loud, like a little motor was running in his chest. Jungkook smiled at the characteristic reaction to warmth and softness. He couldn't stop himself from wrapping himself around Jimin from behind completely and squeezing him against his body, when he was being so cute and vulnerable in public.

"Do you like it, Baby?"

"Oh yes... it's so warm."

Jungkook pressed a kiss to Jimin's temple and then reached around him to grab one of the packaged blankets from the display. As Jimin pulled his arm back and resumed walking, the Alpha tossed one of the blankets in every color available into the cart and Jimin didn't stop him. They made their way through several more aisles of blankets, the basket already full by the time they got to the section of pillows and plushes. Again, Jimin just ran hands over things, softly squished pillows and tested them and added things he wanted to the cart until it was a mountain of soft, fluffy things and all that was left to get was a canopy.

They found the section of canopies, all hanging from the ceiling in neat lines. Jimin studied them carefully, not sure what color or kind of fabric he wanted, but when he saw it. He was surprised by how much he liked it, but he adored it from the moment he laid eyes on it. His body came to a halt as he took it in. Made of silk, it was pale yellow and it seemed to glow like gentle candlelight. It looked incredibly soft and buttery, and as he got within range to touch it, he stroked over the fabric and shivered all over his body at how smooth and perfect it felt under his hand. A small sound made it past his lips, just a quiet little 'oh' of sound, but as soon as it was out, Jungkook was grabbing one of the packages behind it and placing it among the mountain of items in the cart, along with a set of sheets made of the same material that went with it as a set.

"Is there anything else you wanted for your nest, little one?"

Jimin turned around within the circle of his arms and looked up at him as he shook his head.

“I don’t think so.” Jimin glanced over his shoulder at the cart that was piled precariously high with so many blankets and pillows that it seemed like it was about to topple over at any moment. “I think this is everything I need... Thank you, for everything. You always take care of me. You always know what’s best.” Jimin said as he wrapped his arms around the Alpha and squeezed him as hard as he could.

Jungkook returned the embrace. He could sense Jimin beginning to fall into subspace and knew he needed to get him home where he could nest and feel safe before he got into that most vulnerable state. He was stressed and worried at the moment, needing to be in a familiar environment where he could feel protected.

“You’re more than welcome, my little kitten. Now, let’s get this all paid for and get you home so you can nest properly.”

“Okay.”

Jungkook guided them to the front of the store and ignored Jimin’s gasp at the exorbitant price. It was a high-end store after all, but Jungkook just slid a hand around the back of the Omega’s neck, under his turtleneck and gently massaged the soft skin there as the cashier ran his credit card and then handed it back to him. Jungkook took the bags and Jimin pushed the cart back and returned it. The Alpha set their purchases down and bundled them both back up in their coats before they loaded up in the elevator and headed down to the garage. Everything was packed into the back, they took their seats and the car was warming up when Jimin finally looked over at the Alpha and spoke the words bubbling up inside him.

“You’re the best Alpha in the world... any Omega would be so lucky to have you. You make me feel so safe and cared for. I don’t know what I would have done today without you. I meant it you know? When I said you’re my hero. You really are. You always seem to save me when I need you the most.”

Jungkook laughed softly and cupped the side of Jimin’s face as he looked at him with gentle amusement.

“I’m not the best Alpha in the world. Far from it. I wasn’t lying when I said I wouldn’t have given a damn if they attacked anyone else. I’m a possessive and protective, jealous Alpha and you’re mine. I protect what’s mine, little one.”

Jimin smiled back at him and giggled that little laugh like a tinkling windchime as he pushed his face into Jungkook’s touch.

“I didn’t say you were A hero, I said you were MY hero... and you are.”

The Alpha wondered if that was true. Perhaps he was a hero, just for Jimin. He tried to compare his actions toward the Omega to how he’d treated his past relationships. There was really no comparison. He’d done the boyfriend thing over and over for years, trying to find somebody who would accept him as he was, with all his kinks and roughness and all he’d found was disappointment. Perhaps he hadn’t needed a boyfriend at all, maybe this was better. It was more honest and more open than any relationship he’d ever had before. This was better, because they weren’t trying to convince each other to get mated and spend their lives together. They were just being honest and open about their needs and wants, nothing was hidden or secret.

“Maybe I can be one, just on occasion. For you only.” Jungkook said, reaching over and tapping

the tip of his little button nose with a finger and making him giggle again.

“I like that.”

Jungkook drove them home and once they were up in the apartment, it was like all the tension in Jimin’s body melted away and he was just... himself again. The Alpha watched as he kicked off his boots in the entryway and started pulling off his clothes instantly, walking further into the house as Jungkook followed behind him, carrying the bags of nesting supplies. Jimin left a trail of clothes starting in the entryway with his coat and scarf and through the living room and hallway, and by the time he was in his own bedroom, he was naked except for his white panties with the little lemon print all over them. Jungkook knew he had to be cold, but he also knew that he must not want a lot of clothes on if he was nesting. He dropped the bags at the foot of the bed and quickly went to his room to grab Jimin the tall yellow socks and white hoodie he’d slept in last night, discarding his own coat, suit jacket and tie, so he was just in his slacks and button up. The Omega allowed him to put the socks on him, but shied away from the hoodie and Jungkook eventually acquiesced and hung it on the little hook on the back of the door, allowing him to stay mostly naked while he nested.

“Alright, Baby. What do you need me to do?” Jungkook asked.

“Will you help me open everything?” Jimin said, crouching down and opening one of the bags, pulling out several blankets.

“Of course.”

He knelt next to the Omega and the pair of them made quick work of everything, opening the packages and collecting all the trash into one of the large shopping bags to dispose of later. Jimin laid things out on the bed in neat little piles, and once everything was done, Jungkook carried the trash off to the kitchen to be dealt with later and returned just in time to see Jimin crawl up into the pile of blankets he’d made and start rolling around in them. He slid his body over them up and then back down one side and then the other. He shuffled through them until he was barely visible among them and only his little purr could be heard as he wiggled into the soft, stack of furry, warm covers and as the scent of vanilla wafted toward him, he realized that Jimin was scenting his nesting blankets. That... should not make him hard. He knew that it probably shouldn’t but he was already hard as he leaned in the doorway and watched the Omega emerge from the blankets with staticky hair standing up in every direction, loud purr still going strong.

Jimin climbed over into the pillows and gave them the same treatment, rolling around in them and grabbing them at random, rubbing them on his neck and face, some lower on his chest and belly. He was clearly letting his scent out freely, as the smell of vanilla filled the room to bursting and Jungkook stood in the doorway, taking deep breaths through his nose, enjoying the exquisite aroma. It was both adorable and sexy to watch his pretty boy scent all the new nesting things that he’d bought him. All his hickeys were still on clear display as he rolled around in just his panties and socks, the purple-red marks all over his skin a feast for the Alpha’s eyes, and he gladly devoured them, letting his mind wander over the memory of leaving each one on his perfect, pale skin. He watched from his place in the doorway until Jimin seemed satisfied with his scenting and crawled out of his pillow pile, his hair still a static mess on his head. He took the pale yellow canopy and stepped up onto the bed, reaching up to try to pull one of the little re-tractable hooks from the ceiling, made specifically for that purpose down, but he was too short. Even jumping on the bed, his fingertips barely grazed the little grip. Jungkook, afraid that the Omega would fall and hurt himself stepped forward and took him by the hips to make him stop bouncing.

“Here, pretty boy. Let me do that for you.”

Jungkook stepped up onto the bed behind Jimin and reached up, pulling one of the little hooks down from the ceiling. The Omega gave him the canopy and he attached it to the hook. He allowed himself a few moments to touch Jimin after he hung the canopy, as they stood in the middle of his bed. He ran his hands over the soft skin that was so strongly bursting with vanilla bean scent from marking all his nesting items. It was like the softest velvet under his palms as he skimmed his curves and traced every line and dip that he'd come to know in the time that they had been intimate together. He turned his nose down and into his hair, inhaling his scent deeply, pure and uninhibited by surrounding smells.

“God I love your scent, Baby. You smell so good. My sweet little vanilla boy... mmm... You smell just as pretty as you look, so pure and sweet.” Jungkook leaned down farther until his nose was grazing over the skin of his neck. The Omega turned his head to give him more access, but he just pressed a kiss there and pulled away. “I’ll let you finish nesting before I distract you.”

Jimin wanted to pull Jungkook back as he stepped away. He missed the heat of the Alpha’s body the second that he withdrew from him, but he knew that he wanted his nest set up first. He wanted his Daddy in his nest, right there along with all the other warm things that made him feel secure and safe. He belonged there, because he was warm and safe and he made him feel all those positive secure feelings just like a nest. He turned around and watched Jungkook step down from the bed and lean against the wall, arms crossed over his chest, arousal clear in the bulge tenting the front of his dark slacks. Jimin bit his lip as he met his chocolate eyes and saw the erotic promise in them. Warmth gathered low in his belly and he felt a little bloom of arousal flourish inside him as wetness gathered between his legs.

“I’ll hurry...” Jimin said, scrambling down off the bed, but before he could move to start arranging things, Jungkook stopped him with a gentle hand around his nape that brought him to a halt.

“No. Take your time. Make your nest. We have all the time in the world for sex. This is more important. Don’t rush. Just do what you need to do.”

Jimin smiled and nodded, he lifted up onto his toes and pressed a soft kiss to Jungkook’s lips.

“Thank you.”

He pulled away and the Alpha let him go as he turned back to his bed and flitted around, arranging the canopy to drape just right, and then started placing the blankets inside. He made a perfect nest with a space in the center that was just big enough for he and Jungkook both to fit in. He filled it both with the things Jungkook had bought for him as well as his own blankets from his old nest. He added in all the pillows next until there was just a soft little shelter in the center, where everything surrounded one little space that was a sort of mix of blankets with a larger wall of nest surrounding it. The Alpha watched this from his place against the wall with a mix of fondness and desperation.

Watching Jimin make his nest and adjust everything just so, was absolutely adorable. But watching him bent over on all fours for extended periods of time in just his socks and panties... with his scent so strong in the room and the knowledge that he wanted him. It was torture. But after a while, the Omega patted a few things adjusted his pillows one last time and then Jungkook watched with soft eyes as he flopped onto his back in the middle of his new nest and wiggled happily, a mix of giggles and purring coming from him as he wormed down into the warm, fuzziness of his nest, the smile on his face brilliant and pure as he looked toward him and reached out his tiny, summoning hands.

“Take off your clothes, Daddy and come into my nest. You belong here too.” Jimin said, still smiling as he made impatient grabby hands at him.



Jungkook quickly removed his clothes, hesitating for a moment at his underwear, but ultimately deciding to take them off. He knew where this was going, and he knew Jimin didn't mind his nudity. He climbed up into Jimin's nest and as he crawled over the Omega, he automatically opened his legs for him, inviting him right where he wanted to be without a word. Jungkook settled himself there into the cradle of Jimin's body, feeling the heat of his own skin leaching into Jimin's as the Omega shivered under him and whined as he connected their lips in a searing kiss, parting almost at once and plundering Jimin's mouth with his tongue. This... felt a little too right.

Jimin purred as he was kissed, surrounded by his enormous, soft and beautiful nest, another gift from his Daddy. The amazing Alpha who always took care of him and made sure he had what he needed, who made sure he was safe, warm and happy. He could feel that hard staff of flesh that he loved so much pressed between his legs, rubbing gently against him as Jungkook shifted his hips. He'd never given a great deal of thought to how much he wanted sex. He was a healthy, twenty one year old male, so of course he thought about sex... alot. But he'd always just imagined it as some distant future fantasy thing, but being with Jungkook was so real and solid, a needful and burning reality that consumed him every time they touched. It didn't matter if he were tied up and begging or if he were like this, just being kissed breathless with Jungkook on top of him, all of it was amazing. Anytime the Alpha touched him, it pulled something inside him to the surface, something he normally kept hidden deep down inside. It was that part of himself that he'd pushed away for so long, the part that wanted to please an Alpha and put his pleasure above anything else, to hand himself over and let go completely. The submissive. But more than simple submission, he wanted to take care of Jungkook's needs and make sure he was satisfied, and as he thought that, he got what seemed to him to be an exceptional idea.

He broke the kiss and maneuvered his hands between them to push at Jungkook's shoulders. The Alpha pulled back from him at once and looked down curiously and a little worried. Jimin never pushed him away.

“You okay, Baby?”

Jimin gave him a smile and a nod.

“Yeah. Let me be on top. I want to try something... Is that okay?”

Jungkook gave him that same indulgent look that he always did and stroked over his cheek with a warm hand.

“Of course, little one. Whatever you want is okay.”

Jungkook helped maneuver them until he was on his back and Jimin was straddling him. He looked at the Omega who was sitting astride his hips in his pretty yellow socks and lemon-print panties and thought that with his blond hair and fair coloring that the shade should wash him out, but Jimin looked like the personification of summer in his cute little set. Jungkook was certain there wasn't a color on earth that wouldn't compliment him. He slid his hands up the soft, creamy thighs that were bracketing his hips, fingertips skimming the dark hickies there.

“What did you want to try, little one?” Jungkook asked as he saw Jimin getting flushed and pink above him, his arousal clear in the hard cock that tented his panties and the wetness he could both feel and smell from his vanilla slick.

Jimin felt both embarrassed and incredibly turned on by what he was about to do, but he wasn't sure which one was stronger. They seemed to fuel each other until he was just a mix of shy need, trembling and blushing as he looked down at the Alpha between his legs. He let his gently trembling fingers skim over his own belly to his hips and up over his nipples as he looked down at

Jungkook and met his dark gaze. The Alpha's eyes were intent on him, unwavering in their study of Jimin's body and movements.

"I want you to watch me... Will you watch me, Daddy?"

"Fuck... yeah, pretty boy. I'll watch you. You gonna put on a little show for me?"

"Yeah."

The word was just a little whisper, but it was loud in the confines of the nest, and Jungkook felt heat rush under his skin as he watched Jimin's fingers circle his little pink nipples, massaging the taut peaks with the soft pads of his fingertips. The Omega moaned quietly as he touched himself and let his eyes slide closed. He gave himself over to pleasure as he teased his nipples, first just massaging, then softly pinching and tugging on the sensitive peaks until he felt a warm rush of slick between his legs and his panties started to become too wet for comfort. He opened his eyes and looked down at the Alpha below him to see that he was biting his lip, staring at him like he was the most beautiful thing in the world.

"Is this okay, Daddy?" Jimin asked.

"It's amazing, sweetheart. You're doing so good. Keep going, little one. Show Daddy what else you can do. Show me what you wanted me to see, Baby. I'm watching."

Jimin felt himself swell with sudden confidence. He felt so beautiful when Jungkook looked at him. His Daddy always made him feel pretty and desirable. He smiled and slid one hand down to gently caress his cock over his panties as he looked down into Jungkook's face, watching as the Alpha's eyes roamed over his whole body, taking in every part of him, clearly enjoying what he saw. Jimin let out quiet breaths, each one a soft sound of pleasure that puffed into the silence of the nest.

"Do you want me to keep the socks on... or take them off?"

"As pretty as you are in them, I want to see every inch of your skin. Show yourself off for me, little one."

Jimin smiled brilliantly down at him for a moment and gave a short nod before removing his hands from his own body and getting off of him. Jungkook watched as he pulled off his panties and tall socks, tossing them out of the nest until he was left in just his skin and his volley of hickeys all over his pale, perfect skin. Jungkook was expecting Jimin to straddle him again, so he was prepared for that, but he was not prepared for him to straddle him facing away, in the reverse cowgirl position. Jimin was astride him just perfectly so his small cock was against Jungkook's larger one and the Alpha had the perfect view of his round, full ass. The Omega leaned forward, bracing himself with one hand on Jungkook's thigh, just above the knee and spreading his legs open farther, arching his back as his other hand reached behind him. The Alpha watched in erotic fascination as Jimin's pretty hand slid down between his cheeks and one finger pressed at his shimmering wet hole, sliding inside. He turned his head and looked over his shoulder.

"A-are you watching, Daddy?"

"Oh yeah, sweetheart. I'm watching. You're doing so well, keep going."

Jimin slowly moved the finger inside himself in and out a few times before adding another one, moaning quietly at the feeling of being stretched on his own small digits. It was nowhere near as satisfying as the feel of Jungkook's longer, thicker fingers inside him, but the knowledge that he

was being watched and that the Alpha was enjoying it made his pleasure increase tenfold. His hips shifted reflexively as he stretched himself and worked back against his own fingers, which in turn rubbed their cocks together between Jimin's legs as he opened himself and readied his hole for his Daddy's cock. He could feel his slick sliding down from his entrance and easing the glide between them as he simultaneously moved himself against Jungkook and worked his fingers in and out, adding a third and moaning as he let his head fall back, mouth open and sounds falling freely from his lips.

Jungkook was in absolute heaven as he watched his beautiful Jimin on top of him, desperately fingering himself open, his petite little fingers shining and glossy with his own slick as his pretty pink hole stretched around them. From his angle, Jimin's ass looked even bigger than usual, and his proportions were already extraordinary for someone so small and slender. But arched and presented as he was, working three fingers into his entrance, he was obscene and Jungkook was mesmerized by his perfection. He could hear the little wet noises of Jimin's fingers messily fucking himself as he jerkily moved against him and tried to stretch himself at the same time, slick flowing freely from him. The feel of Jimin's slight weight and softness against his own cock already had him throbbing and he wanted nothing more than to roll the Omega over and pound into his soft heat until he was sobbing from overstimulation, but he also wanted to watch his pretty boy's little show. He was enjoying how easily Jimin was getting overwhelmed just by grinding on him and fingering himself as he started to tremble and his moans got shaky and breathy.

"Mmn... I'm ready, Daddy. I want you to watch me ride you... I want you to see how well I take your cock... Only I can do it. No one else can do it like me... You know that, right?" Jimin moaned, still working the three fingers inside himself.

Jungkook felt a surge of possessiveness at those words. He couldn't imagine anyone else on his cock at this point. He was pretty sure he couldn't even get hard for anyone besides Jimin. His little vanilla boy was absolutely everything that he wanted, and his mind couldn't conjure an image of anyone else in a sexual context, and the idea of his baby doing this to anyone else made him wild. No one could see him like this. This was only for Jungkook to see. Jimin was his.

"Show me, Baby. Show me how my good boy takes his Daddy's big dick. Ride me, little one. I wanna watch my cock get swallowed up in that pretty little hole of yours."

Jimin whimpered as he pulled his fingers free, desperate to do what Jungkook wanted, needing to make his Daddy feel good. He lifted his hips up, rising up onto his knees and reached between them, wrapping his small hand around the Alpha's cock, standing him up and lining him up with his hole. He felt Jungkook's hands on his asscheeks and realized that he was holding him open to get a better view of his cock breaching his entrance. Jimin pressed some of his weight down and felt his hole stretch around the fat, mushroom tip of the Alpha's cock. He whimpered and squeezed his eyes shut as he felt the burn of being stretched. His fingers were smaller than Jungkook's and not as effective at stretching him, but that didn't stop him from pushing down farther, even through the slight burn.

"Can you see it, Daddy? Are you looking?" Jimin asked as he lowered himself slowly.

"Yeah, Baby. I can see it perfectly. You're so pretty. Your little hole is taking me so well. I can't even believe my cock fits inside you, but you're taking me like you were made for it. Such a good boy, sucking Daddy's cock into his needy, wet, little hole... you feel so good... nng... You're so warm inside, little one. I love how you feel... Are you gonna be able to take it all? Are you gonna take Daddy's knot and let him fill you up with his cum like a good boy too?"

"Yes! Oh, fuck... ah... god, yes Daddy... please..." Jimin moaned as he settled his weight back

and sunk down the rest of the way until he was sitting flush against Jungkook's hips.

Jimin felt so full and in his position he could feel Jungkook's cock so deep inside him it was almost painful, the tip of it felt like it was behind his belly button, pushing against his tender insides, but it felt absolutely amazing and he wanted more. He lifted his hips a little and dropped back down with a soft moan. He felt Jungkook's hands supporting some of his weight where he was still holding his cheeks apart. He started moving, lifting himself up and dropping back down, bouncing on the Alpha's cock as he whimpered and moaned at the perfect stretch and the way his cock brushed just right against his prostate on every movement.

"Wh-what does it... ngh... look like, Daddy? Ah... Am I pretty when I ride your cock?"

Jungkook was transfixed by the sight before him. Jimin's curvy, slender figure bouncing up and down as his cock slid in and out of his clenching wet hole. His length was glossy with slick as Jimin slid up each time, his wetness coating him in his syrupy sweet honey. His own hands held his lush cheeks apart so he could watch every detail of Jimin's hole taking his cock again and again. He had to admit, his pretty boy was right. Nobody could do it like he did. No one had ever taken his cock so well, been so desperate for it and needful for more every time.

"It looks so fucking good, Baby... god... it looks fucking... unngh... fuck, you're so pretty. My cock is all glossy and shiny from your slick, Baby... You're all over me... getting Daddy's cock so fucking wet... You're so beautiful, Minnie. My good, beautiful boy."

These words had Jimin's whole body throbbing, sensation coalescing in his erogenous zones, his nipples and cock aching, pre-cum leaking from his tip and sliding down his cock as it bounced freely between his spread legs. He was already close to cumming and he knew that Jungkook was too as he felt his rim catching on the swelling knot at the base of his cock as the Alpha's body prepared for orgasm. The Omega was trembling as his body tightened up and prepared itself for release, his bouncing getting more and more erratic as he closed in on his climax, until he finally couldn't hold himself back any more and he came in little bursts, his whole body twitching and jerking as his legs gave out and he collapsed down onto Jungkook, fully taking him inside.

The clenching flutter of Jimin's inner walls mixed with the sounds of pleasure falling from his mouth and the sight of him jerking and convulsing on top of him in ecstasy, as well as the view of his hole, stretching wider and wider to accommodate his knot had Jungkook's orgasm slamming into his gut like a punch from a professional boxer, knocking all the wind right out of him as he automatically arched his hips upward, pushing in just that extra little bit as his knot formed fully and he was locked inside the Omega. Bursts of his hot cum filled Jimin and he felt the heat of his own release inside the warmth of Jimin's body, and knew the Omega felt it too as he started to purr and whimper simultaneously as soon as the searing pulses started up inside him. Jungkook's hands moved from Jimin's ass to his hips to hold him down against his hips as hard as he could, keeping his cock as deep inside as physically possible.

"Oh... ah... Daddy, so full... it hurts... it's so good, Daddy... I love it... ahn..."

"That's it, Baby... fuck, you feel good... mmn... You just take it, don't you? You take everything Daddy gives you... Such a good boy..."

Jungkook felt Jimin starting to shake as weakness overtook him after his orgasm. He reached up and used his hands to guide the Omega back until he was laying against the Alpha's chest, still breathing hard, the two of them locked together by his knot. Jungkook turned them slowly, making sure not to pull on the knot that was settled firmly inside the Omega so that they were on their sides with him spooned up behind Jimin. He wrapped the Omega up in his embrace and traced light fingertips over his skin where he could reach as his mouth descended to his neck and he gently

suckled over his scent gland to soothe him, not enough to cause pain, or even arousal, just a soft, easy sucking on the silken skin that had Jimin instantly purring loud, his little body vibrating in his hold as his small, baby-soft hands gently gripped into the arms that were holding him.

“Thank you, Daddy... Thank you... Thank you...” Jimin repeated over and over as he immediately started to doze, worn out by his stressful day, and feeling safe and warm in his new nest.

Jungkook broke the seal of his mouth against his neck to whisper his response, his lips caressing over the wet skin.

“It was nothing, little one. Anything for you, Baby.”

-----

“No, absolutely not.” Jimin stated matter of factly as he crossed his arms and glared at Jungkook with his full sass.

The Alpha looked at his pretty boy, dressed so lovely in light wash skinny jeans and a black coat over a thin, long sleeve white shirt. Around his neck was a thin black choker with a little heart charm dangling from it, that Jungkook’s eyes kept darting to, unable to stop thinking how much it looked like a collar with a little name tag. His makeup was casual, except the blush across his cheeks and nose which made him look innocent and cute, and the sunglasses that pushed back his blond hair from his face made him so pretty that Jungkook just wanted to coo at him, even when he was being difficult.

“Come on, it’s perfect for you.”

Jimin sighed and pinched the bridge of his nose. He’d spent the morning warm and cozy in his nest with Jungkook, feeling relaxed and safe. He’d been ready to stay there all weekend, just going back and forth between getting fucked to within an inch of his life and napping, which was his ideal weekend. But after a measly two rounds of morning sex, he’d been pulled out of bed, forced to dress and dragged to a car dealership. After about thirty minutes of back and forth inside the car, Jimin had finally agreed that... okay, Jungkook could buy him a car. The Alpha had made some fair points about how he might not always be able to pick him up and when Jimin had said he could take the bus or the train... the Alpha had actually growled at him and pulled him into a hard kiss. Apparently, public transport was out of the question.

So, Jungkook was going to buy him a car. However... there was no way in hell he was ever going to drive that... monstrosity.

“It’s a baby pink Ferrari.”

“Exactly. You’d be so cute in it.”

“No. I’m not driving that. I said I would let you buy me a car, but I meant a NORMAL car in a NORMAL color.”

Jungkook stepped closer and turned Jimin’s face up to look at him. The Alpha was giving him the ‘I’m going to do what I want and you are just gonna have to deal’ look.

“Baby... why are you being so difficult?” Jungkook asked as he looked into his eyes.

But Jimin knew his weaknesses now. He had his defense all cued up as he put on his cutest and most adorable pout, trying his best to look completely pathetic as he felt the sting of tears in his eyes. He knew he’d already won when he saw the dark eyes that were looking at him soften just

the littlest degree.

“But... Daddy, sports cars aren't safe... I wouldn't feel safe driving it. I don't know how to drive that kind of car. Can't we get something safer... I'm scared.”

“Aww... Why didn't you just say that then, little one?” Jungkook asked, leaning down and gently pecking his lips.

“Because I'm not a baby, but I just want to be safe.” Jimin said, still pouting as he cuddled up to Jungkook's chest.

Honestly, Jungkook hadn't even thought about that, but as he looked around the showroom at the selection of sports cars, suddenly all he saw were death traps for his precious little Minnie. It would be all too easy to lose control of a car like these if you weren't used to driving a sports car. Most of these models could go zero to sixty in a matter of seconds. He wrapped an arm around Jimin's waist and hugged him for a moment before pressing a kiss to the top of his head.

“It's alright, Baby. You're not in trouble. You're actually right. Let's go somewhere else and look at something a little more safe and practical for you.”

Jimin looked up from his hiding place in his chest and beamed like a spotlight, as if light was emanating from his smile and shining right on him. The Omega was so cute, and Jungkook realized he was probably being manipulated a little bit, but honestly... he was being manipulated to buy a cheaper car and one that was safer. He really couldn't argue with the safety issue, even if he didn't give a damn about the price. Seeing Jimin so happy about his little victory however allowed him to be humble enough to let the Omega win his little deception. He was getting too soft, but there was nothing for it.

“Really? You mean it?”

“Of course. If that's what you want.”

Jimin made a little giggle of happiness and bounced in his hold as he squeezed him tight.

“Thank you! You're the best.”

Jungkook couldn't help but laugh at Jimin's happiness. He really was the most adorable thing in the world. He just petted his hair and pressed an indulgent kiss to his petal soft lips. How could he not let his little one have his way when he was being so cute and sweet. So, he buttoned him up in his coat and wrapped an arm around him to guide him out of the dealership and back to his car. He buckled Jimin up safely, and got behind the wheel. He held the Omega's soft little hand as he drove with the other. Jimin had insisted that it was warm enough not to need gloves and a scarf, but his tiny hands felt like ice to the Alpha as he gently squeezed the one in his grip.

“Alright, Baby. So you don't want a sports car. I'll get you something a little different.”

“You don't have to get me a car, really. I can take the bus...” Jimin started but faded off at a look from Jungkook.

Jungkook still remembered their first meeting, when Jimin had shown up with his bruised knuckles and told him about getting groped on the train. Of course, it had bothered him at the time, but he'd looked at it as Jimin's business, there was nothing he could do about it. But now he knew that if he found out that someone had tried to molest his pretty boy... he wouldn't stop until that person was ruined forever. The mere idea of someone touching Jimin like that made his skin feel hot and his heartbeat speed up. He knew that Jimin was stronger than he looked and that he could take care of

himself, but he also didn't want him to have to take care of himself if it wasn't necessary. The Alpha would do those hard things for him, and Jimin could relax and be who he really was, his soft, good boy.

“Baby... I don't feel safe with you taking the train and the bus. I know you did it for a long time before you met me, and I know you're an adult. I can't stop you from doing whatever you want and I know that. But I'm asking you to let me get you a reliable mode of transportation so I don't have to worry about you getting kidnapped or... worse.”

Jimin looked over at Jungkook and wondered what he was imagining in that big, smart brain of his to have his jaw flexing so hard and his brows drawn down like he was angry. He didn't want to make the Alpha angry or upset, he just wasn't very good at accepting these extravagant gifts. What was he supposed to do? All he wanted was to go home and climb into his nest and let go of everything tethering him to this plane of existence as he let Jungkook take over for him and use his body however he saw fit. He wanted to just... obey and submit and not have to think or make decisions. All of this was just too real and too much decision making. He thought, maybe he should just let Jungkook do this for him too. He let out a little sigh of surrender and let go of the responsibility of worrying about it for just a little bit. Jungkook knew how much money he had and what he could afford, it wasn't for Jimin to decide what he could do with his fortune. The Omega gently caressed his thumb over the Alpha's where their hands were joined, soothing him.

“Okay. I'm sorry. I promise I'll stop being so difficult. I'm not trying to make this hard on you. You know it's just... not easy for me to accept these things. Can we just get something at least a little more reasonable than a baby pink Ferrari? Like a midsize car with good airbags and heated seats?”

Jungkook's drawn expression relaxed and he laughed as he glanced over at Jimin's adorable, pleading expression. He gave a gentle squeeze to the hand in his.

“Alright, that sounds perfect.”

Jimin really should not have been surprised when they pulled up outside the Mercedes-Benz dealership. Of course, because even if it wasn't a Ferrari, it was definitely going to be expensive as hell. He just resigned himself to the idea that Jungkook was going to do what he wanted, and if he wanted to get back to his nest, then he should just go with it and let the Alpha do what he wanted. So, he walked with him around the showroom and sat in various cars while a salesman expounded on the merits and virtues of each. It was a long and boring process for the Omega who would have been happy with literally anything. He just wanted to go home, but eventually Jungkook settled on the little four door sedan and of course he wanted it with all the best options and features. All that was left was for Jimin to pick an option from the little tablet that the salesman showed them. He flipped through them rapidly, looking at different colored versions of the same car with various interiors. He settled on a light blue one with a cream colored leather interior, which he thought was the prettiest.

Jungkook knew Jimin was feeling needy already as they were wrapping things up at the dealership. He could feel the way his little hands were gently massaging at the arm he was wrapped around, his cute little button nose nuzzling into his shoulder. He was reminded inexorably of a kitten pawing and kneading, and it made him want to pinch Jimin's blushy little cheeks. He arranged the payment for the car, having to call his bank and assure them that the charge was genuine. Jimin seemed shocked when he realized the Alpha was putting it under his name, so that he owned it legally, and he had to produce an ID for the lady who was processing the purchase. He gave the dealership the address for delivery and guided the Omega out of the place and back to his car. As soon as they were inside, Jimin was leaning over and pushing his cold nose into Jungkook's neck,

whining softly as his small hand snaked down to cup him between his legs.

“Daddy... can we go home now? I wanna go to my nest... I want you to fuck me. I want you to take over for a while. Please?”

The Alpha let his head thunk back against the seat as the small hand massaged his cock into full hardness in mere moments. All it took for him to give in to his pretty boy was just this, a soft, groping hand and a cold nose and warm lips on his neck, sweet pleas in his ears. He snaked one hand up Jimin’s back and tangled it painfully tight into his blond hair, making him whimper against the skin under his mouth.

“Baby... we’re in public.”

Jungkook pulled Jimin back until he could look into his face and he had to admit, he was pretty with his lips shining with spit and cheeks pink with a blush. His pupils were already blown wide as harsh breaths puffed from his parted mouth. He looked so needy as he glanced down at his lips and back up into his eyes and tried to lean forward, but was prevented by the hand in his hair. The Alpha felt a little bad as his lips trembled and he made a little noise of desperation, his lovely silvery eyes filled with tears.

“Daddy, please. I’ll be good... You can fuck my mouth right now. I promise I’ll swallow everything, I won’t even make a mess. Please...” Jimin begged, trying to move forward again, but still held in place by his firm hand.

“I think I’ve been giving in to you just a little too much, pretty boy. I think you need to learn a lesson about patience and waiting to get what you want.”

“B-but...”

Jungkook had to admit he was surprised at the backtalk. Jimin didn’t usually give him much grief in that way. He wondered why he was so intent on being home. He knew Jimin was the type who liked to be comfortable, but he wasn’t generally so against going out.

“You alright, little one? You seem really eager to get home.”

“I didn’t have time to scent all my nest things properly... I just want to get back in there. It feels like it’s not ready yet and it’s making me nervous.” Jimin glanced over to him. “Sorry...Is that dumb?”

Jimin bit his lip and Jungkook felt himself soften at the expression of worry on his face. The Alpha used a thumb to encourage him to release the lip from between his teeth.

“Of course it’s not. But we still need to go to the store. Do you think you can still be you for a little longer while we do that, then we can go home and we won’t leave again all weekend.”

“Really?”

“Really, really.”

“Okay.” Jimin said, nodding furiously.

The Omega before him already looked so wrecked with his bitten lips and teary eyes, cheeks red with a flush. Jungkook loosened the hand in his hair and gently guided him forward until he could capture his lips in a slow, gentle kiss that made Jimin shiver as he slid his tongue into his mouth. His pretty boy kissed him back hesitantly at first, but after a moment he let himself go into the slow



slide of lips and tongue. It had to be one of the softest, and most tender kisses they had shared, but he could tell that Jimin was enjoying it as he felt the harsh puffs of his breaths through his nose against his cheek before he pulled back. He stroked a thumb over Jimin's cheek as the Omega's grey eyes opened and he looked totally lost and unfocused for a few seconds before he seemed to remember where he was.

“Alright, are you feeling more like my good boy now?”

“Yes.”

“Good.”

He still wanted to go home... but he just nodded and settled back in his seat, adjusting his seatbelt and doing his best not to pout. He felt a little better as Jungkook offered his hand and the Omega took it with his smaller one, letting the warmth of the Alpha's palm soak into his cold one. He was quiet as he rode to the grocery store, but in his mind he was compiling a list of recipes that he wanted to make for Jungkook and making a mental grocery list. By the time they arrived at the store, he felt much more like himself as he emerged from his subspace and focused on something that always got his mind off of things. Cooking.

Jungkook watched fondly as Jimin practically skipped ahead of him to grab a cart. He was so cute when he was excited, and it made him laugh that the Omega was so much more excited about grocery shopping than getting a new car. He followed along in the wake of Jimin who was suddenly full of life, smiling and giggling as he bounced along toward the first aisle of the store. Jungkook caught up to him as he paused to peruse some items on the shelf, and couldn't help but wrap an arm around him from behind and hug him against his chest. He was just so irresistible when he was so full of joy. This had to be Jungkook's favorite look on him. He leaned down and spoke into his ear, so only Jimin could hear.

“Aww... You're so cute like this you know. I love it when you're so happy. You really are the most adorable thing in the world, my little kitten.”

Jimin giggled and gave a little shimmy of glee before turning his face a pressing a quick chaste kiss to his lips.

“You're funny, Alpha.”

Jungkook followed along as Jimin loaded up the cart with groceries, pulling things off shelves and tossing them into the basket. At the meat and vegetable sections he took time carefully selecting things and placing them in the cart. By the time they were done, the thing was completely full to the top and more, and included what Jungkook was sure was enough food for more than their week of dinners, plus six bottles of wine. But he just let Jimin get what he wanted, not able to tell him no when he was so happy and excited. At the checkout, Jimin tried to help pay for groceries, but Jungkook just gently flicked his nose and handed over his credit card.

They took their groceries to the car and loaded them up before heading home, finally. Jungkook realized how badly Jimin wanted to be home as he noticed his knees bouncing and little fidgety movements in the passenger seat, the closer they got to the apartment. The hand in his was squeezing periodically, like he was excited and as he glanced over it was like the Omega was counting the streets as they passed.

“Don't worry, Baby. We're almost home.”

Jungkook parked in his usual space and they gathered up the groceries, heading inside. In the

elevator, Jungkook leaned over and pressed a kiss to the top of Jimin's head as they zoomed upward. They struggled into his apartment and unloaded their burden in the kitchen, working together, everything was put away quickly. When the last of the groceries were stored in the cabinets, Jungkook turned to Jimin and saw that the Omega was already looking at him.

"You still want Daddy to take over for you, little one?"

"Yes..."

"Okay. Go to the room, pick out a collar and a pair of cuffs that you want. Then undress and get in your nest. Wait for me there."

"Yes, Daddy."

Jimin left instantly to follow his orders and Jungkook leaned back against the counter to wait for him to be ready. He loved the anticipation. While he waited, he washed his hands and considered what he wanted to do with his pretty boy with a whole weekend ahead of them with nothing to do... so many lovely ideas took root in his mind and he let himself wander down several paths, imagining how Jimin might react to this or that, but eventually he pushed off the counter and wandered toward Jimin's room. He found the Omega sitting on the end of his bed, holding a baby pink leather collar trimmed in white silk ruffles and a little gold bell on it that tinkled when he moved his hand and a matching pair of cuffs. Jimin held them up in offering and he took the collar first, buckling it around the Omega's slender neck, then cuffed his wrists.

"So pretty, Baby. Now go on up into your nest and get on all fours for me." Jimin did as he was told and Jungkook stood at the foot of the bed and observed him for a moment, just appreciating him before he started pulling off his clothes. "You ready to get started, Baby?"

"Yes, Daddy."

"Good boy."

## Chapter End Notes

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# Cohabiting and Comforting

## Chapter Summary

Two weeks into living together Jimin and Jungkook are finding themselves content. But someone seems to be bent on coming between them.

Please give my fic "Talk Nerdy To Me" a read! I'd like to know what you guys think. It's 19 chapters all complete. Thanks!

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## Chapter Notes

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

It had been two weeks since Jimin had moved in with Jungkook and honestly the Alpha couldn't even picture his life without the Omega in it anymore. He came home most nights to find Jimin nesting in some spot around the apartment, usually swaddled up in one or more of his fuzzy electric blankets, napping and purring in his adorable socks and one of his own hoodies. Though, occasionally he'd come home and find him dressed up in something a little more scandalous, from the collection of silky, lacy things that he'd bought him. Those were some of his favorite nights, when he came home to a pliant, needy Omega already plugged and waiting so prettily for him. He found himself coming home on time each day, looking forward to getting home to see his pretty boy, whether that meant he'd find him nested cutely in a little pile of pillows and blankets in some corner of the apartment napping or mixing up something in the kitchen, or sprawled out on his bed in panties and a collar, waiting to be fucked. Whatever he came home to find, he was always happy with what he found.

Whether getting pulled into a soft, warm pile of blankets and stripped down and scented by a sleepy, purring Jimin, or sat down on a bar stool and fed little bites of various dishes to get his opinion, or drawn into bed by desperate, summoning hands and whimpering pleas, he was never disappointed with what he found at home. It had all become incredibly domestic. The Alpha had become used to the routine, and the daily surprise of what he'd find on the other side of the door when he arrived home. When he'd decided to get a sugar baby, he'd been expecting maybe to get some relief from the constant arousal that itched under his skin every moment of every day, and get some proper sleep for once. But he'd ended up with a roommate, a personal chef, a perfect little sex kitten, an adorable little vanilla scented cuddle machine... so many things.

Jimin had fulfilled so many needs he didn't even realize that he had. The Omega did things that no other lover had ever done for him, not just sexually either. Jimin frequently gave him his own kind

of aftercare when they were done with sex, especially if he could tell that he was stressed. He would wash him in the shower and afterward in bed, he'd scent him and hum softly as he carded his soft fingers through his hair, and let Jungkook tell him what was bothering him, or not, whatever the Alpha saw fit. He never demanded more than Jungkook was willing to offer, and was always pleased and happy with the attention and affection that he did receive. It was during this period of absolute domestic felicity that it was interrupted by a very unwelcome set of events.

Jungkook had been working with Namjoon over the past weeks, getting him ready to take over his position so that he could move himself downstairs to R&D. He'd been getting himself a new office ready there, and all his old friends were ecstatic about his impending arrival. Everything was moving smoothly. Each day he relinquished more and more control over to Namjoon and each day the other Alpha proved himself equal to the task at hand. Jungkook still spent large portions of each day on phone calls and video conferences with various contractors and machine shops, as well as the staff at the Busan facility. Everything was still on track to be ready on schedule and working as it should. Namjoon had already had a hand in replacing the accountant who had been arrested and he'd been working closely with the heads of the departments to implement changes and get things running smoother and more efficiently. As the end of that two weeks rolled around, he barely popped his head in a few times a day to check and see if he needed anything from him. He was grateful.

The Seoul Arts Gala was only a day away and he'd taken possession of Jimin's new collection of suits, courtesy of Yesung, just a few days previously. He'd had to take Jimin in to try them on for fit and the older Omega had insisted on a few last minute adjustments that he'd made on the fly before allowing them to take the suits. As Jungkook had watched Yesung adjust the collar of Jimin's suit, he'd realized in that moment that his hickeys had all faded, and what remained of the darkest ones was just a faint yellowing, barely visible. Where Jimin had previously been a map of hickeys all over his body, he was no longer. The only one that remained was one just over his scent gland, because he often sucked on the spot while he knotted him. Jimin always purred hardest when he sucked his neck while knotting him and crushed him in his arms. But he wanted all the hickeys back, now that they were gone, he missed them. Though, he remembered that they were supposed to be going to see the Omega's parents for Christmas in just a couple weeks, and the last thing they needed was their son showing up looking like he'd become purple polka dotted. He was ready for the event, and looking forward to taking his pretty boy to show off in his pretty new suit and high heels. He knew without a doubt that Jimin would be fabulous.

However, as he stepped into the elevator that morning with the usual early crowd, no longer the first one in, last one out. His phone dinged and he pulled it out to see a text from Lee Minwoo, the Alpha that he and Jimin had dined with a few weeks prior. He opened it and read the message quickly, tapping the icon to download the attachment, regardless of slow connection.

Minwoo: Yubin sent me this. I guess it's been making the rounds among some of the society types. I just wanted to let you know. I'm not sure where it came from, but thought you should see this.

[Image Attached]

Jungkook waited as a fuzzy picture loaded and as it came into focus he felt familiar anger surge inside him and he reached forward and smacked the button for the lobby so hard he was surprised it didn't break the damn thing. He looked down at his phone at a screenshot of a text message and picture. The picture was of Jimin, and he recognized the outfit he was wearing, but more than that he recognized the background behind him. How could he not recognize his own lobby? The text under the picture in the screenshot said, "This is Jeon Jungkook's new boyfriend. He's an Omega. I heard he's not from a great family, so we have a way in. I think he's in chef school or something. Whatever. Jeon Jungkook is finally mine this year!"

Nobody moved as the elevator ascended to level 1 and the Alpha stepped out into the busy lobby, a lot of employees were still arriving through the packed space and there at the reception desk was his head receptionist. He walked right over to her, pulled out his phone, opened the picture and turned it around so she could see it. The moment she looked at the image her face went slack for a moment and then she went bright red as tears started to fill her eyes, which in Jungkook's view was tantamount to an admission of guilt. Jungkook glared at her with complete disdain and waved over one of the security guards who stood near the door during the day as he turned toward the receptionist.

"Who did you sell this picture to?" Jungkook asked, not bothering to keep his voice down, and he knew that the other employees in the area were listening as the place had gone quiet.

"M-Mr. Jeon... I can explain! I-I just needed the money... I'm so sorry. Please don't fire me!"

Jungkook's face didn't change at all from the angry mask of merciless contempt.

"Don't fire you? You have got to be joking right now. You are so far beyond fired. You'll be lucky if you can find work anywhere in this city after this. Unless you tell me who you sold this picture to, right now."

"I-It was Im Daeun. She called and offered me a lot of money for any information about your personal life." The receptionist sniffled, tears falling freely as she looked around at the faces of all the frozen employees around them.

"And is this picture the only thing you sent her?"

"Yes! I swear, that's all!"

At that moment the security guard arrived next to Jungkook, and stood there waiting for his orders. Jungkook addressed the receptionist first.

"You are fired. You have five minutes to collect your things and get the fuck off of my property. Never come back, don't use this as a reference, never appear in front of me again." He turned to the security guard. "Make sure she leaves and add her to the list of people not allowed on the premises."

Before anyone could say anything else, he walked away toward the bank of elevators and slapped the button, stepping into one that opened in front of him. The entire lobby was silent as the doors closed and as he was shut into the little metal box, Jungkook pinched the bridge of his nose. He'd been in such a good mood that morning. He'd woken up to Jimin mostly on top of him, purring and scenting him in his sleep, little hands kneading at the chest under him like a baby kitten. Unable to resist such a temptation, he'd rolled him over and disappeared under the blankets to wake his pretty boy up the proper way, which had led to a warm, pliant Omega riding him and nibbling on his neck in the early morning warmth of his bed.

Overall, he'd been planning to have a good day. His new office was set up on the 16th floor and Namjoon was doing a great job as CEO, he was actually planning on handing over the title officially that afternoon. He himself would be taking on the new title of CDO (Chief Development Officer) starting immediately. He would retain all his former authority without the previous job responsibilities and Namjoon too would share in some of his and Yoongi's authority as well, they had come to trust the Alpha over the last weeks, his judgement was sound and he was a great addition to their company.

Now, he was pissed off and ready to bite someone's head off at the smallest provocation. He was

so sick of people messing with Jimin, and what made it worse was that this time they were doing it because of him. He'd been looking forward to the Seoul Arts Gala tomorrow, and now he was worried that those socialite vampires would try to come after his pretty boy. Of course, he'd never allow it. If they even dared, he'd destroy them and their entire families. Nobody messed with Jimin anymore, and especially not over him. He arrived on the top floor and headed directly to Yoongi's office which had become their new meeting spot. He stormed inside and practically slammed the door behind him, the moment his best friend saw his face he was up from his desk and looking worried.

“What the fuck, Kook? What is it now?”

Jungkook didn't speak, he just tossed his phone carelessly onto Yoongi's desk with a clatter. The Alpha picked it up and studied it for a moment. Jungkook watched his face contort with fury as his lip curled and he followed Jungkook's lead and tossed the damned thing onto the desk.

“We're going to need a new receptionist. I just fired the old one.” Jungkook said from his place by the bank of windows where he was pacing back and forth like a caged animal.

“Who did she send it to?”

“Fucking... Im Daeun, of course.”

Im Daeun was Jungkook's most dedicated pursuer. Her father owned a plastics company that they bought the raw beads of plastic that they used to melt down and mold into various parts for their products. He'd avoided her advances for years and honestly had been tired of her for a long time already, but this was beyond just her being inappropriate and hanging onto him at parties and business dinners. She had paid one of his own employees to spy on him, and she had done the one thing that Jungkook could never forgive from anyone. She'd gone after his little one. He didn't know what she was planning, but he knew she was planning something and he was not in the mood to deal with her shit.

“Do you think she'll try something at the Seoul Arts Gala?”

“If she does, I'm going to cut ties with her father's business. G7 Plastics has been dying for our business for years, and given a single opportunity they would do an exemplary job. The only reason we've stayed with Im Plastics so long is out of loyalty, but if they go after my Omega, that's it.”

“Agreed.”

Yoongi had become fond of Jimin. They had met a few more times over the last couple weeks. Once when Jimin had brought Jungkook lunch and ate in his new office and once when the Omega had accidentally locked himself out of their apartment and had to come get the Alpha's key. Both times he'd observed his best friend with his new boyfriend and determined, just as he had the first time, that Jimin was good for him. When the petite blond was around, Jungkook calmed and softened. He smiled more and became much more like the joking, easygoing Alpha he remembered from their childhood, before business and responsibility had hardened him into the cool, calculating businessman he was today. Of course, that was one side of him and he understood that, but it was nice to see Jungkook having fun with life again.

“Ugh... Do you think I should tell him about this?” Jungkook asked, hand sweeping toward the phone sitting on the desk while he paced.

“Yes. He should go into this with open eyes, in case these idiots want to fuck with him. He needs to

know what to expect.”

“Yeah, you’re right. I’ll talk to him tonight.” Jungkook said, still pacing.

Yoongi could tell he was agitated, not just from the pacing but the sourness and sharpness of his scent. Jungkook wasn’t usually one for unnecessary movements, but he kept adjusting his collar and cuffs and shrugging his shoulders as if he were too tense.

“You okay, man?”

“Fine. I’ll be down on 16 if you need anything.” Jungkook said before grabbing his phone and walking out of his office.

Yoongi watched him go, his shoulders were square, spine straight and movements stiff. It was clear he was irritated and tense. He just sighed and picked up his desk phone. He called down to HR and let them know about the receptionist and to tell them to hire someone new ASAP. Then he picked up his cell phone and used the contact he’d had saved for a month and never used until now. Jimin.

Yoongi: Hello. Is this Jimin?

He waited a few moments to see if he’d get a response, and after a moment his phone dinged with a reply.

Jimin: I’m sorry, who is this?

Yoongi: It’s Yoongi, Jungkook’s business partner.

Jimin: Oh! Hi! Is everything okay?

Yoongi: Kind of. I know it’s Friday and you probably have things to do after school, but I think Kook mentioned you get out early on Fridays? Some shit happened this morning and I think he needs to chill out. Would you mind stopping by and just visiting him for a minute after school? I know it will help him relax.

Jimin: Of course. Is he okay? I can skip class and come now if I need to.

Yoongi: He’s fine. Don’t skip class. Just stop by when you can, alright?

Jimin: Sure. Thanks for letting me know!

Yoongi: No problem. Thanks for taking care of him.

Jimin: Anytime.

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In the two weeks since Jimin had moved in with Jungkook, he’d made himself at home in the apartment and spending his evenings with the Alpha had become routine. He now always had time for his homework. He’d get home, get his homework done and then spend his afternoon doing whatever he wanted, which was usually either nesting, cooking or getting ready for his Daddy to come home and fuck him. He loved the free time and he’d added two new recipes to his little cookbook in the past two weeks. Jungkook was always happy to be his guinea pig and taste his creations, not caring when he made the kitchen into a disaster area in his attempts to create new dishes. He was happier than he could remember being since leaving home. The crippling

loneliness that he'd been saddled with in his old apartment had gone and now he always had someone to hold onto and cuddle with. The Alpha didn't seem to mind when he got clingy and pulled him into his little makeshift nests to scent and cuddle.

Jimin had learned something very surprising over the last couple of weeks however. He'd always thought that he simply hated any kind of kissing, touching or sex that was slow or soft, but he and Jungkook had wandered into that territory a couple of times, and he was surprised by the fact that it hadn't turned him off. When he'd kissed him outside the car dealership, slow, soft and languid... it had been the first time that he'd ever felt himself melt into something like that. The connection between him and Jungkook was usually like a match, they touched and it sparked a bright, hot flame. But that kiss had melted him like a long burning candle until he was just a pool of heat and when he'd pulled away, it had taken him several moments to re-solidify himself back into his own body. Sometimes when he pulled him into his little nests, the Alpha would kiss him like that, slow and gentle, running his big warm hands over Jimin's body appreciatively as he melted back into that needy, soft place. In the early mornings too, they dipped into that slower, gentler intimacy when they were sleepy and warm in bed.

Of course, there were still the hard nights and Jimin adored them all. Jungkook had tied, bound, gagged and fucked him in almost every room in the house. He'd guided him through the most exquisite pain and pleasure. He'd stripped away every layer of him until he was nothing but pliant, obedience and needful submission. Jungkook had taken to tying his hands up above his head recently, latching him onto the headboard. Jimin loved the feeling of helplessness and yet the simultaneous feeling of safety as he was dominated by the Alpha he had come to trust implicitly. His body reacted almost instinctively to Jungkook now. Whenever the Alpha touched him, it was like he knew what to do without even a word spoken. With just a brush of his hand, Jungkook could have him on his knees, ready to submit and take anything the Alpha wanted to give. The press of his lips could have Jimin arched into him, needful and gasping. The warmth of a tongue could have wetness dewing between his legs without any effort on his part. He'd been trained well to expect his touch and now he knew what to do when he got it.

Jungkook had his little routines for aftercare now, bathing him and dressing him before putting him to bed. Jimin had developed his own aftercare for the Alpha too. He could see that sometimes being in that dominant headspace was a hard crash afterward, just like it was for him on occasion, and sometimes, just like everyone, Jungkook had a bad day. Jimin loved to return the favor of caring for the Alpha. He liked to wash his strong body and then curl up next to him in bed, listening to his problems while scenting him and scratching his nails through his hair against his scalp in that way that made the Alpha purr low and rumbling in his chest. It was like watching all the stress and tension leave his body, slowly bleeding away until it was gone. It made him feel good to see Jungkook's tensions ease and burdens lift until he was calm and tired. He slept deepest on those nights, and woke refreshed and smiling. Those were his favorite mornings, when the Alpha would blow little raspberries against his neck until Jimin giggled and pushed him away before trying to roll over and go back to sleep, and Jungkook would kiss him deeply and smile into their lip lock as he rolled him over and slid between his legs.

Ever since the incident with Jimin's bullies being suspended, school had gone back to being boring and predictable, just how Jimin liked it. He went to class and he went home. Jackson and Mark were both insufferable about his new car and he'd given them both rides in it alot. He'd told them that it was Jungkook's and that he was borrowing it because his Alpha didn't like him taking public transportation, which was partly true, except that legally the car belonged to Jimin. His project with Daniel had wrapped up and they'd gotten top marks on the project and Jimin was sure that they would never work on another project together again, a prospect for which he was thankful. The stresses in his life were at a minimum, he was going to school and his "job" was basically just to be spoiled every night by an Alpha sex god. Life was good for Park Jimin.



It was a regular Friday morning, he'd just parked his baby blue car in the lot and was slipping and sliding his way along the sidewalk toward the building when his phone had dinged with a new text message. As he entered the warm building, he pulled off his mittens and tucked them into his pocket before pulling the cell phone out of the other one and finding a message from an unknown number, only to discover it was Yoongi.

Yoongi: Hello. Is this Jimin?

Jimin: I'm sorry, who is this?

Yoongi: It's Yoongi, Jungkook's business partner.

Jimin felt himself get jittery at the unexpected contact. He remembered giving Yoongi his number, but he also remembered the Alpha saying it was for emergencies. He tried to sound normal as he responded, and thought he probably sounded like a peppy idiot.

Jimin: Oh! Hi! Is everything okay?

Yoongi: Kind of. I know it's Friday and you probably have things to do after school, but I think Kook mentioned you get out early on Fridays? Some shit happened this morning and I think he needs to chill out. Would you mind stopping by and just visiting him for a minute after school? I know it will help him relax.

Instantly his mind went to the situation with their old manufacturer. The cops had caught them and they were in jail, but the legal system was a slow-moving beast and with things so close to the holidays, it was unlikely that a trial would be scheduled very soon. He wondered if something had happened and typed back quickly.

Jimin: Of course. Is he okay? I can skip class and come now if I need to.

Yoongi: He's fine. Don't skip class. Just stop by when you can, alright?

Jimin was confused and wanted to go right now to see what was wrong with Jungkook, but he also knew that he should probably listen to Yoongi's advice. The Alpha was Jungkook's best friend after all. Maybe it wasn't something so serious, but he was just stressed. Jimin didn't know, but he resolved to find out as soon as classes were done.

Jimin: Sure. Thanks for letting me know!

Yoongi: No problem. Thanks for taking care of him.

Jimin: Anytime.

He put his phone away and walked off toward class, mind still racing with the possibilities of what could have happened to need him to go comfort Jungkook. For once he beat Mark to class, and when his friend finally arrived Jimin had to press a hand to his mouth to suppress a laugh. Mark's entire neck was covered in hickeys and as he sat down next to him, Jackson's scent permeated the air so thickly that Jimin had to breathe through his mouth. He looked at his friend and as the Other Omega pulled off his coat, Jimin could see the edges of hickeys on his wrists peeking out.

"So... are you going into heat, or is Jackson going into rut? Because you look like you lost a fight with a Hoover."

"Oh, right. I don't want to hear that from you, hickey master... but if you must know, Jackson's rut is just around the corner. Probably a week away."

Jimin reached over and took Mark's hand. He looked into the Omega's eyes sincerely. Mark got very jealous and possessive of his Alpha when it was close to his rut, but Jackson was twice as bad when the Omega was close to his heat. However, Mark's jealousy made him insecure and Jimin knew that was hard, but he also knew there was no reason for it. Jackson looked at his Omega with the same childish wonder of a pup on Christmas morning. Whenever Mark was around, the Alpha lit up and his gaze never left his Omega unless necessary.

"How are you doing? Are you alright? Is your Omega acting up like last time?"

"Last night a little bit... at the store some random Omega started hitting on him because of his scent. I mean, of course he smells amazing because of his rut pheromones, but when I came around the corner and saw her talking to him, I just got so upset, you know?"

Jimin wrapped an arm around Mark and hugged him. He wished that the Omega could see how his Alpha was through Jimin's eyes. He wished he could make his friend understand how loved he was. Jackson would rather cut his dick off than ever have sex with any Omega other than Mark. Jimin knew that for a fact. It was clear for anyone to see in the way that the Alpha looked at him.

"Mark, you know that Jackson loves you. He adores every hair on your head. I'm pretty sure that if you stubbed your toe on a chair, he would challenge it to a fight." Jimin said and Mark gave a little, watery laugh. "He doesn't see anyone but you. I promise that. You two are meant for each other."

"I know. I really do know that, Minnie. I'm just feeling needy."

"I understand. You should just talk to Jackson. He's a good Alpha. He'll take care of you."

"Of course I know that. He's the best Alpha ever." Mark said, waving a dismissive hand.

"Well then, why are you so nervous? What's got you so upset?" Jimin asked, confused.

He didn't understand how Mark could question what he and Jackson had. They were so perfect together. They were both total goofball crackheads with the same dumbass sense of humor and love for public displays of affection, that Jimin usually had to break up to keep innocent bystanders eyes from being scarred for life. He'd never met another couple like them, who just clicked and who were equal parts annoying and endearing. He loved them to death.

"Because... God, Jimin he's so amazing. What am I gonna do if he leaves me? What if he finds some other Omega who is like... better and prettier and smarter than me? If he breaks up with me I think I'd die." Mark said, voice wavering and filled with tears.

Jimin gaped at his friend who had tears in his eyes. He reached over and pulled a move that was all Jungkook. He grabbed Mark by the jaw and forced him to look at Jimin eye to eye.

"Now you listen to me. No one is better than you. No one in the world is prettier than you. Maybe there are smarter people out there, like rocket scientists and stuff, but you're a brilliant chef and an amazing person. You're a great friend and an even better boyfriend. Your Alpha loves you and he's not going to leave you. How can you not see that he would literally die at the mere thought of breaking up with you? You are everything to him. Understood?"

Mark nodded, but Jimin didn't release him from his hand.

"Say it. Say that Jackson loves you."

"Jackson loves me."

“Damn straight.” Jimin released his hold on his face and wrapped his arms around his friend, hugging him tightly. “Don’t ever doubt that, Mark. Of all the things in this world, never doubt how much that Alpha loves you.”

As soon as Jimin released Mark from his hold, he pulled out his cell and while his friend was distracted wiping at his teary eyes and pulling out his notebooks, Jimin typed a quick message to Jackson and sent it off.

Jimin: Hey, you know how I always tell you to tone it down at school with the PDA? Well it’s time to tone it the fuck up. Your Omega is feeling needy. After class you have my express permission to go full Alpha in the hallway.

Jimin wasn’t surprised in the least when he got a response in less than five seconds, half misspelled.

Jackson: Wahts wrong with Mark!?!?!?! Is Bbby okay? I will come now!

Jimin smiled at his phone and typed back quickly before Jackson sprinted across campus.

Jimin: Don’t come! He’s fine! Just give him extra attention after class, okay?

Jackson: Are you sure? I can come right now. What’s wrong?

Jimin: It’s because your rut is near, dumbass. He needs you to remind him how much you love him and tell him you’re never going to leave him for another Omega.

Jackson: EW Min, what the fuck? Of course I wouldn’t... fucking gross. You’re nasty.

The Omega had to bite his lip to suppress a laugh at the characteristic response. And pinched the bridge of his nose.

Jimin: I know that, but have you told him that lately? Make sure he knows how much you love him. He’s feeling inadequate right now.

Jackson: INADEQ- WAHT? MY OMEGA IS WHAT NOW? Oh hell no... I’m coming over there.

Jimin: If you pull him out of class you’re just going to embarrass him. Just come to him after class, okay?

Jackson: UUUUGhg FINE. Cuddle him or something then. I can’t fucking stand this.

Jimin: On it

He could only imagine Jackson in his own class right now, antsy to get to Mark. But that was good, he needed to be ready to come and get his Omega and show him how much he loved him. It made Jimin crazy to think that Mark could doubt even for a single moment, the love that the two of them shared. But Jimin was all too familiar with feeling inadequate. He’d spent years feeling that way, and in many ways still felt that. Sometimes he wondered when he and Jungkook’s arrangement would end, how he’d handle it. He’d pictured in his mind many times how his perfect, handsome Daddy would look with someone else on his arm, someone rich and classy and sophisticated, someone better than him. He and Jungkook’s situation was completely different than Mark and Jackson though. They weren’t in a real relationship, so it was crazy to expect something of the Alpha that he couldn’t give. He was just enjoying it while he could, and though he knew that someday it was going to probably rip his heart out, he wasn’t letting go.

All through class Jimin wrapped his arms around Mark whenever they weren’t actively cooking.

He did as Jackson had asked, and cuddled his Omega as things sauteed and baked and by the end of class, Mark was back to his usual joking self. They cooked and fed each other little bites of divinely cooked cassoulet, moaning around the tiny mouthfuls as they perfected their dish. Jimin had his arm hooked with Mark as they walked out of the class, but as soon as they were in the hallway, Jimin could smell Jackson's scent. It was strong in the confined space and he relinquished his hold on his friend at once, knowing he was about to get attacked with the love and affection he so desperately needed.

“Mark...”

That single word was so rife with desperation and worry that it made Jimin's heart warm... at least until his friend rushed forward and picked his Omega up under the thighs and started making out with him in the middle of the hallway. Jimin normally would have tried to stop them when they were like this, but just this once, he decided to let them carry on. Mark had his arms firmly wrapped around Jackson's neck and was just as lost in the kiss as his Alpha, letting himself be ravished in the middle of the milling students, who were all used to such displays from the overly-affectionate couple to give them much of their attention. Jimin hesitated next to them, just in case he needed to run interference with any teachers or other students, but nobody seemed to want to come between a clearly pre-rut Alpha and his Omega. After a minute, their kiss broke and they were scenting each other as Jackson growled low and dangerous and Mark purred, higher and needier.

“You're mine, Omega.” Jackson growled as he started to mouth over Mark's neck. “Mine... mine... mine.” He repeated between little bites to the marked column of his neck.

“Yours... Of course I'm yours, Alpha.” Mark whimpered back as his hands gripped into Jackson's dark hair, but as Jackson pulled back a bit, the Omega slid one hand down to the Alpha's neck, just over his scent gland and looked into his eyes, questioning. “...Mine?” He asked, voice hesitant and a little fearful.

Jackson actually growled, not the quiet rumblings he'd released earlier, but a full volume growl of warning. He stepped forward until Mark's back came into contact with the wall and pushed his hips forward between Mark's legs. Jimin glanced away and tried unsuccessfully not to hear the next words.

“You know I'm yours... Does that feel like I want anyone else? You know you're the only one who makes me like this... That's it. We're going home, right now and I'm going to fuck you until you never question again who I want in my bed.”

“I... fuck, yeah... okay.”

Jimin felt fond of Mark and Jackson both as he watched the Alpha pull back from the wall and start walking off.

“The parking lot is the other way.” Jimin said helpfully and Jackson turned and hurried in the other direction.

“Thanks Min!”

“Anytime! You two have a wild time for me! I want literally NONE of the details!” Jimin called after them as he waved goodbye.

He made it through his final class and rushed out to his car, slipping on the ice and landing painfully on his hip as he tried to jog along the icy sidewalk in his rush to get to his car. He hissed

a breath through his teeth and rubbed the sore spot as he scrambled up and hobbled the rest of the way to his car. He tossed his backpack into the passenger seat and started the venture across the city during mid-day traffic, making it to Jungkook's office in just under thirty-five minutes. He was known now by all the security guards, so when he walked up to the doors they nodded at him and greeted him by name, and he greeted back with a, "Good Afternoon." Inside he was surprised to see the reception desk was being manned by a tall, strong security guard. He didn't stop to check in, just waved as he passed by and headed to the elevators.

He pulled out the little badge that Jungkook had given him and scanned it so he could access the elevator up to level 16. He waited as the little box zoomed upward and stepped off when he arrived. He hadn't actually met any of Jungkook's new/old co-workers. He'd only been into the office a couple of times and only to this office once. He walked out into the space and headed down the hallway toward the place he knew Jungkook's office was. He came to a halt as someone walked out of an office he was passing and almost slammed into him, a tall, slender Beta with a face that was a strange mix of handsome and pretty. The stranger looked at Jimin with question, brows furrowing as he scanned him, clearly wondering what he was doing in a confidential area.

"Hi. Can I help you?"

"Oh, hi. Um... no thanks. I'm just here to see someone."

That seemed to surprise him even more and in the doorway behind him appeared an Alpha, tall and leaner than Jungkook with brown hair.

"How did you get on this floor?"

Suddenly Jimin felt a little threatened as more Alphas and Betas emerged from the offices around him and he stepped back. None of them seemed aggressive, but they were still strangers and he was alone, in unfamiliar territory.

"I have a badge..." Jimin said and pulled his backpack around to rifle through it and pulled out the little badge again. "Jungkook gave it to me."

"Wait... are you Jungkook's boyfriend?" A Beta with reddish-brown hair asked as he stepped forward and Jimin noticed that he was very handsome as his mouth broke into a friendly heart-shaped smile that instantly soothed Jimin's unease.

"Yes, that's me! I'm Jimin, it's nice to meet you."

"Oh my god, finally! I never thought we'd get to meet him." One of the guys in the the doorways off the hall said loudly.

Jimin felt relief as the Beta with the nice smile stepped forward and offered his hand.

"Hi, I'm Hoseok. I'm the Head of Research and Development. It's great to meet you."

Before he knew it, Jimin was getting introduced to everyone, and his hands shaken by all of the strangers packed into the hallway. The one he'd almost slammed into was Eunwoo and the one behind him in the doorway was Yugyeom. He was introduced to each person and tried to remember their names, but it was a lot to take in when all he wanted was to get to Jungkook.

As if his thoughts had summoned him, Jimin heard a familiar voice beyond the little cluster surrounding him.

"What the hell is going on out here?" The group around him parted and Jimin met eyes with

Jungkook, who looked surprised for a moment, but instantly moved forward and pulled him away from the crowd and into a loose embrace. “Baby, what are you doing here?”

“I just came to see you.” Jimin said, leaning into the Alpha’s chest and looking up at him.

Jimin watched as the Alpha’s expression softened and behind him little “Oooo’s” were exchanged, as if this were an elementary school classroom. Jimin felt his cheeks go red, but Jungkook ignored it and leaned down to press a kiss to his lips.

“Thanks, sweetheart. Let’s go to my office.”

“Oh, come on! We barely got to meet him!” Bambam called as Jungkook wrapped an arm around him and guided him off toward his office.

Jimin looked back and waved. “It was nice to meet you all!”

## Chapter End Notes

Please leave a comment!

# Office Rendezvous

## Chapter Summary

Jungkook's new office gets christened.

## Chapter Notes

Please enjoy.

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

The Alpha herded Jimin into his new office that had a great view, though much less impressive than the view from his previous office. It was about three times the size however and full of tables of equipment and the desk held a truly impressive monitor setup. In one corner was a leather couch and in the other a small conference table set up with chairs and partitioned off by paper screens. Everything was matte black and dark grey, modern to the extreme. Jimin thought the place looked like some kind of villain's lair from a movie, but it smelled like Jungkook in the space, which was all it took to make it feel safe to him. Once they were inside, Jungkook locked the door and helped Jimin out of his winter wear and pulled him farther inside, toward his desk. But when the Alpha sat and grabbed him by the hips to pull him down into his lap, Jimin hissed and recoiled as his tender hip was gripped in Jungkook's strong hand.

"Baby? What's wrong? Are you hurt?" Jungkook asked, his hands turning instantly from grasping to gently tracing over his curves, looking for any injury.

"I just slipped on the stupid ice. I'm okay." Jimin said, waving a dismissive hand.

"Oh... Baby, let me see."

Jungkook reached for the button of his jeans and Jimin's body instantly responded by starting to get wet and hard. He reached down and stopped the Alpha's hands just as they popped the button and reached for the fly.

"Stop... I'll do it."

"Why? What's wrong, little one? You don't want me to touch you?"

"It's not that. It's just... when you start undressing me, my body expects certain things to happen. So, unless you plan on taking care of that in your new office, it's best that I do the undressing."

Jungkook slid a hand up under his shirt and laid it against the arch of his spine that led to his ass.

"Oh, pretty boy... you have no idea how much I'd like that. But for now, let me see where you're hurt."

Jimin unzipped his pants and pushed them down to about mid-thigh, exposing the baby pink cotton thong he had on under his clothes. He turned and looked down as he showed Jungkook the place where he'd landed when he'd fallen on the ice. He pulled the side strap of his underwear up out of the way to see the full mark. He could see a bruise forming under the skin on his hip and thigh about the size of his hand. It wasn't too bad, but it would take a bit to heal. He reached down and gently probed it with his fingers to test how tender it was and found that it wasn't very painful.

"Aww... look at you, Baby. Does it hurt?" Jungkook slid his hand up Jimin's thigh and gently caressed the bruise. "My poor, little kitten."

Apparently it didn't matter who undressed him. Standing right in front of Jungkook in a pink thong with his jeans around his knees was a recipe for arousal, especially when he was using THAT voice and calling him his little kitten... not fair. He felt wetness gathering at his hole and dampening the strap of the thong that was nestled between his cheeks and he could feel himself getting hard, his erection pushing out the front of his panties and he pulled his shirt down in a meager attempt to disguise how turned on he was already. It was unfair how easily Jungkook could get him like this, ready to drop to his knees or bend over his desk with nothing but a single word from the Alpha, he'd do whatever he was told. He felt that submissive side of himself coming to the forefront as Jungkook looked at him with familiar dark hunger in his eyes, but mixed with worry. Jimin reached forward and gently petted over the side of his face.

"I'm okay, Daddy. Really, it barely hurts at all."

"I don't like it... Come here, little one. Let me kiss you better."

Jimin gave a soft little laugh as Jungkook's hand on his lower back slid around to his other hip and pulled him closer as he leaned down. He felt the Alpha's other hand slide up his inner thigh to steady him and guide him into place, the edge of his finger grazing the damp material of his panties. The Omega knew that licking wouldn't do much for a bruise when there was no external injury. It would expedite the healing a bit, and maybe take a day or two off his healing, but it wasn't really going to do more than make them both horny and Jimin knew that Jungkook knew that. He just sighed in soft pleasure as the Alpha's warm tongue pressed to the skin of his thigh and dragged over the bruise in a long sweep before pulling back and repeating higher up over and over until he'd done as much as he could. Jimin felt Jungkook's lips beginning to wander away from their original purpose, toward his ass as his hands guided him to turn. He felt Jungkook's thumbs pull his cheeks apart and gasped when a hot tongue pressed right against the already soaked fabric of his thong.

"D-Daddy... that's not where I got hurt." Jimin chided as he braced his hands against the desk in front of him.

"Well, better safe than sorry."

Jungkook pulled back just enough to hook his fingers in Jimin's panties and pull them down to his thighs where his jeans were still caught. A hand pressed gently on his back to guide him forward.

"Bend over the desk, pretty boy... I'm gonna eat you out, but you have to be quiet. Can you do that? Can you be quiet for Daddy?"

"Yes... I can be quiet." Jimin whispered back.

Jimin let himself be guided by the hand on his back to bend forward until his chest and upper belly were resting on the glass top, the three monitors so close he could feel his hair brushing the screen. His arms were bent, his hands resting half-curved next to either side of his head. He felt horribly



and perfectly exposed, bent over the desk with his pants and panties around his knees in the enormous room, knowing there were people so close by that could hear him if he were too loud. It was filthy to think that someone could know what they were doing, what Jungkook was doing to him in his office.

“Hold yourself open for me. I want to look at you, Baby.”

Jimin moved his trembling hands back and pulled himself open, gripping the flesh of his cheeks and parted them to expose his most intimate flesh to the Alpha’s gaze. He felt a little rivulet of slick slide down his perineum and over his sac.

“Like this, Daddy?”

“Just like that, Baby... Fuck you’re so wet already. You love it when Daddy touches you, don’t you?”

Jimin had to bite his lips to keep from moaning at the feel of warm breath gusting over his quivering entrance. He whimpered quietly and thumped his forehead softly against the desk before answering.

“Yes.. you know I do. I love it so much, Daddy. Please... “

Jungkook was one satisfied Alpha as he watched Jimin bent over his desk, holding himself open and begging. He’d been pissed and stressed all morning, but now he was so distracted that all he could focus on was the sight of the Omega’s soft pink hole just in front of him, the scent of his vanilla slick and the sound of his quiet pleas.

“You’re such a good boy. You’re my good boy, Minnie. I want you to tell Daddy what you want. Be specific. Ask me for what you need, Baby. I wanna hear you say it. Tell me everything you want me to do to you. Everything.”

Jimin’s mind whirled with possibilities, but only one thing really stuck in his mind. Something that he’d wanted to rectify, something Jungkook had probably already forgotten, he was sure. But it was present in his mind. He had to take several deep breaths to control the volume and pitch of his voice. He wanted to beg, loudly and lewdly. Jimin knew how much Jungkook liked it when he lost control and screamed for him, but this was not the time or the place for it. He controlled himself and spoke softly, but clearly.

“Do you remember the first time I visited you in your office?”

Jungkook let the memory play through his mind and a smile tugged at the corner of his lips. Oh, he remembered all too well.

“Yeah, Baby. I remember. Tell me, what do you remember?”

“Y-you ate me out while I was bent over your desk...”

“Mm-hm... and then?”

“You... had me swallow my own slick.”

Jungkook could see Jimin trembling, the muscles in his thighs were quivering and spasming. The hands still holding him open to his gaze, shook as more slick escaped from his pretty pink hole. The Alpha trailed a gentle hand up the inside of Jimin’s thigh, making the Omega jerk and quiver as he stroked the soft skin of Jimin’s inner thigh.

“Did you like that? Did it turn you on, pretty boy?”

Jimin whined softly at the hand that was touching him so close to the place he wanted it, but so far. He didn't know if he wanted it on his cock or his ass or if he just wanted those long, elegant fingers shoved into his mouth while the Alpha fucked him from behind, but all of them sounded equally good. He let his mind wander back to that evening in Jungkook's office, when he's worn his red panties and they'd almost been caught by Yoongi. He remembered Jungkook gently pouring his own slick into his mouth, something he hadn't done again since that night... but he'd thought about it alot. It was one of the hottest things he'd ever experienced, and he did want it but more than that... he wanted to suck Jungkook off and do it properly this time. He remembered Jungkook asking him if he could deepthroat, and he remembered the disappointment of telling him no. But now he could. He'd be able to please him properly, like the Alpha deserved.

“Yes... it turned me on. I want you to do that again. Then fuck my mouth... I can do it properly this time Daddy.”

“Ah. I see.”

Jungkook felt so fond as he looked at Jimin, already so overwhelmed, trembling and whimpering at nothing but a soft hand on his thigh. But as he processed his words, they settled like an uncomfortable little stone in his gut. Did his little one think he'd disappointed him that night? Because he definitely hadn't. Jimin never disappointed him, especially not sexually and he wondered if the Omega had been holding onto this idea that he'd somehow let him down that night, and he disliked that notion at once. Jimin was always amazing, regardless of anything else, his pretty boy never disappointed him like that. Jungkook slid his hand up Jimin's thigh and gently took his small cock in his hand, stroking him slowly with a light pressure, just enough to have the Omega arching and moaning.

“You are amazing. That night in my office was perfect... other than almost being caught by Yoongi.” He said with a wry tone. “But you, Baby... you were exquisite. Your mouth was so soft and warm on my cock... I remember it like it was yesterday. How you held my cum in your mouth and held my hand to your throat as you swallowed so I could feel it. You were so good. You don't have to deepthroat to make me feel good, Baby. You always make me feel good, so don't ever worry about that, okay?”

Jimin's body was in revolt. He was being pleased by the gentle, warm hand on his cock and eased by the Alpha's words that were somehow both filthy and soft, the way only Jungkook could be. Jimin was certain that no one could ever make him feel this same mix of near-shameful levels of arousal mixed with compassionate reassurance. Sex with Jungkook was like being fucked raw, while simultaneously being swaddled in a soft blanket of feelings. He knew that the Alpha would take care of him and he trusted him completely. When he was touching him, his word was law and when he touched him... his hands were the touch of the divine.

“Okay... fuck... god, please... more. I need more...” Jimin begged, hands slipping where they were still trying to hold himself open and readjusting to grip better.

“I've got you, Baby. I'm gonna make you feel so good, little one. Just relax now. You can let go with your hands. Just focus on feeling.”

Jimin's hands released his cheeks where he'd been holding himself open and the Alpha used one hand to pull his lush asscheek to the side and expose him again. Jungkook leaned forward and pressed his tongue against Jimin's entrance, still slowly jerking him off with the other hand as he began to lick over and over his soft, pink hole. His mouth was flooded with slick and he growled at the sweetness on his tongue as he listened to Jimin's muffled cries. He could tell Jimin had his

hands over his mouth to stifle his cries. Cute. He pushed his tongue inside and was rewarded with more slick and a lovely, throaty whimper from the Omega currently bent over his desk. He tightened the fist around Jimin's cock and moved it faster as he began to eat him out in earnest, fucking him with his tongue and sucking at his rim in turns, before lazily licking over and over him until he was whining with need.

Jungkook loved doing this. He'd never loved eating anyone out so much as he did with Jimin, but the Omega was so receptive to his touch, his mouth. He fell apart under his ministrations and gave himself over to pleasure in a way that no one else had ever done before. He knew the difference. It was trust. Jimin trusted him so much, his pretty baby trusted him implicitly, and Jungkook took his trust into his hands and cradled it carefully, just like he did with his little one. Maybe their sex was rough and painful, but he knew Jimin liked it. The Omega got off on the pain as much as the pleasure and he knew where the line was. He'd guided him close to it, but never across it, and he never would. He'd learned to read every movement, every sound and little signal that Jimin had. He knew them all and he could play his body like an instrument. He knew every chord and note and delicate vibration of his lithe, curvy boy and he knew how to pull his pleasure from him with devastating intensity.

"Ngh... 'm close... so close... ah...fuck, Daddy..." Jimin cried through his hands.

Jungkook moved his hand so he was focused around the head of Jimin's cock and creating a little cup with his palm, so when he came it would shoot into his hand, rather than getting everywhere. It was still the middle of the day after all and he didn't need to be under his desk trying to find streaks of cum. It only took a few more moments, and he knew exactly when Jimin's release was coming. He'd done this enough to know the signs by now. The little fluttering squeezes on his penetrating tongue, the quivering dance of his thighs as he tensed up, the jerking of his cock in his hand, but most of all that soft little sound he made in the back of his throat. Even when he had him screaming under him... that little sound was always there. Or when their mornings were quiet and soft, it was there. Always the same tiny whine that built into another larger sound, but it was his favorite little noise in the world. He sealed his lips around his hole and sucked as Jimin's release hit him, getting a mouthful of vanilla slick. He felt the warm squish of cum in his palm and heard Jimin's suppressed "Mmmhhnnn..." as he tried to smother his sounds.

Jimin's entire body felt hot. He was sweating in his long-sleeve shirt, post-orgasm quiverings fluttered over him as he came down from a powerful release. When he felt a gentle hand guiding him, he followed its direction. He stood on shaking legs and lowered himself to his knees, not bothering to pull up his jeans or panties. There was no shame from his nudity in front of Jungkook. The Alpha had seen every inch of him and even half-dressed and sweating, with teary eyes and a softening cock, he felt beautiful when Jungkook looked at him. He watched in desperation as the Alpha scooted forward and bracketed his smaller body with his knees, looming over him, larger than life and irresistibly dominant. Jimin tilted his face up to look at him as he leaned forward. The Omega parted his lips in invitation and closed his eyes as he felt his own slick trickling down into his open mouth, only opening them when he felt the little stream of spit and slick stop. When he cracked his lids he was met with Jungkook's dark, assessing gaze. The Alpha was studying him as he sat there with his head tilted back, mouth open and full of his own vanilla-flavored juices.

"You're so perfect... fuck, how did I get so lucky? Always so good for me. My good boy. My pretty Omega. You're such a Daddy's boy, aren't you?"

Jimin couldn't answer him, but he just blinked slowly and remained perfectly still, neck fully exposed in his vulnerable and trusting position. This seemed to be enough answer for the Alpha, who leaned down and brought his face close to Jimin's again with a soft growl of approval. He took the Omega's jaw in a gentle grip and Jimin shivered all the way down his body when he felt

Jungkook's mouth over his, the Alpha's tongue dipped down into his slick-filled one and slide against the roof of his mouth in a filthy caress before pulling back. Jimin watched in desperation as the Alpha licked his lips, leaving them glossy with the remnants of the slick on his tongue. He swallowed and Jimin couldn't look away from his mouth, and the shine on his lips. It almost looked like he was wearing lipgloss, but he knew it wasn't... it was his slick and that knowledge had his arousal warming him from the inside once more as his gaze focused on those shimmering lips. He felt Jungkook push his mouth closed and he watched and listened as the Alpha's mouth formed words, a large, warm hand wrapping gently around his neck.

“Swallow for me, Baby.”

Jimin did as he was told and swallowed at once, eyes falling shut as he felt his adam's apple move against the hand on his throat. He had to swallow twice to clear his mouth enough to speak and when he was able to take a deep breath through his mouth, he opened his eyes and looked at Jungkook who was sitting in his desk chair, still above him looking dominant and beautiful as ever. His eyes fell to the hand loosely curled into a closed fist on his leg. He'd noticed him only using one hand, and as his stare became prolonged, the Alpha opened his palm to reveal the pearly evidence of Jimin's earlier release. He felt his cheeks warm at the shimmering whiteness in the Alpha's hand. Without thought or permission, he leaned forward and pressed his tongue to that palm, cleaning his own seed off of Jungkook's hand with long stripes of his tongue until all of his cum was gone. He swallowed and sat back on his heels. The Omega looked up at Jungkook somewhat reluctantly, but felt happiness bloom in his chest when he was met with a soft smile of pure indulgent softness. The Alpha carded a hand through his slightly sweaty hair and looked down into his eyes with that same little half smile before leaning down and pressing a soft kiss to his lips, making Jimin whine when he felt the slick on those masculine lips pressed to his.

“Aww, look at my little kitten. You're such a good boy, with such a very useful little mouth. You still want Daddy to use it more?”

Jimin's hands slid up Jungkook's thighs as he nodded eagerly.

“Yes. Oh, please yes.” Jimin said as he leaned forward, lips parting slightly in that familiar inviting way.

“Mmn... what a needy boy I have. What ever will I do with you?” Jungkook said fondly as he gave a soft tug to Jimin's hair before pulling his hand away and reaching to unbuckle his belt.

Jimin watched in needful anticipation as Jungkook unfastened his belt and trousers before pushing his pants and underwear down far enough to expose his cock. Jimin's mouth watered at the sight. He loved this. He loved being on his knees for Jungkook, it felt like the best place in the world when his Daddy tangled a hand into his hair and fucked his mouth, and when that hard hand gripped into his blond hair and guided him forward he moaned and opened his mouth in welcome as the Alpha's cock slid into the waiting cavern. He moaned as his mouth was invaded by the familiar weight and feel of Jungkook's length, the tang of his precum and the musk of his scent. He moaned softly as he was guided down, but before he reached the back of his throat, the Alpha pulled him up again before pushing him back down, but once more he didn't push into his throat. As Jimin tried to move down further on the third stroke, Jungkook's hand in his hair wouldn't allow it.

“Ah, ah, ah... not this time, pretty boy. I'm going to show you just how good you make me feel, even without depthroating.”

Jimin felt his stomach fill with butterflies at those words, but he still wanted Jungkook to fuck his throat. Not just because of him not being able to do it in the past, but because he liked doing it. He

loved that feeling of aching fullness in this throat, the flutter of his suppressed gag reflex as the Alpha slid into and out of it at his leisure. There was nothing as good as Jungkook using him for his pleasure, especially when he lost his composure just that little bit and thrust up into his mouth. The Alpha was always in immaculate control, but one of his few triggers that Jimin had found to get his control to slip was when he fucked his throat. He knew Jungkook loved doing it, and he loved letting him. His favorite sound in the world was that mix between a growl and a moan as the Alpha lost control just for a brief second and fisted his hair hard and thrust up into his mouth hard and fast, uncontained and wild. Jimin loved making him slip from that iron control, even just a little bit. But he also knew that when Jungkook was determined to do something there was no changing his mind.

Jungkook wanted to laugh as Jimin looked up at him with sad eyes. Pouting. Jimin was actually somehow managing to pout with a dick in his mouth. Jungkook felt himself soften at his pretty boy's adorable reaction. But as he guided his head for a few more moments, he was still pouting, his lips pursed around his cock and eyes looking at him as if he were begging. Jungkook pulled the Omega back off of his cock until it was freed from his mouth with a soft 'pop'. He stared down at Jimin who was an absolute sight with his messy blond hair still clenched in his fist, his big grey eyes wide and pleading, his full bottom lip puffed out in a petulant little pout. The Alpha used the grip in his hair to tilt his head back further as he leaned down and stared into his eyes.

"Why are you pouting?"

"I'm not pouting." Jimin pouted, lips squinching up further as his poutiness increased.

"And now you're lying to your Daddy. Am I going to have to put you over my knee, baby boy? Because you're not being very good right now." Jungkook said in a warning tone and Jimin's pout instantly vanished and turned to slack-mouthed surprise. "Now, tell me why you're pouting."

Jimin looked up into Jungkook's eyes and felt himself flame up with perfect erotic humiliation as he opened his mouth to speak.

"I want you to fuck my throat..."

"Why? Because you think you did it wrong the first time?" Jimin tried to shake his head but Jungkook tightened his hold. "Use your words, sweetheart."

"No, not because of that. I just... like it. I like the way you feel in my throat, Daddy. I love it... please. Please fuck my mouth. I'll be a good boy, I promise. I'll take you so well. I really will."

Jungkook looked down into Jimin's pleading, desperate eyes and felt the side of his lips pull up in an unconscious smirk. His pretty boy really was too cute. He leaned down and spoke lowly to him, voice gruff and deep.

"Okay, pretty boy. I'll give you what you want, but you have to do something for me first."

Jimin's eyes were shimmering with unshed tears as he looked up at Jungkook.

"Anything." Jimin whispered reverently, pupils totally blown and face a mask of lax, pliant obedience.

"Promise me that you won't worry about silly things like this again. You always make me feel good, Baby. Don't ever doubt that. You're such a good boy for me. So, promise me."

Jimin felt warmth burst inside his chest and he smiled brightly, which felt like an odd expression for a moment so rife with erotic tension, but he couldn't stop it as his eyes curved into little

crescents and his lips pulled into a full grin that showed all his teeth. Jungkook was the strangest Alpha, he worried about Jimin's self-perception a lot and he always made sure that he felt comfortable, safe and beautiful when they were together. The Alpha might be dominant and controlling and even a little bit cruel (in the best possible way) on occasion, but he never put Jimin down or degraded him.

"Okay, I promise."

"And?"

Heat filled the Omega's cheeks and he bit his lip for a moment before continuing.

"And I know I make you feel good."

"Good boy. Now come here."

Jungkook sat back in his seat and loosened the grip on Jimin's hair to slide his hand around to the back of his head and guide him forward toward his lap while his other hand took his cock by the base and tilted it down toward the Omega's mouth. He let out a soft groan as he was enveloped back into the soft wetness of Jimin's hot mouth. His tongue pressed up against the underside and he allowed himself to be pushed down by the hand on the back of his head until the Alpha's fingers curled into the blond strands and he pulled him back up. This time, he didn't tease so much, he let Jimin wet him with his saliva that was still thick and syrupy from his slick and when the Alpha guided him down farther and pushed into the fluttering vise of Jimin's throat, the Omega whimpered around the intrusion.

"Nngh... that's it, sweetheart. So good, Baby. Fuck..."

Jungkook groaned as he let his head fall back against the headrest of his chair and used the hand in Jimin's hair to guide his head up and down. The Omega's small hands gripped into his thighs and he let his mouth be used like the world's greatest fleshlight, making no move of hesitation as his throat was abused. The office was quiet and Jungkook could hear the quiet, wet squelching of his cock moving in and out of Jimin's throat. It was a sound that was downright pornographic, but gods did he love to hear it.

Jimin was focused on keeping his throat open and relaxed, moving his tongue along the underside as he let himself be led. He'd done this more times than he could count now and he could let Jungkook use his throat with ease, having just swallowed a mouthful of slick was also a big help in easing the slide in and out of his throat until he finally needed to breathe and he tapped Jungkook's leg with his hand and the Alpha pulled his head back with a wet sound as his length was extracted from Jimin's throat and he took in a deep breath, chest heaving as he sucked in the much needed oxygen for a few moments before opening his mouth again in a silent offer.

"Fuck, I absolutely adore you." Jungkook growled as he looked down at the Omega between his legs with his mouth open, tongue peeking out slightly, little strings of saliva still connecting his mouth with Jungkook's glossy, erect length.

Jimin whimpered at the words as his head was pulled forward again and the Alpha pushed him all the way down on his cock until Jimin's nose pressed to his pelvis and his length was as far down his throat as it could go. He held him there for a few moments, and Jimin felt a shiver wrack his body as Jungkook released a deep moan of pleasure. He loved the sounds the Alpha made when he was close to his orgasm, and Jimin knew he was close. He felt his mouth pushed wider around the forming knot at the base of the Alpha's cock as he was held there in that frozen mode for a few moments and then pulled back. Jungkook's hips stuttered up from his chair as he approached his

climax and Jimin did his best to relax and take everything he was given until finally Jungkook pulled him back far enough that he could cum into his mouth and not down his throat. Jimin swirled his tongue around Jungkook's tip and massaged him with his lips as he came and filled his mouth with his salty, slightly bitter cum and he was finally able to pull back, mouth still full. He looked up at the Alpha and knew without being told what Jungkook wanted.

Jungkook was pleased with his pretty boy as he tipped his face up and opened his mouth to reveal the contents of his mouth without even needing instruction. Jungkook leaned forward and gazed down at the Omega with his puffy, reddened lips and blushy cheeks, the eyes dilated wide and needful, and most of all the open mouth, full of his own pearlescent white cum. He knew that this shouldn't make him feel so fond and doting. This was something obscene and filthy and not something that should make him want to purr and pull the Omega up into his lap and scent him and press soft kisses all over his face and neck until he was just a cute, giggling mess before carrying him to whatever the nearest flat surface was and fucking him hard and deep until his giggles turned to moans... that definitely should not be what he was feeling and yet, here he was. He reached forward and wrapped a gentle hand around his throat.

“Swallow for me, pretty boy.”

Jimin closed his mouth and swallowed, eyes fluttering shut as his throat worked once, then twice. He opened his eyes and took a deep breath through his mouth as he focused his attention back on the Alpha sitting in the chair in front of him. Jungkook looked amazing. His pants were still pulled down to the top of his thighs, his cock hard and glistening from Jimin's saliva, his knot fully formed. Jungkook had one of his large hands wrapped loosely around it. His hair and suit were still neat and tidy beyond what was happening below the belt, the only evidence being a flush to his cheeks and a slight redness and shine to his lips and chin from eating him out. Somehow, Jimin found that incredibly sensual and so hot. He knew he was a whole mess and it was sexy that Jungkook could take him apart like this and still seem so composed, even if Jimin knew he wasn't quite as serene as he seemed.

“Thank you, Daddy.” Jimin said as he gently ran his small hands soothingly up the Alpha's thighs and back, massaging gently.

Jungkook looked down at Jimin and felt that familiar dry little laugh make its way past his lips. His little one was so strange. He always thanked him for things like this. Whether it was handcuffing him to the headboard and fucking him again and again into oversensitivity until he sobbed from the too-intense stimulation, while begging him not to stop, or letting the Alpha fuck into his throat with wild abandon, it didn't matter. He always thanked him afterward, without fail. He wasn't sure why he found it so adorable that his Omega was like this, but he was so cute, thanking him for things that Jungkook was more grateful for than he could ever express. Jimin didn't need to thank him, he never did, and though he'd tried to explain that to him once or twice, the Omega just shook his head and insisted that he was still thankful. Jungkook leaned forward and pressed a kiss to Jimin's spit-slick lips before running a thumb over the puffy mouth as he pulled back just enough to look into his eyes.

“You're so precious, and you're welcome. So, is my needy boy satisfied? Or are you going to need to be knotted before you're sated?” Jungkook asked, as his thumb continued sliding back and forth over Jimin's lips.

“More... I want more. Please fuck me.” Jimin begged.

The Alpha looked thoughtful for a moment as he studied Jimin and pushed his thumb into the Omega's mouth, where Jimin instantly started to suck on it in little pulls.

“Oh my, look at how desperate my little kitten still is. Such a good boy. Such a sweet little thing you are. Are you all wet for me, pretty baby? You need me to fill you up and make you feel all safe and warm, until you’re nice and full of my cum? I’ve got a plug here in my desk that I brought from home, just in case you ever stopped by... I could fuck you nice and full, then plug you so prettily for me before you leave. You want that, little one? You want to walk through Daddy’s building so full and plugged, knowing Daddy filled you up so good, but no one else could possibly know how filthy you really are, Baby. Nobody but your Alpha knows how much you love getting fucked until it hurts and you’re crying from being so stuffed full of my cum that your little belly looks all tight and puffy... Is that what you want, pretty boy?”

“Yes, oh god... yes. That’s exactly what I want, Daddy.”

Jungkook reached down and helped Jimin to his feet, the Omega was still trembling and clearly aroused, his pale cock hard again and jutting out from his hips. Jungkook could see the shine of slick all over his thighs and knew he should get him out of his jeans before they got too wet. Besides, he wanted to see his pretty boy’s skin. The Alpha stood from his chair, pulled his own pants and underwear up and knelt down to help Jimin out of his bottoms and shoes, and as he stood, he slid his hands up Jimin’s body and pulled his navy long-sleeved shirt off as he trailed his hands up his sides, leaving the Omega naked. Jungkook took a few moments to just take in the Omega before him, standing so pretty and totally bared to his sight.

He reached forward and wrapped a hand around the back of the Omega’s neck, pulling him in for a hard, feral kiss. He plundered his mouth with expert domination and confidence. He kissed Jimin the way he always did, the only way that felt right. He kissed him like Jimin belonged to him, like the Omega was HIS, and Jimin kissed him back just as he always did, with perfect submission and deft obedience. Jimin kissed him like he belonged to him, and that felt right too. His little one was always just like this, ready and willing to do whatever Jungkook wanted, relinquishing control of his body over to the Alpha without question or hesitation, just melting into malleable compliance, ready to take any order that passed the Alpha’s lips, and Jungkook knew from practiced experience that Jimin would do his best to follow all his orders. So cute. Jungkook pulled back from the kiss and nodded toward the wall of windows that made up one whole side of his enormous office.

“Go stand in front of those windows, Baby. Brace your hands against the glass and present yourself for me. Can you do that?”

Jimin followed the Alpha’s line of sight and felt heat rush under his skin as he looked at the windows. It was full daylight outside, and Jimin could see the busy streets below and the distant windows of other buildings, shimmering in the midday winter sunlight. He knew logically that there was no way someone was going to see him through the windows, but it still felt like they would be able to. The idea of strangers’ eyes on his body made him shy and he bit his lip as he turned and walked shakily to the windows. He placed his hands flat against the panes of glass and leaned his weight into his palms as he stepped back. He arched his spine and stood with his feet shoulder-width apart, his ass was jutting out as best he could while standing and he was presenting himself to the best of his ability. He felt hot and embarrassed, but the moment he heard the tip-tap of Jungkook’s shoes approach and spotted the toes of his formal leather loafers appear beside him and a warm hand smoothed up his arched back, all of that disappeared.

“You alright, sweetheart? Is this okay?”

Jimin turned his head and looked up at Jungkook. The Alpha was standing beside him, his body facing toward Jimin. His suit jacket was gone and his shirt was rolled to his elbows, he looked unbelievably handsome. The Omega probed his own feelings and decided to just be honest, he didn’t like to lie to Jungkook, especially not during sex.



“I’m just... embarrassed. What if someone sees?” Jimin asked, eyes flicking toward the window.

Jungkook smirked and looked down at him. The Alpha knew that there was no way anyone would see into his office from outside, the windows were one-way mirrors, the outside just a reflection. He smoothed his hand up and down the curve of Jimin’s spine, tracing the little notches of his bones under the skin with his fingertips.

“Would that bother you? I saw your list of kinks, pretty boy. I think you like the idea of others seeing how good your Daddy makes you feel. I think it turns you on to think that someone could see you getting fucked right here in my office, naked and presented so prettily for me. I think you want people to see how well you take Daddy’s cock, how pretty you look when you’re taking everything I give you like a good boy, begging to be knotted and filled up. Isn’t that right, Baby?”

Jimin felt the truth of those words as they were spoken and he knew that Jungkook was right, because he was so hard that it was actually starting to hurt and he could feel the slick running down his own thighs, hot and slippery against his skin. He was turned on by that idea, and he knew that Jungkook wouldn’t let anything bad happen. Nothing his Daddy did to him was ever, or could ever be bad. Jimin’s hands curled against the glass, his nails scraping lightly on the surface as he shivered all over and a tiny whine made it past his lips. He arched his back just a little bit more, pushing his ass back into thin air, as if asking for something that wasn’t there. But he knew. He knew his Daddy well enough that he was going to have to ask for it. If he wanted something, he had to use his words, and as he thought that, he watched one of Jungkook’s brows raise as if in challenge. The look was clear and he could almost hear him telling him, ‘use your words’.

“Please?” Jimin said, looking up into Jungkook’s face, knowing full well that the Alpha wasn’t going to accept that as a proper request.

Jungkook loved this little game of cat and mouse. It was one they played often, and it always brought out that harder, dominant side of him. Jimin knew what he was doing, he knew exactly how to rile him up so that he would fuck him extra hard. He turned the hand on Jimin’s back and trailed it down to his ass, sliding his middle finger between Jimin’s wet cheeks to press gently against his hole, not enough to enter him, but just enough to tease the fact that he could do it if he wanted to. He watched in pleasure as Jimin’s whole body jerked and he pushed back against his hand, but Jungkook had known that was coming and he followed his movement, never allowing more pressure than he wanted to give.

“Please, what? You’re going to have to be more specific, sweetheart. I don’t know what you want if you don’t tell me.” Jungkook teased and he rubbed little circles against Jimin’s rim with his finger.

“F-fuck... I want you to fuck me. Please, Daddy. Please... oh god, I want them to see. I want them to see how good you make me feel. How only you make me feel. Please.”

Jungkook released a soft growl of approval at those words and curled his finger to push the digit inside Jimin’s drenched, fluttering hole. The Omega sighed and his eyes slid shut as he started slowly working the finger in and out.

“That’s right, pretty boy. Only Daddy can make you feel like this. Only Daddy can do these things to you. No one else is allowed to touch you like this.” Jungkook pulled his finger back and added in another, pushing two fingers in and out steadily as his other hand took Jimin’s jaw in a firm, but not painful grip, turning his face up so he could press a soft kiss to his lips before pulling back, keeping their faces close. He could see the Omega’s struggle not to cry out. He was trying his best to be quiet. “Look at me, Minnie. Open those pretty gray eyes and look at me. I want to see your pleasure.” Jimin followed the order and Jungkook looked into his silvery eyes, hazy with lust.

“Look at you, little one. Such a beautiful sight for me. You’re so fucking pretty like this.”

“More... please. More.” Jimin husked out on a breathy whimper.

Jungkook added a third finger and watched as Jimin’s eyelids fluttered and his eyes rolled back for a moment at the added stretch, a soft moan making it past his lips. The Alpha loved watching him when he was like this, and he took in every detail up close. Each flutter of an eyelash, each harsh breath that punched from his lungs, every tiny trembling shiver that wracked Jimin’s body was observed by him with relish. He released the hold on Jimin’s jaw and slid two of his fingers into the Omega’s mouth, humming a little sound of approval as Jimin’s moans quieted as he focused on sucking his fingers.

“Good boy, that’s it... you’re almost ready. Just a little more.”

Jimin sucked on the fingers in his mouth and clawed against the window as Jungkook fingered him open, now three digits in. He could feel drool running down his chin and knew he was probably a mess, but the Alpha was looking at him with that familiar expression of dark intent and passionate hunger. He wanted to be fucked, and this was taking far too long. He bit the fingers in his mouth, nibbling them as a sign for the Alpha to hurry up. Jungkook growled low and warningly at him, but he ignored it and nipped sharply at him.

“Minnie...” Jungkook said warningly and Jimin whined and softly chewed the fingers stuffed into his mouth, nowhere near hard enough to hurt. “Stop biting or I’m going to bite you back.”

Jimin bit him again and Jungkook pulled his fingers free with a little wet noise. He took the Omega’s jaw back in his hand, this time with a much less forgiving grip. He leaned close and spoke in his deepest, most intense growl.

“Okay. Baby wants to play rough, then let’s play rough.”

Jungkook pushed his mouth against Jimin’s in a hard, unforgiving kiss before pulling back and releasing his jaw. He extracted his fingers from Jimin’s hole and the Omega whined at the feeling of emptiness, but quieted as Jungkook stepped around behind him. He heard the shuffle of clothes and then the feeling of Jungkook’s hot, hard cock sliding between his cheeks, the blunt tip pressing against his stretched entrance, but he didn’t push inside. Jimin shivered at the feel of a hard hand sliding up his back, then gripping his nape in a controlling hold. Jungkook’s hand was hot against his skin and his fingertips dug into the flesh of his neck as he held him still.

“Can you knock and snap, pretty boy?”

Jimin wasn’t sure why he was asking that. He wasn’t gagged, but he still knocked his knuckles against the glass and snapped to show that he could. He felt the grip on his neck loosen and the hand there slid up and around until it pressed firmly over his mouth, digging into the soft flesh of his cheeks and pushing his head back.

“Good.”

Jungkook thrust forward and entered him in one swift motion, bottoming out with a wet slap against his ass. Jimin moaned, but was muffled by Jungkook’s hand over his mouth and suddenly his question made sense. The Alpha started up a fast rhythm, pounding into him hard and deep on every thrust. The hand that wasn’t covering his mouth was gripped into his hip in a bruising hold, steadying him as the Alpha pounded mercilessly into him. Jimin was in ecstasy as he was held in place and fucked hard and deep, just the way he liked it best. Having Jungkook’s hand over his mouth, muffling his screams and cries was so erotic, it made everything feel so taboo, which he

supposed it was. They were having rough, kinky sex in the middle of the day in the Alpha's office, against a wall of windows, where anyone could see them. Jimin felt himself already tightening as he was drawn into the spiral of his impending orgasm.

“You gonna cum for me already, Baby? Mmn... you're getting so tight. Look at how naughty you are, getting fucked like this. Such a dirty boy. Daddy's needy little baby, always so desperate to be fucked and knotted. But you're in trouble for being a brat, and it's time to get your punishment, little one.”

Jimin whined deep in his throat in answer and Jungkook took that for ascent as he leaned forward, draping himself over Jimin's smaller body. His lips found their way to the crook of Jimin's shoulder, just below where his scent gland was located. He parted his lips and bit down into the meat of Jimin's shoulder, hard and deep. Not enough to draw blood, but enough to hurt and definitely enough to bruise. He knew that Jimin liked it though, because the moment that his teeth sunk into his flesh, the Omega's entire body went taut and he screamed into the hand over his mouth as he came, his body wracked with spasm after spasm. He jerked and twitched under Jungkook as the Alpha fucked into his suddenly viselike heat, squeezing and massaging him, pulling his own orgasm from him as his knot formed and he pushed inside as deep as possible, locking them together and filling Jimin with his cum in searing, jerky bursts.

Jungkook unlocked his bite on Jimin's shoulder and pulled back to see the skin red and purple with a perfect imprint of his teeth sunk into the skin. It was going to bruise like that and he felt a little bad for biting him so hard, but as he removed his hand from Jimin's mouth and wrapped both arms up under the Omega's shaking body to help support him, he licked the spot over and over and Jimin began to purr softly. He had no idea how the hell he'd found Jimin in this crazy ocean of fate called life, but he really was the most perfect creature to ever exist. His eyes took in the bite mark and how close it was to his scent gland, and he couldn't help but revisit in his mind the conversation with Sejoon, weeks ago. He hadn't been freaked out by the idea of mating with Jimin, and looking at that bite mark... gods why wasn't he freaking out? But all his mind could conjure were hazy images of some other Alpha touching his little one. Other hands on his pale skin, another mouth kissing him, another cock sliding into the perfect, sleek channel that was cradling him so delicately in that moment and he was agitated. Jimin was his.

“Mine.”

Jimin hummed pleasantly and turned his face to press a kiss to the Alpha's cheek.

“Of course. Silly Daddy. Who else's would I be?”

Jungkook just turned his face farther into Jimin's neck and breathed in his soft vanilla bean scent until he was drunk on it, his chest expanding and pushing against the slender body in his arms as he breathed him in deeply. When his knot finally relaxed, he pulled out gently. Jimin made a quiet sound of complaint at the sudden and unexpected withdraw, but Jungkook disregarded it as he shifted the Omega to stand and then pulled him into his arms bridal style so he could carry him over to the leather sofa that took up residence in one corner of his office, leaning down on the way and snatching the iridescent lavender plug he'd left sitting on the corner of his desk. He laid Jimin out there and slid his body back into that space that he couldn't help but think of as 'his', the opening of Jimin's legs, where he could feel the soft skin of his inner thighs against his hips as he lined himself back up with Jimin's entrance and pushed back inside. He couldn't look away from the vision below him, Jimin's arms were curled up above his head, his body arched just perfectly. His head was thrown back in an unconscious offer for his neck. His pale skin glistened with a light sheen of sweat, his pretty pink nipple pebbled and taut.

“You’re so pretty, Baby. God... just look at you.”

Jimin felt himself preen at the words, a soft purr starting in his chest as he arched his back and rolled himself down against the Alpha’s hips where he was fucking into him with languorous slowness. He wanted Jungkook to look at him, and in that moment he realized a truth about himself. He only really wanted Jungkook to see him like this. Maybe the idea of strangers seeing him being pleased by the Alpha was hot, and in this context... it had been so fucking hot. But that was a mere chance of a chance of being seen from a great distance. But the idea of anyone seeing him like this, open and laid out and completely unabashed, of another Alpha seeing his pleasure up close or touching him, made him cringe internally. He couldn’t imagine anyone else seeing this part of him and accepting him the way that Jungkook did, making him feel so beautiful and confident that he wouldn’t mind their wandering gaze. But, he would let Jungkook stare at him all day if that’s what the Alpha wanted. He’d sit naked in his lap while he worked or lounge in a corner chair for Jungkook to just... observe if he asked him to.

“I like it when you look at me.”

“Oh? You like being watched?” Jungkook asked with a naughty smirk, snapping his hips forward just a little harder, his hands on Jimin’s small waist, holding the Omega in right where he wanted him.

“I like it... when YOU watch me, Jungkook.”

Jimin watched as his words registered, and the Alpha slowed his movements until he was still. He looked down at him with a much more serious expression, the cocky mischievousness gone and replaced by a quiet surprise. Jimin wasn’t sure how to feel as he stared into those dark eyes. Part of him wanted to take the words back and pretend it hadn’t happened, that it was just a slip up. But a much stronger part of him needed to know if Jungkook felt this too. Was it all in his head? Or was there something more here? Was he stupid to even hope that Jungkook felt some tiny part of this... desperation that seemed to fill him up from the inside? But as he looked at him, he watched as his face morphed again and there it was... his favorite, indulgent smile, directed right at him.

“I understand, Jimin. I love watching you. I love seeing every part of you. You’re so soft and pretty all over.” Jungkook said, his hands stroking up his sides, petting over his skin as he spoke. “One of these days I’m going to spend an entire day just... kissing and biting and licking you all over until I find every soft, tender spot and map them all out, just so I can know all your little secrets.”

Jimin moaned as Jungkook’s thumbs brushed over his nipples. His entire body curved up into that touch, seeking it out as he clenched around the hard length inside him. He felt like every inch of his body was under Jungkook’s spell, like the Alpha could control him like a puppet on his strings as he knew just how to speak, how to touch and appreciate. He reigned over Jimin with complete mastery, moving him and changing him with a simple touch, a quiet word. He belonged to Jungkook. He couldn’t deny it when he was under him like this, at the mercy of his body and Jimin had given himself over into those hands without question. As if the Alpha could read his mind he spoke again, gaze still wandering over the skin he stroked with his warm palms.

“I only want me to see you, pretty boy. You know that the glass is mirrored, don’t you. No one saw you. I would never let anyone see you like that. Your pleasure is only for me.”

Affection swept over him and he smiled up at his perfect, handsome Daddy with absolute joy. Of course. Of course the glass was mirrored. Jungkook always seemed to know what he needed, even when he wasn’t sure himself. Hadn’t he said often enough that he was only for him to see? Why was he even surprised? Jimin purred louder and when he spoke, the vibration of it could be heard in his soft voice.

“Alpha, my pleasure is yours. It belongs to you... because no one else could ever make me feel like you do. No one else can touch me... kiss me... fuck me. Only you can do those things. Because I’m yours.”

“That’s right, pretty baby. All mine.”

Jungkook observed his little one as he slowly started to move his hips again, going back to that surge and retreat that stroked against Jimin’s sensitive inner places. His pretty lashes fluttered and his mouth fell open as his breaths deepened. Soft moans shivered out of him as the Alpha took him in that slow way that he knew drove him crazy. The Alpha had started doing this from time to time, mostly when his pretty boy was so soft and sleepy in bed. He could never bring himself to fuck Jimin hard when he was all puffy from sleep and messy haired, yawning and stretching like a cat. He hummed low in his throat at the pleasure of the Omega’s soft, heat on his cock as he took him there on his office couch. Jimin was already so wet from their previous session and Jungkook could feel that he was already full of his cum, the soft slosh inside him on each inward thrust making the Alpha burn with need.

Jimin both loved and hated it. He liked being teased and toyed with, but he liked to be fucked fast and hard. He always had the most powerful orgasms when Jungkook took him like this, slow and building. Letting everything culminate into a maelstrom of sensation and need until everything was far too intense and he finally burst apart like a firework, splitting into a thousand glittering embers of pleasure. Usually Jungkook reserved this kind of sex for early mornings and late, late nights. He said he liked to fuck him nice and slow when he was all soft and sleepy, and Jimin liked it too. It was a nice departure from the usual, but it felt so intimate and intense here, in the light of day in the Alpha’s office. But he just closed his eyes and gave himself over to sensation. He could feel the slow churning of the cum and slick inside him as Jungkook took him, each stroke of his cock, each brush of his hands. Then the sounds, Jungkook’s low moaning breaths mixed with his own higher pitched whimpers, the creak of leather, the wet sound of the Alpha’s cock moving in and out of his drenched hole. The scents, vanilla bean and dark, bitter chocolate and coffee mixed with the smell of sweat and cum and slick, as well as the less intense aroma of the room, plastic and electronics. He opened his eyes and had to bite his lip to keep from cumming on the spot as he took in the visual, that went along with his other senses. Jungkook over him, reaching down and holding his waist, eyes closed and brows drawn, bottom lip pulled between his teeth. He looked like he was in agonized pleasure. He was so majestically beautiful, strong and powerful. Perfect. His body tightened and he bowed up as he raced toward his orgasm, already on the precipice, he tried his best not to scream or moan too loudly.

“Ah... ahn... I’m cumming... fuck, Alpha... I’m cumming... ngh...”

“Me too, Baby... fuck...” Jungkook ground out through his teeth as his knot started to form from Jimin’s constant constricting pulses around his cock.

Their final moment hit them at once as Jungkook’s knot formed and he pushed inside Jimin as deep as he could go, throbbing and pulsing as he filled Jimin with his seed, and the Omega’s release shot up his own chest, splattering against his pale skin in pearly lines. Jimin’s head was thrown back, mouth open in a silent cry as he cut off sound from escaping as he trembled and shook with the force of his climax. Jungkook let his body follow its instinct and curled himself forward to kiss and lick over Jimin’s neck as he arched in his taut bow, tendons standing out and face going red. The tension in the Omega flooded from him all at once as he collapsed back against the couch in a boneless, loose heap. Jungkook continued to kiss and lick at his neck, but now more softly, soothing rather than claiming as the Omega’s chest heaved under him with hard breaths. Jungkook’s hands smoothed over any skin he could reach as he spoke soft, praising words to his Omega, right against the sensitive, bitten skin under his lips.

“Good boy. You’re such a good boy for me, little one. You took Daddy so well. You’re so pretty, so soft and warm and perfect. My beautiful boy. My lovely Omega. Daddy’s little Minnie.”

Jimin purred at the attention and affection. His two favorite things, especially when he was being knotted. He adored the gentle way the Alpha always treated him after sex. He slid his hands into Jungkook’s hair and pushed it back from his face as he came back down into his own body from the amazing orgasm. He looked at the Alpha on top of him and smiled when he realized that Jungkook was still fully dressed, wearing shoes and all. Jimin was sure there must be slick on his trousers and probably his shirt based on how much of the stuff he’d been pouring out, but at the moment, he was more concerned about why he’d been called here. Jungkook seemed pretty normal to him, and he wasn’t sure why Yoongi thought he needed cheering up. It seemed too hopeful to think that he’d cheered up already, just from his presence. He carded his fingers through the Alpha’s hair gently, scratching at his scalp as he finally spoke.

“So Alpha, tell me what’s going on.”

Jungkook pulled back just enough to look down into Jimin’s face and saw concern there. A suspicion took root in his mind about his unexpected visit. Of course, he wasn’t exactly mad. The afternoon had taken a much more pleasant turn than he’d expected and his earlier agitation was long gone in the presence of his pretty boy, especially while he was still knot-deep inside him.

“Did Yoongi call you?” Jungkook asked, narrowing his eyes.

“Technically, he didn’t call me. So I can legally say no.” Jimin hedged and pouted and Jungkook laughed lightly at his adorableness.

“He texted you then.”

“Maybe, but I still am glad I came to see you. Are you okay? Did something happen with those two who stole from you?”

“What? Oh, no. It’s... something else. Let’s wait until my knot goes down and get dressed before we talk about this. If that’s alright with you?”

Jimin just gave him a soft smile and leaned up to press a kiss to his lips.

“Sure, whatever feels most comfortable to you. Now come here and let me hold you until your knot relaxes and I have to let you go.” Jimin said as he wrapped his arms around the Alpha’s shoulders and pulled him down to lay on top of him.

Jungkook disregarded the fact that he was getting cum on his shirt. He was already covered in slick and going to have to change into the spare suit he’d started keeping in his office for just such occasions as these. He wrapped his arms up under Jimin’s back and held the Omega to him as he laid his weight down on top of him. He held him like that for several minutes as Jimin petted through his hair and hummed softly to him, until his knot went down and he finally sat back, releasing him from his hold. He found the lavender plug that he’d brought, next to his leg on the sofa and gently pulled out before pushing the plug into Jimin’s stretched entrance, making him whimper. Jungkook gave him a moment to adjust to the feeling of the plug inside him, gently running his hand over and over the little swell of Jimin’s lower belly.

Jimin felt relaxed and sleepy. Jungkook’s hand smoothing over his taut belly was soothing and comforting. He tried not to picture himself being pregnant, but he always found himself thinking about it when Jungkook did that to him. He supposed it was natural to think about it. He knew he wouldn’t get pregnant outside of a heat, but the way that the Alpha caressed his belly, coupled with

the feeling of fullness always brought that mental image back to him. Himself, round and pregnant... of course, he told himself it was just a fantasy, it wasn't like he was imagining Jungkook's pup inside him. But he knew damned well that was a lie and he just told himself that it was a fantasy, a harmless dream that wouldn't affect reality. Maybe that was true, but maybe he was getting in over his head. Not that it mattered, there was nowhere else he wanted to go. This was the only place that felt right anymore.

All he wanted to do was roll over and take a nap on Jungkook's couch, but he knew that this wasn't the time or the place to fall asleep, so he forced himself to sit up, grimacing slightly at the painful fullness of his belly as he propped himself up on his elbows. Jungkook was fixing his pants, but it was clear that he and his clothes were both drenched in Jimin's slick. The Omega looked down his own body at his belly with its tiny swell and smiled. He liked the way he looked like this, he thought the little belly pooch made him look cute and he enjoyed the feeling of fullness, even if it was a little painful. He slid his own hand down to his belly and touched it, still fascinated that his body could do that. He heard Jungkook make a small sound, like a tiny purr and when he looked up at him, he saw there in his face an expression he couldn't easily identify, something needful with an edge of... possession? Longing? Or was it something else? He couldn't tell.

"We need to get cleaned up, little one." Was all Jungkook said, and Jimin didn't push it.

He allowed himself to be pulled to his feet and herded into the attached bathroom. The Alpha stripped out of his own dirty clothes and wetted some paper towels in the sink with warm water and gently set about cleaning the Omega first. He wiped away all the slick on Jimin's inner thighs, crouching down to get access, making Jimin prop one foot up onto his bent knee so he could clean him properly under his sac, between his legs as Jimin used his shoulders to balance himself. The Omega at one time would have blushed and gotten shy about this, but there was no part of him that Jungkook hadn't seen. The Alpha cleaning him after sex was now routine and he accepted it as a part of their dynamic and he felt to shame or hesitation to share any part of his body with the Alpha. Hell, a little less than an hour ago he'd been bent over his desk, holding himself open to let Jungkook look at his most intimate place, there was nothing taboo about his body with the Alpha. Once the Omega was as clean as he could get without access to proper bathing facilities, Jimin took his turn and swapped the roles. Jungkook smiled as his pretty boy wiped him clean with warm paper towels, clearing slick, cum and saliva from his skin. He'd never had a lover so concerned with him as Jimin always was. He adored those times when he would turn the tables of aftercare around on him and wash him and care for him when he crashed particularly hard from his dom headspace. A lot of people talked about coming down from subspace hard, but rarely did anyone take the dominant or the Alpha into consideration. It was hard to be in that mode for long periods of time and sometimes afterward he just felt drained. As much as he loved being the dominant partner, and gods did he love it... it still took a lot to be the one in full control all the time. It was nice to surrender a little bit in the sleepy aftermath of domming Jimin sometimes, and the Omega always seemed to sense when he needed it most.

They re-dressed, Jimin in his same clothes, and Jungkook in the fresh suit he kept in a long cabinet in the corner. Once they were presentable again and Jungkook cleaned the stripes of Jimin's cum off the floor and window and the slick off of the couch, the Alpha returned to his desk. He pulled Jimin into his lap and the Omega went willingly, sitting across his thighs and loosely looping his arms around Jungkook's neck. Jungkook traced over Jimin's small frame with his hands as his mind wandered over the events of the morning that had caused Yoongi to call him. He wanted to be mad at his friend for interfering in his personal life, but honestly he was glad to see Jimin and this de-stressing was exactly what he needed.

"You know that tomorrow is the Seoul Arts Gala, right?" Jungkook asked, looking into Jimin's grey eyes and noticing a little smudge of eyeliner in the corner of his eye that he thought made him

look cute.

“Yes, I remember.”

Jungkook sighed and reached around Jimin to his desk, and grabbed his phone.

“Minwoo sent me this text this morning.”

The Alpha turned the phone and handed it to Jimin, who looked down at it and read it. The Omega felt his lip curling at the text... What. The. Fuck. The words, “Jeon Jungkook is finally mine this year” ran little circles round and round his head until he realized he was growling. His hand was clenched so hard around the phone that his knuckles were white. He recognized the picture of him, not that he’d ever seen it, but he knew when it was from. He recalled the receptionist telling him that she needed his picture for “safety purposes”. At the time, Jimin had assumed that either she was telling the truth, or she just wanted to gossip about the boss’s new boyfriend with the other employees. Apparently not.

“I’m so sorry, Baby. I already fired the receptionist for this. I’m so sorry, little one. I didn’t know that anyone would leak your information like that.”

Jimin turned and looked at him with complete confusion. He had no idea what the hell Jungkook was talking about. Leaking his information? No, he didn’t care about that at all.

“Alpha, I don’t care about my picture being leaked. I’m not ashamed to be seen with you or for people to think I’m your boyfriend. They were all going to see me tomorrow night anyway.”

“Then what’s got you so upset, Baby? You’re shaking.”

Jimin looked down at his hands and only then did he realize he was trembling. Jungkook took the phone from him and set it back on the desk. He looked back up at Jungkook and let the truth fall from his lips.

“I know we haven’t talked much about this, but I... don’t want you having sex with other Omegas.” Jimin answered quietly as he reached forward and curled his small hands into the lapels of Jungkook’s suit loosely. “I don’t think I could be your sugar baby anymore if you started having sex with other people... I know that’s probably greedy after everything you’ve done for m-mmph...” Jimin’s words were cut off with a hard kiss as Jungkook’s hand wrapped around the back of his neck and held him into the bruising liplock for a few moments before it was broken.

“I’m not interested in having anyone besides you in my bed, sweetheart. How could I need anyone besides you, silly boy? You and I are and have always been exclusive, since the beginning.”

Jimin felt relief flood his system at those words. Of course he didn’t want to break off his arrangement with Jungkook. He loved being his... sugar baby or whatever. He didn’t want this to end, but if he had to watch as Jungkook went off to sleep with other people and came back home with the scent of other Omegas on him, he’d never be able to handle it, and he didn’t know why he suddenly felt so uneasy about his place in the Alpha’s life. But as he’d read that text he’d felt that little voice in the back of his mind perk up, reminding him that he was just a sugar baby, a paid plaything. That little doubting whisper that said Jungkook would never want him for real, he’d never want to really be with him. But it quieted at his reassurance that they were exclusive and he reminded himself of the fact that the Alpha wouldn’t have invited him to live in his apartment if he was planning to keep sleeping around. Jimin was just being insecure. He leaned forward and pressed a soft kiss to Jungkook’s lips.



“I’m sorry... I should know that. You haven’t been... but I just don’t want to share you.” Jimin admitted shyly, eyes falling down to his hands that were still loosely curled in the Alpha’s lapels.

Jungkook looked at his pretty baby in his lap, blushing and getting shy as he admitted to not wanting to share. He was so cute like this, but he could sense that he needed real reassurance. The Alpha had no interest in sleeping around, he never really had. He’d taken his fair share of people to his bed over the years, but he wasn’t the type who just liked to add another notch to his bed post. He much preferred what he’d found with Jimin, having someone understand his true nature and not only accept him, but fuel his fire with their own. Jimin was something so rare and unique, something the Alpha had never known before. The Omega was a perfect counterpoint to him. They worked in tandem like they were made for it, and he wasn’t giving that up. Especially not for some society leech who just wanted to have the opportunity to flaunt him around like their latest toy. Been there, done that. Never again.

“Baby, listen to me.” Jungkook said, gently tipping Jimin’s face up with a finger under the chin. “You’re not going to have to share me with anyone. Don’t worry, pretty boy. Do you really think your Daddy would do something like that to his good boy?”

Jimin felt himself melt into the Alpha’s touch as he swayed forward toward that seductive voice, body loosening and going pliant under his dark gaze. It felt like his entire world was being held up by that single finger under his chin as he stared into Jungkook’s eyes. He was so wrong to ever doubt his Daddy. Jungkook would never hurt him. He should know that by now.

“No. You would never do that to me, Daddy. I’m sorry...”

“You don’t need to apologize, little one. It’s not a crime to feel insecure, and you’re right that we never really talked about it. But I meant it when I said that you’re mine, Baby. I don’t want anyone touching you, and I don’t want to be touched by anyone else. You’re my special boy. My perfect little Minnie.” Jungkook said softly and Jimin felt his face split into a huge smile, which Jungkook returned with one of his own rare, bunny-toothed ones. “You’re still my good boy, right?”

“Right.”

“That’s my Omega.” Jungkook said and pulled his hand back from his chin to gently boop the end of his nose, which made Jimin giggle and squirm in his lap.

Jimin leaned forward and kissed the Alpha, smiling as he pushed his tongue into Jungkook’s mouth. It was rare for him to take so much of a lead during a kiss, but his bubbly giddiness made him bold. He sighed softly through his nose as the Alpha kissed him back. Jimin was the one who broke the kiss and scented the Alpha over his cheeks, pressing his face to Jungkook’s and purring when he was squeezed in a tight hold. The cuddle/scenting session was cut short by the sound of Jungkook’s phone buzzing on the desk behind Jimin, startling the Omega with the sudden noise and making him jump, which only made the Alpha chuckle.

“You’re so cute.” Jungkook said as he reached around Jimin and took the phone.

It wasn’t an important message, just an email about a conference call coming up in a few days, so he set it aside. The interruption and reminder of his phone brought him back around to the original subject. He cupped the side of Jimin’s face as he looked at him and spoke.

“The issue about that text is the person who started this whole mess.” The Alpha sighed and rolled his eyes, clearly annoyed. “Her name is Im Daeun, and she’s the daughter of the owner of Im Plastics, which is where we buy our raw plastic from. She’s been after me for a few years now, but I’ve always dodged her attempts to ‘woo’ me or whatever. I really don’t like her, she’s just got

this... vibe about her that says she's just like the others who all have tried to pursue me. She wants my money and my influence. She wants to reign over the socialites and society types, and she thinks I can help her do that. Sometimes you just get a feeling about someone and you know that they are bad news. She definitely is. The thing is... I am just worried she'll try to mess with you."

Jimin looked at Jungkook and took in his expression and posture. He was really uncomfortable about her. She clearly made him uncomfortable and yet he'd never done anything about her because of his business. Jimin already hated her for the way that Jungkook's shoulders bunched up and his body seemed to stiffen at some memory clearly playing in his head. Jimin reached up and petted over the side of his face with a soft hand.

"Hey, no matter what she tries, I'll be fine. So what if I'm not from a rich family? I'm not ashamed of that. I love my parents and I'm glad I grew up like I did. Yes, I'm in culinary school, but I'm not ashamed of that either. I love cooking and someday I'll own a restaurant that they will all be scrambling to get a table at. I know what my future is, and she's not going to make me feel bad about who I am. And you said that we're exclusive. As far as everyone knows, we're boyfriends, and I will defend you if I have to, because she sounds like a complete nightmare." Jimin stared hard into Jungkook's eyes and made sure his next words came out clear and firm. "I'm not afraid of her."

Jungkook felt pride swell his chest at Jimin's words. He saw the Omega's gray gaze turn from silver to gunmetal as that rare sassy strength reared its head. Jungkook felt himself melt a little as the Omega in his lap went straight-backed and stiff, his expression hard and unforgiving. It made the Alpha want to pull him into a gentle kiss and soften him again until he was just his soft baby, so relaxed and pliant. But part of him wanted to enjoy this side of Jimin while he could. He very rarely got to see his pretty boy's tough, unmovable and stubborn side, but he knew that it was there, ready to be called into action. With him, Jimin was always so relaxed and gentle, but Jungkook was getting a reminder of who Jimin was, and he knew that he was going to be fabulous. He gave him a genuine smile and pressed a kiss to his full, lush lips erasing some of the tension from his face as he pulled back.

"I know you're not, but I just want you to know. You don't have to take any shit from her. I don't care who her family is, I won't let her mess with you."

"I don't want to mess up your business... are you sure it's a good idea for me to go?" Jimin asked, looking unsure.

Jungkook's hand rested on the side of his neck and a thumb stroked over the Omega's jaw.

"Where I go, you go. Fuck them. They are replaceable. You are not."

Jimin smiled at those words and purred gently as the Alpha continued to stroke over and over his jaw with a gentle thumb. He wasn't sure what to say in response to that. Jungkook thought he was irreplaceable? That made him warm inside as their eye contact became prolonged and he was captivated by those dark doe eyes that he'd seen express everything from anger to tenderness to desire and everything in between. At that moment they were looking at him with a mix of pride and gentle admiration and it made him feel so beautiful.

"Thank you."

"Anytime, pretty boy."

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# Sticky Sweet Domesticity

## Chapter Summary

Jimin and Jungkook share some domesticity.

## Chapter Notes

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As soon as Jungkook saw Jimin to the elevator and the doors on the box slid shut, he was surrounded by his friends/co-workers and getting jostled and pushed from every side as they all asked various questions and complained that they hadn't gotten a chance to properly meet their friend's Omega. Jungkook brushed them off and headed back down the hall, toward his office, laughing at their indignation at his lack of sharing.

"He and I are seeing each other and you all aren't scaring him off. Now, get back to work." Jungkook said, still chuckling.

"Come on! We all know you two were fucking in your office. Even if you have it soundproofed in there, you smell like sex!" Bamam laughed, slapping his thigh as he cackled.

Jungkook smiled at the reminder of his soundproofed office, which he'd had done for video conferences and general privacy. He'd known the whole time that there was no chance of anyone else hearing them, but watching Jimin's struggle to be quiet had been too cute to resist.

"I have no idea what you're referring to. I am a professional and would never do something like that on company time."

Hoseok joined in at that and laughed his clear, infectious laugh as he threw his head back.

"Bull. Shit. You and I were roommates for three years, and I know you, Jeon Jungkook! You can't pull that with me. You forget that we ALL know the real you."

Jungkook smiled as old memories played through his head. Yeah, these guys knew him, probably a little too well. They were all familiar with Jungkook's particular predispositions about sex and over the years had razzed him hard about being a quote, "freaky motherfucker". He just shook his head and opened the door to his office.

"I've got a very important call to make, so everyone should get back to work."

“You fall in love and now we don’t even get to hassle you for it?” Yugyeom called after him as he stepped inside his office and was greeted by the scent of vanilla bean.

Jungkook’s body flushed with heat at those words... fall in love... He wasn’t in love. Of course not. He and Jimin were... what exactly? Something more than friends and less than boyfriends. Jimin was his sugar baby, but why did that feel so wrong? Thinking of Jimin as his sugar baby made a cold pit of discomfort open up in his belly. When had that happened? He closed his office door without another word and stepped further inside.

Jungkook tried to put away those uncomfortable, distracting thoughts as he focused on work, pulling up the specs and programs for his “side project” which had begun to take up more and more of his focus now that he could work on it during the day and not just in whatever couple hours he found here and there. He’d been making actual progress and knew that he was close, so close to a breakthrough that would bring all his hard work together and make everything worth it. All those late nights, busy weekends and stressful days were going to culminate into the biggest and most profitable tech advancement of his career. He was already rich, but if he managed to actually figure this out he was going to be next level kind of rich. He was about to change the face of the tech world forever.

He let himself be lulled by the ebb and flow of work, ideas moving through his brain as fast as the coding and calculations he was doing until late afternoon when he had to set aside his project and go upstairs to meet with Yoongi and Namjoon. It was finally time to officially hand over his old title and finally let that burden slide from his shoulders. He just wished that Jimin was there, his pretty boy had been the catalyst for all the change and he thought it would be nice if he could celebrate with him, though he supposed they could celebrate privately. He was dying to do something lavish for Jimin. The Omega had really done alot for him, and he wanted to reward him somehow. He let that thought simmer as he left his office and headed to the elevator.

On the top floor, Jungkook strolled into Yoongi’s office and the moment his friend saw him he chuckled low under his breath. It was clear to see the amusement on his face as he leaned over and braced one elbow elegantly on the arm of his chair and studied Jungkook.

“I see that Jimin did as I asked and came to see you.” The redhead said with a casual flick of his fingers, indicating toward Jungkook.

“Oh, I was wondering if you were going to admit it, but you’re totally shameless.” Jungkook countered as he settled in one of the fine leather chairs across from Yoongi’s desk. “So tell me, how did I give myself away that he’d come by?”

“Easy. You’re not walking like you have a stick up your ass anymore, and you smell so much like vanilla that I can’t even smell your scent anymore. It’s not exactly rocket science. Also... you were wearing a navy suit this morning.”

Jungkook glanced down and saw that his suit was now a dark charcoal, almost black color and sighed. Yoongi was too damn observant.

“I see.” Jungkook said with a shrug, realizing there was no denying that he was caught. “Well, are you ready to go?”

“I think the question is are YOU ready? Do you need to take a rest? Do you need some Gatorade or something to replenish your electrolytes?” Yoongi asked mockingly.

Jungkook grabbed a little pad of post-its off the other’s desk and threw them at him, though Yoongi dodged them and laughed.

“You’re a dick.”

“Takes one to know one. Dick.” Yoongi picked up the pad of post-its from the floor and tossed them back onto his desk before looking at his friend more seriously. “I’m glad he helped though. Did you tell him about Im Daeun?”

Jungkook sighed and ran a hand through his hair and nodded.

“Yeah, I told him and he seemed fine. I honestly think he’ll be great. He’s stronger than he looks. Is it wrong that a little part of me is turned on by imagining him shining down those fucking socialite lizards?”

“I don’t know if it’s wrong, but it’s definitely something only Jeon Jungkook would ever admit to. I’m pretty sure that Omega could walk up to you wearing a trashbag and you’d find a reason to get a boner about it. You’re so fucking whipped.”

“Jimin could rock a trashbag, honestly.”

“Whipped. So whipped. But let’s go hand over the keys to the kingdom so you can focus on being disgusting over your boyfriend and leave me out of it.”

“Oh come on! Don’t you want to hear how he pulls me into his nest in the evening and cuddles me? Or how sometimes I come home to find him cooking? Share in the sticky-sweet domesticity with me.” Jungkook teased, laughing at Yoongi’s disgusted expression.

Yoongi stood from his desk and walked around to where Jungkook was still sitting, looking up at him with entirely too much amusement. He reached forward and flicked him in the forehead.

“Your domestic bliss is truly admirable and also revolting.”

“Ah! Ow. Fine, let’s go.”

By the time they were done speaking with Namjoon, Jungkook felt like a whole new man. It was like all the pressure was relieved and he could breathe again. He’d really done it. He’d finally handed over the CEO title to someone else and he was thrilled. Namjoon had happily accepted the title and responsibility, though they had made it clear their doors were always open if he needed anything, though they knew he was more than capable.

Jungkook left the building smiling, regardless of how his day went, he was going home to see his little vanilla baby. Though as he drove, he thought about Jimin coming to see him, being so sweet and sexy, letting Jungkook take him in his office. Jimin was always so good for him, he let Jungkook do whatever he wanted and he never complained that he was too rough or too intense. Even when he was in pain, his little one always begged for more, asking for anything the Alpha was willing to give... If only he’d be so accepting of Jungkook’s gifts and money. As he thought that, he smiled and turned on his blinker, taking a short detour before he headed home to see his pretty boy.

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Focusing on getting home and up into the apartment took every ounce of strength of will that Jimin possessed. He was just... so full and all he wanted to do was nest. Jungkook’s scent was all over him and he felt so happy and sleepy, he just wanted to nap until his Daddy got home to take care of him. But he forced his mind to focus on driving home and parking, in the elevator he felt himself starting to slip a little bit into that looser subspace, and as he fumbled the keys out of his pocket and into the lock, his hands were trembling. He still managed to make it inside, and the moment he was

in the familiar safety of home he let go of his worries and his other thoughts. He pushed a hand up under his shirt and smoothed it over that small swell of fullness with a low, soft moan as he leaned back against the door, surrendering his weight there for a few moments as he gently caressed his belly and started to purr.

He wasn't sure how long he stayed there like that, but after a while the entryway was too cold. He wanted to nest. He wanted to curl up in a safe, warm place. He dropped his bag in the entryway and kicked off his shoes. He pulled off layer after layer of clothing as he walked toward his nest, leaving a trail of clothes behind him until he was totally naked, his pink thong the last thing to go was on the floor in the hallway outside his door. The Omega had enough presence of mind to get his cell phone from his jeans, in case Jungkook needed to call him. He entered his room and looked at his nest, contemplating whether he wanted to get in it or nest somewhere else. He shivered at the cool air around him, goosebumps rising on his skin. He reached into his nest and pulled out as many blankets as he could wrap up in his arms and dragged them out of his room and toward Jungkook's room.

He'd never nested in Jungkook's bed before. Usually he either stayed in his nest or made small, makeshift nests in various other spots around the apartment, generally places they'd had sex recently and the Alpha's scent was strongest. He'd never asked Jungkook if it was okay to nest in his room, so he didn't. He didn't want to invade his personal space. His bedroom was his territory inside the apartment, but he was currently not really in the mindframe to remember why he wasn't supposed to nest in the Alpha's bed.

He pulled his blanket pile into the room and started arranging them on the bed in a neat little wall surrounding the center portion where he would lay. He plugged in the electric ones and just as he was about to climb up, he realized he was totally naked. Glancing down at his body, he thought about what he wanted and went to the Alpha's closet, and stole one of his button-ups. He slid it on his shoulders and left it open. He thought briefly about getting panties, but he didn't want any pressure against his belly, even the soft elastic of a waistband. Out in the room, he climbed into his nest and settled there, stealing Jungkook's pillow to nuzzle into and breathe his scent as he fell asleep, bundled in his warm covers and smelling just like his Alpha.

He was roused later by the sound of his phone ringing. He came awake and rifled around until he came up with the little device and saw that it was Mark calling. He glanced around and noticed it was getting darker as evening must have come. He'd been sleeping for hours. He tapped the little green answer icon and brought the phone to his ear.

"...ello?" Jimin mumbled as he rubbed his eyes.

"Hey Min, did I wake you?" Mark said from the other end of the line, sounding similarly sleepy.

"Yeah, but it's okay. How are you? Are you feeling better?"

Jimin yawned and stretched, pointing his toes and taking a deep breath as he began to properly surface from sleep.

"Yeah, much better. I just wanted to call and say thank you for texting Jackson. I really needed him today... I don't know why I let myself feel like this, but he really helped me feel better." Jimin heard his friend sigh from the other end of the line. "Sometimes I just get too far up in my own head and I worry about losing him. I guess when you're feeling down or stressed, it's natural to want the person you love to give you their attention."

Jimin smiled at his friend's words, happy that he was feeling better. He hated to see him stressing over something that was so clearly meaningless and he was glad that Jackson seemed to have

shaken him out of it.

“And by attention, you mean sex?” Jimin teased, trying to make Mark laugh, joining in when he was successful.

“Well, yeah. When do you ever have someone’s attention more undivided than when you’re having sex? What better representation of love is there? I think it’s just what you need sometimes. I’m glad you saw that and gave Jackson the heads up. You’re a good friend.”

Jimin’s mind roamed over the events of his day, being texted by Yoongi and going to see Jungkook. The sex. He understood what Mark meant about having someone’s undivided attention, that’s always how it felt when Jungkook touched him. He wondered vaguely if that’s what the Alpha had been feeling. Had he needed Jimin, truly? Had it been his undivided attention and affection that had swayed him into a better mood, or was he just seeing what he wanted to see? He hoped it was the former, because gods... he wanted to be special to Jungkook. He wanted to be the one he called when he was hurting or in need. He wanted to be the person whose undivided attention would pull him back to the surface of himself and make him better. Was that a fool’s hope?

“I just don’t want you questioning what you have with Jackson. He loves you so much. I hope your ass hurts because you deserve it. You should never, ever question his love and loyalty.”

“Thank you for your concern, and yes, my ass is killing me. Ugh... my balls hurt, my dick hurts. Everything hurts. I’m not gonna be able to walk for days and he’s not even in rut yet.”

Jimin laughed at the petulant tone from Mark, but he could also hear how happy he was. It was clear that spending the day being thoroughly ravished by his Alpha had done him good. He’d needed the closeness and reassurance that Jackson did, in fact love him and that he’d never leave him. The couple were so perfect for each other, and he could only imagine how Jackson had been feeling, and resolved to talk to him on Monday when they had their first class together.

“Where is Jackson? Is he not there with you? I’m surprised he hasn’t snatched the phone away and tried to give me a play by play of eating your ass.”

“God, he totally would, wouldn’t he? I love him.” Mark said with a dreamy sigh that made Jimin giggle. “He went to go and get food because I can’t move from the nest. He should actually be back just any minute now, so I should probably let you go, but I just wanted to call and say thanks and let you know we’re doing better now.”

“Alright, well, tell Jackson I said to take it easy on you and to eat you out to make you feel better.”

“He already did it for hours... if I let him back down there I’m not going to have an ass left by Monday.”

“Aww, poor baby. Your boyfriend loves eating you out too much. What a hard life you lead.”

“Shut up. I’ve seen you show up at school limping on more than one occasion.”

“If you must know, that was from muscle pain. Jungkook would never leave me hurting like that.”

“I’m glad your Alpha takes good care of you. I know your relationship is private to you, and I get that, but I’m just happy that you’re happy. It’s clear that he’s good to you and takes care of you. I’ve been worried for a while after what happened with Daniel that you’d shut off that part of your heart, but I can see that Jungkook is opening it back up. I’m so glad to see you full of life and living happily without cares or burdens. It makes me hopeful for you two.” Jimin heard something in the



background of Mark's call and the Omega paused. "Oh! Jackson's home. I'll see you Monday, yeah?"

"Yeah, take care."

"You too!"

Jimin hung up the phone and set it aside. His mind was buzzing with thoughts. It was getting harder every day to pretend that he was okay with just being a sugar baby. What was wrong with him? What was supposed to happen between he and Jungkook didn't include anything more than sex for money and that was all. But the Alpha had taken him under his care, into his home and given him so much, not just gifts and money, but things that no one else could take away, self-esteem, confidence and hope. He let his thoughts wander to the Alpha, curious where he was. Jimin knew he should get up and cook, but he was so warm, so full and he was missing Jungkook. He wanted his Daddy to come to him and hold him in his little nest. He turned his face into Jungkook's pillow and breathed in deep inhales of his scent. It was so comforting, the scent of coffee and chocolate. His favorite aroma.

He relaxed back into his piles of blankets, rolling onto his back and disregarding the covers parting over his body as he let his still-sleepy eyes slide closed. The Omega's hands found their way back to the little bump of his lower belly. He knew he should go take a shower and remove the plug, but he didn't want to. He was sure that if he had to do it before Jungkook came home, he was going to cry and the last thing he wanted was Jungkook finding him sobbing in the shower over something so stupid. He traced light fingertips over and over the skin of his belly, starting up a soft purr as he dozed and surfaced from sleep over and over, not wanting to get up but not able to fall back into a deep sleep. He lay there, caressing his own swollen belly, distended with the volume of cum inside him and purring softly, content and warm, surrounded by Jungkook's scent. He was startled when he was interrupted by an unexpected soft voice from the doorway, but instantly relaxing when he realized it was Jungkook.

"Honey, I'm home."

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Jungkook had his gift in his hand, the contents of the small box had cost him thousands, not that he gave a damn. He was excited to give Jimin this little gift, though he wasn't going to do it until tomorrow. He wanted it to be a surprise. He slipped it into the inner pocket of his coat as he headed up in the elevator, to his floor. Stepping out of the elevator he could swear he already smelled vanilla bean and he smiled at the idea as he walked toward his door. He unlocked and opened the door to the powerful scent of vanilla. He felt himself relax as he walked into the apartment and immediately noticed the trail of clothes starting from the door, Jimin's coat was laying just past the entryway and into the living room and he could see the edge of a shirtsleeve peeking around the corner. The Alpha just laughed as he took off his own coat and hung it up before retrieving Jimin's and doing the same.

He walked into the apartment and followed the trail of clothes, picking them up one at a time as he was led toward Jimin's room. He paused as he looked down at the rumpled, discarded pink thong on the floor just outside Jimin's bedroom door. Fuck. He wondered if his pretty boy was naked already, or if he'd showered and changed. But when he walked into Jimin's room, he was surprised to find that Omega's nest empty. He dropped the clothes in the hamper by the door on his way out into the hall and followed his nose, letting it guide him to the source of the sweet, clear vanilla bean scent. He could tell Jimin was happy by the clarity and strength of his scent. He walked quietly to the doorway to his room and was greeted by an absolutely devastating sight.

Backlit by the lowering sun streaming through the windows, Jimin was in the center of his bed, surrounded by blankets, nested perfectly. He was wearing one of Jungkook's button-ups and clearly nothing else, as the shirt was wide open. He could see the Omega's lovely, pale cock resting flaccidly against his pelvis. His eyes were closed and a soft, content smile played around his lips as he traced gentle fingertips over the slight swell of his lower belly. He appeared to be slipping in and out of sleep as his soft, trailing touch would occasionally pause before he seemed to surface again and he continued moving. The Alpha could hear the light, thrumming purr from Jimin's chest. His little vanilla baby was so happy it made his knees feel loose and weak as his gut tightened. Jimin's scent was sweet and clear. He clearly felt safe here in his bed.

The fact that the Omega never nested in his bed had occurred to him in the past few weeks, but he'd shrugged off the fact, because he liked coming home to find his pretty baby nesting all over and he assumed it was just what he liked. He hadn't realized how much he'd like seeing him nesting in the center of his own bed, surrounded by his scent. It felt right for him to be there, it was the place his little one belonged, where he could keep him safe. He watched for a few more moments as Jimin purred and rubbed gently over the small swell of his belly, unable to look away from the perfection of the sight in front of him. Surprisingly, he wasn't hard. He was just enjoying the vision in his bed with a gentle ardency that pulled him to finally speak. He kept his voice soft and low as not to scare him, but he still saw him jump and start a little until he realized who it was.

"Honey, I'm home."

Jungkook watched as Jimin gave a small jump and then turned his face to look at the door. As soon as he saw him there his lovely countenance split into a huge smile. It was that same look full of pure joy that sometimes slammed right into Jungkook's gut and reminded him how pretty his baby was. Jimin really was something else, he was beyond beautiful and straight into ethereal. He was the prettiest thing that the Alpha had ever seen, but especially when he smiled at him like that. Joy was a good look on him, and every time he saw it, he just softened a little more. He was so weak to this beautiful male and there was nothing he could do about it. The damage was done, he was already addicted.

"You're here." Jimin said and reached his small, soft hands out to him in a request.

Jungkook couldn't deny him when he was nested in his bed, smiling at him like that. He looked like an angel with the peach glow of the setting sun behind him, glimmering off of windows and casting little rainbows across the ceiling. He was like something from a dream or an exquisite piece of art, more than he could ever explain and yet something so real and tangible that he could touch with his hands and feel against his skin. Surely no other person had ever looked so good as his pretty boy did in that moment. Jungkook pulled at his tie as he walked forward to the edge of the bed, dropping the strip of expensive silk to the floor before shrugging out of his suit jacket.

"I'm here, little one. You want me to come into your pretty little nest?"

Jimin's heart felt lighter than air as he watched the Alpha walk toward him, pulling at his clothes. A louder, rumbling purr took up residence in his chest at the nearness of his Alpha, a fresh wave of his dark, masculine scent washed over him as he approached the bed and Jimin's entire body erupted in goosebumps at the rush of scent that cascaded over him. He breathed deeply and hummed a quiet content sound as the Alpha ran his palm gently over Jimin's outstretched one, the rough pads of his fingers lightly grazed over Jimin's soft hand. But as he blinked and looked around him, he realized what he'd done. He'd nested in Jungkook's bed and totally invaded his personal space. He felt his cheeks get warm and he sat up a little, but groaned when that put too much pressure on his swollen belly.

“I’m so sorry. I didn’t mean to nest in your space. I was just... I wasn’t thinking clearly. I can move it!” Jimin said, feeling embarrassment warm his skin as he tried to sit up again, but Jungkook stopped him with a hand on his shoulder.

“Baby, Baby, calm down. It’s okay. You can nest here if you want to. I don’t mind at all. Wherever feels comfortable for you. If you feel comfortable and safe here, then you should nest here. I like you being in my bed. Whatever feels good to you. I told you I want you to feel safe in my home.”

The Omega looked up at Jungkook with wide eyes, lips parting as his breath caught. The Alpha was so unbothered by Jimin invading his territory in the apartment. Of course, Jimin napped in his bed sometimes, but he’d never taken it over like this and Jungkook was so clearly unaffected by his presence that it made his heart flutter in his chest. He’d clearly been worried over nothing at all. Jungkook was smiling at him with soft gentleness and he couldn’t help but smile in return. He felt so safe and small there in Jungkook’s bed, surrounded by his scent and now that his Alpha was here, he wanted to feel him. He wanted to soak up his body heat and curl against his chest.

“Can you come into my nest and hold me?”

“Of course, sweetheart. Whatever you want.”

Jimin purred and gave a little shiver of happiness as he smiled again and nodded. The Alpha quickly unbuttoned his shirt and pulled it from his slacks, letting it too fall to the floor. He stripped down to just his black boxer-briefs and walked around to the end of the bed so he could crawl up into Jimin’s little nest. The Omega shoved blankets over to make space for him and he settled himself on his side, facing him head propped up on one hand as he looked down at Jimin who was still on his back, full nudity openly and unabashedly exposed. He couldn’t resist touching his soft, velvety skin when it was so exposed, begging to be stroked. His hand started at Jimin’s face, gently cupping his cheek and stroking over his skin, down over his neck and chest until he found his rounded little belly, still full of his cum. God, that shouldn’t make him feel so soft and adoring, but his mind couldn’t help but imagine that little swell being from something else. Fuck... he wasn’t supposed to be picturing Jimin pregnant with his pup, but that’s all his mind could picture as he tenderly stroked his hand over that little mound below his belly button, feeling the tautness and fullness within.

“You know you’re so pretty like this, Baby. Have I ever told you how fucking beautiful you are when you’re so full for me? So full of my cum?”

Jimin’s low purr got louder the more he was touched and at the Alpha’s words, he melted into the bed, muscles relaxing and body going lax.

“You always say I’m beautiful, Daddy.” Jimin mumbled quietly, feeling his cheeks warm.

“You are always beautiful, Baby.” Jungkook leaned down and pressed a kiss to the Omega’s lips. “So, what did you do all day, sweetheart?”

“I just came home, nested in here and went to sleep... I didn’t want anyone else to be around me when I’m like this.” Jimin said, touching his belly lightly.

“Speaking of which... you know we are going to have to go shower and clean you out, pretty boy. You can’t stay like this all night.”

“B-but... Daddy...” Jimin whined, pouting and moving his hands protectively to his little belly.

Jungkook watched as his little one's face went from soft happiness to upset concern in the blink of an eye. He was so cute with his puffed out, quivering lip and big, pleading silver eyes. Jungkook gave a soft sigh and reached his hand up to cup the side of Jimin's face that was a mask of adorable frustration and upset.

"How about I order us some dinner and I'll let you keep your plug in until after we eat. Then I'll take a shower with you and I'll fuck you again in the shower. How does that sound?"

Jimin was still pouting but he was pleased that he was going to get to keep it for a little longer. He nodded and relaxed his guarding hands on his lower belly.

"That sounds good, Alpha... but I can cook. You don't have to order food."

"You don't always have to cook, and I want to just hold you while you're all full for me."

"Oh... okay."

Jimin settled himself as Jungkook used his phone to call in an order for food from a local takeout place and once the Alpha was done, he too relaxed into the nest and draped an arm over Jimin, head falling to rest next to him on the pillow. Jimin shivered and purred as he felt the Alpha's nose push against his cheek and work its way down to nuzzle into his neck as the arm around him tightened. He preened and basked in the attention as Jungkook scented him and traced little patterns across his skin with the fingertips of the arm holding him. The Omega turned his face and pressed against the Alpha's cheek in turn, leaving open-mouthed kisses over his cheek and jaw as he traced his lips over any skin he could reach. It was so strange to him to be so open with someone else. But in moments like these, he felt completely at ease. Jungkook was with him, and he trusted the Alpha with every part of him. His nudity was not shameful to him, nor was his messy, post-wakeup hair and face. Jungkook was his perfect, handsome Daddy and nothing was taboo with him. No sexual desire, no part of his body, no weakness or fear needed to be hidden. Jungkook was trustworthy and steadfast. He was safety.

Jungkook had never been much of one for cuddling before he'd met Jimin. Perhaps it was just that dark, dominant part of him that refused to cuddle someone who hadn't "earned" it, or perhaps it was a matter of trust, or even maybe intimacy. Hell, it might be a combination of all three. As far as he knew it could just be... Jimin. Maybe his pretty vanilla baby was just special. All he knew was that he wanted this soft, relaxing bubble of warm adoration that they seemed to make during hours together. The Omega calmed something deep down inside him, some part of him that was never so at ease before he'd known him. It had always felt like there was this hazy window between him and anyone who he attempted intimacy with, like they couldn't quite see each other, or understand one another. But Jimin existed on the same side of that window as he did. He was the first person who had ever truly understood him, the first who had ever... tried to take the time to see things from his view and account for him in their thoughts. Jimin was such a caring Omega, so gentle and kind, but also strong. He was one of a kind.

They lay together, in that mood for a long time, until the sound of the doorbell rang through the apartment, signaling the arrival of their dinner. Jungkook pressed a kiss to Jimin's temple as he hopped up out of bed and pulled on the slacks he'd discarded, fastening them and walking shirtless to the front door as he pulled out his wallet. Behind him he heard Jimin groan as he got out of bed and his little steps quietly followed him. He glanced over his shoulder and saw the Omega buttoning up the buttons on his shirt that hung adorably to his mid-thigh and draped down over his small hands. So cute. Jimin paused by the sofa as he walked over to the entryway and opened the door. Something about the Omega on the other side struck a chord of some memory, but he couldn't place it. Perhaps she had just delivered to him before? He shrugged off the *deja-vu* as he

turned his attention to her, certain that she seemed to be blushing, but maybe she was just red from the cold outside.

“Good evening sir. I’ve got the food you ordered here. That’ll be 47.68.”

Jungkook pulled a hundred dollar bill out of his wallet, his eyes focused down on his hands as he sorted through the cash to find the paper note. As he looked back up, he caught her eyes wandering over his bare torso. She was checking him out. Suddenly the memory snapped into focus. This was the same Omega who had asked him if he needed a sugar baby, all those weeks ago and given him the original idea that had led to him meeting Jimin. He pulled an extra fifty from his wallet and handed it over to her.

“Keep the change.”

“Oh... wow. Really? Are you sure? I mean... I could come in and... earn it. If you’re interested.”

Before Jungkook could answer he heard the gentle pit-pat of Jimin’s bare feet behind him and a soft hand slid up over his shoulder. He looked to his side to see his pretty boy standing there in just his oversized shirt with the most sickly sweet smile on his lips, though the sharp tang in his scent gave away his true emotional state. He was angry.

Jimin had smelled the scent of the other Omega the moment Jungkook had opened the door. He'd disregarded it at first until he noticed it sweetening and growing fuller and richer. It was interest making her scent sweet, he knew. He'd already been headed toward the entryway when he heard her proposition Jungkook. He was instantly filled with annoyance. He felt his heart race in his chest and knew his scent probably wasn't normal, but he couldn't stop himself. His inner wolf wanted out, it wanted at the Omega who was making offers to his Alpha. He controlled his anger and put a simpering, sweet smile on his lips as he walked into the entryway and up next to Jungkook. He smoothed his hand up over Jungkook's flank to his shoulder blade as he stepped up next to him. He was glad that all he was wearing was Jungkook's shirt, it made the fact clear that the relationship between them was sexual, but he turned his head to look up at Jungkook, knowing he was showing off the hickey over his scent gland.

Jimin could see that Jungkook was amused by him, but beyond that, he could see that familiar dark interest. This was turning Jungkook on. Jimin gave him a sweet, adoring smile and pressed a kiss to his shoulder before turning his attention to the Omega outside the door. He looked at her critically and found her to be pretty, her scent was light and sweet, though his appearance had made her flowery aroma take on a tartness. He reached forward and grabbed the bag from her hands, still aiming that sweet smile at her. He watched as her face went pink and she looked at him in turn, taking in his appearance and dress. His sweet smile turned to a smirk of superiority and he raised a brow as he spoke.

“Thank you, but we don’t need any other... services.” Jimin said, tone light and amiable, but as he continued, he changed his tone and face to mock-chiding. “You really shouldn’t throw yourself at strangers, you know. It’s not safe. Goodnight.” Before she had a chance to so much as open her mouth, Jimin reached over and shut the door in her face. He felt his own expression morph into one of angry distaste as he muttered to himself. “Stupid bitch.”

Jungkook couldn't hold himself back as Jimin made a quiet growl at the closed door. The Alpha moved at once, snatching the bag from Jimin's hand and setting it on the console table that sat along the wall next to the entryway before crowding Jimin over against the door. He took the Omega's wrists in his hands and raised them up over his head. He pinned them both with one hand and wrapped the other around the back of Jimin's neck, holding him in place as he connected their lips in a feral kiss. He forced his tongue into Jimin's mouth and swallowed down the noises that

the Omega released into the liplock, his little moans and whimpers as Jungkook pinned him there against the wall and dominated his mouth in a hard, rough kiss. He canted his hips forward and pushed his now hard cock into Jimin's belly, moaning when he encountered the little mound of fullness there and Jimin whined at the pressure. Jungkook broke the kiss and moved his mouth down over the Omega's cheek and jaw to his neck, sucking up a new hickey right above the one on his scent gland, unable to stop himself from marking his pretty boy. His clear protective jealousy had been much more of a turn on than he'd been expecting, and he wondered how the hell he was going to get through the following night without bending Jimin over a table and fucking him in front of the top one percent of Korea.

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The first thing that Jimin registered when he woke up was the brightness of the room that made him want to roll over and hide his face in a pillow and go back to sleep, but he was quickly distracted by the feel of Jungkook's cock nestled perfectly against his ass, pushing his panties between his cheeks. He hummed softly, amused at the idea that the Alpha could somehow still be hard after last night. His back and hips ached from strain, but his body didn't care about the pain. He felt wetness already gathering at his entrance, his body readying itself for Jungkook's cock. He really had no room to be amused at Jungkook. He was just as bad, if not worse himself. But gods did he love having sex with Jungkook. He'd never thought he could love sex so much. Of course he'd known that he wanted sex, and often, but it had escaped him just how good sex could feel with the right person. It didn't matter what Jungkook did to him, he always enjoyed it. It didn't matter if he kissed him slow and easy and took him with that languid slowness that simultaneously felt too slow but also too intense, or whether he was tied down, bound gagged and helpless as the Alpha fucked him as hard and fast as he could. Everything Jungkook did to him felt good in it's own way.

But he didn't want hard, fast sex right now. He wanted... honestly he just kind of wanted that feeling of fullness. Jungkook was a deep sleeper, Jimin knew from experience that he could get halfway through a blowjob before the Alpha would wake up. He just slowly pushed his panties down far enough to hook the band under his cheeks and reached behind him, carefully and somewhat awkwardly pushing Jungkook's boxer briefs down far enough to free his cock. The freed length jutted out and felt hot against his ass as it pressed against him, skin to skin. He was wet already and the feel of the Alpha's cock against him had more slick pooling and dampening him between his legs. Jimin knew he was still somewhat stretched from the previous night, so he didn't bother with trying to stretch himself, knowing the excess movement would probably wake the Alpha.

He used a gentle hand to guide Jungkook's erection downward, the tip sliding easily between his cheeks until he was lined up with his entrance. Jimin bit his lip to keep quiet as he shifted himself backward and felt his tender hole part over the head of the Alpha's cock. His breaths came faster as he tried to remain quiet and move slowly. The Omega inched back bit by bit until his ass was pressed to Jungkook's hips and the Alpha was fully inside him. He didn't make any move to get friction or motion going. He just relaxed and enjoyed the feeling of fullness with a quiet sigh. One of his hands found its way into his panties and he softly palmed his own erection, not really in an effort to orgasm, just to keep the pleasure going. He wrapped his hand loosely around his length and slowly rubbed his thumb over and over the head of his cock, using his own precum to keep the slide smooth as he softly moaned and his hold fluttered around Jungkook's intruding penetration. Jimin knew the moment Jungkook woke up. The Alpha let out a low, moan and he felt the arm that was previously loosely draped over his side, tighten and pull him back in a firm hold as Jungkook's nose and lips found his nape and he nuzzled in there, mouthing at the sensitive skin and making Jimin's whole body go loose and pliant.

Jungkook would never get tired of waking up with his cock already surrounded by soft heat and sleek wetness. Whether it was his Omega's mouth or his ass, he could never fully get used to how damned good Jimin felt. He came awake to tight, wet heat around his cock and groaned, already smiling as he pulled Jimin closer and nosed into the nape of the Omega's neck. He felt himself weaken as Jimin relaxed in his hold and purred quietly, the smaller body in his arms vibrating gently with his rumbling purr. Jungkook kissed and licked against Jimin's nape, gently scraping his teeth over the skin and pulling little whines from him.

"Good morning, little one. You sure know how to wake your Daddy up happy." Jungkook husked against the skin under his lips as he slowly shifted his hips, moving inside the Omega with easy, shallow strokes.

"Ah... oh, fuck... M-morning, Daddy..."

Jungkook just hummed a deep moan against Jimin's nape as he continued the slow push and pull of his hips. Jimin's slow, stroking hand on his own cock was enveloped by the Alpha's larger one, the heat of his palm soaking into him as he squeezed the smaller hand in his and tightened their grips around Jimin's cock, leading his movements and working him in time with the languid motions of the Alpha, moving in and out of him. Jimin moaned and felt himself tightening up as his orgasm approached, but as he started to reach that peak, Jungkook pulled their hands away from his cock. Jimin whimpered as he felt the Alpha's fingers lace with his own, his palm against the back of Jimin's hand and he pressed their joined hands to the Omega's belly.

"Not yet, Baby. I want you to cum with me. Can you do that? Can you be a good boy and cum with Daddy?"

"Yes... mng... yes, Daddy. I can be good." Jimin gasped out, shaking in his hold and breathing hard and heavy.

Jungkook loved this. He loved how easily Jimin ceded control to him, even now on the edge of sleep, warm and quiet in the early hours of a lazy Saturday morning. The Omega handed himself over to him, not just through domination, but through trust. He didn't have to pin him down or leverage threats of punishment, or even bribe him to get his pretty boy to behave. All it took was Jungkook telling him he was a good boy and Jimin instantly complied. He was such a good boy. He moved a little faster as their shared orgasm built. He could feel his knot forming as Jimin tightened around him, both of them being pulled down into the spiral of pleasure together. The Alpha panted against Jimin's nape and gently bit the skin there, making the Omega whine deep in his throat and tighten further around him as they chased after their pleasure together.

"That's it, Baby... fuck... mmn... that's so good... god you're so fucking tight... I'm gonna knot you, sweetheart..."

"Yes... fuck... I'm cumming, please... knot me... I need it." Jimin begged, voice cracking as moans interrupted his words.

They shattered apart together into pure sensation. Jungkook buried himself as deep as possible into Jimin's perfect, soft heat as his knot formed and Jimin seized and fluttered around him, massaging his cock perfectly as he spent himself inside the perfect channel of Jimin's ass and the Omega came in little jerky bursts against his own belly and the blankets in the bed. In the aftermath of their release, they both tried to catch their breath as they came down from their high.

"That was..." Jimin trailed off, brain too overwhelmed to define what exactly he felt.

"Amazing."

“Yeah.”

They stayed like that, in the quiet warmth of the bed as they waited for Jungkook’s knot to relax. Jungkook carried him into the bathroom, where they brushed their teeth and took a shower that was more about Jungkook pushing Jimin up against the glass wall and claiming his mouth to make out with him under the hot cascade of water, than about getting clean. The Omega was happy enough to purr into the prolonged kiss that, though passionate and hot enough to have them both hard, never turned to more than kissing. After a while, they finally managed to separate and wash up when the water started to lose its heat.

Jimin dressed in Jungkook’s grey hoodie and a pair of soft, white cotton panties before skipping out to the kitchen and starting on breakfast as he sipped fresh coffee, his Alpha not far behind. Jungkook thoroughly violated the no touching in the kitchen rule as Jimin whipped up crepes with fresh whipped cream filling and blackberries. The Alpha followed him around the space like his own personal shadow, arms wrapped around him from behind as he watched him cook. His wandering hands occasionally found their way underneath the meager clothing that Jimin wore, but the Omega was always quick to chastise him when his touch got a little too adventurous for the kitchen. Jimin chopped up blackberries and used water and sugar to reduce down a nice syrupy blackberry drizzle and expertly cooked crepes that came out thin and light. By the time they were done the house smelled amazing and the sweet scent of blackberry mixed into Jimin’s vanilla one when Jungkook turned his face down into the Omega’s hair and inhaled him, a lovely aroma.

Jimin couldn’t help but smile as he was followed around the kitchen by a clinging Alpha, with wandering hands and lips. He knew he should be annoyed as those curious fingers continually found their way under his hoodie and his mischievous mouth nibbled on his ears and neck, but honestly he was just amused and happy at the attention. He liked Jungkook to focus on him, touch him and praise him. He probably liked it more than was totally normal, but nothing about the attraction between them was really ‘normal’. They were two people who separately were both calm, cool and collected, but when then touched, it was fire and heat and pure animal need. So, Jimin allowed Jungkook’s touches and kisses, enjoying the warmth against his back and the scent of coffee and chocolate that mixed well with the mug of coffee he occasionally sipped from as he cooked.

They ate their breakfast on the couch, Jimin again in Jungkook’s lap, feeding him little bites of crepes and kissing smears of whipped cream and blackberry off of his lips between bites until their food was set aside and the Alpha claimed his lips again. One of his warm hands palmed the back of his head and held him into the kiss as the other hand sneaked up underneath his hoodie. Jimin let himself be pulled back into the raging tide of arousal and their connection as Jungkook kissed him thoroughly, dominating his mouth with assured confidence. He turned them until he could lay him out against the sofa and take up his spot between Jimin’s legs as they shared kisses that were sweet and sticky with the remnants of their breakfast still flavoring their kiss with cream and berries. Finally, Jimin broke the kiss and giggled as Jungkook’s mouth continued its mission down over his jaw and neck.

“Are we going to have sex all day until we have to go to the Gala?” Jimin asked breathlessly.

“Mm... maybe not ALL day.”



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# No More Shrinking Violet

## Chapter Summary

Jimin and Jungkook get ready for the Seoul Arts Gala.

## Chapter Notes

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As it turned out, Jungkook was right. They didn't have sex ALL day, but after a few rounds in the morning, then lunch, then another round after that, Jimin was nice and full and plugged and he napped most of the afternoon away on the couch, watching a drama on tv between little sleeps. By the time he woke up and wandered through the apartment to the office to find Jungkook, it was time for another shower so they could get ready for the gala. Though Jungkook had pulled him into his lap and insisted on scenting him for an additional ten minutes before allowing them to go and shower.

Once clean, Jimin blow dried his hair and used his straightener to style the blond strands away from his face. Jungkook just used a dab of pommade to push his hair back and it stayed perfectly in place, which Jimin was hellishly jealous of. But once he was done, his blond hair was shining and perfectly styled, curled away from his face and laying just right. He applied his makeup carefully, dabbing his foundation onto his skin and brightening the center of his face with concealer before setting it and doing a light, natural contour. He kept his eye look simple and elegant, just smoking out the outer corner and adding liner and a thin coat of mascara to make his eyes pop. He didn't want his makeup to be too intense all over and he knew he'd made the right choice as he painted on the bright red liquid lipstick. He applied the lip carefully, and just as he finished the last sweep of the little doofoot across his lower lip, he pursed his lips and blew his reflection a kiss. He looked... beautiful. He was masculine enough to show that he was male, but feminine enough to make him exotic and seductive.

He pulled off his hoodie and dropped his white panties into the hamper before walking naked out into the bedroom, only to find himself entering the space at the same time Jungkook came in through the other door. His jaw dropped at the sight of Jungkook dressed formally in a tuxedo. He bled elegance and sophistication from every pore as he stood there, immaculately dressed. Jimin met his eyes and felt the look that traveled down his body, then back up to focus on his lips. He knew the cherry red lipstick was bold and he'd wondered if it was too much, but the look that Jungkook had focused on his mouth said that he'd made the right choice. He smiled and the movement of his lips seemed to shake Jungkook out of his little trance and the Alpha stepped forward until he stood in front of Jimin, close enough that he could feel the warmth radiating from him against his naked skin. Jungkook lifted his hands and Jimin noticed a black velvet box in his

hold that he'd failed to notice while eye-fucking him.

"I got you something to wear tonight, Baby."

Jimin looked up at him and smiled, but as the Alpha opened the box Jimin's eyes were drawn back down and he gaped at the contents of the box. It was a necklace, a choker of glittering diamonds that looked like two parts that if he wasn't mistaken one part would sit like a choker and the other at the base of the neck and a small pair of earrings that went with it. Even in the low light of the bedroom, the jewels caught the light and glittered like a million rainbow sparkles. He reached forward and touched it. It was cool to the touch and he didn't know what to say as he looked at the amazingly beautiful jewelry that must have cost a fortune. One part of him told him to push the gift away, it was too lavish and expensive, but a louder voice told him that his Alpha had picked this for him and he wanted to appreciate it.

"Jungkook... it's beautiful."

"You're beautiful and you deserve beautiful things. Can I put it on you?"

"Oh... yes, please."

Jimin allowed himself to be guided over toward the bed where Jungkook set the box. He reached up and removed Jimin's simple silver hoops that he always wore and set them in the little box before taking the diamond studs and slipping them into his ears, sliding the backs on and admiring them for a moment before he reached for the necklace. Jimin's eyes went to the thing and as it moved, it sparkled and glittered at the smallest movement.

"Turn around, little one." Jungkook said, doing a little twirl with his finger.

Jimin turned and watched as the necklace appeared in front of him, then shivered as cool metal met the flesh of his neck and warm hands brushed his exposed skin, the juxtaposition of temperatures making goosebumps rise on his skin. He felt the Alpha's fingers messing with the clasps at the back of the necklace and after a moment one of the hands trailed knuckles down his spine and the other slid around his throat, hand resting possessively there against the pale column of his neck, over the glittering necklace that adorned it. He gasped softly when Jungkook spoke, closer to his ear than he'd expected, his warm breath fanning over him as he whispered in that low, intimate tone.

"You look... absolutely beautiful tonight, Jimin."

"Thank you. You look handsome too."

Jimin turned back around and looked up at Jungkook with a huge smile that had the Alpha's heart beating wildly in his chest. It was that one look that always made him feel like he was on a roller coaster and the cart just dived, making his stomach dip and his pulse thrum in his veins. The Omega was so pretty, he was sure no one had ever been so beautiful as his little one in that moment, completely bare except for diamonds and lipstick. He was absolutely stunning and all Jungkook wanted to do was push him back into bed, go get some restraints and see how many orgasms he could pull out of him by the end of the night. But alas, that was not an option. They had places to be. So he just pressed a soft kiss to those ruby lips and stepped back. He looked at Jimin in his diamond necklace and he felt his cock pulse and throb. Gods, he was going to be dead by the end of the night.

"I should get dressed." Jimin said, glancing down at his own nudity.

“I feel like agreeing with that is some kind of mortal sin, but we do have places to be tonight.” Jungkook said, and couldn’t resist stepping forward and taking Jimin’s jaw in his hand, holding him still as he leaned down and whispered in his ear. “You’re such a good boy. Such a little Daddy’s boy. When we get home tonight I’m going to fuck you until you cry... and then I’m going to keep fucking you. How does that sound, pretty boy?”

Jungkook felt the Omega shiver and pride swelled his chest at the reaction to his words. As he pulled back and looked down he could see that Jimin was half-hard already, just from his words. But he could see in his eyes the glint of mischief and as he started to speak, his voice was soft and breathy like a moan and it had the Alpha shivering in turn as goosebumps raced over his skin.

“I would love it, Daddy. I want you to fuck me and then...” Jimin trailed off and looked down with playful bashfulness that Jungkook knew was not entirely genuine, nor entirely false, it was another of those little cat and mouse games they sometimes played.

“What, sweetheart? Tell Daddy what you want.”

Jimin looked up at him through his fluttering lashes and met his gaze.

“I want you to cum on my face... all over my pretty red lips. I painted them just for you.”

Those words gave Jungkook a mental image that sliced right through him. His eyes fell to Jimin’s velvety red lips and all he could see in his mind’s eye was how they’d look covered in his cum, glossy, pearly stripes of his seed glazed over those bright red lips. He was already so hard that he wondered if he should let Jimin jerk him off or something, but they honestly didn’t have time. He leaned down so they were eye to eye, and as he spoke he let his gaze fall to those red lips and study them intently.

“I would be more than happy to help with that, pretty boy. But for now, you need to get dressed before we don’t leave the apartment at all.”

Jimin gave a soft giggle and leaned forward to press a kiss to his lips before pulling back and turning to walk away toward the closet. He could feel the Alpha’s eyes on his back, his ass as he went, but he didn’t look back, knowing he was too weak to the temptation to go back to him. Once in the confines of the closet he leaned against the wall of drawers on one side and took a few deep breaths, trying to steady himself. One of his hands went to his neck and smoothed over the necklace that was now adorning it, feeling the cool hardness of many diamonds under his fingers. It was a recklessly expensive gift and Jimin didn’t really know how to process it. He decided to put it to the back of his mind and focus on getting ready.

He rifled through the drawer of panties and found a lacy red thong that matched his lipstick and slipped it on before grabbing the emerald green suit, though instead of a collared button up, he took one of the other shirts that Yesung had made, sleeveless and loose, made of white satin the back dipped down and showed off the upper back, though it would be covered by the suit jacket most of the time. But the shirt had a wide neck that showed off his collarbones and wouldn’t hide the necklace. Last he went to the boxes of high heels that were neatly stacked on the shelves and selected a pair that were made of a nude mesh and leather combo and scattered with rhinestones. They glittered in the light and matched with the diamond necklace. He’d originally planned to wear the black heels, but these felt right with the necklace. He carried his clothes out into the room to find Jungkook still standing there, looking as handsome and powerful as ever.

Jungkook watched Jimin emerge from the closet and couldn’t look away from the bright red thong that matched perfectly with the bright red lips. Fuck. Jimin was so beautiful, he was going to be rock hard all night just watching his little vanilla baby at the party. And he knew he’d be watching

him. Normally these events were boring, life-draining, soul-sucking snoozefests. But at least this time he'd have something pretty to look at and contemplate how he was going to ruin him as soon as they got home. Those ruby lips were already torturing him and the night hadn't even begun. He watched in agony as Jimin got dressed, pulling on the slacks that fit his figure to perfection, hugging every curve perfectly. Then the silk shirt that glowed in the candlelight and the jacket. Last the Omega bent over to set his heels on the floor and slipped into them before turning around to look at him and he was stunned as he got the full effect from the front.

“How do I look?”

Jungkook studied the Omega for a few moments and felt himself fill with possessive pride. This was his Omega. His perfect little one, dressed in things he'd bought him and that made warmth bloom in his chest. He looked at Jimin and thought he looked... expensive. He glittered more than the jewels on his necklace and shoes. He was the true gem, far beyond any mere shimmering rocks.

“You look perfect. So beautiful.”

“Thank you.”

The Omega went a little pink and looked down and Jungkook stepped forward to tilt his head up with a gentle finger.

“Don't look down. Stand tall. You're the most beautiful Omega in the world. You are better than anyone else. No one even comes close. Got it?”

Jimin felt those words hit him and he knew his color only increased more, but he didn't turn his head down. He looked into Jungkook's dark doe eyes and felt unfamiliar confidence and pride bolstering him up.

“Got it.”

“That's my Omega.” Jungkook said before leaning down and pressing one last kiss to Jimin's lips.

Jimin smiled and Jungkook followed him as he turned to go to the bathroom to check his appearance one last time before they left. The Alpha leaned in the doorway as Jimin walked up to the mirror and took in his own appearance. He felt a smug kind of self-satisfaction as he watched his small, pretty hands come up to touch the necklace wrapped around his neck and then smooth down the front of his suit jacket that nicely accentuated his small waist and wide hips. The Alpha couldn't help but look at the ass perfectly cupped in emerald material and bite his lip as he pictured what he knew was under there, the red panties, the smooth, creamy skin... the vanilla sweetness of Jimin's slick. He forced his eyes away from the Omega's ass and met his gaze through the reflection, to find that he was giving him a very knowing look. The Omega leaned forward and braced his hands on the counter as he looked away from Jungkook's eyes and to his own reflection again, leaning close to the mirror. Jungkook watched as he leaned forward and braced himself on his hands, back arching just right to jut his ass out. Hell... he was presenting himself and Jungkook knew that he knew what he was doing.

“Baby...” The Alpha said warningly and Jimin looked at him again through the reflection, a false innocent look taking up residence on his pretty face.

“What?”

Jimin felt warmth gather in his belly as the Alpha gave him a dark look, and strode forward. Jimin

watched him as he approached with a few quick strides, his walk was commanding and devastating. But as he reached him Jimin gasped as he stepped right up behind him and pressed his hips against his ass so that Jimin could feel that he was hard. The Omega gasped as Jungkook leaned his body forward, pressing against his back and one of those hot, strong hands came back up and wrapped around his throat. Their eyes were locked onto one another in the mirror as Jungkook gave a soft squeeze to Jimin's neck, restricting his breathing, but not stopping it only for a few moments. Jimin felt slick gathering at his hole and he whimpered. The Alpha turned his face so that his lips were right next to Jimin's ear as he spoke his next words, their eyes still connected. His tone was final and dominant, leaving no room for argument.

“Stop presenting yourself unless you want to get fucked and go to the party smelling like slick and cum... or is that what you want? I bet you'd love to walk through that fancy ballroom with stripes of my cum all over your pretty face, so everyone knows how much you love it. Is that it, sweetheart? You want everyone to know how desperate you are for Daddy's cock, for Daddy's cum all over your lovely red lips?”

“D-Daddy... oh... We need to stop... I'm getting wet.” Jimin whispered back, brows drawing down as his eyes slid closed.

Jungkook's hand squeezed again and Jimin's eyes snapped open. He met the Alpha's dark, wild eyes and felt himself melt into subservient, submissive compliance as he drew in a hard breath, unable to get much past the restricting hand.

“Stay right where you are. Don't move a single muscle.” Jungkook said before releasing him entirely and stepping back.

Jimin wanted to collapse as the Alpha's heat was removed from him and his steadying influence was gone, but he just braced his weight on his hands and breathed a few long, deep breaths in an attempt to calm himself. He could hear some distant sounds, but couldn't identify them. Soon he heard the Alpha's footsteps returning and as he walked into the bathroom Jimin's eyes fell to the hand that was holding a clear glass plug. His face went hot as he realized what the Alpha was about to do. He watched as Jungkook's hand reached forward and set the plug on the countertop next to his hand and then the Alpha's hands were on his hips, moving toward the front where he unfastened them and then pulled them down, along with his panties to his mid-thigh.

“Since my pretty baby can't control himself, you're getting a plug before we leave. I can't have other Alphas smelling your slick, now can I? Is that what you need, little one? You want this?”

Jungkook met Jimin's surprised face through the mirror and Jimin could see a slight question in the Alpha's eyes. He was genuinely asking if Jimin wanted the plug, making sure he wasn't pushing too far. Of course, he knew that Jungkook knew where the line was in private, but they hadn't taken their dynamic outside the house much. Jimin glanced down at the plug and recognized it. It was the same one he'd worn the night he and Jungkook had gone out to his business dinner. He knew the plug was smaller in size than the others they had and shorter, so it wouldn't press against his prostate. He met the Alpha's eyes in the mirror and arched his back a little more.

“Do it... I deserve it for being a bad boy.” Jimin said and licked his lower lip.

Without warning Jimin's jaw was taken in a rough hand and his face was turned, a hard kiss pressed against his lips, making him thankful his lipstick had already dried down. The kiss was chaste, but lasted a few seconds before the Alpha pulled back and looked at him.

“I will never get enough of you, my naughty boy. Now, lean down, chest on the counter while I put

your plug in.”

Jimin did as he was told and bent himself in half, resting his chest against the counter. He saw the Alpha grab the plug and after a few moments, he felt the cool glass being pushed slowly inside him, his entrance widening around the largest part of the plug and then it was settled inside him. Jungkook kept a hand on his lower back to signal him to stay where he was and Jimin watched as he grabbed a hand towel and wet one corner of it in the sink with warm water. Then the cloth was pulled from his view and he felt the damp terrycloth against his skin, wiping away his slick with the wet corner, then he was dried with the other side. Before the Alpha pulled his pants up, Jimin gasped as three stinging swats from one of Jungkook’s hands against his ass made him clench and moan.

“That’s for being a bad boy.” Jungkook said and then smoothed a hand over the spot that was tingling and burning from the spanking. “But I know you’ll be a good boy now, won’t you?”

Jimin's breaths were coming hard and fast. He was glad he was wearing the plug or else slick would be sliding down his thighs. He whined softly and arched just that little bit further, turning his face down and letting his eyes slide shut, clearly showing his submission to the Alpha.

“Yes. I’ll be good, Daddy.”

Jungkook gave a soft growl of approval and leaned forward until his weight rested against Jimin’s back, the pressure making his breaths shallow. He put his lips to Jimin’s ear and spoke low and soft as one hand found his jaw and gently held him still, the slight body under him shuddering at the feel of him.

“I know you will, little one. You’re always my good boy. Sadly, it’s already time to go or I’d fuck you first, but the car has already been waiting for fifteen minutes.” Jungkook pulled back and helped Jimin to stand on shaky legs before pulling up his panties and pants, tucking his shirt back in and fastening his pants. He turned his face and pressed a soft kiss to Jimin’s cheek. “Are you okay, Baby? You gonna be able to be you while we’re at the party?”

Jimin took a few deep breaths and tried to clear his head, pushing away arousal and lust as much as he could and focusing on being Park Jimin. He reminded himself that he was doing this for Jungkook, and as he thought of the Omega, Im Daeun, he felt his resolve solidify. He was not just Park Jimin today. Today he was his most arrogantly sassy self, the one he’d been for the last few years. He was the badass who punched Alphas in the subway. He was strong and that cleared the haze over his thoughts.

“I’m okay, Jungkook.” He turned toward the Alpha and pressed a kiss to his lips. “Let’s go.”

Jungkook watched Jimin take the ruby lipstick from the counter, waggling it in his fingers as he walked past him and had to hold back the growl that wanted to come up from his chest as he watched his hips swing seductively with the gait of his high heels. This whole night was going to be absolute hell. But he just followed along behind him as the Omega grabbed his phone and wallet and slipped them into his jacket pocket along with the lipstick, and onward toward the entryway. Jungkook grabbed Jimin’s cream-colored cashmere coat and helped him into it before donning his own black one. He couldn’t help but appreciate how opposite they were. He in his dark colors and Jimin a vibrant counterpart, he couldn’t help but think they looked like a matched set. Yin and yang, two sides of the same coin. It was an interesting kind of disparity in their appearances and he knew they looked perfect together.

In the elevator Jimin giggled and squirmed as the Alpha pushed him up against the wall, turning his face so that Jungkook’s kiss landed against his cheek instead of his lips, which only encouraged

him to trail his mouth down to Jimin's neck. The Omega pushed him away as the elevator dinged, signalling their arrival to the lobby. Jungkook stepped back, with a little groan and pulled Jimin along out of the elevator. The Alpha wrapped a possessive arm around his waist as he led them through the lobby, constantly turning his face to press little kisses to Jimin wherever he could reach with his lips. The Omega was glowing at all the attention, smiling and laughing as he was showered in affection.

Jimin felt like he was living some kind of fantasy as he walked outside and found a limousine waiting at the curb. The thing was sleek and black with silver trim and rims, it reflected the glow of the streetlights and buildings around it like a shiny black mirror. Jungkook guided him down the sidewalk and to the door where the driver opened and let them inside. Jimin had never been inside a limo before, and as he entered first, he took in the interior, one side of the limo was a little bar full of glasses secured in silver hooks. He spotted a little ice tub built into the the car that was holding a bottle of champagne. Jimin slid across the supple leather of the seats, hands smoothing over the buttery material as he settled in his own spot and Jungkook followed him inside, the driver closing the door behind him.

Jungkook couldn't help but smile at the way Jimin's eyes went wide and his mouth parted, his pretty face a mask of innocent surprise as he looked around his surroundings. The Alpha reached over and wrapped his hand around the back of Jimin's neck, drawing his attention back toward himself. His pretty boy turned to him at once and looked a bit shy, but before they could speak, the driver got in the front and spoke.

"Good evening, sirs. I'm Jiho and I'll be your driver this evening. Just let me know if there's anything you need."

"Thank you. We're fine for the moment."

"Very good, sir. Shall we proceed to the destination?"

"Yes, but take your time. We aren't in any rush to get there."

"Of course."

Jungkook reached over and pressed the button to raise the partition between the front and back of the car, isolating them from the driver. He looked at Jimin as the limo pulled away from the curb. The Omega was back to looking around the inside of the limo, pretty lips parted and eyes sparkling from the little strip lights that lit the interior of the space. He was so pretty and so soft, Jungkook wanted to go home and pull him back into the nest of blankets on his bed for the rest of the night, but they had an event to attend and he did actually want to show Jimin off. He wanted everyone to see how pretty his little vanilla baby was. He felt for the first time, that innate Alpha instinct to posture and present his Omega to the world, making sure they all knew he was his.

"You want a glass of champagne?" Jungkook offered and Jimin looked back at him and nodded, face breaking into a smile.

Jungkook leaned forward and took the cold bottle of champagne and poured out two glasses before sitting back and handing one of the crystal champagne flutes to Jimin. He took it with a little happy giggle that softened the Alpha as they clinked their glasses and sipped. The Alpha watched as Jimin's eyes widened further and he swallowed and looked to him with a big smile.

"Oh! This is good. It's so sweet."

"You're sweeter." Jungkook said and leaned over to press a kiss to Jimin's red lips.



The Alpha pulled back and drained his glass in a few large swallows and watched from the corner of his eye as Jimin did the same. He took the Omega's glass and secured them both so they wouldn't fall and break before turning back to the Omega and wrapping a hand around the back of his neck and pulling him into a kiss. Jungkook felt Jimin melt against him, his small hands curling against his chest as they kissed. Jungkook slid his tongue into Jimin's mouth and moaned into the kiss as he tasted the sweetness of the champagne, mixed with the sweetness of Jimin's mouth. After a few minutes the Omega broke the kiss to get a deep breath, but just as he had in the elevator, Jungkook continued down over his jaw and neck, as his lips found that pale column of flesh.

Jungkook found a spot and sealed his lips there, pulling on the skin until Jimin felt a new hickey being raised on the skin. Jimin moaned at the feel of the Alpha's mouth on his neck, the knowledge that he was marking him before they headed into this event. He knew the skin around the mark would be reddened, everyone would know Jungkook had been all over him on the way to the event, and that made something petty and self-satisfied roar to life inside him. He slid a palm up to the nape of Jungkook's neck and encouraged him to keep going, tilting his head back to give him better access. The Alpha pushed forward until Jimin was laid back against the seat, but before they could get much farther, the car came to a stop and could feel it being put into park. Jimin giggled and Jungkook growled as a soft knock on the window indicated that the driver was waiting to open the door.

"Fuck... we should have just stayed home. How the hell am I supposed to keep my hands off you when you look like this?"

Jimin leaned up and pecked Jungkook on the lips.

"Just think about what you're going to do when we get home tonight."

"Oh? And what's that, little one? What do you want Daddy to do to you when we get home?"

Jimin gave him that soft, trusting smile and brushed his hair back from his face.

"Anything and everything you want, Daddy. I just want you to use me however you like... and then cum all over my lips."

"Fuck... you're such a good boy." Jungkook growled and kissed him one more time before pulling away and helping him to sit up. The Alpha sighed and looked at Jimin with one more longing look. "Alright. Time to go."

He reached over and tapped his knuckles against the glass and the door was opened.

Jimin felt like an old-timey movie star as Jungkook stepped out of the car and handed him out like he'd always seen in those old movies that Taehyung liked to watch. Jungkook nodded to the driver and Jimin thought he saw him slip him some cash before the Alpha wrapped an arm around him and guided him toward the building. As they got closer, Jimin felt shy as he walked with Jungkook past a group of photographers who all took pictures of them as they strode past, up the long black carpet that was laid out over the sidewalk and stairs. He wasn't sure what to make of having his picture taken like some kind of celebrity, but he just kept his eyes forward. The moment he'd stepped out of that car, he was an immovable object, he was strong and resolute. No more shrinking violet. At least not tonight.

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# The Gala

## Chapter Summary

Jimin and Jungkook attend the Seoul Arts Gala.

## Chapter Notes

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Jimin looked around at the other guests arriving at the venue and everywhere he looked were glittering gems and jewel bright silks, satins and lace. At the door, two guards checked Jungkook's invitation and then held the doors open for them and as they entered, Jimin was floored by the interior. High above them was an enormous glittering chandelier, and all around the place was tastefully decorated in holiday colors. It felt like stepping into some kind of dreamscape, so far removed from his reality that the twinkling lights and shimmering garlands, the icy glow of frosted glass baubles and lights all around were completely unreal. He turned to Jungkook and found the Alpha already looking at him. He smiled huge and giggled when the Alpha pulled him closer around the waist and kissed him, right in the middle of the milling crowd.

Jungkook couldn't resist Jimin when he was smiling like that, so pretty and soft and full of joy. He kissed him and only allowed himself a brief press of lips before pulling back and guiding them to the coat check. Jungkook helped Jimin out of his coat and shrugged off his own, handing them over to the workers and receiving a coatcheck ticket that he tucked away into his pocket. He slipped the two workers a couple of hundred dollar bills with a smile and a quiet, "Happy holidays." before turning back to Jimin and finding the Omega looking at him with parted lips and big, shining silver eyes. He stepped forward and wrapped an arm around his waist to pull him onward into the main venue.

Jimin knew that Jungkook was rich. That was no secret. He'd known since they met that the Alpha was loaded, and he'd seen from time to time how Jungkook always tipped handsomely. It made something in him soften as he'd watched him slip the workers money that they probably desperately needed. They looked like college age kids, and Jimin knew that struggle all too well. He couldn't imagine working in a place like this and seeing the evidence of great wealth while you were living off of ramen and whatever else you could afford. He knew that Jungkook knew that struggle as well, he had in fact been a regular broke college student at one point and now he was a billionaire. Hell... how had Jimin found himself in this situation? He was the personal plaything and sugar baby to one of the richest men in the country. But the most interesting thing about him wasn't the fabulous wealth, or even the amazing sexual prowess... Jungkook was a genuinely good person, despite all the money and fame, he was a good Alpha.

"What's that smile for?" Jungkook asked, as he glanced down at Jimin.

“You’re just... a really good person, you know that? You gave those kids money that they probably really needed.” Jimin said, quietly enough that only Jungkook could hear him.

The Alpha leaned down and spoke quietly to Jimin, close to his ear.

“Does that mean you’ll be more accepting of my generous gifts... because I was thinking about buying you a little house... somewhere quiet and pretty where we can spend some weekends all alone.”

Jimin laughed and turned to press a soft kiss to Jungkook’s lips as he still was bubbling with his mirth.

“You’re not buying me a house.”

“Hn. We’ll see.”

Before Jimin could protest more, they walked into the main room of the Gala, Jimin looked around and felt all other thoughts and protests flee his mind. If the entryway was impressive, this was... incredible. The space was filled with tables that held little place cards and very fine china. Each table had chairs and places for eight people, all around magnificent centerpieces made of red roses and poinsettias. Jimin looked around and saw there was a second level balcony around the ballroom where people were watching over the general splendor from above while sipping on glasses of champagne. He was overwhelmed by the sheer magnitude of the event and mentally trying to calculate how much money had gone into this whole affair.

“So... what’s this for again?” Jimin asked as he allowed himself to be led around the periphery.

“It’s an event for people who donate money to the arts. Honestly, it’s pretentious as hell and I think that ninety percent of these people do this to show off how rich and fancy they are. I get invited every year, and I always come, but it’s so stupid, honestly. You don’t give money to charity to get a pat on the back. But a lot of our vendors and contractors also come to these things, so I have to come to promote business connections.” Jungkook explained as he guided Jimin toward the bar.

“Oh, I didn’t know you were involved in charity work.” Jimin said, impressed.

“I’m not. I don’t have much spare time, so I pretty much just write checks for various charities and give money instead of time, which feels like a cop-out, but I guess they need rich assholes like me to fund them and I do what I can.”

“You’re not a ‘rich asshole’. You do what you can, and that’s enough.”

Jungkook pressed a kiss to Jimin’s temple as they arrived at the bar and the bartender took their orders, whiskey on the rocks for Jungkook and a dark, expensive wine for Jimin. They took their drinks and sipped at them for a few moments, leaning against the bar and just enjoying the general splendor when a familiar face appeared and Jimin stood straight. Jimin recognized the Alpha from the video conference when Jungkook had helped Jimin with his bullies at school. This male was on the board of directors for his university. As he came near, Jimin took in his mate, a small female Omega who looked to be in her sixties, dressed in a lovely, long sleeve, green gown that was almost identical in color to Jimin’s suit, a similarity that everyone seemed to notice at once as they glanced back and forth between the two.

“Mr. Jeon, it’s so good to see you and Mr. Park, it’s nice to see you under better circumstances. I hope everything is going well at school now?” He said shaking hands first with Jungkook then with Jimin.

“Yes sir, everything has been great. Thank you so much for your help with that... uh... situation.”

“Good, good. I don’t think we were ever properly introduced. I’m Jung Changnam and this is my mate, Sooyeon.”

Jimin shook hands with his mate and gave her a polite smile.

“Nice to meet you, Mrs. Jung.”

“You as well, my mate has told me about your troubles and I’m happy everything got resolved.” She looked at him and gave him an amused smile. “You and I are a bit of a matched set, are we not? Though I wouldn’t want to be compared with you, young man. You’re quite a beauty.”

“Oh... thank you. You’re too kind.” Jimin said, feeling his cheeks warm as Jungkook pulled him closer to his side with the arm around his waist.

They talked with them for a few more minutes before they spotted other acquaintances and headed off to speak with them. Jimin and Jungkook were left in their place, but before long they were approached again, but this time by Sejoon and a pretty female Omega that Jimin realized was his mate. More introductions were made, and Jimin met Hyejin, Sejoon’s mate. The Alpha was clearly head over heels for her and Jimin found the lawyer to be quite a bit more boyish in her presence than he was when he’d met him before. He honestly found it adorable. All around it was a night for introductions, and Jimin struggled to remember all the names he’d learned.

Jungkook was again impressed by Jimin’s natural charm and way with people as he was introduced to person after person and Jungkook just watched as he charmed them all so effortlessly. Jimin had a way of putting people at ease, his pretty smile and laugh were so infectious that it melted everyone he met, but the Alpha could clearly see that Jimin didn’t even realize his own power. He was winning partisans left, right and center and Jungkook spotted more than one Alpha looking at his pretty boy with undue interest, which made him feel possessive and territorial. Jimin didn’t protest his hard hand on his hip, or the way he was constantly pulling him closer, he was certain there would be a bruise on his waist by the end of the night, but he couldn’t help himself. He promised himself that he’d apologize later. But eventually, just as he knew would happen, Jimin was pulled away by Yubin and Jungkook by Minwoo.

Jungkook pressed a kiss to Jimin’s lips before he allowed his pretty boy to be led away and he couldn’t help but watch him go, observing with pleasure the way his hips moved as he walked in his heels, how amazing his ass looked in that emerald suit. He never really wanted to attend these events, but tonight he had something he’d much rather be doing... or someone he’d rather be doing. Watching Jimin walk away, wine glass in hand and hips swaying like a dancer made Jungkook long to chase after him and find someplace they could be alone. He felt himself rankle at the looks his date was receiving from other guests, but his attention was pulled away almost at once as Choi Youngjae, the CEO and owner of G7 Plastics joined he and Sejoon, followed soon after by Yoongi, who had come to the event stag, just like always. As much as Yoongi gave Jungkook crap about his love life, the other Alpha never had a date for these events and Jungkook was certain he wasn’t seeing anyone, but Yoongi had a way of deflecting personal questions that Jungkook just didn’t.

He found himself being pulled into what was essentially a sales pitch by Youngjae, and he’d give him credit, the Beta knew how to sell his product. Jungkook’s mind wandered toward the one person who he was sure was likeliest to ruin the night, Im Daeun. He remembered his words to Yoongi that he was essentially ready to drop her father’s company if she dared make a single move toward Jimin, and that conviction had only strengthened since then. He was almost ready to take Youngjae up on his offer before he even finished his pitch. He just had a really bad feeling about the evening and it’s prospects. He sipped at his whiskey and listened to Youngjae and watched

Jimin across the ballroom with a small group of Omegas, arm still hooked with Yubin as they spoke to the others.

Jimin was so much different than the trophy mates and socialites around him. Jungkook watched him light up with that happy smile, the real smile full of life and energy and pure mirth. His laughter was nothing like the carefully modulated titters of the others in his group. His smile lit up the space around him and he was like a beacon. Jungkook knew he wasn't the only one noticing it. He could sense other eyes turned toward his pretty boy, but when the Omega glanced toward him and their eyes met, he watched with pleasure as Jimin smiled at him and kept the prolonged eye contact, giving an almost imperceptible little eye roll as if to say, 'These people...' Jungkook smiled back at him and gave his own little nod and a wink, 'I know. You're doing great.' Jimin just gave a soft, silent laugh, only seen in facial expression and the small shake of his shoulders before he looked away and back toward the group he was talking with.

"Could you two be more adorable?" Yoongi muttered close to Jungkook's ear, so only he could hear.

Jungkook turned and gave his best friend an unaffected look. So what? Maybe he and Jimin were being a bit obvious and he probably should stop watching him so intently. But how was he supposed to do that when Jimin looked so pretty? He was easily the most beautiful thing in the room. Fuck the chandeliers, the decorations, the copious amounts of Omegas all around in their finery and designer clothes. Jimin could be wearing a hoodie and jeans and he'd still be ten times more lovely and perfect than anyone else, but in his suit and glittering necklace and heels, the red lipstick... he was a stunner. He ignored Yoongi's words and turned his attention back to Youngjae.

"So, tell me about the plastics you sell for electronics. Something that is strong but not conductive."

"Of course! We have a signature mix that we have patented recently that's perfect for electrical environments. Several of our customers produce medical equipment and they've shown a drastically decreased rate of-" But before Youngjae could finish his statement, a strong hand patted his back and two people stepped forward into their small circle, Im Sungnam and his daughter, Daeun.

"Now, now there, Youngjae! Are you going after my best customer? I think Mr. Jeon knows that loyalty is the hallmark of a good business relationship. Isn't that right?" The Alpha said with a laugh as he looked toward Jungkook.

Daeun was looking at him with her same usual interest, lips poonched into what he assumed was supposed to be an innocent expression, but that she didn't quite pull off. He was immediately annoyed by her and as he looked toward her, she smiled brightly at him. He noted her elegantly styled hair and expensively jeweled red dress and felt nothing but a strong dislike. She was pretty enough, but he'd seen her type before. Sweet when they wanted something, but as soon as you told them no, they showed their true colors. She was the rich daughter of a rich family and had been raised that way. Maybe it was Jungkook's own raising that made him so aware of the behavior in others. Regardless of his relationship with his parents now, they had raised him to be a humble and grateful person and he couldn't stand entitlement in others, especially for things that didn't belong to them. He glanced over across the room again to Jimin and felt fond as he saw him laugh again.

"Loyalty matters in many things, but it's a two way street. Quid pro quo and all that, wouldn't you say?" Jungkook answered back, still looking at Jimin.

The Alpha felt a hand on his forearm, gently stroking over the fabric of his black jacket and looked down to see claw-like red nails resting against his arm as Daeun spoke.

“Oh yes... I agree. If you're not getting what you need from ANY relationship... well there's no reason to continue it, don't you think?” She asked, her saccharine tone dripping with sweetness and suggestion.

Jungkook pulled his arm out of her reach and felt all the calm, good humor flee his expression. He knew his scent had sharpened and he had to hold in a growl that wanted to rumble up from his chest. He didn't want her touching him. He took a sip of his whiskey and glanced back to Jimin, only to be met with drawn brows and wide, concerned silver eyes. The Omega glanced back and forth between him and Daeun and Jungkook gave a little nod. He watched that familiar shift as silver turned to gunmetal and Jimin's face smoothed into a polite but impervious mask. He watched him say a few words to his group, unhook his arm from Yubin and step away to walk over to where he was.

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While Jungkook had been visiting with his business associates, Jimin was honestly not having a bad time. The group of Omegas that Yubin introduced him to, were a bit pompous, but overall likeable. He did his best to make amiable conversation, and after a few minutes they seemed to ease up and he was able to pull some laughter from them, which he counted as a victory. He sipped his wine and listened to talk about their absolutely wretchedly boring lives, once or twice catching Jungkook's eye and having silent little conversations back and forth. He was certain that a hard day for these Omegas included shopping and maybe lunch with the Omegas and a spin class. To Jimin that sounded like absolute hell. He couldn't imagine how absolutely useless and awful he would feel living a life like that. He wanted to work, to open his restaurant and make delicious food. Eventually the topic came around to him and his life and his goals. Jimin didn't hesitate to share with them.

“I am actually enrolled at Seoul Culinary Institute and Business College. I plan to open a restaurant once I graduate.”

This statement seemed to surprise them all. He was dating an incredibly rich Alpha in their eyes, and thus, they thought his life goals would be similar to their own, to appear in the newest and most fashionable outfit to shine down the other Omegas at fancy events. But they didn't understand. Jimin had his own goals. Jungkook's wealth wasn't a factor in those goals, because for one, he wasn't becoming a chef to become rich, he wanted to cook because he loved it. They also didn't know the truth about his relationship with Jungkook. Jimin was a sugar baby, not a real boyfriend, regardless of what the Omega wished for deep down. But that wasn't something to think on. He just laughed at their perplexed looks and tried to explain further.

“I just... love cooking. I always have. I want to do that for a living. I want to make my own way in the world and leave my mark on it in my own way. I don't want to just be... Jeon Jungkook's boyfriend. I want to be me and make a name for myself through my work. You know?”

“I think that's very admirable, Jimin. I can see why Jungkook is so crazy about you.” Yubin said, squeezing the arm that he had hooked with hers.

Everyone else took their direction from her and made similar little comments that made Jimin want to laugh at the copy/paste nature of their compliments. He glanced over to Jungkook and saw that his group had expanded to include an older-looking male and a female in a red dress who looked young, but he could only see her profile. What instantly filled him with rancor was the way she reached forward and laid her hand against Jungkook's forearm as she spoke and the way that Jungkook clearly looked uncomfortable at her touch as he pulled his arm away and in that moment the Alpha looked over at him and their eyes met. They had another silent little conversation.

'Is that her?'

'Yes.'

Jimin turned to his little group and gave them a smile, regardless of the fact that he knew his vanilla scent was sharpening and tartening like lemon.

"It was so nice meeting you all, but if you'll excuse me."

Jimin walked toward Jungkook and as he moved he put on his most impervious mask, his polite smile and let his hips sway with his steps. He was strong, he was beautiful, he was a glittering coiled snake, ready to strike at anyone who threatened his territory. As he moved toward Jungkook, the Alpha's eyes never left his and that attention made Jimin bold as he held his head high and a little smile tugged at one corner of his ruby red lips. The Alpha's earlier words played in his head.

'Don't look down. Stand tall. You're the most beautiful Omega in the world. You are better than anyone else. No one even comes close. Got it?'

Jimin felt the gentle pressure of the necklace against his throat, the shift and stretch of the plug inside him, the slight pinch of his gorgeous high heels and the aching tingle of the fresh hickey on the side of his neck, just above the glittering necklace. He was powerful and sensual. Nothing could stand in his way, and as he felt himself smirk, he saw a corresponding expression on Jungkook's face as he reached him and the Alpha reached a hand out toward him. Jimin saw Daeun reaching for that hand, obviously thinking Jungkook meant it for her, but before she could make contact with the Alpha, Jimin's hand slid into the outstretched one and he was pulled into his body, past the little circle of Jungkook's group. Jimin looked up at him and smiled, receiving a smile in return as the Alpha leaned down and pressed a soft kiss to his lips.

"What a nice surprise. What brings you over here to see me, Baby?" Jungkook asked, clearly amused as the two of them ignored the circle of people watching them.

"Well, it looked like you were having too much fun without me, so I decided to crash the party." Jimin said, sliding his hand over the Alpha's chest to rest at his shoulder.

"Nonsense. Nothing is fun without you, Darling."

Jimin laughed soft and tinkling as Jungkook tightened the arm around his waist and pulled him in closer to his body. He couldn't believe that Daeun had actually thought he was reaching his hand out to her. He'd been about to withdraw his hand when Jimin had grasped him first. He had no idea what was wrong with her. He'd shown every sign of disinterest for the last few years and nothing he'd done had put her off her pursuit. Of course, that had been at a point when the company was still growing and becoming what it now was. They had been in a vulnerable position, a growing tech company without a board of rich investors. Of course, now the company was stable and they had the capital and the options to go for other vendors. He no longer had to put up with her nonsense for business strategy, but he was certain that she and her father didn't see it that way. They'd been working with Cypher Tech for years and were overconfident in their own importance. Jungkook knew they were their biggest client and if they cut ties with Im Plastics, they'd be lucky not to go bankrupt. An idea that filled him with amusement.

Jungkook leaned down and nuzzled against Jimin softly, pushing his nose into the Omega's cheek and pressing a kiss there when he giggled and batted at his chest, clearly trying to get the Alpha to behave in public. Jungkook didn't want to behave though, he wanted to touch and kiss his pretty boy and hold him tight against his body as he pressed kisses to any skin he could find. But after a



few moments he finally pulled back and Jimin looked up at him with amusement and joy, which only amplified his beauty to Jungkook.

“Aren’t you going to introduce me to your friends?” Jimin asked, glancing at the little circle of people around them.

Those words brought Jungkook back into focus on the moment and the location, as well as the audience. The Alpha pulled back from nosing his way down to Jimin’s neck, as he had been doing and turned his attention to their onlookers. He took in the myriad of expressions from Yoongi, Minwoo and Sejoon’s amusement to Youngjae and Sungnam’s surprise, and Daeun’s badly suppressed anger that she was clearly trying to hide with a smile that had just a little too much clenching of the teeth. Jimin turned in his hold and Jungkook banded his arm around the Omega’s waist keeping his back flush to Jungkook’s front as the Alpha held him in his possessive embrace.

“Of course, Baby. Yoongi, Minwoo and Sejoon you know.” Jungkook said indicating them with a wave of his hand. “This is Choi Youngjae, owner of G7 Plastics. This is Im Sungnam, owner of Im Plastics and his daughter, Daeun.” He indicated to them and then wrapped the arm he’d been using to wave at them, around Jimin, so he was wrapped in the Alpha’s embrace tightly. “Everyone, this is Park Jimin, my Omega.”

Jimin was surprised that Jungkook had referred to him as his Omega, instead of his boyfriend. But he couldn’t help the smug satisfaction that curled up in his chest like a happy purring kitten as he watched those words hit Daeun in the face like a bucket of ice water, her smile fading and the clenching of her jaw becoming more apparent for a few moments before she seemed to catch herself and smooth her face back into something close to friendly. Jimin shook hands with Youngjae and Sungnam, but Daeun didn’t offer her hand and Jimin didn’t insist. He had no real desire to touch her, but he did notice the disapproving look that her father aimed at her.

“Well, it’s nice to meet you Jimin. I’m sure we’ll see you around these events more often from now on.” Sungnam said, being the peacemaker.

“I’m sure you will.” Jimin said with a smile, thinking of his six suits that he had at home for just such occasions as these.

“Well... It was nice to meet you, but I’ve got some things to attend to. I helped plan the event, you know, so I’m busy.” Daeun said before turning and walking away stiffly.

Jimin watched her go and wanted to growl at her retreating back, but held himself in check. Once she was gone, he let himself relax into Jungkook’s hold as his tension left him. He didn’t like her. He didn’t even know her, but he knew that he didn’t like her. He wanted to snap and growl at her until she knew never to mess with Jungkook again. It was more than just jealousy that made him angry. She made Jungkook uncomfortable, and Jimin knew from experience how hard that could be. He’d put up with Daniel’s shit for over a year until he’d finally had to go through all of that mess to get that to end. He never wanted Jungkook to feel that way, and he knew that the Alpha’s company was important to him and he’d put up with her because of it. Jimin was more than happy to receive the blowback from her if she was going to make big blowup out of it. He wasn’t afraid of her, and he wasn’t going to let her walk all over him. Jungkook had told him that he didn’t have to take any of her shit, and so he wouldn’t.

Jimin stayed with Jungkook and his little group for a bit until it was time to go into the side rooms and walk through the little galleries they had set up there, some with professional artists work and some from young students who were part of programs that were sponsored by the charity that was throwing the event, all the art on display was being sold to benefit the charity and fund more programs. Jimin found the work of the young students much more charming and interesting than

that of the adult artists. He wasn't an art aficionado and knew almost nothing about art, but he could feel the passion in the student's work. Maybe they were a bit less perfect and a little messy, but that was what made them unique. Jimin had never liked things too perfect. Maybe that was part of being a chef. In cooking, you follow a recipe, but good chefs know when to add a pinch more of this or that, and sometimes the biggest disasters were the best learning experiences and he thought it must be much the same with art.

Jungkook had never been much of one for art and paintings, he had a few tasteful pieces hung around his apartment, but he was no great collector. He liked to walk around at these events and appreciate the art, but he found himself more interested in watching Jimin's reactions to the displays. His face was relaxed and his expressions flitted across his countenance, making it easy for Jungkook to see his feelings about each painting. Little smiles and sometimes frowns, sometimes his brow furrowed and he cocked his head as if trying to see from a different angle might make something more understandable. To him, Jimin was more fascinating than all the art on display. He was the true masterpiece among them, and when the Omega took in a large painting of a sunflower in watercolor, his eyes rounded and his lips pulled into a little smile. The Omega clearly loved it. Jungkook took in the amateur work, and could see the slight messiness of the painting, the little splashes and extra flourishes and wondered what it was about this one in particular that had his little one so intrigued. But he was so cute as he stared at it for a prolonged time, eyes taking in every inch of the canvas that Jungkook couldn't stop himself from touching. He stepped up behind him and wrapped his arms around Jimin, speaking softly in his ear.

"Do you like it?"

"It's beautiful."

"Mm... beautiful."

Jungkook was not looking at the painting as he replied, only looking at Jimin and taking in the softness in his expression and the adorable way his lips rounded into a little 'o' as he was entranced by the artwork. The Alpha released Jimin from his hold and took the little pen dangling from a string next to the painting and wrote his initials on the small card underneath, indicating that he was buying it.

"What are you doing?" Jimin asked.

"I'm buying it for you. I think it will be nice in your new house."

Jimin laughed and smacked his chest.

"You're not buying me a house."

"Hn. Okay."

Jimin could see that Jungkook wasn't giving up on his new idea of buying him a house and Jimin just sighed and put the idea aside for later, when he could distract Jungkook from such frivolous notions. But he wasn't going to stop him from giving money to charity, and Jimin did like the painting, it was beautiful and it deserved to be appreciated. As they walked on, Jungkook's arm never let up on his hold around Jimin's waist and the Omega felt smug every time he spotted Im Daeun glancing their way. And... okay maybe he played up the PDA a little bit when she looked at them, raising up to press kisses to Jungkook's neck and jaw, scenting him gently. It was petty and it was childish, but he couldn't suppress the impulse.

Time moved on through the evening and Jungkook kept Jimin by his side as they watched several

performances by groups of student dancers whose funding also came from the charity. Jungkook knew he was being obnoxious as he watched Jimin rather than the performances, but he couldn't look away from him as he smiled so prettily at the dancers. Jungkook could feel the little quivers in the Omega's body as he seemed to long to join them.

"I used to be a dancer, you know." Jimin said, not looking away from the performance.

Jungkook thought about that and imagined his pretty boy dancing and wondered what style. Jimin had a dancer's build, and it explained the thighs and ass on such a small, lithe frame.

"Oh? What kind of dance did you do?"

"Contemporary. But it's been forever since I practiced." Jimin finally looked away from the dancers and back up to Jungkook with a huge smile. "Thank you for bringing me tonight. It's amazing."

Jungkook leaned down and kissed that smile, letting his hand wrap around the back of Jimin's neck and hold him into it for a moment. He didn't want to let him go, but he pulled back and pressed one more soft kiss to his lips.

"You're welcome, sweetheart."

Eventually, it came time to be seated at the many tables for their meal. Jungkook walked through the tables with Jimin, searching for their name cards and eventually finding a little cream-colored name card on one of the place-settings.

Jeon Jungkook  
CEO, Cypher Tech

The Alpha smirked at the incorrect title. It was a recent change and he wasn't surprised it was wrong. They had probably printed the placecards some time ago. He looked to the other name cards to see which one was Jimin's, but was surprised when he saw on one side, Lee Minwoo and on the other side... Im Daeun. He felt his lip curl at the circumstances that he was certain were set up by Daeun. Did that fucking psycho think that this would actually work? How damned delusional was she?

"What's wrong, Alpha?" Jimin asked as Jungkook let out a quiet growl.

"That fucking bitch..." Jungkook ground out through his teeth.

As if his anger at her had summoned her to him, Daeun appeared on his other side. She leaned around the Alpha to look at Jimin and addressed him, instead of Jungkook, which only pissed the Alpha off more.

"Oh... Jinmin, was it? Sorry, you were added to the guest list quite late, so your seat is over there. Sorry, I had to put you at the singles table. It was the only one with any room."

Jimin looked at Daeun and saw her curtain of waving dark hair and perfectly made up face, the silk gown embellished with many diamonds and felt intense dislike. She was pretty, but Jimin could read her and could see the too-smug smile that pulled at her lips and he wanted to choke her. She was just like those Omegas who had been obsessed with Daniel, too high on her own fumes to realize that the Alpha they were pursuing didn't want them. He knew Jungkook had no interest in her, and he wasn't going to let her make Jungkook uncomfortable anymore.

"Oh... well if it's a singles table, that seems like the place for you, isn't it?" Jimin asked, putting

on his most innocent, pouty smile. “I mean... you don’t have an Alpha, right? I can smell that no one has scented you. So, why don’t we just trade?”

Jimin wasn’t making any attempt to keep his voice down, and he heard very badly suppressed laughter from several different sources around them as he watched her face melt from innocent smiling to angry scowl. Jimin glanced up to Jungkook and saw the Alpha biting his lip, clearly trying to hold in his own laughter.

“I... that is... the seat assignments have already been made. The waitstaff have everyone’s orders.” She stammered out, face going red.

Jungkook knew that he really shouldn’t be hard, but watching Jimin’s sassy side always had him feeling hot under the collar. He was simultaneously amused and turned on by Jimin, while still being annoyed by her. He watched as Jimin’s head tilted to one side and he put his pointer finger to his lips, cocking one hip out and resting the other hand on his jutting hip, in a clear ‘I’m thinking’ pose.

“Well, we wouldn’t want to make extra work for the waitstaff.” Jimin said sagely and looked to his Alpha with question. “You and I could always just share, don’t you think, Jungkookie?”

The nickname had Jungkook’s amusement ratcheting up even higher as he looked into Jimin’s gray eyes and saw that they were shining with mischief, his full bottom lip pulled between his teeth. Jungkook knew exactly what Jimin was proposing and felt his cock throb at the mental image of Jimin sitting in his lap. It reminded him of the nights when Jimin would cook and then sit in his lap and feed him from his hand. That inner part of him that was dying to posture his relationship with Jimin to everyone else, roared to life. Yes, Jimin was HIS and everyone should know it. Jungkook met Jimin’s eyes and smiled at his playful, coy sassiness, but before he could answer, Daeun cut in.

“That’s a bit... much, don’t you think? There’s no need to make him uncomfortable.”

Again, Jungkook was cut off before he could speak, but this time by Jimin, who was still speaking in that sweet tone, polite and smiling as ever.

“I don’t think I’m the one making him uncomfortable... Besides, these things are normal for couples to do.” One of Jimin’s hands came up and pressed against his lips for a moment as he gave a soft, giggle that was rife with suggestion. “And... well, it’s not exactly the most intimate thing we’ve ever done, is it?” The Omega said and cocked his head a little, as he gave that sweet, tinkling laugh again and looked to Jungkook.

“Far from it, sweetheart. I’d love to share with you.”

Jimin turned his face upward and puckered his lips, clearly asking for a kiss, which the Alpha instantly gave him. One of the Omega’s hands slid up his chest to his neck and rested over the place where his scent gland was, partially blocked by the collar of his suit, and stroked his thumb back and forth over his pulse point, instantly calming him and pulling a soft purr from Jungkook as he leaned down to nuzzle against Jimin’s cheek, scenting him. The Omega sighed softly and turned his face to kiss Jungkook’s nose in a soft little peck before pulling back.

“Well then, that’s settled.”

Jimin looked to Daeun and returned to her the smug smile she’d been directing at him, just moments ago. He took in her frozen angry countenance and ticked his smile up just that extra little bit, a clear sign of ‘you are no match for me’. He watched as her cheeks went a deeper shade of crimson for a moment and then she took a deep breath and spoke with her teeth ground together.

“Great. So great.”

Jimin could see that their little clash hadn't gone unnoticed by the people around them, and he felt eyes on them, but he ignored it. Let them talk. He wanted all those Omegas who thought of pursuing Jungkook just for his money to understand that they were trash, just like Daeun. Okay, so maybe Jimin was a Sugar Baby, but that was a different set of circumstances altogether, and no one knew about that arrangement except Jimin and Jungkook. But Jimin wasn't planning to make the Alpha fall in love with him, nor was he planning to try to take any part of his vast wealth other than what they had agreed on. Jungkook's money was Jungkook's, and Jimin felt no... ownership or even a longing for it. He didn't really care about money beyond having enough to pay his bills, food and living expenses. Jungkook was the one who was always trying to foist expensive gifts on him, or additional money. He wondered if Jungkook saw that difference. Did he understand that even if he stopped paying him that Jimin would still continue their sexual dynamic if he wanted it? He hoped that he did.

Jungkook felt so satisfied by the whole situation as he pulled out his chair and sat, taking Jimin by the hips, he pulled him into his lap and the moment that the Omega's lush soft ass pressed against his erection, the Alpha had to bite the inside of his cheek to keep from groaning out loud. He felt Jimin stiffen in his embrace for a moment before he relaxed back against him, clearly surprised by the fact that he was already hard. The other chairs at their table filled slowly and the other seats around the ballroom were all filled as people trickled in from the side rooms and little galleries and found their own seats. At their table were, Daeun and her father, Sejoon and his mate, Minwoo and Yubin, and Yoongi. Jungkook could see that Yoongi was totally amused by the whole turn of events and he was sure that he'd receive endless teasing about being the object that the two Omegas were fighting over. At the moment however, he was more concerned with the slight, warm weight in his lap and the soft scent of vanilla in his nose.

The atmosphere at the table was slightly awkward as they all settled in. It was clear that Daeun was not happy with the addition to their party, but she was back to putting on her best front of civility. All of the other tables around them seemed to be full of conversation, whereas their table was oddly silent, with everyone feeling the awkward atmosphere, and one Jeon Jungkook ignoring it in favor of pushing his nose farther into Jimin's neck, and breathing him in as his hands tightened on the Omega's hips. After a few moments, when Jimin felt lips against his nape, just above the necklace, and he smelled the scent of coffee and dark chocolate blooming over his skin, he turned himself in Jungkook's lap to look at him.

“Stop it, Alpha. You can scent me all you want when we get home.”

“Promise?” Jungkook asked, eyes falling to Jimin's lips and the Omega knew he was thinking about their earlier conversation... Jungkook cumming on his face, his lips. His scent would be powerful after he did that and Jimin knew he was thinking the same.

“Promise.”

“I'm sorry... when... WE get home? Do you live together?” Daeun asked with wide eyes.

Jungkook laughed and wrapped his arms around Jimin's waist, instead of holding his hips, squeezing the Omega against his body and turning his face to press a soft kiss to his temple before answering.

“Yeah, have been for a few weeks now. Honestly, I've never been happier.”

Jimin felt his stomach dip at those words and knew his scent had sweetened because Jungkook pushed his nose into his hair and breathed deeply. He didn't mean to start purring, but it was an

automatic response to the words and feel of Jungkook squeezing him tight in his arms.

“His domestic bliss is making it impossible to give him a hard time at work and it’s honestly cramping my style.” Yoongi said with a laugh and his joke seemed to break the tension at the table.

“Screw you. You’re just mad because you’re sleeping alone and I’m living the dream.”

“You and I have very different dreams.”

Jimin laughed at that and all of the others at the table joined in, except Daeun, who it seemed was still in shock at the news that Jimin and Jungkook were cohabiting. The conversation gradually wove its way back into something fit for public consumption and, when Minwoo brought up Jimin’s future career as a chef, the Omega was happy to talk about it as they were served glasses of fine red wine. He’d thought about it a lot over the past few years and he told them all about his plans and hopes for the restaurant he wanted to open. He had everything picked out down to the color of the drapes and the kind of tiles he wanted on the floor. The one thing he didn’t have yet, was a name.

“I think... it’s like a baby.” Jimin explained and everyone looked at him confused, which only made him giggle. “Well... you can plan to name your child Jaehyun, but if you give birth and he comes out looking like a Haewon, you’re going to name him the right name.”

Gods, listening to Jimin talk about giving birth was filling Jungkook's mind with those unwelcome yet very welcome images of the Omega pregnant and full of his pup. His erection, that had somewhat flagged during the conversation was back to full hardness and he couldn’t stop himself from pressing a kiss right to Jimin’s neck. It was clear that the Omega could feel his situation pressed right against his ass, because Jungkook felt him grind back against him, softly and very briefly as if in reminder of their earlier conversation.

‘Just think about what you’re going to do when we get home tonight.’

He was thinking long and hard (no pun intended) about exactly what he wanted the night's prospective delights to be. He had image after image flitting through his mind as he pictured the various toys and restraints they had at home and how he would use each one, what Jimin would look like tied in various positions. All he knew was that he was rock hard and his brain was full of red lips and images of what the Omega’s soft pink entrance had looked like, stretched around the clear plug he knew was settled inside him at that very moment. For a moment, it was like he was slipping into his dom headspace. He’d known Jimin to occasionally slip in public, but Jungkook never had before and it was actually a little terrifying as he realized what was happening and he looked down to see one of his hands clenched into Jimin’s thigh, the fingertips digging into the meat of his muscle.

Jimin turned to look at Jungkook as he felt the Alpha’s hand clench into his thigh and his scent get first richer and deeper, then weaken suddenly. He turned around to look at the Alpha and saw his eyes wide and doe-like, staring straight into him and he realized at once what had happened. He’d experienced enough slips to recognize the familiar panic and the attempt to grasp into reality in any way you could. Jimin instantly turned into him and scented him across his cheek until his lips could reach the Alpha’s ear. He kept his voice quiet and calm. Low enough that even the people on either side couldn’t hear him.

“Listen to me, Jungkook. It’s okay. I’m right here. Just relax and listen to my voice... nothing else matters right now. It’s just me and you. Take a deep breath and focus on being Jeon Jungkook. My strong, funny, amazing Alpha. You’re alright.”

Jungkook focused on Jimin's voice and did as he said, taking in a deep breath and slowly blowing it out. He grounded himself with the feel of the smaller, lighter body in his lap, arms wrapped tightly around the Omega as he focused on relaxing and being his normal self. He was okay. He opened his eyes that he hadn't even realized had closed to find everyone looking at the pair of them questioningly. But as he was about to speak, that soft, lilting voice spoke into his ear again.

“Shh... don't worry about them. Fuck them. Fuck everyone else in the world who isn't you and me. Listen to my voice. They don't matter. Don't worry, Jungkook. I'm here and I'm all yours. Just breathe. Here, give me your hand.” Jimin took Jungkook's hand and placed it on the side of his neck, over his scent gland and his pulse point. He laid his smaller hand on top and tapped his fingers against the Alpha's. Tap tap, tap tap, tap tap... to the beat of his heart. “Focus on my heartbeat. Breathe slowly and follow that rhythm.”

Jungkook focused on the light thrumming pulse under his hand and the soft tip tap of the fingers on top of his until he felt totally calm and back in control. He had no idea how Jimin did that, but he just had a way of smoothing him out and calming the raging tide of him until he went from a storm-tossed sea, to a smooth, calm pond, undisturbed and quiet. Nothing had ever been able to calm him so easily or quickly. He was the type of person who just dealt with his feelings by shoving them all away and pushing them down. He knew that bottling up his emotions and needs like that wasn't healthy, but perhaps that was why he and Jimin matched so well together. He knew that Jimin was like him in many ways, he didn't wear his heart on his sleeve, or show his true face to the world. The Omega had as many masks as he did, all different ones for different occasions and purposes, but Jungkook had seen behind the masks. He knew who and what Jimin really was, and in that moment he realized that Jimin knew him too. He'd shown his little vanilla boy his true face, his deepest inner parts of himself, and the Omega had not only accepted it, but encouraged it.

He'd observed once that Jimin was the only one who wasn't consumed by his fire because he too was a flame. They were the same. They kept themselves banked and hid that fire behind walls and masks and armor, but they had removed all of those layers between them until their fire could touch, grow and blaze into an uncontrollable inferno. He was Jimin and Jimin was him. They were two halves of the same unique puzzle, perfectly matched as if they were meant to fit together. Jungkook opened his eyes and turned his face to capture Jimin's lips with his own, uncaring who was watching or what they saw. He pushed his tongue into the Omega's perfect, sweet mouth and wrapped a hand around the back of his neck to hold him there as he plundered his mouth for a few moments, letting himself have that relief to bring him back from his other self. He finally pulled back and pressed one more kiss to those red lips and let his eyes open to meet Jimin's, smiling when he saw that gunmetal had liquefied into silver, softening for him.

“Alright, alright.” Yoongi said with a laugh. “If you two are done being disgustingly affectionate, romantic boyfriends, I think they are bringing out the food.”

Jimin and Jungkook pulled apart and looked toward the others at their table with sheepish smiles. The Omega gave a soft laugh and felt his cheeks coloring at the reminder that they had just been practically making out with an audience. Jungkook let out his own soft chuckle that rumbled against Jimin's back, which only made Jimin laugh harder, and in turn fueled the Alpha, back and forth until they were both cracking up like lunatics and the Omega had to turn his face into Jungkook's neck to smother his laughter, and the Alpha did the same. They laughed into each other's shoulders like absolute mad men for about a minute until Jimin was able to pull away and wipe at his streaming eyes and take a few deep breaths as he fanned his flushed face. The moment he looked into Jungkook's eyes, another bubble of laughter burst up from inside him and out his mouth which he covered with his hand.

Jungkook wrapped a hand around the back of Jimin's neck and pulled him close, pressing their

foreheads together as they both tried to contain their laughter, rather unsuccessfully. After a few more moments they finally were able to pull apart and Jimin dabbed at his face and eyes with the back of his hand. Again, Jungkook was reminded that joy was his favorite look on his pretty boy. His flushed face and teary eyes, makeup smudged slightly at the corner of one eye, and most of all the smile and the crescent eyes. He looked so... happy that Jungkook forgot about anyone else as he pulled his hand away from his lips and pressed a kiss to his smile, only being reminded again that they weren't alone when a curt little cough from his right reminded him that Daeun was there. He finally pulled back again and helped Jimin to settle properly in his lap as he cleared his throat and wiped at his own eyes.

“God... sorry about that.”

“So... when is the mating ceremony? Should I keep my tux out of storage?” Sejoon asked with a laugh.

Before Jungkook could shoot back a scathing reply the waiters arrived with their food and fresh bottles of wine to refill their glasses. Jimin could feel the hatred and despair aimed at them from Daeun, and the one time he glanced her way she gave him a look of such deep loathing that it was like daggers were shooting out of her eyes straight at him. Their first course was set on the table in front of them, a creamy soup that smelled like italian herbs and broth to Jimin as they were served. The Omega picked up the first spoon that was set out, for the soup course. He might have been raised in an informal household, but one of the earliest courses he'd taken at culinary school was about etiquette and food courses. He knew which utensil to use where and as he moved with absolute certainty, he heard Jungkook chuckle softly.

“You know, I never know what silverware to use at these dinners.”

“Don't worry, I've got this.” Jimin said, looking back at Jungkook with a wink and shifted in his lap so he was faced to the side.

The Omega dipped the spoon down into the soup and held a hand under it as he brought it close to his face and blew on the steaming soup for a moment before offering it to Jungkook, who opened his mouth and let Jimin feed him. He alternated back and forth between feeding Jungkook and himself. It was something that, with anyone else, Jungkook thought it would feel awkward, but this was familiar with Jimin. The Omega loved sitting in his lap and feeding him both. He knew that he especially liked it if he'd cooked the food himself. The Alpha definitely didn't mind the soft intimacy as Jimin fed him and sometimes pressed little kisses to his lips between bites as they moved through the courses and they were served a salad, a perfectly cooked steak with seasoned potatoes and vegetables. He knew they were being obnoxious, but he was so far beyond caring as he ate and watched Jimin chew, foisting the last several bites of each dish off on Jimin, wanting to make sure he was full.

Conversation moved on as they ate, and everyone seemed to have simply accepted the fact that Jimin and Jungkook were just going to be revoltingly domestic and ignore it. They talked about Cypher Tech and how things were going with getting the new manufacturer set up as well as other more general topics, ranging over everything from mutual acquaintances to business contacts and more personal anecdotes, and though the table was lively and full of laughter, one member of their group didn't join in with the merriment and chat. Daeun sat and nibbled listlessly at her food while everyone else partook in the conversation, even her father, who Jimin personally found to be a bit pompous. As they moved into coffee and dessert, many fluffy white cakes were rolled out and large slices were served along with coffee. Jimin studied the cake and brought a forkful up to his nose to smell it and giggled as he turned to offer it to Jungkook.



“Vanilla Bean.” Jimin said as he placed the bite inside Jungkook’s mouth and pulled the fork out, leaving a smear of frosting on his lips that the Omega leaned forward and licked off, pressing a kiss there before pulling away.

“Mm... it’s good.” Jungkook said, as he swallowed and leaned forward to whisper quietly enough that only Jimin could hear. “...but I much prefer your vanilla flavor, little one.”

Jimin gasped in a quiet shaky breath as those words shot straight to his core and he felt himself clench around the plug inside him. He thanked the heavens that he was wearing it at that moment, or else he was sure he would have leaked slick. He focused on reaching forward and getting a bite for himself. He hardly tasted the cake, too distracted by the feel of Jungkook’s warm breath against his ear and neck. Jimin could feel how red his cheeks were and fortified himself with a sip of warm coffee, which didn’t help because the coffee scent only reminded him of Jungkook’s dark scent. The Alpha carefully took the mug from his trembling hands and sipped before setting it back on the table. This time, Jungkook picked up the fork and fed them both instead, and by the time the cake and coffee were gone, Jimin’s trembling had also subsided.

Jungkook was loathe to let Jimin out of his embrace again, and as the night went on and they spoke with the other guests, the Alpha kept him close by his side as much as possible, but eventually they were pulled apart again when Yubin wanted to introduce the Omega to her other friends. Many people at the gala seemed interested in Jimin. He was the first romantic partner that Jungkook had brought out with him in years, and the obvious affection between them made him an object of interest to those who were interested in that sort of gossip. Jimin was something new, something different and unexpected. He wasn’t the predictable child of well-to-do parents that everyone expected Jungkook to date. For some reason, they thought that because he had money that he’d try to increase his wealth through mating. Perhaps that was all well and good for some people, but Jungkook had no interest in mating with some Omega he didn’t like just for money. He already had more money than he could spend, and the only person who he’d ever really wanted to spend it on was Jimin... who he had to fight tooth and nail to accept his gifts.

Jimin was reluctant as he was pulled away from Jungkook and into another group of Omegas, some of them the same ones from earlier, and some new ones. He smiled and laughed with them, answered questions when he could or laughed them off when they got too personal. Overall, he was starting to get tired of all the socializing, and his feet were hurting from the high heels that he wasn’t used to. After about thirty more minutes he excused himself to use the restroom. He found his way down a short hallway where the three bathrooms were. Alpha, Beta and Omega. He was surprised at the setup. Most places just separated by male and female these days. It was an old-fashioned notion to separate bathrooms by rank, instead of gender, but Jimin just shrugged it off and entered the Omega restroom.

Inside the bathrooms were just as palatial as the rest of the building. Everything was beautiful tan marble and gold inlay. The ceiling above was lit by several gold light fixtures, along one wall was a gold and cream settee. A long mirror hung above four sinks whose fixtures were also gold. Jimin walked up to the mirror and looked at himself critically. He still looked well put together, his hair smooth and shining, his makeup having held up fairly well, though he wiped away a small smudge at the corner of one eye and pulled out the tube of ruby red lipstick and refreshed it, as it had faded at the center from eating and kissing. He swiped the little doefoot across his lips and smiled at his reflection, hand going up to stroke over the glittering necklace. He really was pretty tonight, and he felt like one of the great, glittering chandeliers out in the main hall, lighting up the space around him with shimmering rainbows of color from his necklace.

He slid the tube of lipstick back in his jacket and slipped into one of the four little rooms that were the fancy version of “stalls”, though each was the size of his entire old apartment and held two

little chairs. As he relieved himself he wondered what the possible use of chairs inside a restroom was. Who was bringing company in to watch them pee? But he just pushed it aside as he fixed his clothes and flushed. He turned around and went to open the door, but as he cracked it open the sound of his Alpha's name caught his attention and he froze.

"...Jungkook if I can get that little slut away from him. Did you see him hanging all over him during dinner?"

It was Daeun. Jimin felt his heart pounding as anger rose up inside him. Not from her namecalling him, but at the audacity of her to still want to pursue his Alpha. Jimin heard another voice answer, a male voice he didn't know, but must be one of her Omega friends.

"Everyone saw. He's clearly got Jungkook wrapped around his finger. I'll admit, he's good. You may have trouble separating those two. Maybe you should just find someone else."

"No! Jeon Jungkook is mine! I've had my eye on him for three years. All I have to do is show him how well we would go together. I talked to one of his exes and he said that Jungkook is kind of... rough in the bedroom. I guess that's his thing or whatever. So... I drop some hints that I'm okay with that and he's all mine. I can't imagine that Jimin guy can do anything that I can't. I'll just have to endure his sexual proclivities and the rewards will be worthwhile. Once we're mated then I'll be..."

At that Jimin had heard enough. He was pissed. Heat was rushing under his skin and his heart was beating so hard and fast that he felt like it was going to burst out of his chest. How dare she talk about Jungkook that way? There was nothing wrong with him. Jungkook was his perfect, handsome Daddy and she was a stupid bitch who knew nothing about anything. He wanted to launch himself at her and tear her long, shining hair out by the root. But he just straightened his spine, smoothed his face into his most impervious mask and walked out of the restroom. Their conversation cut off the second he appeared and he could feel them both staring at him as he walked up to the sink and washed his hands, taking a monogrammed towel and drying his hands before dropping it into the little basket. He didn't look at her as he walked past her and her companion, but as he reached the door, he paused with his hand on the handle and spoke in a tone as scathing and full of derision as he could muster.

"My Alpha isn't something to be 'endured'. He's perfect just the way he is and if you can't see that then there's something seriously wrong with YOU, not him. Stay away from my Alpha or you'll find out just how much of a fuck I don't give about who you or your family are. If you think I won't kick your ass just because you're rich, you're dead wrong. Keep both our names out of your mouth and move the fuck on you psycho bitch." Jimin said and turned one last look of judgemental dislike her way before walking out.

Jimin couldn't even hear the tip tapping of his high heels on the marble floor as he walked as fast as he could back out into the main part of the gala. He wanted to find Jungkook and leave. He was tired of being here and if he had to look at Im Daeun's stupid fucking face for one more second he was going to combust. He just wanted to go home. He wanted it to just be him and Jungkook, he wanted his Daddy to take over and he wanted to be fucked and used until everything bad was nothing but a distant memory. He wanted to fall into that place where Jungkook reigned supreme and all he needed was to please him, to follow his orders and listen to his words. He felt the sting of tears in his eyes, but not from sadness, he was angry and he wanted to leave. He didn't want to be here anymore.

Jimin was halfway across the ballroom, headed straight for Jungkook when he felt a hand wrap around his arm and pull him to a stop. He jerked to a halt and looked down to see one of Daeun's

long-fingered hands wrapped around his bicep, her red, clawlike nails digging into him where she was gripping him. He felt revulsion at the fact that she was touching him and he tugged his arm but she didn't let go.

“Let go of me, right now.” Jimin hissed.

He pulled again, but she was stronger than she looked, and Jimin was doing his best not to make a scene, at least until she spoke and all his reason fled him at once.

“Listen here you little rat. You keep your mouth shut about what you heard in there or else you'll regret it.”

Jimin hadn't meant to hit her, but before he knew it, his hand was making contact with her cheek in a ringing slap that made his palm throb and burn. The hand holding him released and the entire ballroom seemed to fall silent as he and Daeun faced off against each other. Him clenching his hand up into a fist and her holding a hand to her red cheek, face openly shocked, but quickly morphing to anger.

“Stay away from me and stay away from my Alpha.” Jimin growled at her.

“Or what? You can't do anything about it. You might look like one of us, but I know Jungkook bought everything that you're wearing right now! You have nothing, you'll never be good enough for him and you'll never fit into his world!” She spat at him like venom.

“Oh, and I suppose you earned the money that paid for your designer dress? I'm guessing it was your father's money. I doubt you've ever worked a day in your life or skipped a meal out of necessity. You're a spoiled, entitled brat. You think that Jungkook owes you something because you deigned to give him your attention. But he doesn't want you and you can't stand that.” Jimin returned with equal acidity, then continued. “Yes he bought the things I'm wearing tonight, from the necklace to the suit to the panties I'm wearing underneath. But you know what the difference is? He wanted to buy these things for me, and what happens between me and my Alpha is not your fucking business.”

Jimin could hear footsteps approaching them, the sound loud in the suddenly silent space, and he knew without knowing how that it was Jungkook, coming for him. It was like he could sense his proximity, like some connection between them told him when Jungkook was nearby. But his mind was pulled away from the thoughts of his Alpha as Daeun spoke again.

“You're nothing but a gold digger and everyone knows it!”

Before Jimin could respond he felt an arm around his waist and the scent of coffee and dark chocolate hit him like a freight train. All at once, the tension left him as the heat of the Alpha's body soaked into his back and he was pulled firmly against Jungkook's chest. His Daddy was here, and nothing could ever hurt him when he was in that strong hold. He could feel the rumble of Jungkook's growl against his back, and when he spoke his words vibrated with the force of it.

“What did you just say about my Omega?” Jungkook asked, voice harsh and commanding.

Daeun looked back and forth between Jimin and Jungkook for a couple of seconds before throwing caution to the wind and stepping closer, face and voice full of desperation, her red cheek still glowing. She held her hands out palm up as if asking the Alpha to come to her, though it was clear that he would not. Jungkook hadn't known exactly what to expect as he'd watched Jimin walking toward him with a frown and seemingly eyes full of desperation, then seen Daeun stop him and say something clearly threatening to him as Jimin tried to pull out of her hold. The slap had been

unexpected, but the moment it had happened he'd frozen, unable to believe what he'd just seen. But Jimin's words had unfrozen him. Hearing the Omega defend their relationship had him full of possessive pride and desperation. He needed to get to Jimin and make sure he was okay. Regardless of anything else, Jimin's wellbeing was first and foremost. He made his way across the room as Jimin had finished her off, but the second she'd called him a gold digger Jungkook was beyond pissed.

“Jungkook... listen, I can explain! Please, you and I are so perfect for each other. I-I can give you what you need. I'm better than him... can't you see that we belong together? He's not even from a good family. He'll never be right for you! He's clearly using you for your money! Can't you see he's just a useless gold digger?”

His little vanilla baby, a gold digger? After all the gifts and offers that Jimin had tried to turn away, Jungkook knew that Jimin didn't want his wealth. His pretty boy was so humble and kind, his joy never came from money... but from the Alpha giving him attention and praise. He couldn't believe she'd actually tried it. And then to top it all off she was claiming that she was BETTER than Jimin... that she could give him what he needed. He could laugh and laugh about that until the stars burned out. Jimin was the only partner he'd ever had who cared at all about his experience sexually, Jimin was special and no one could replace him.

“What the hell do you know about what I need? Who the fuck do you think you are? You have been pursuing me for YEARS and I didn't want you then, and I don't want you now. I will never, ever look at you as anything but a creep and a nuisance. Your entire life isn't worth one hair on my Omega's head. You say he's not from a good family. You realize we grew up in the same town, in very much the same way. So if he's not from a good family, then neither am I. You called him a gold digger... well that's rich coming from you, since all you know about me or care about is how much money I make. Since you care so much about money... well have I got a surprise for you.” Jungkook looked over and found Im Sungnam closeby, watching the scene with clear horror, he addressed him directly. “Cypher Tech will no longer be doing business with Im Plastics. As of this moment, we are through. Permanently.”

“M-Mr. Jeon... please, she's just a foolish girl! This isn't something worth breaking up our business relationship is it?”

“She isn't a 'girl' she's a grown adult and I'm tired of dealing with the results of your shitty parenting. No one insults Jimin in front of me and gets away with it. I'm done.” Jungkook looked slightly to the right and addressed Youngjae. “Youngjae, call me on Monday. Cypher Tech needs a new plastics company.”

“Of course, Mr. Jeon... no problem.” Youngjae said with a slight bow.

Jungkook addressed his attention to Jimin, and the moment he looked down at his pretty boy, he felt himself melt. The anger bled from his expression and he gave him a soft smile. The eyes that looked up at him were wide and rimmed with tears. Silver orbs with blown pupils met his gaze and he saw in that look that Jimin was slipping. The Alpha looked down into those pleading eyes and gave him a gentle, reassuring squeeze.

“Let's go home, Baby.”

“Okay.”

Jimin's word was just a whisper, but Jungkook pulled him more firmly to his side and turned them both, walking away from the scene and not looking back, even as Daeun called out for him, her voice full of tears. All his attention was on the Omega in his hold. He knew that Jimin was stressed

and needing him. He guided them toward the exit, and just as they approached the wide archway that would lead from the ballroom to the entryway, he heard a soft, babyish giggle from beside him and he looked down at Jimin to see his lips pulled into a huge smile, and his face turned up, looking at something. As if in response to his unasked question, Jimin spoke.

“Mistletoe...”

Jungkook could instantly tell that Jimin had slipped. This wasn't Park Jimin. This was his soft, pliant, little one. This was his vanilla baby, and his body responded instantly to that sweet tone and bubbly joy. He turned and wrapped a hand around the back of Jimin's head and pulled him into a hard kiss as his other arm wrapped around the Omega's waist and held him against his body, feeling every curve and dip of his perfect form, as well as the press of Jimin's hard cock against his own. He didn't care who saw it, he kissed Jimin the way only he could... with possession and ownership. Jimin was his and he wanted everyone to know. He pushed his tongue into Jimin's mouth and dominated him effortlessly, the Omega instantly submitting to him and whining into the kiss as those small soft hands gripped his lapels. Jimin tasted so sweet like vanilla cake and red wine and pure Jimin. Jungkook could have stood there and kissed him all night, but more than that he wanted to get Jimin home so he could pull him apart completely, strip away every layer until he was nothing but obedient, soft compliance. He broke the kiss and pressed their foreheads together.

“There's your kiss, little one. Now, let's get out of here.”

# Matching Intensity

## Chapter Summary

Jungkook takes Jimin home for a night of passion.

## Chapter Notes

Please enjoy!

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The Omega couldn't believe that Jungkook had just cut off business with one of his vendors... for him. It was so unreal, so unexpected. He had thought maybe Jungkook would tell her off, and warn her father to keep his child in line. But the Alpha had just cancelled what was probably an extremely money-intensive deal... because she'd insulted him. He wondered if he was reading too much into it, but the Alpha had stated quite plainly his reasons. Jimin had felt himself slipping, but he couldn't stop it. He was stressed and Jungkook's presence always made him drop into his sub headspace when he was strung too tightly. It was the trust and safety that he felt when he was with Jungkook that made him so easy to slip into sub space. When Jungkook was with him, he was secure. Nothing could hurt him as long as that strong arm was wrapped around him and that made it so easy to drop into that place, and as Jungkook kissed him he was nothing but obedience and devoted compliance to the Alpha's whims. He honestly would have let Jungkook fuck him right there if he'd wanted to, but the Alpha wrapped an arm around his waist and led him out.

Jungkook recognized Jimin's current mode. He'd seen it once before. He looked down at the Omega and Jimin was staring up at him with shining eyes, blown pupils and an expression of awe. Jimin had fully slipped and Jungkook knew he needed to handle him carefully while he was in that mood. He pulled him closer to his side as they made their way to the coatcheck. He pulled out the ticket and slid it across the counter, along with another tip for the workers and was handed their coats in seconds. He gave the workers a nod and quickly helped Jimin into his cream-colored coat before donning his own. As he'd helped the Omega to dress, those big, glassy eyes never left him. He smiled at Jimin and petted a soft hand through his hair once they were both in their coats, causing the Omega to purr loud and rumbling and push himself against his palm like a needy kitten, turning his face and pressing a kiss to his wrist.

Jungkook texted their driver and told him to bring the car around before heading outside, and by the time they got to the curb, the limo was there. Jungkook opened the door and he helped Jimin into the car before the driver could do it. The Alpha looked at the limo driver and pulled a wad of cash out of his pocket and pressed it into his hand.

"Take us home. You hear nothing, you see nothing. Got it?"

The driver looked down at the little roll of bills in his hand and nodded feverishly.

“Yes sir, got it.”

“Good.” Jungkook said before following Jimin into the back of the limo.

As the door was closed behind him, Jungkook looked to see that the partition was still closed between them and the driver. He looked to Jimin to see the Omega struggling out of his coat and suit jacket, pushing them off so he was left in his white silk sleeveless top. Jungkook reached over and the moment his hand slid into the blond hair at the back of the Omega’s head, Jimin went completely still and looked at him. Jungkook purred softly at the instant submission with a single touch. He loved that the Omega seemed to know what he wanted, often without even a single word exchanged. Jimin was clearly waiting to be guided, told what to do. Jungkook curled his fingers and gripped into the silky blond strands. He used the leverage of the grip to pull Jimin closer and the Omega came willingly, bracing his small hands on Jungkook’s thigh as he leaned over into the Alpha’s space, his face inches away from Jungkook’s own.

“You okay, pretty boy?” Jungkook asked, looking straight into Jimin’s eyes and the Omega tried to nod, but his grip on his hair prevented it. “Use your words, sweetheart. Are you okay?”

“Yes, Daddy... as long as I’m with you.”

“Are you feeling stressed? You need Daddy to distract you until we get home?”

Jimin felt tears come to his eyes as those words hit him right in the chest. He did need to be distracted. He was stressing out and slipping into sub space and he just needed... something. He wanted to be used, to focus on Jungkook and shut his brain off for a little while. Jungkook always knew what he needed, the Alpha was so in tune with him sometimes it was scary. They were like two tuning forks who vibrated a frequency different from everyone else in the world. Their note never seemed to match up with the people around them, and no matter how hard they tried, they were always ‘other’, ‘different’, ‘weird’. But they matched each other and when their frequencies met it was enough to shatter everything around them. Maybe they were different, maybe this dynamic between them was strange and unusual to everyone else, but for them it was as easy and natural as breathing. Jimin met the Alpha’s dark, assessing gaze and felt himself melt just that last little bit until he was just a bundle of needs and wants, all directed at the Alpha next to him.

“Please... use me, Daddy.” Jimin begged, his tears finally breaking and tipping over his lower lashes, spilling down his cheeks. “Make it better like you always do... I’ll be good... I promise, I’ll be a good boy.”

Jungkook pulled Jimin closer and leaned down to capture his lips. Oh, his silly, beautiful Baby... so sweet and adorable. Jungkook pressed a series of soft, gentle pecks to Jimin’s lips before pulling back and looking into his silver eyes.

“I know you’ll be good, sweet boy. You’re always good for me.” Jungkook said and enjoyed the smile that pulled the corners of Jimin’s lips. Jungkook let the grip in Jimin’s hair slacken and spoke with dominant authority as he looked into the Omega’s eyes. “Now, get on your knees.”

Those five words hit Jimin and the Omega’s breath came faster and harder as he scrambled to comply, sliding off the seat and to the floor, crawling between the Alpha’s open legs and settling there on his knees, looking up expectantly. He could already feel his mouth watering at the knowledge of what was about to happen... here in the back of a limousine. He watched with desperation as Jungkook unfastened his belt and trousers, pushing the front down just enough to free his hard cock from the confines. Jimin couldn’t hold back the whine that passed his lips as soon as he saw it. He wanted it in his mouth, down his throat. He wanted Jungkook to use him to get off. His small hands curled into the fabric of the Alpha’s slacks as he held himself in check

from leaning forward and engulfing him in his mouth.

Jungkook could see the struggle his pretty boy was enduring as he freed his cock and took himself in hand. He felt those small, soft hands grip into his slacks and heard the soft, needy whine that escaped the Omega's throat. He looked at his face and saw that his eyes were fixed on his cock, his lips slightly parted in that all too familiar way, his wet, pink tongue licking over his lower lip. He really adored that expression. It was one of his favorites, because it was the most honest look of desperation that he could imagine. Jimin didn't just like to suck him off, he LOVED it and Jungkook knew that. He reached forward and wrapped a hand around the back of Jimin's head and pulled him forward, the Omega coming willing into his lap. He tilted his cock down and traced the tip over and over those red lips, his precum making the matte lipstick glossy.

“Open your mouth and stick out your tongue.”

Jimin did as he was told at once, opening his mouth and sticking out his tongue. Jungkook tapped the tip of his cock against Jimin's tongue a few times with soft, wet smacks before tracing the head down the center and smearing his precum there. Jungkook tightened his hand and gripped Jimin's hair in a hard fist, holding him still as he stroked himself a few times and loving the expression of frustration on Jimin's face as he tried to move forward and take him into his mouth. Jungkook gave a little tug on the hair clenched in his fist and tutted softly at the Omega.

“Uh-uh, little one. Not so hasty.” Jungkook taunted, tone gently reprimanding.

“D-Daddy... want it... want it... please.”

Jimin was whimpering and trying to move forward, unable to because of the Alpha's hand in his hair, hot tears filled his eyes and spilled over as he blinked and looked up at Jungkook pleadingly.

“Beg for it, Baby. I want you to beg me to fuck your throat. Make it good, and be specific.”

Jungkook slowly stroked himself, knowing he was driving the Omega crazy as he prevented him from what he wanted. But he wanted to hear him ask for it. His pretty boy knew the rules. If he wanted something, he had to use his words.

“Please... please fuck my throat, Daddy. I need it.” Jimin begged, trying to shift forward again, but unable to, which had a soft sob passing his lips.

“Hmm... that's not very convincing, pretty boy. I'm gonna need you to try a little harder for me. Daddy told you to be specific, Baby. Beg good for me and I'll fuck your throat, but you know what you have to do.”

Jungkook knew he was teasing, but this was just the game they played together. He knew Jimin liked this part just as much as the actual sex. He liked to beg and cry and he liked to be made needy and desperate. He was the cat and Jimin was the mouse, trapped under his paw, ready to be devoured. Jimin loved that helplessness.

“Please, Daddy... use my mouth. Put your big dick in my throat... I'll take you so well. I promise I'll do good for you... Please, please... Fuck my face, Daddy... I can take it. I'm your good boy...” Jimin's eyes looked up at him and he watched in fascination as two more tears slipped from his eyes. “Aren't I your good boy, Daddy?”

Jimin had enough experience with these little games that he'd found Jungkook's weak points. He knew exactly where to push, what to say to get the Alpha to give in to him. He loved these little back and forth matches of verbal play with Jungkook. He loved riling the Alpha up, knowing he



could make him slip in his iron control, even just the tiniest amount was immensely satisfying. Jimin felt the hand in his hair guide him forward, closer to the place he wanted to be as the Alpha spoke, low, gruff and rumbling.

“You are my good boy, you know that, little one. Such a good boy with such a very pretty mouth. Open up, sweetheart and relax your throat. Daddy’s gonna give you what you need.”

Jimin took a deep breath, relaxed his throat and opened his mouth. Within moments, Jungkook’s cock was pushing into his mouth as he was guided down. The blunt tip pressed at the back of Jimin’s throat and he suppressed the immediate reflex to gag, but Jungkook wasn’t wet enough yet to be able to slide into his throat, as there was too much resistance. The Alpha pulled him back and guided his mouth up and down. The Omega let saliva gather and used his tongue to lubricate the shaft as he was guided by the Alpha’s strong, commanding grip in his hair.

“That’s it, Baby. Get me nice and slick so I can fuck your throat... good boy. Gods, your mouth is so soft...” Jungkook moaned as he pushed Jimin back down and slid past his tonsils into the tight vise of his throat.

Jimin wanted to moan, but couldn’t as he felt his throat bulge with the girth of Jungkook’s cock pushed into it, and he felt the choker become uncomfortably tight. The feel of something squeezing around his neck while the Alpha’s cock breached his throat and stretched it had him burning hotter and more intensely than he could have imagined. One of Jimin’s own hands went to his neck and wrapped around his own throat, over the glittering diamond necklace so he could feel the bulge of Jungkook’s length moving in and out of his throat, tightening the necklace, but after a moment, Jungkook pulled him back off of his cock, clearly thinking something was wrong because he was holding his own neck. Jimin looked up at him and breathed in a few deep breaths.

“You alright, sweetheart? Am I hurting you? You were holding your neck.”

“No, Daddy... I was just... feeling it.”

“What?”

“I was feeling your cock in my throat... It makes the necklace tight, and I wanted to feel it.”

“Oh?” Jungkook asked, raising an eyebrow and looking down at Jimin’s shimmering necklace.

“Come here, little one. Let me feel.”

Jungkook pulled Jimin forward and used his hand to angle his cock back down into Jimin’s waiting mouth and turned his hand so he could wrap it around Jimin’s throat as he guided him back down onto his cock. As he pushed past the back of Jimin’s mouth and into his throat, he moaned as he felt the bulge of his own erection inside the Omega where his hand was wrapped around his neck. Fuck... that was so unbelievably hot. He guided Jimin up and down, just to feel the swell of his cock moving in the Omega’s throat.

“Ngh... damn, little one... you just take it, don’t you? So good... fuck, your throat feels so good, Baby...mmn...”

Jimin couldn’t do anything except tighten his clenched hand into Jungkook’s slacks and place his other trembling palm over Jungkook’s larger one that was wrapped around his neck, pushing against the back of his hand so it squeezed the hard length inside him. The Alpha groaned and bucked his hips upward at the added pressure against his cock. The deep, trembling moan shot straight to Jimin’s core and had his cock throbbing and his hole clenching around the plug inside him. Jimin was in ecstasy at the hands on him, one gripping his hair, the other his throat, guiding

his mouth up and down Jungkook's throbbing member. His mouth was salty with precum and slick from the thicker spit he was producing as his throat was used like a sex toy. Gods, he loved this, he adored Jungkook using him so roughly, but at the same time, being careful not to hurt him. Nothing could ever be so perfect as the Alpha's treatment, such duality between the way he was holding his head and fucking his throat, and the way he had pulled back the moment he'd thought he was hurting him.

Jungkook was so on edge from the whole evening. Jimin looking so beautiful, being so perfect as he'd socialized and did the rounds with him, sitting in his lap while they ate, and most of all the way he'd taken down Daeun. Something had clearly happened before they entered the ballroom and he was determined to find out what else had been said, but that was for later. Right now his pretty boy needed him, and he needed this too. That moment at the table when he'd felt himself drop just for a second into his dom headspace and Jimin had comforted him had really made him realize how much he'd opened himself to the Omega. In every relationship he'd ever had, there had always been some... barrier between him and his partner. A door that he kept locked at all times, and the few times he'd dared to crack that door open and share his real self, he'd been rejected and had that door slammed in his face. No one wanted an Alpha so rough and controlling. No one wanted someone like him. But as Jimin had talked him back into his own head, he'd realized that that door, the one he'd kept locked for so long... was wide open and the Omega strode into his most private inner places and settled himself in without any hesitation or fear. Jimin trusted him, but only now was he realizing how much he trusted Jimin.

He could feel the pressure building on the base of his spine as heat licked up from his core. He knew his orgasm was coming, the pleasant tingle at the base of his cock as his knot longed to swell, but he tried to hold it back as long as he could, loving the hot, wet pleasure of Jimin's mouth. He could hear the soft, wet sucking sounds as he moved in the Omega's willing mouth and throat, and he couldn't stop himself from moaning, regardless of whether the driver could hear through the partition or not. He was in desperate, blissful agony as his hips unconsciously started to buck upward, fucking into Jimin's throat as his iron control slipped just a little bit, enough to have his release racing toward the precipice.

"Oh... fuck, Baby... I'm gonna cum... ngh... in your mouth, sweetheart... ah... fuck..."

Jimin moaned as Jungkook started guiding his head in shallower motions, pulling out of his throat as he approached his release. The Omega was aching with arousal, precum dampening his panties, cock throbbing in the confines of his tight, green slacks and hole clenching around the plug inside him. He sealed his lips and used his tongue to massage against the head on each pull upward on his hair, until finally those hot, strong hands tightened, one in his hair, one on his neck and Jungkook's hips stuttered upward as the Alpha spilled into his mouth with a deep, growling moan. He kept his lips tight around the shaft as burst after burst of cum shot into his mouth and he held it there, knowing how much Jungkook liked to watch him swallow, how much he liked to look down into Jimin's mouth when it was full of his cum.

When Jungkook finally relaxed the hands on him and released him, Jimin pulled back slowly and carefully so as not to spill any of the contents of his puffed out cheeks. He sat back on his heels and looked at the Alpha for a single moment before a strong hand wrapped around the back of his neck and pulled him in. Jimin braced his hands on the Alpha's thighs and let his head be tipped upward. He knew what Jungkook wanted as he used a thumb to push his chin downward, so he opened his mouth and let the Alpha see. Jungkook growled, a sound full of pleasure and satisfaction, his chest still rising and falling with his harsh breaths.

"Such a good boy. Look at you with your little mouth all full." Jimin felt Jungkook's hand slide around to the front of his neck, resting over his throat. "Swallow it."

Jimin swallowed and the moment his mouth was empty, he gasped in a deep breath and let it out on a whine. He was in pain. His cock was so hard it was throbbing and his pants were so tight he felt like the head was being pinched by his waistband. His hands tightened in the black fabric of Jungkook's slacks as he whimpered and felt tears leak from the corners of his eyes. He was so overwhelmed and he needed Jungkook to help him. In his submissive state, he didn't even realize he was arching his back, unconsciously presenting himself, needing to be touched. He felt the Alpha's hand slide up to gently grip his jaw before Jungkook leaned forward and kissed him, licking into his mouth and growling at the taste of himself on the Omega's tongue. The kiss was brief, and as he pulled away Jimin tried to chase his mouth, but was stopped by the hand on his jaw.

"Oh... little one, you need Daddy to help you, pretty boy?"

Jimin nodded, but immediately remembered he was supposed to use his words.

"Yes, please help me Daddy... it hurts."

Jungkook tutted softly, a little noise of sympathy as he reached down and fixed his own pants before he took Jimin by the waist and pulled him forward, easily maneuvering them around to switch their positions, so that Jimin was on the seat and Jungkook was kneeling between his legs. The Omega didn't know what Jungkook was about to do, but he knew that if he took the plug out of him that he was going to make a mess in the back of the limo. He knew that the moment the plug was removed he'd be pouring slick. But he didn't make any move to stop Jungkook as the Alpha opened his slacks and pulled them and his panties down to free his cock. Jimin sighed softly, but it turned to a squeaking moan of pleasure as Jungkook leaned down and took him into his mouth. His hands instantly flew to the Alpha's hair and gripped the dark strands as his head thumped back against the headrest.

"Oh... fuck, Daddy... fuck... oh my god..." Jimin whined as his spine arched and he felt heat building in his belly.

Jimin was already so worked up from sucking off Jungkook, that the intensity of the warm, moist mouth on his cock, the gentle suction and worshipping tongue that swirled around the head as the Alpha engulfed him entirely and gave soft, pulsing sucks to his achingly hard member. Jimin was so overwhelmed by the whole situation, and as he opened his eyes that he didn't even remember squeezing shut, and looked down, he felt his balls draw up like he was going to cum. The image of Jungkook there, kneeling on the floor of a limo, big body curved forward and face buried his lap, mouth around his cock was too much. It wasn't the first time that Jungkook had sucked him off, but usually it was while he was fingering him open or to get him worked up, but this was clearly the Alpha pleasuring him, pulling his bliss to the surface. He knew that there was no way he was going to last long, he could already feel the aching throb of his balls as his sac tightened and pure pleasure raced down his spine and straight to his cock that was enveloped in the perfect inferno of Jungkook's sweltering mouth. His hands spasmed in the Alpha's hair as his release approached and his hole clenched around the plug stretching him open.

"Ahn... oh... Daddy, I'm cumming... please... don't stop, don't stop... I'm almost there..."

Jimin's whole body was taut and trembling, ready to fall over that precipice and into his release. He felt one of Jungkook's big, warm hands gently cup his balls and Jimin shattered apart with a shrill moan of bliss that was so loud that if he were in any frame of mind to be embarrassed, he would have been blushing red. As it was, he was too busy wrapped up in a powerful, desperate orgasm that burned it's way through his body like wildfire, decimating his control. He came into Jungkook's mouth and the Alpha sucked him through his orgasm until he was whimpering from

sensitivity, pulling on the hair in his hands.

Jungkook sat back and smiled as he looked at Jimin, who was limp against the seat, chest heaving, hair a mess, cock mostly soft and glistening, and face flushed red. He was a sight that Jungkook could stare at forever. The Alpha felt amusement as he reached forward and took Jimin's small, soft hand and put it to his throat before swallowing the Omega's cum. He watched in pleasure as Jimin's blush deepened and his eyes got wide with surprise. The Alpha leaned forward and kissed his Omega, hard and thorough, pushing his tongue into Jimin's mouth and pressing his back against the seat as he moved forward into the welcoming space between the Omega's legs. But before he could get too lost in his ravishing of the Omega, there was a soft knock against the dark tinted window and he realized that they were home. As much as he wanted to continue, he wanted to get into the apartment so he could fuck his baby boy properly and privately.

"We're home, pretty boy. Let's get you fixed back up and I'll take you upstairs. I've got promises to keep." Jungkook said, eyes falling to the red lips.

"Okay." Jimin whispered, voice still husky and weak.

Jungkook reached forward and gently tucked him back into his pants and panties before fastening them and helping him to sit up and get his suit jacket and coat back on. He looked down to see that Jimin's heels had been lost during all the excitement. And he looked around to find one almost at the far end of the limo somehow and the other one tucked up under the seat. He slipped them back onto his dainty feet and smoothed his hands through Jimin's messy hair, then doing the same to himself, pulling on his own coat, he finally knocked back on the window and the door opened for them. Jungkook stepped out first and helped Jimin out after him, who stumbled slightly on his still weak legs. Jungkook wrapped an arm around Jimin's waist, gave the driver a small nod that he returned. The Alpha walked away toward his building with Jimin next to him.

As they walked, he noticed again the way that the high heels changed Jimin's walk, making his hips swing more and making his stride smoother and more catlike. He was a knockout tonight and Jungkook couldn't look away from his splendid beauty. They made their way through the lobby and to the elevators, waiting as a lift was summoned and entering side by side. As they'd walked into the building, they had both been wearing the calm veneer of indifference, but as soon as the doors of the elevator closed, all measure of decency fled them as Jungkook took Jimin's hands in his and easily pinned his wrists above his head as he captured his mouth again, kissing him with that perfect dominance that made the Omega's knees weak and stomach tight. He pushed his body against Jimin until the Omega was pressed up against the wall as hard as he could manage and there wasn't a breath of space between them. Jungkook pushed one of his thighs between Jimin's legs and the Omega whimpered into the kiss as he slowly ground their hips together, the hand that wasn't pinning Jimin's up over his head wrapped around the Omega's nape and held him into the bruising kiss until the elevator dinged again and Jungkook dragged Jimin out and to the door.

Within moments they were inside the apartment, and as soon as the door closed, Jungkook had Jimin pressed back against the nearest wall as he claimed his mouth in a desperate, needful kiss. He broke the hot liplock after a few moments to move down over the Omega's jaw and neck, his hands unbuttoning his coat and pushing it off his shoulders along with the green suit jacket, so he was just in the silk sleeveless shirt again. The Alpha's hands trailed up the exposed skin of Jimin's arms to his shoulders, touching the soft, velvet skin that seemed to dance through his thoughts at all hours of the day, tantalizing him with memory and desire. He'd never felt anything so smooth and perfect as Jimin's skin, never tasted anything as sweet as his taste and he was breathless and almost feral to have the Omega under him again, eyes dark and dreamy as he looked up at him while Jungkook took him. He needed to get inside him again and he couldn't wait even a second longer.

“Gods, Baby... I need to fuck you... I need to knot you right now.” Jungkook growled against his neck as his hips surged forward and pushed against Jimin’s belly.

“Do it... do whatever you want, Daddy... Fuck me. I want it, please... just use me.”

Jimin was so far beyond any semblance of control that it wasn’t even visible in the rearview, he was racing down the road toward that desperate, painful pleasure that only Jungkook could ever make him feel. He was already hard again, and as the Alpha spun him around and pushed him into the wall with a hard hand on his nape, Jimin went willingly, turning his head and pressing his cheek to the cool surface. He arched his back and widened his stance, simultaneously presenting himself and pushing his ass back against Jungkook’s hard cock. He whined deep in his throat as he felt Jungkook’s other hand that wasn’t pinning him in place reach around and open his emerald slacks and roughly pull them down to his mid-thigh. He could feel more movement behind him and realized that Jungkook was freeing his own cock when he felt the hot, turgid length against the skin of his ass and he couldn’t help the whimper that fell past his parted lips at the silent promise in that feeling.

Jungkook’s hands shook as he gripped the base of the clear plug resting inside Jimin and pulled it out, reveling in the soft moan that the Omega released. The second it was freed from his hole, slick poured down Jimin’s thighs and the scent of sweet vanilla sugar slammed into him. Jungkook purred at the perfect, welcome scent and tossed the plug uncaringly aside onto the console table where it slid across the surface and fell to the floor with a clatter, but Jungkook was too intent on lining himself up with Jimin’s entrance and pushing inside. He moaned and curled his body forward against Jimin’s back and buried his face in the Omega’s neck, but growled when the necklace got in the way of his wandering mouth and scraped against his lips and cheek. His hand moved around to the front of the Omega’s neck and wrapped around the diamond choker. Jimin inhaled sharply as he ripped the thing off and tossed it aside like so many seedhusks, as if it wasn’t worth thousands of dollars.

“A-Alpha...” Jimin gasped as Jungkook began to bite and lick against the column of his neck, his hips beginning to piston as he fucked him hard and fast.

“I’ll buy you a new one... ngh... fuck... Baby, you feel so good.”

Jimin moaned as the Alpha started to suck at his scent gland, his hands moving to settle him in place, one on his hip and one wrapped around his torso. The Alpha was moving inside him so hard and fast that Jimin jolted against the wall on each thrust, his small hands came up to brace him there as he tried to stay as arched as possible to let Jungkook fuck him how he wanted. His cock was already hard again and bouncing with each powerful thrust, precum leaking from the tip as the Alpha pounded against his prostate like a battering ram, pushing him inexorably toward a second release. His entire body felt hot and feverish as he was held in place and fucked with wild desperation, the Alpha sucking at his neck, hips slapping against his ass on each inward thrust as Jungkook buried himself to hilt over and over. He could feel his climax building and coalescing in his belly, his cock aching and throbbing.

Jungkook had no idea how Jimin could still feel so fucking tight, no matter how many times they had sex, the Omega always felt so tight and perfect around his cock. He was in desperate pleasure as he fucked into Jimin’s willing body. The Omega’s spine was arched, just perfectly as he presented himself as best he could in his position and the Alpha appreciated the effort he was putting in to submit to him. There was something about fucking him there in the entryway, both of them still fully dressed, that had him burning hotter and more intense than any sex he’d ever had. His control at that moment was tenuous at best, though he knew that he could never really hurt Jimin. His perfect vanilla baby was far too precious, but he knew he was falling past his dom

headspace and into something even more powerful. He could feel the struggle of his wolf inside him, wanting at his Omega, wanting to mark and claim and possess him entirely.

“C-close... Daddy, I’m so... ah... close... fuck.”

“Mmn... ‘M close too, Baby... Nngh... I’m gonna fill you up, my pretty boy.” Jungkook’s teeth scraped against Jimin’s neck as he growled out his pleasure and that territorial part of him surged forward. “Mine. You’re mine, Omega.”

Jimin heard the shift in the Alpha’s tone, the deepening of his voice and blinked his eyes open and turned his gaze toward Jungkook, drawn by the glow of red irises. Oh. Jimin felt his stomach tighten and a mix of arousal and fear coalesced in his core like a thundercloud, ready to send out a sharp bolt of pure pleasure through him. Jimin had never seen Jungkook lose control of his wolf, and it made him more pleased than he should have been to realize that it was him, his body that pulled the wolf from inside the man. The bloodred glow of those eyes had Jimin’s own wolf pushing toward the surface, wanting the Alpha to know that he recognized him as his Alpha, that he would serve and submit to him. Jimin’s mind was too unfocused from the near-painful pleasure and he couldn’t stop his inner Omega from breaching through to the surface and he knew his own eyes were glowing blue, he could see the glow reflecting off the beads of sweat on the Alpha’s temple.

“Yours... I’m yours, Alpha. Take me...” Jimin whimpered and realized that sounded much more like an offer for the Alpha to lay a true claim than it should, but he couldn’t take it back.

Jungkook growled low and feral as he pulled back slightly and looked into those glowing blue eyes. He felt a deep satisfaction inside him. This Omega was his. Jimin belonged to him only. His eyes fell to the Omega’s neck, he could see the soft flutter of his pulse there, under the skin, and the dark hickeys over the side of his neck, his own marks of possession. He growled and sealed his mouth over Jimin’s pulse point, feeling the thrum of his heart under his lips and tongue as he sucked, kissed and softly bit at his neck. Every part of him was screaming at him to bite, bite, bite... mark, mark, mark... claim, claim, claim. But he had just enough sense to know that wasn’t right. He wished he could say it was just simple self control and knowing that this wasn’t about mating or claiming. If he were honest with himself though, it was because he felt like Jimin deserved better. He didn’t want to mate his Omega in the entryway of his apartment with his pants around his knees. His beautiful little Minnie deserved to be pampered and cared for properly. His teeth dug into the side of Jimin’s neck, just enough to hurt and leave a lasting ache, as he felt his knot forming. Jimin tightened around him in kind and he knew Jimin was about to cum too. They raced toward their completion as one, Jungkook’s arms wrapped around the Omega and held him as he thrust the final few times and his knot formed, locking them together as he came in a whirlwind that knocked the breath from his chest and rocketed pleasure to every cell in his body.

The pair of them slowly came back to themselves as the high of their climaxes faded and the presence of their wolves went back to the natural quiet presence in the far reaches of their mind, more just instinct and drive than any real, present driving force. Jungkook panted against the neck under his lips and licked over and over the expanse that was tender from his bite. The Omega in his arms whined and trembled, clearly still overwhelmed and probably cold in just his silk shirt and all his exposed skin. Jungkook did his best to wrap him up tighter in his arms to let his body heat soak into him. He pressed kiss after kiss against his skin as he stopped licking and littered soft presses of lips over his neck and cheek, purring and letting the rumble from his chest shiver into Jimin’s body through his hold until his knot finally relaxed and he was able to pull out.

Jimin whined at the feel of Jungkook withdrawing from his body. He wasn’t ready for him to leave, but he knew they needed to move further into the apartment than the entryway. He wanted to

give himself over to the Alpha and that was a lot harder to do when he was barely supporting himself of trembling legs and knees that felt like they were a moment away from giving out under him. He heard Jungkook fixing his own clothes and then, before he had even built up the strength to move, he felt himself being maneuvered and picked up in strong arms and carried off toward the bedroom. He couldn't help but be reminded how much he trusted Jungkook, because he didn't even mind that his pants were still at his knees and one of his shoes was lost somewhere. He just turned his face up and nosed into the Alpha's neck to lick and softly bite against his scent gland that was partially covered by his shirt collar, not caring that he was getting lipstick on the white material. Jimin's entire body was shaking, pure, desperate need thrumming hard and heavy through his veins.

"Need you, Daddy... Please... fuck me... I don't care if it hurts. Please, tie me up and fuck me... I need it... I'll take you so well... I promise I'll be a good boy." Jimin begged, between kisses and bites to the Alpha's neck until he felt himself being laid out on the bed that was covered in soft blankets.

"Shh... it's okay, little one. I've got you. Everything's okay. Daddy's gonna take control now. So you can just relax, okay?"

Jimin felt his whole body ease at once. Yes. That was exactly what he needed. He needed his Daddy to take control. He was stressed out and all he wanted was to not think. He just wanted to feel and obey.

"Yes, Daddy."

"Good boy."

Jungkook pulled off the one high heel remaining on his foot, then pulled his panties and pants off, dropping them to the side. Jimin sat up on his own and raised his hands, asking to be stripped of the silk shirt and quickly he was obliged. The Omega laid back against the bed and let his hands rest up over his head. Jungkook couldn't look away from him in nothing but his sparkling earrings and red lipstick. He could see the shine of slick and cum on Jimin's thighs and it pleased him to know that it was his cum, running down those creamy thighs. He trailed his fingertips up Jimin's body, starting at the knee and up over his thigh and hip all the way to a pert, pink nipple that he circled gently with his middle finger, delighting in the soft whimper that pulled from his lovely, red mouth.

"Stay right here, little one. I'm going to get some things, okay? Is there anything you want, Baby?"

Jimin opened his mouth to answer, but stuttered as his nipple was gently pinched and tugged, making him arch his back and moan.

"C-co...aaah... mmn..."

"I'm sorry, pretty boy... I didn't catch that."

"Collar... I want a collar, Daddy."

"Okay, little one. I'll get you a collar."

Jimin looked up at him with those shimmering silver eyes full of trust and the Alpha reached up to pet him softly over his cheek and neck. His pretty boy was so good for him, so pliant and obedient. He couldn't stop himself from leaning down to press a soft kiss to those crimson lips and pulling

the full lower one into his mouth to suck and bite until Jimin was arching himself up toward him again. He adored how needy his little one got at the slightest provocation. He wondered if he could get him to orgasm by just kissing, and the idea made him hot and aching, but that was something for a slow, quiet morning. Tonight he was Daddy and Jimin was his perfect, sweet, pretty boy. He pulled back and looked down into the Omega's face to see his eyes blink open showing his blown pupils. His gaze was unfocused at first, but soon found the Alpha's own dark eyes and Jungkook watched that sex-drunk smile pull at his lips that made him so irresistible.

"I'll be back, little one."

"Okay... hurry... please."

Jungkook walked into his closet and found the drawer full of all their toys, restraints and other miscellaneous sexual paraphernalia and quickly selected a pair of ruby red cuffs and a matching collar with a large o-ring on the front, big enough for him to hook a couple of fingers into if he wanted. He grabbed a few more things, and turned to leave, but just as he was about to step out a flash of red in his peripheral vision grabbed his attention and he paused. It was one of his own ties, in a bloodred so close to Jimin's lip color that he couldn't stop himself from snatching it off the rack with a smirk.

Out in the bedroom, Jungkook laid his little bounty out at the foot of the bed and stepped over to help Jimin sit up. The Omega was still looking up at him with those wide, adoring eyes and he gave him a soft, fond smile and petted his hair before reaching for the red collar. Jimin instantly tilted his head up to offer him access to buckle the leather collar around his neck. Jungkook hooked a finger in the little ring at the front and gave a soft tug that made Jimin gasp and lean into the pull, eyes widening as he made a little sound of desperation. Jungkook reached next for the red tie and held it up. Jimin held his hands out, as if to allow him to tie them, but Jungkook shook his head.

"I want to blindfold you, little one. Is that okay? You can say no, I promise you won't be in trouble."

Jimin looked at the red tie and felt his lips part on a hard breath as he realized what Jungkook wanted. His body flushed with needful heat as he imagined being blindfolded and tied up... totally vulnerable and defenseless at his Daddy's hands. He nodded slowly, then faster as a soft whine built in his throat at the images his mind was conjuring. He stopped nodding when a hand tipped his head up to look at the Alpha standing next to the bed, still dressed in his tux.

"Use your words, pretty boy. Tell me what you want."

"Yes. Yes, please. Blindfold me, Daddy."

Jungkook leaned down to kiss him again. "Always such a good boy for me. But if you start to feel scared or overwhelmed, I need you to tell me, alright?"

"Yes, Daddy."

"Good boy."

Jimin's belly filled with butterflies as that strip of vermilion fabric was brought up. He closed his eyes and felt the silk tie slide over his skin, then the feel of it being tied slightly off center, so he could lay back without his head resting on the knot. His breaths shallowed and warmth coalesced in his belly like a pool of lava. Jungkook's hand smoothed down his neck and over his shoulder to his chest and Jimin felt the heat of him soak into his skin, raising goosebumps on his body at the contact. The hand on his chest pushed lightly.



"Lay back, Baby. Hands over your head."

The Omega did as he was told and Jungkook grabbed the cuffs before kneeling next to him on the bed and buckling one wrist, looping the other through the slats in the headboard before restraining the other hand, binding his hands up over his head. Jungkook ran his hand down the Omega's body and felt possessive pleasure build up inside him at the sight of Jimin bowing up into his touch and the quiet, shivering moan that passed his lips. His little vanilla baby was a sight there on the bed, pale and perfect, which only made the red of his lips, collar, cuffs and blindfold more shocking in comparison to Jimin's pale coloring. Jungkook admired Jimin's body for a few moments, observing the rise and fall of his chest, the trembling of his muscles as his arousal rose in him, the way his head tilted as if to try and catch any sound to know what was happening around him.

"D-Daddy?" Jimin asked, voice trembling.

"I'm here, little one. Daddy's got you. You okay? Are you scared?"

Jungkook gently petted the Omega over the side of his face, reassuring him that he was there, and that Jimin was safe.

"No, I'm not scared."

"Are you turned on? You need Daddy to touch you?"

"Yes..." Jimin whispered, the single word a plea and a summons.

Jungkook pulled off his own clothes quickly and climbed up onto the bed, moving everything he'd brought from their drawer over, but kept it in easy reach. He pushed Jimin's legs up and open, settling himself between them and running soothing hands over his quivering thighs.

"Okay, little one. Are you ready?"

"Yes, Daddy."

"I'm gonna tell you everything I do before I do it, so you'll be ready." Jungkook reached over and took a string of anal beads, the string was about a foot long, and on it were six beads, each a little larger than a large marble. He took the beads and laid them on the Omega's belly. "Do you feel that, Baby?"

"Y-yes. What is it?"

"These are anal beads. I'm going to put them inside you one at a time and they are going to make you feel nice and full, then I'm going to play with you a little bit before I pull them out."

Jimin of course knew what anal beads were, he'd seen them before and knew that Jungkook had bought some, but they'd never used them. He could feel the weight of the large beads on his belly and shivered at the thought of them being inside him. He wondered what it would feel like to have them shift around inside his body.

"Okay. I'm ready."

Jimin felt the weight of the beads leave him as Jungkook picked them up and after a moment, he felt the cool press of a large, glass bead at his entrance and gasped as the pressure increased until it was inside him. His body accepted the intrusion, and he moaned at the feel of the second bead pushing against his hole, his entrance widening as it was pressed inside and it pushed the first one deeper. His hands curled into fists and his head tipped back as he moaned. Each bead that was

pushed inside only increased the pleasure until the last one was pushed in and Jimin felt so full. He felt himself clench and gasped as the beads inside him softly clicked and shifted against each other inside him.

Jungkook was rock hard, precum gathering and sliding down his shaft as he pushed bead after bead into Jimin's pretty, pink hole, a mix of slick and cum leaking from him as he was filled with more and more beads until he was full and Jungkook could see the little swell of his belly, not much, but enough that it was visible. He laid his hand there and gently pushed down, feeling the glass beads shift inside the Omega who arched and cried out at the intensity of the sensation.

"Oh, Baby. Look at you. So pretty. So pretty for me." Jungkook said, voice low and soft. "You're the sexiest Omega I've ever seen... No one else even comes close to my soft little Minnie. You know that, right? You know how pretty you are, how good you are for me?"

"I... I'm your good boy?" Jimin asked on a whining breath.

"That's right, Baby. No one else is good like you. Nobody else could be so good for me... could take my cock like you do, or let me play with them as much as I want. I love that you want this... that you like the pain and the pleasure equally. You're my little Daddy's boy."

Jimin felt tears spring to his eyes at those words and whimpered softly, biting his lips to keep from letting something truly stupid fall from his mouth. He let a different truth pass his lips instead.

"I'd let you do anything to me. Whatever you want. I promise I can take it... I'm all yours, Daddy. Use me however you want. Play with me until it hurts... I'd never tell you no."

"Gods, you're perfect. Fuck..."

Jungkook repositioned himself until he was hovering over the Omega, weight propped on his hands. He leaned down and licked at Jimin's nipple, before sucking the little pink bud into his mouth and pulling on it with gentle suction, softly biting as his pretty boy arched into his mouth and moaned. The Omega's skin was a mix of sweet and salty under his tongue and he growled at the perfection of it. He was so beautiful. So yielding and tender to his touch. He took his time with his nipples, attending to one, then the other until they were peaked, swollen and darkened to a deeper pink, almost red from his mouth and Jimin was whimpering and letting out little hiccupping sobs of pleasure.

Jimin could never have imagined that sex could feel so intense before he'd met Jungkook. His one other time having sex... well, as nice as it had been, two Omegas were hardly more than whimpering, rutting messes once you got going. He'd enjoyed it, but that had really given him insight into himself and what he wanted. And then with Daniel... well, their boring kisses hadn't done anything at all for him, which had only confirmed his own suspicions. With Jungkook... he was a completely different person, or maybe he was actually himself. Maybe it was just that he trusted Jungkook more than anyone else. Because he wasn't lying when he told Jungkook he could do whatever he wanted, because he knew that Jungkook might toe the line between pain and pleasure, but he'd never really hurt him, and that allowed him to enjoy himself without any fear, while also allowing the part of him that liked the tightness in his stomach and that little thrill of nerves that made butterflies coalesce in his belly when he was bound and helpless. He knew he was safe with his Daddy, and so he never felt real fear.

"Close... close, Daddy." Jimin warned as his thighs began to tremble and his body tightened up, shifting the beads inside him and making them rotate and press on his prostate in turn.

Jungkook pulled back before Jimin could finish, and the Omega let out a soft cry as his chest

heaved with a sob. His pretty cock twitched and jumped against his belly, looking for any friction that would get him over that edge, but it was all in vain as Jungkook stopped touching him. The Alpha looked down at him and felt himself ache with arousal as Jimin whimpered and ineffectually pulled at his cuffed hands and canted his hips up, looking for something to rub against. Fuck, he was so damned sexy when he was needy and overwhelmed. Edging him always had the Alpha just as much on edge as he watched Jimin's body protest the denied orgasm.

"Please, please... Daddy... please."

"Not yet little one. Daddy's not done with you. Just relax, my sweet boy. You're doing so well."

With the blindfold on, it felt like the volume on every other sensation had been turned up to 100 and the lightest touch made him throb with need and desire. He could hear every breath from Jungkook's mouth. His scent was so strong it was almost a taste and as he gasped in breath after breath of chocolate and coffee. It felt like his entire world in that moment was Jungkook and that was perfect. His body calmed its protest at the cut off orgasm and he collapsed bonelessly against the bed under him as his chest heaved. Once he relaxed, he felt those hot hands return to his body, smoothing up over his sides and skimming back down with light, ticklish fingertips that made him squirm. His touch traveled down to his inner thighs and Jimin felt one hand slide through the wetness there and he knew what was coming, but that didn't prepare him for the feel of a warm palm against his hard cock. His moan was close to a scream as he threw his head back and clamped his thighs against the Alpha's hips. That searing hand had him back on the precipice in mere moments, but yet again he was denied his release when the Alpha pulled his stroking hand away.

"Fuck! Fuck... Daddy please... please more... more..."

"You want me to make you cum, sweetheart? Is it too much?" Jungkook asked, looking down at Jimin's flushed cheeks and the damp spots on the tie over his eyes, wet with tears.

"N-no... don't stop... more... make it hurt, Daddy... I want it... please, don't stop."

Jungkook didn't even know why he was surprised, but every time Jimin encouraged him to go farther, push harder, he felt himself weakening to the Omega. He was so exquisitely submissive and needy, and always ready to hand himself over to Jungkook's control. Jimin didn't care if it hurt, he didn't care if he was overwhelmed and crying, he always asked for more. The Alpha had been called "too intense" by just about every Omega he'd ever tried to date, but Jimin made his intensity seem like nothing in comparison. He'd never thought he'd meet a lover like him, someone who would challenge his stamina and passion, but Jimin met him in the middle and he never gave way under the force of Jungkook's desire. They were two fireworks meeting in the air and exploding into something more intense and beautiful than he could have foreseen. He didn't know what luck he had to find his pretty boy, but he knew he was more than fortunate to have located him.

"Such a good boy... such a pliant, obedient little thing aren't you? You like it when Daddy edges you, makes you cry, when he makes you scream and beg... but my sweet boy only ever begs for more. Such a greedy baby. Don't worry, Baby. Daddy's gonna make you see stars when you finally cum for me."

Jungkook didn't give the Omega a chance to respond before reaching over and grabbing a small bullet vibrator and pressed it to the tip of Jimin's cock. He pushed the little button on the end and Jimin cried out and tugged at his restraints as the little vibrator pressed against his sensitive, leaking tip. Jungkook used one hand to hold him down by the hip and keep him still as the other circled the little vibrator around and around Jimin's cockhead. He knew exactly when Jimin's orgasm was approaching, he knew every shift and sign of the Omega's body during sex. He could

see it in the tightening of his abdominals and the quivering shake of the thighs, the way his pretty, pale cock started to twitch and jerk against his belly, and he pulled the vibrator away. Jimin convulsed and blubbered out a pathetic sob as his release was cut off once more. The Alpha reached the little vibrator up and touched it lightly to one of Jimin's swollen, flushed nipples. Again he pulled back as his orgasm seemed close and then switched to the other nipple, still not allowing his release. Each time Jimin clenched up, he could hear the soft sounds of the anal beads shifting inside him, and he knew exactly when they rubbed against his prostate because Jimin's whimpers grew higher pitched. He turned off the vibrator and set it aside as Jimin started to weep in earnest. The Alpha stroked hands over his body, soothing and appreciating him as he spoke soft words to him.

"Shh... it's alright. I've got you, pretty boy. Daddy's here. Are you okay?"

"Yes, Daddy! I love it... don't stop... I wanna cum... I'm so close."

"Okay, Baby. Here's what I'm gonna do. I'm gonna pull out these beads and I'm gonna stroke your cock. I want you to hold off on cumming as long as you can, but when you can't hold it anymore... Then I want you to cum for me. Can you do that?"

"Yes! I can do it... I'll be good."

"I know you will, Baby. You've been so good all night."

Jimin's whole body was thrumming with arousal, his nipples and cock were aching and the fullness and constant shifting of the beads inside him were driving him insane. He was on the verge of cumming. His whole body was alive with sensation, tingling and burning with the intensity of his arousal. He was certain that he'd never been so desperate, even with Jungkook. The blindfold, the restraints, the edging, it was all more than he'd ever felt and more than he'd ever imagined he could feel. He whimpered as the Alpha wrapped a loose hand around his cock and stroked softly just as he felt a little tug on the string of anal beads inside him, causing them to shift inside him as they were pulled slowly. As the first bead was pulled from his entrance and he felt his rim widen to accommodate the stretch, and the fullness inside him eased just a bit, his back arched and his toes curled, his hands balling into fists where they were cuffed over his head and he cried out at the dual sensations of the beads being slowly but inexorably pulled from him and the too-loose fist around his cock, stroking him off.

It was on the fourth bead, when Jungkook's thumb swiped against his wet, leaking tip and he couldn't hold back anymore. He burst apart like a bomb going off inside his body as pure fire exploded from his core and raced through him like lightning, buzzing through every cell of his body. He convulsed and screamed as the most powerful climax of his life slammed into him and carried him off like a tidal wave washing over him and pulling him out into the raging, tumultuous waves of pleasure, tossing him and rolling him through an orgasm so fierce it was both bliss and torture. Every muscle tightened and fluttered, his whole body broke out into a sheen of sweat as waves of heat washed over him and he felt his eyes roll back as he was pretty sure he lost consciousness for a few seconds. Jungkook hadn't lied. He saw stars. He saw whole damned galaxies as he floated back down into himself and the hands that had been pleasuring him were now petting him, soothing him. He whined and tossed his head side to side, trying to get the blindfold off, wanting to see his Daddy. The Alpha seemed to understand what he wanted and in a moment the tie was pushed up and off and Jimin blinked into the diffuse light of the room as his eyes were reintroduced to light, but after a moment he focused and looked down at the Alpha between his legs who was petting him and looking at him with interest and mild concern. Jimin felt his face split into a smile.

“You okay, little one?”

“I’m... perfect, Daddy.”

Jungkook was mesmerized by the Omega beneath him. He’d wondered as he’d watched him scream out a sound closer to pain than pleasure as he seized and spasmed, spine bowing up off the bed as his red lips parted on the sound, if he’d gone too far. But, his worries were in vain as he observed Jimin come back to himself and blink up at him with those beautiful soulful eyes and smile. Ah, his favorite look. Joy was truly Jimin’s finest. He looked at him and he was an exquisite mess, hair an untidy, sweaty nest, makeup totally ruined from tears, even his red lips were wearing off in the center from biting them. His whole body was flushed and quivering, nipples puffy and swollen, chest and belly covered in his own cum, and between his legs glossy and shiny with slick and cum. The string still disappeared inside his body, two of the beads still inside. The Alpha ran gentle hands over Jimin’s exposed skin, trying his best to soothe and calm him after his orgasm.

“Can you take more, pretty boy? You still want Daddy to fuck you?”

This time Jungkook was expecting the affirmative, and he wasn’t disappointed. Jimin looked at him and gave a soft little laugh that made him look far too pretty and innocent to be bound and collared in his bed, legs open as he was fully exposed to the Alpha’s sight.

“Oh yes. I still want your promise, Daddy.”

For a moment Jungkook’s mind scrambled to remember what promise he’d made, but as the Omega swiped his tongue over his bottom lip, he recalled. Ah... yes. He did have promises to keep, didn’t he?

“Don’t worry, little one. I’m gonna keep my promise. Gonna cum all over those pretty red lips, and then I’m going to fuck you until you cry... then I’m going to keep fucking you. That’s what you want, isn’t it? You want Daddy to make you cry?”

“Yes! Please... Cum on me. Make me cry... want it... need it, Alpha... please.”

Jungkook was so hard it was a constant ache in his balls. He knew he wouldn’t last long, but he knew he had to get inside Jimin before he lost his mind. Reaching between them, he gently pulled the string and freed the last two beads from Jimin’s clenching hole, making the Omega’s head tilt back and toes curl as the final bead was followed by a hot rush of slick. Before it could all escape, Jungkook lined himself up with Jimin’s entrance and slid inside with one powerful thrust that brought their bodies together with a wet slap. He groaned and let his head fall forward to rest on Jimin’s shoulder as he was surrounded by stifling, wet heat and snug softness. No matter how many times he fucked him, his body never seemed to get used to that first penetration. His memory seemed to fail him on remembering just how good it felt every time and it was like a shockwave of bliss down his spine and straight to his cock.

“Mmn... Baby, you feel so good. Fuck, you’re always so fucking... tight, so wet for me... Ngh... is all that sweetness for me, huh? Is all that slippery honey just for Daddy?” Jungkook growled as he started to roll his hips.

Jimin’s body was in revolt, not knowing what to feel between pain and pleasure as Jungkook pushed inside him and started to roll his hips slowly. Everything was just pure sensation, and he moaned out as Jungkook growled into his ear, filthy words and dirty questions.

“Yes! All for you... ahn... only for you.”

Jungkook slid his arms up underneath Jimin's body and snaked one up into his hair, gripping into the blond strands and pulling until the Omega's neck was arched as far as possible and he sealed his lips against the part of his neck that wasn't blocked by the collar, sucking and biting against the flesh as Jimin moaned and did what he could to roll his body in time with the Alpha. It only took a few minutes for him to be on the edge of his climax, worked up from edging Jimin for so long. He pulled out as he felt himself teetering that edge and climbed up over Jimin's body, straddling his belly, up on his knees and looking down at the Omega as he took himself in hand and began to stroke his cock with quick strokes, hand tight around the shaft, working himself back up to his orgasm. He reached his free hand down and hooked two fingers in the 'o' ring on the front of Jimin's collar and pulled, making him lift his head a little bit.

"You're so fucking pretty, Baby. Gods... you're gonna be even prettier with my cum all over you." The Alpha moaned looking down into desperate silver eyes. "Mmn... I'm gonna cum... fuck..."

Focusing on the head, he used his palm to stimulate the tip and as he slid his hand back down the shaft that was slippery from Jimin's vanilla slick, his orgasm pounded through his veins like adrenaline, lighting him up. He watched as Jimin's eyes closed and his lips parted, tongue peeking out just slightly as ropes of his pearly white seed landed across his face and chest, some even getting in his mess of blond hair. Jungkook growled in possessive triumph as he looked down at his pretty boy and watched his eyes blink open as he looked up at him. He saw that he'd cum across one of his eyelids and noticed the lashes clumped together, matted with his seed and he reached down and wiped it away as gently as he could with a thumb to keep it from getting into his eye. Below him, Jimin was a wreck but he was smiling as he snuck his tongue out to taste the stripes of cum over his red lips. That was so filthy, but it made Jungkook so fond as he watched the Omega's eyes focus on his cock, still hard since his knot was fully formed. Jimin seemed to be staring at his knot with longing.

"What is it, little one?" Jungkook asked, hand going down and wrapping around his knot, gently massaging it and watching as Jimin's eyes widened. "You like my knot, pretty boy?"

Jimin nodded, but remembered to use his words. Unable to make anything coherent come to mind he stared and let out a soft, "Uh-huh."

"Do you wanna touch it, Baby?"

"Want... I want..." Jimin began but trailed off.

"What, little one? What do you want?"

"I want you to bring it closer... Come here, Daddy."

Jungkook's brows rose at those words, but he did as he was requested and moved forward, up Jimin's body until he was straddling his chest and his cock jutted out, just above Jimin's face. The Omega leaned himself up as best he could with his hands bound over his head and Jungkook shivered as Jimin licked the underside of his knot, and pressed open mouthed kisses over the part of his knot and cock that he could reach, using soft lips and tongue to stimulate his sensitive cock.

"Oh, fuck... Baby." Jungkook groaned as he reached down and cradled the back of Jimin's head in his hand to help support the weight on his neck.

"Mmmph... closer, Daddy." Jimin whimpered, trying to push up farther to reach more of his knot.

Jungkook lowered himself closer over Jimin's face and leaned forward, bracing one hand against the wall as the Omega purred and moaned simultaneously, leaning up to mouth over him and

gently seal his lips over his knot and tongue at it, sucking softly where he could. He felt slightly sticky lips and nose nuzzle at him and the scent of vanilla wafted up from between his legs and he realized that Jimin was scenting his knot. He blinked open his eyes that had fallen closed and looked down to meet that gray stare and ached as arousal pooled in his belly again. Jimin maintained the eye contact as he licked and kissed at him, turning his face into the Alpha's hip and pelvis, scenting and then following up with his tongue, licking away the cum that smeared from his skin onto Jungkook's. He watched in frozen awe as Jimin nuzzled at his most intimate flesh until his cock lay against the length of Jimin's face and the Omega tipped his head back, tongue sweeping up from knot to tip in one long stripe before he engulfed him into his mouth and down his throat as far as his knot would allow in one go, holding him inside the tight heat of his mouth he hollowed his cheeks and used them to create a soft, pulsing suction for as long as he could until he ran out of breath and had to pull back to gasp in lungfuls of air before returning to his task, until Jungkook's knot finally relaxed.

Jimin's head fell backward as he released the Alpha's cock from his mouth. He gulped down long, heaving breaths and looked up at Jungkook to see those dark doe eyes burning with a familiar mix of emotions, but with something more of desperation to it and a gentle kind of ardency that made the heat in his gaze more penetrating. He was so sensitive all over, that Jungkook's hands trailing up his arms toward his bound wrists made a whimper of need pass his lips. His hands were unbuckled from the cuffs one at a time and he was free. Jungkook moved back down his body until he was between his legs again. The Omega felt hands push the backs of his knees up until he was open again to Jungkook's stare. The heat of those eyes felt like it speared through every layer of him down to his deepest, inner core and he bloomed like a rose, petals opening until his deepest inner parts were exposed and he felt tears leak from the sides of his eyes and almost instantly a large, warm palm cupped the side of his face and brushed at them.

"You okay, little one? You need to stop?" Jungkook asked, looking worried.

"No! No, don't stop. Fuck me, Jungkook. Please, fuck me... Want you to cum in me... need you to fill me up."

The Alpha would be lying if he said that the use of his name didn't pull at something inside him, plucking at his... heartstrings? Jimin almost never addressed him by name during sex, it was always 'Alpha' or 'Daddy', both of which he loved, but something about his real name made it special. It showed just how much Jimin had relinquished himself. He wasn't the Jimin of that night with his sass and fire, nor was his Jungkook's little one, he was the purest and most intimately exposed form of himself. This was Jimin at his very core. Jungkook leaned down and took his lips in a kiss as he pushed inside him again. He had no mind for slowness or control. He fucked Jimin with deep, hard strokes as he dominated his mouth with a kiss. He felt the Omega's hands claw at his back, nails digging into his skin as Jimin's legs wrapped around his waist until he was clinging to him entirely while he was fucked to within an inch of his life. Jungkook broke the kiss, but kept their faces close, foreheads pressed together as they shared breaths and moved as one.

Everything was slippery with a mix of sweat, cum and slick as they rolled against each other and their bodies collided over and over with wet slaps of skin. The sound of their skin slapping, their dual moans, gasping breaths and the wet squelch of Jungkook fucking as hard and deep into Jimin as he could echoed through the room. Between them was only heat and pleasure and feral, unyielding desire. Jungkook softly nipped at Jimin's lips occasionally as he gasped and shivered, the Alpha's cum still streaking his face. It was simultaneously filthy and yet, for them it wasn't dirty at all. It was the culmination of their need, their desire that had burned up through them as they'd gone through their stressful night. Their orgasm built together, and as their climax grew Jimin's moans turned to whining, whimpering pleas as his prostate was abused roughly and Jungkook only fucked him harder, faster until the Omega's hold on him was the only thing that

kept him from being scooted up the bed with the force of his thrusts. They came together, and as they collapsed into their release, they clung to one another in desperation as Jungkook's knot locked them together and the pulsing flutters of pleasure danced through them like shimmering embers.

When Jungkook came back to himself, he realized that he was crushing Jimin in his arms, but the Omega was holding onto him just as tightly, so he didn't let go, but he did sneak one hand up to the back of the Omega's neck to unbuckle and pull the collar off so that he could bury his face against Jimin's scent gland to suck and kiss softly at it as he knotted him, knowing he liked the quieter forms of intimacy in the aftermath of sex.

“So good, Jimin. You did so good, little one. I'm so proud of you.” Jungkook husked out between kisses against the pale column of Jimin's neck.

The Omega responded to the praise predictably enough, by purring and clinging onto Jungkook just that little bit harder. Jimin's whole body was sensitive, he felt like he'd been put through the wringer with the already aching soreness of his muscles, mixed with the tingling awareness of every part of his body, but especially his erogenous zones, his cock, nipples, lips and his ass that was already feeling puffy and used and Jungkook hadn't even pulled out yet. He could feel sleep wanting to claim him, but he forced himself to stay awake.

“Thank you, Alpha... Thank you. You're so good to me... You always take care of me... You're so good to me, Jungkookie.” Jimin said as his heavy lids grew heavier and heavier until he couldn't keep himself conscious anymore.

Jungkook felt Jimin go lax underneath him and knew he'd fallen asleep. The Alpha just cradled him in his arms as gently as he could as he waited for his knot to relax and then pulled out as gingerly as he could. He pulled back and felt the strain in his muscles as he stood, and he was pleased. Sex had never made him sore before he'd met Jimin. Sex hadn't even made him break a sweat usually, and he'd never felt anything close to the soft adoration inside him as he looked down at the unconscious Omega on his bed and tenderly arranged him so that his legs were closed and straight, before covering him with a blanket. The Alpha went into the bathroom and ran a hot bath, letting the tub fill up as he gathered up sleep clothes from the closet. He looked at his choices and decided red was the color of the evening as he picked out a pair of white panties printed with little red strawberries, a pair of soft white thigh high socks with twin red stripes around the top, and his own thin red hoodie since he knew that Jimin liked to sleep in his sweaters. He adored picking out little matching outfits for the Omega to sleep in and laze around the house in. It gave him pleasure to see him wearing not only just things that Jungkook had bought him, but things he'd chosen.

He pulled open his own underwear drawer and was about to grab a pair of black boxer briefs when a flash of red caught his eye and he smirked as he took his lone pair of red underwear and added them to his pile. He took his bounty back to the bathroom and turned off the faucet to the full tub, leaving their clothes on the counter he went back out into the room and found Jimin still sleeping. He removed his earrings and set them on the nightstand before scooping him up into his arms and carrying him into the bathroom.

Jimin woke as he was lowered into a warm bath and felt Jungkook slip into the tub behind him. He turned his face into the Alpha's chest and grimaced at the feel of drying cum on his skin. Jungkook seemed to understand, because after only a moment and some movement from the Alpha a warm, soapy washcloth was gently cleaning his face, wiping away the drying cum. Jimin relaxed against Jungkook and let himself be washed, holding his breath when instructed so he could dip under the water before he was shampooed and conditioned. When it came time for Jungkook to wash, Jimin



turned around in his lap and settled there, facing him raising up on his knees so the Alpha could dip down and wet his hair and face, then insisting that he wash him in return and once he was clean, Jimin looped his arms around his neck and settled himself against the Alpha's body, resting his head on his shoulder and purring contentedly as Jungkook shifted down to put more of Jimin's body into the warm water. It only took a few moments for him to start to doze again as he melted against Jungkook's body, completely exhausted.

The Alpha smoothed his hands over Jimin's wet skin, letting the Omega sleep on his shoulder, enjoying the slight weight against his larger body and the soft, sleepy purr that rumbled from Jimin's chest against his own. The Omega was so cute like this, sleeping and exhausted, totally fucked out, and though he would have loved nothing more than to hold him there all night, he knew he needed to get Jimin to bed. He gently shook Jimin's shoulder and the Omega woke with a soft gasp.

"Sorry to wake you little one, but it's time to clean you out so we can get out and go to bed. Are you ready?"

Jimin nodded and turned his face into Jungkook's neck as the Alpha's long fingers pressed against his hole and coaxed the cum out of him. He whimpered into Jungkook's neck and let out a little hiccup as he tried not to cry. He was so sleepy, sore and completely wrecked that he had no concept of why this was necessary, just that it was and that he would be a good boy and let his Daddy do what he needed to. He bit softly against the damp skin under his lips to distract himself from the feeling of Jungkook easing his cum out of his hole, until his long fingers withdrew.

Jungkook guided Jimin out of the bath, supporting most of his weight, since Jimin's body was still weak. He sat him on the edge of the tub and gently dried him with a towel, and then quickly dried himself before tossing the towel away. He picked Jimin up and set him on the counter next, putting toothpaste on both their toothbrushes and handing Jimin his. They brushed their teeth and Jungkook used a makeup wipe to remove the last vestiges of the red lipstick that was more stubborn than the rest of the makeup and hadn't completely washed off in the bath. He helped Jimin to stand and dressed him in his strawberry panties, tall socks and hoodie before brushing his blond hair back and pulling on his own underwear. Jimin looked down at himself and then at Jungkook and giggled as he was lifted back into the Alpha's arms.

"Red." Jimin bubbled out on a cute little puff of laughter as he nuzzled himself into the Alpha's neck and started to purr.

Jungkook just chuckled at the adorable reaction from the Omega in his arms as he walked out into the bedroom. The place smelled like sex and the bed was a mess. He looked down at the Omega in his arms and gave him a gentle squeeze.

"Why don't we sleep in your nest tonight and we can deal with all this mess tomorrow?"

Jimin just nodded and hummed a little sound of agreement. Jungkook took the Omega to the other bedroom and set him on the end of the bed. Jimin turned and crawled up into his nest, curling up cutely and scooting over to make room for Jungkook, his position clearly asking to be the little spoon. The Alpha knew that there were lights on throughout the apartment, and that their phones hadn't been plugged in to charge, and there was a huge mess to clean up, not only in the bedroom, but the entryway as well, but he disregarded all of that and followed Jimin into his nest, curling himself around the Omega protectively.

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Jimin woke in the morning to the all too familiar sensation of Jungkook between his legs, lapping

at him and erasing the ache in his tender entrance. He just sighed and curled a hand into the nest of dark hair as he was healed and pleased simultaneously.

They spent most of their morning in bed, kissing and scenting and occasionally touching, but never straying far enough for sex. It was a happy, quiet kind of pleasure as they shared their soft, domestic Sunday morning in bed. They spent their day relaxing together, watching movies on the couch, which meant that Jimin slept on top of Jungkook where he lay on the couch and Jungkook spent more time watching Jimin than he did the movie. He spent his time carding fingers through Jimin's blond hair and petting his soft skin as he napped adorably against his chest, soft little hands curled up into tiny fists under his chin.

It was late evening when Jimin was cooking, he wondered why he'd been so tired lately. He and Jungkook had been having tons of sex, and he guessed that plain exhaustion could be the culprit, but it felt almost like... oh. Oh... He snatched his phone up off the counter and pulled up his calendar app that helped him keep track of his heat. He looked at the little dots for each day and noticed that his days had gone from green to yellow... he was about to go into pre-heat. Oh gods... he was going to be in preheat during the trip to Busan, though he thanked god that he wasn't supposed to actually go into heat until after they got back home. But that thought caused another ring of alarm to go through him. Would Jungkook help him? If not, where was he supposed to go? He had no idea what to do and as he stared at his phone, his scent changed until the smoky scent of distress was rolling off him in waves. Too far into his own thoughts, he didn't see Jungkook enter the kitchen, and when he spoke Jimin almost dropped his phone as he jumped in surprise.

"Minne? Are you okay?"

"Ah! Oh, Jungkook... yeah. Well... no. I need to talk to you about something important."

Jimin turned and stirred the pot on the stove automatically, his body moving as if on autopilot, while his mind was a whirlwind, before turning back to Jungkook. He looked at the Alpha and felt his distress spike, which Jungkook could clearly sense. The Alpha walked around the counter and turned off the fire of the stove before putting his hands on Jimin's shoulders and looking down at him seriously. Jungkook's hands stroked over his arms, petting him and trying to soothe the distress he could smell in his scent. As he moved back up, Jungkook let his hands rest on either side of Jimin's neck, thumbs stroking over his jaw and tipping his face upward to meet his dark gaze.

"Tell me what's wrong. What do you need, Baby?"

Jungkook was agitated. His instincts were all pushing him toward Jimin. The scent of smoke mixing with vanilla smelled like a burnt cake and it was wrong. His little Minnie should never be distressed and knowing something was upsetting him was making the Alpha want to carry him off to his nest and swaddle him up like a pup before wrapping his own larger body around him like a protective shell, keeping the soft, vulnerable Omega within the shelter of his body, safe and happy. He watched as Jimin's hands shook and he looked down at the phone he held, wondering if he'd gotten bad news from home or something. But after a few moments, Jimin seemed to come back to himself and he took a deep breath and some of the haze in his eyes cleared as he stared up at him and Jungkook hated the tears he saw clinging to those long lashes, tangling them and making him look so defenseless and sweet. He turned the phone in his hand and showed Jungkook the screen. The Alpha looked down at it and it took a few moments for him to realize what he was looking at. It was a heat tracking app. He had a similar one for his rut, which wasn't meant to hit for another couple of months. He studied the little screen and saw the days marked with little dots, green had just turned to yellow, and a week from today it went to orange for two weeks, and four days of red.

“Your heat is coming? Is that what’s upsetting you, little one?”

Jimin hugged the phone to his chest and nodded frantically, which caused a tear to leak from his right eye and Jungkook brushed it away.

“I... I don’t have anywhere else to go... I don’t know what to do.”

Jungkook’s brows furrowed and his head cocked as he looked at him with confusion. He had no idea what Jimin was talking about.

“What?”

“I could go to a hotel... if you want. But I like to nest during my heat and I don’t know if-”

That snapped Jungkook’s understanding into place and he felt himself growl lowly at the idea of Jimin spending his heat away from him. Absolutely not. He needed Jimin to be with him, where he knew he was safe and where he could take care of him. Jungkook knew that heats were painful for an Omega who didn’t have a partner to guide them through it, and he could only imagine how much his pretty boy had suffered over the years without an Alpha to help him. He didn’t want him to hurt, and his inner Alpha couldn’t stand the idea of not serving him in his heat. He wanted to be close with him, holding him and easing him through it, making sure he was comfortable and clean, assuring he got rest and food and care. If he had to spend days away from him, knowing he was hurting when he could stop it... he’d go crazy.

“Jimin.” Jungkook cut him off mid-sentence and the Omega looked up at him with wide eyes that looked... afraid. Jungkook’s gut twisted at that. Jimin never looked at him with fear, and he wanted to reassure him at once, and wipe away that doubt. “You aren’t spending your heat at a hotel. I would never let that happen.”

That eased him a little bit, but he was still distressed, still afraid of something and Jungkook couldn’t identify what exactly. Why was he so scared? Jungkook couldn’t stop the impulse to pull him against his body and wrap him up in his arms, wanting to do anything to make that distressed smoky scent lessen and disappear. The Omega pushed his face into his chest and he felt the little press of his cute button nose against his pec, and as he spoke, his voice was muffled against his chest.

“Will you... help me then, during my heat?”

Jungkook growled low and dangerous at that question and only tightened his arms further until he was crushing Jimin in his embrace. He turned them and released his hold to pick the Omega up by his waist and set him on the counter, instantly occupying the space between his legs as he stepped in close and cupped his pretty face between his palms. The Omega wouldn’t meet his eyes, so Jungkook did what he needed to get his attention. He leaned forward and kissed him gently, pressing soft lips first to Jimin’s mouth, then his cheeks and eyelids, his forehead and his adorable button nose. He rained soft kisses over him until some of the smoky aroma started to dissipate and he relaxed a little until the Alpha pulled back and finally those big silver eyes looked at him, rimmed in wet lashes, he hiccuped softly and sniffled.

“Sweetheart, of course I’ll help you. I would be so honored to serve you through your heat, Jimin. I don’t want you to worry about asking me for things, ever. Don’t be scared of me, little one. I don’t want you to be afraid.”

Jimin’s little sweater paws came up and rested against his chest as the Omega looked up at him shyly, and finally the smoke cleared from his scent and it was sweet vanilla bean again. Jungkook

leaned down and gave him another soft kiss, nosing at his cheek to test his scent and pleased to find it sweet, maybe even a little sweeter than usual, and as he pulled back, Jimin was pink in the cheeks and looking at him with happiness.

"I'm not afraid of you." Jimin whispered and his smile faltered as his sweet, tiny sweater paws gently gripped the fabric of his shirt. "I was just... afraid of being rejected. I don't have anywhere else to go... I'm relying on you for so many things and I don't want to feel like I'm asking for too much."

"You could never ask for too much, kitten. If you asked me for a million dollars, I'd give it to you."

Jimin giggled and punched his little fists against Jungkook's chest.

"Be serious!"

"I am being a hundred percent serious." Jungkook said, with a soft smile and ruffled his hair.

"Okay, then I want a million dollars." Jimin said and held out his hand, as if trying to call his bluff.

"Sure, Baby. Let me get my checkbook." Jungkook said and stepped back, walking to the entryway and getting his checkbook from his coat pocket.

He returned with the little leather checkbook in his hand and leaned down right next to Jimin to write out a check for one million dollars. He carefully tore it out and slapped it into Jimin's hand. The Omega looked down at it and burst out into laughter as he reached out with the hand not holding the check and pulled him back into the place between his legs. Jungkook watched in fascination as the Omega tore the check in half, then into quarters and put it back into his hand, still giggling cutely.

"I don't need a million dollars." Jimin said and wrapped his arms around the Alpha's chest and set his chin against his sternum, looking up at him. "I just need you."

Jungkook couldn't believe what had just happened. But he could still feel the little strips of paper in his hand as he wrapped his arms around Jimin and he clenched them in his fist, crumpling them up. Had he really just ripped up a check for a million dollars? He must have known that it was a viable check. Jungkook had the money... but he'd torn it up like it was nothing. His words echoed through his head, 'I don't need a million dollars. I just need you.' No one had ever said anything like that to him before. Every partner he'd had since starting his company had always asked for more and more, and Jungkook had given in to them. He'd thought he could make someone happy with money, even if they weren't happy with him. But... to have someone who genuinely just wanted to be with him, not for his fortune or his status, but just for HIM. That was something new, something he'd wondered if he'd ever find, and here he was, his soft, beautiful vanilla baby, looking up at him with big, glittery eyes and a happy smile on his full lips.

Jimin hadn't really been expecting the kiss, but he accepted it when the Alpha crashed his lips against his and pushed his tongue inside, one hand coming up to cradle the back of his head and hold him in place as his mouth was plundered. The kiss was intense and Jimin's body reacted to it at once as the Alpha dominated him effortlessly until he was whimpering and clutching at the shirt under his hands, slick soaking through his panties at the feel of Jungkook's hard cock between his legs, surging and retreating, grinding them together. Eventually, they had to break the kiss to get proper breaths, but even then Jungkook just moved down to his neck and started to suck on his scent gland in hard, rhythmic pulses that had the wetness at his entrance increasing.

"Ah... Jungkook... no sex in the kitchen when I'm cooking."

“Okay.” Jungkook muttered against his neck and picked him up under the thighs, carrying him out to the living room sofa.

As he was laid out on the couch, Jimin looked up at the Alpha over him and smiled. Jungkook couldn't look away from the stunning creature beneath him, red hoodie pushed up and exposing his flat belly and damp strawberry printed panties, the thigh high socks and most of all his bare face, flushed with desire and messy hair. He was the most beautiful thing he'd ever seen.

The Alpha took him over and over, there on the couch, in one hand the scraps of the check still clenched and crumpled up.

# The Breakthrough

## Chapter Summary

Jungkook makes a breakthrough on his project.

## Chapter Notes

Please enjoy!

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Jimin lay in his nest that evening with Jungkook's head rested against his chest, one hand carding gentle fingers through the Alpha's hair as he talked to his Mom on the phone for his weekly call.

"Only a week until you come! I'm so excited to see my baby! It's been too long since I hugged your neck and scented you. But I'm happy that you at least have someone to scent you now. How is my future son-in-law?"

Jimin giggled at the question and Jungkook looked up at him with a smile.

"If you think you're buttering me up, you're wrong. I told you that I'm not giving anything away, to EITHER of you. The last thing I want is everyone google searching each other up. I want your first impressions to be natural and not biased by social media and whatever else."

"Well, damn... I thought that would work. Alright, so how have you and your mystery Alpha been?"

"We are both doing well. It's almost winter break, and I'm excited to see you and Dad, Jin and Tae too."

"I think Taehyung might be more excited than any of us. He's been dying to see you. Every time I see him he asks about you and if you're still coming for Christmas. He and your brother both."

"I'm so excited to see him. It's been so long since I've been back home. But a week will fly by in no time. It'll be next week before you know it."

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Jimin arrived at school on Monday and parked in his usual place, rushing inside to get out of the cold and into the heated building. He knew that Jackson had already arrived when he got there because he could smell the Alpha's scent from the hallway, and as he entered the room, it was stifling with Jackson's woody scent. The Alpha was clearly on the verge of his rut and Jimin could see more than one person holding shirts over their noses to block his powerful aroma. The Omega found his way over to his friend and sat in his usual spot, pulling off his coat, hat, scarf and mittens, and set them with his bag.

“Hey. How’s Mark? How are you? Did you guys figure things out?”

“Yeah. Thanks. He told me what you said, and about how you helped him to feel better. So... really, thank you Minnie.”

It was rare to see such a serious side of Jackson, but it was clear that the Alpha wasn’t kidding. Jimin knew how much Jackson loved his Omega. He might be a playful joker most of the time, but one thing that the Alpha never wavered on or joked about was Mark. Jimin knew that they were going to end up mated, everyone who spent more than five minutes with them knew. But he also knew that they were waiting until they were done with school to think about mating. It made sense, mating ceremonies were expensive and time consuming endeavors if you wanted something big, and Jimin knew that Jackson wanted to give his Omega a ceremony to be remembered forever. They were loud, boisterous people and he knew that their mating day would be just as intense as them. For Jimin... he thought that when he got mated, in some far future point, he wanted something small and intimate with just family and a few close friends. He wanted it to be special, but quiet. He pushed those thoughts aside and focused on his friend.

“You’re welcome. You guys are some of my best friends, and I hate to see you hurting. I’m glad you made him feel better though. Is he still limping?” Jimin asked the last question conspiratorially, gently elbowing his friend and making him laugh.

“Yeah. I did what I could... but pre-rut is a bitch and he’s already sore. I feel kinda bad, but I can’t help it. I see him and it’s just like... my whole world tunnels in on him and there’s nothing else that matters except him and I can’t control myself at all.” Jackson said, leaning forward and bracing his elbow on the table, resting his chin in his hand as his eyes focused in the distance, his mind clearly wrapped up in thoughts of his Omega. “Fuck, I’m so in love with him. Every minute of every day when we’re apart, all I can think about is when I’m going to get to see him again. My Alpha is going wild inside me right now, because he’s not here and I just... can’t stop worrying if he’s okay. I wonder all the time if I’m being a good enough Alpha to him, if I’m doing things right, if he’s happy with me. When you told me that he was feeling insecure it was like a punch to the gut, I couldn’t imagine a world where he could ever doubt my love for him or think that I would leave him. That’s literally impossible. I would die on the spot.”

Jimin smiled fondly at his friend and patted him on the back.

“I know, Jackson. I really do know and he just needs you to love him. You’re seriously the best Alpha to him and he loves you so much. You know what he told me on Friday? He was worried that you’d find someone better than him. He just needs reassurance. Can’t you see that he thinks the world of you? He told me that if you broke up with him, that he would die. You two are equally in love and equally dumb for not seeing it.”

Jimin didn’t understand how the pair of them could miss what was so clear to everyone else. You could see Jackson’s love in the way he looked at Mark compared to the way he looked at everyone else. The Alpha was so clearly head over heels for him that it wasn’t funny. Jackson didn’t even see other Omegas. He only saw Mark, and when his Omega was there, the Alpha’s focus never wavered. Jimin wanted to just scream at them “Don’t you see that you’re in love, you idiots!?” and knock their heads together like two coconuts. But he knew that it would just take time. Time would show them the truth inevitably. They were meant for each other and their destinies were intertwined. Fate held amazing things for them.

Jackson sighed and looked at Jimin with a smile.

“We’re all fools in love. Isn’t that the saying?”

“Maybe that’s true.”

Jimin didn’t have time to go on more before Professor Heechul called their attention and they got started making that day’s treats, eclairs. They prepared the devilishly hard to make sweets and separated them into little boxes at the end of class. Jackson’s pre-rut was making him a black hole of hunger and so Jimin let him take the little boxes of extras and the Alpha gave him the biggest, sparkly puppy eyes when he forced them all on him. He knew that normally the Alpha would have hugged him, but at the moment, his wolf didn’t want to touch any Omega but it’s mate. Jimin had learned that almost a year ago when Jackson had cringed away from him and dodged a hug during his pre-rut, looking so terrified that Jimin had burst out laughing.

Their classes were all lackluster for the most part. They only had class for two days before their long vacation started and they didn’t have to be back to school until the beginning of February. Jimin wasn’t sure why they were on a different schedule than other universities, but they had a long winter break and Jimin was always grateful. Usually he spent the time working as much overtime as he could to possibly save up for his bills. This was the first real vacation that he’d had since moving to Seoul. He’d have a whole three days at home without Jungkook, though he planned on going shopping for Christmas gifts Tuesday afternoon and Wednesday. He’d gotten an idea for the perfect gift for his Alpha, and he was excited to get it.

Jackson ended up going into rut that night, and so Jimin flew solo on Tuesday through classes that were mostly just easy things, the professors just as checked out as the students as they mostly just talked at them and the students counted down the seconds until it was time for them to leave. The moment he was free, Jimin skipped out of the building toward his car and almost busted his ass again on the icy sidewalk that no one had bothered to salt with the upcoming vacation. He made it to his car and headed to... of all places, a pet store.

It took a few trips to different places, just for Jungkook’s gift, and by the time he was done, it was close to time for the Alpha to get home. He had time to wrap it neatly in shimmery silver paper and tie it up in a little bow before Jungkook arrived. He looked at the package and shivered in anticipation. It wasn’t something he could give him at his parents house, so he was planning to give the Alpha the gift that weekend, and he truly hoped that he liked it. As soon as he hid the box in the closet of his bedroom, he heard the front door open and rushed out to meet Jungkook.

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All Jungkook wanted to do was work on his side project, but Monday morning he got a call from Youngjae at G7 plastics and set up an afternoon meeting to arrange a new contract with them to provide all their raw plastic. He’d had to block Im Sunnam on his cell and tell their new receptionist not to put through calls from him. He knew that G7 Plastics would do a phenomenal job, he’d heard great things about them through the grapevine for years, and he was certain the negotiations would go smoothly. This wasn’t either of their first time around the block, and from what he’d heard, Youngjae was a man of his word. It was rare to find a truly honest businessman, but if the rumors were to be believed, G7 Plastics was owned by one of the few.

As soon as that was done, he called another number, a familiar one. This call was not one of business, but of choice. Christmas was coming, and he needed just the perfect gift for his pretty baby. He had so little time to arrange things and find just the right one, but usually problems like that could be overcome by just throwing money at them. As Yoongi often said, “Money talks, and a lot of money sings and dances.” Once his call was over and he was certain that the wheels were turning on his gift, he resigned himself to his fate.

Jungkook knew that he could only avoid Yoongi for so long, before he had to face the scolding



teasing of his best friend, but eventually he had to give in and he left his office to take the elevator to the top floor. He strolled through the familiar hallways, past workers who still gave him a little bit of a clearance, afraid of him, even after he'd stopped being their direct supervisor. He felt a little bad about that, now that the strain of his former title no longer weighed on his shoulders, and he gave them small nods and smiles as he walked past. He strolled into Yoongi's office and the moment his friend saw him, there was such a pure joy on his face that he actually smiled, a real, gummy smile and laughed as he addressed him.

"I see you're ready for your torture."

Jungkook wasn't submitting himself for trimming that easily, however. He sat himself in one of Yoongi's chairs across from his desk, totally relaxed and at ease, hands laced over his stomach as he leaned casually against the back of the chair, legs open in a comfortable, 'I'm unfazed' sort of way.

"Actually, I came up to invite you and Namjoon to lunch with me and Kim Youngjae. I can handle it if you don't want to come, but I thought I'd extend the offer."

Yoongi's face went more serious and he looked concerned as he spoke.

"Well... I am free and I can go... but, sorry about this Kook... but, I hope it's okay if I don't sit in your lap and feed you. I know that's what you're used t--"

Jungkook cut him off as he grabbed the nearest thing on the desk, which was a notebook and threw it at him, which made the other Alpha break character and burst into laughter.

"Shut the fuck up."

Yoongi just laughed harder as he caught the notebook and smacked a hand on his desk as he cackled at his friend's rancor until he was struggling for breaths.

"Oh my god... I haven't laughed like that in years." Yoongi said, taking deep breaths and clutching his stomach.

"You are such a dick."

"Your petty insults bounce off me today. I am protected by the armor of watching two Omegas fight over you for an entire evening and then you pulling some shit right out of a drama and defending your one true love, then walking out and kissing him under the mistletoe." Yoongi said and put his fingers to his lips and kissed as he pulled his hand away, doing a 'chef's kiss'. "Top quality entertainment."

"I'm so glad I could provide some fodder for your amusement."

"Hey. I'm the one who was left to deal with your mess and had Daeun try to attach herself to me while her father attempted to negotiate with me."

"Oh fuck, really? She has her eye on you now, what are you going to do?" Jungkook said, concerned.

"I already handled it. I told her she looks like a sad donkey, has the personality of a wet sponge and if she ever touches me again I'd press charges for assault. She wasn't very interested in me after that."

It was Jungkook's turn to burst into laughter and as he threw his head back and laughed, he felt so

fond of his best friend and his unyielding, ceaseless honesty.

“You are my favorite person.”

“What about Jimin?” Yoongi asked, raising a brow.

“You are my second favorite person.” Jungkook corrected.

After much more teasing and snide remarks about Jungkook being whipped, he and Yoongi wandered their way over to Namjoon’s office to invite him to their lunch with the soon to be new vendor. This was something Namjoon needed to be a part of, since it was likely that things like this would fall to his lot after some more time. The new CEO professed himself happy to come along, and by the time their lunch meeting was over, things were settled and agreements for paperwork to be drawn up were shaken on. Youngjae was ecstatic to finally have their business after so many years of chasing it. Tuesday was spent working on his former side project that had become his full time focus as he’d moved jobs.

That night, he went home and found Jimin still fully dressed, which was unusual. At home the Omega usually wore nothing more than panties, socks and a myriad of his sweaters. The Alpha pulled him into his arms and kissed him hello.

“It’s unusual to find you like this, pretty boy. What were you doing?”

Jimin put a finger to his own lips and smiled up at him with glee in his eyes, which made him look both mischievous and adorable.

“Can’t tell you. It’s a secret.”

Jungkook fake gasped and took a step back, putting a hand to his chest and looking at Jimin with hurt, which had the Omega’s eyes wide and concerned.

“Good boys don’t have secrets from their Daddies.” Jungkook said, mock solemn with his hand on his chest, over his heart.

“I... but... It’s...” Jimin looked truly distraught at those words, and Jungkook stepped back into his space with a low, soft laugh.

“I’m just teasing you.” Jungkook consoled and pressed a kiss to his forehead. “You’re so easy to rile up.”

“Daddy... don’t be mean.”

Jimin hit him lightly in the chest and huffed petulantly before hiding his face in the very chest he’d just been abusing with his tiny fists.

“I’m sorry, little one. Don’t be upset.”

When Jimin spoke his voice was muffled against the Alpha’s pec, and though he still sounded adorably petulant, his small, soft hands slid under Jungkook’s suit jacket to grip little handfuls of the back of his shirt.

“I missed you.”

Jungkook felt his stomach clench up as butterflies fluttered through him at those words and he squeezed Jimin in his arms, tighter.

“I missed you too, sweetheart.” Jimin finally peeked up at him and his big gray eyes were so vulnerable that the Alpha felt himself melt completely. “How about I take you out for dinner, since you’re already dressed?”

“Oh? Where to?” Jimin asked as he looked up more and set his chin on Jungkook’s chest.

The Alpha was reminded all too forcefully of how he’d set his chin just like that and told him he didn’t need his money, that he only needed him, and that made him feel so possessive and adoring of him as he looked down into his pretty face. He pressed a kiss to his forehead and gave him another soft squeeze.

“Anywhere you want. What’s the most obscenely expensive place you want to go?”

“It’s not about what’s expensive.” Jimin scolded, but that gave him a brilliant idea. “Oh! I know where I want to go!” He stepped back and pulled Jungkook toward the bedroom by the arm. “Change into something more comfortable. You look too fancy.”

Jungkook laughed and did as he was told while Jimin sat on the edge of his bed and swung his feet cutely while watching him undress. The Alpha was all too aware of the eyes on him as he stripped and re-dressed in jeans, a t-shirt, hoodie (that even after washing smelled slightly like Jimin) and sneakers. Once he finished dressing in his casual clothes, he turned to the Omega and held his arms out.

“How’s this?”

“Perfect!” Jimin giggled as he hopped up and bounced over to him and pulled him off to the entryway where they pulled on coats and shoes, and Jungkook bundled Jimin up in his hat, scarf and mittens before they left.

In the elevator, Jimin giggled and squirmed as he was crowded against the wall to be nosed and nipped at all over his neck, until they arrived at the lobby. Jimin insisted on taking a cab and pulled them outside to flag one down. They hopped in and Jimin spoke quietly to the driver, who nodded and pulled away from the curb. The Alpha had no idea where they were going, and no matter what he asked, Jimin refused to say. Even when he pulled out the big guns and quietly whispered into Jimin’s ear that a good boy would tell him, the Omega just huffed and told him to be patient, which Jungkook was not. He spent most of the ride nosing at the Omega’s neck and breathing in his scent, but eventually stopping when Jimin squeezed his hand and gave him a slightly panicked look, shaking his head. He realized rather smugly that he was making Jimin wet, but he didn’t want to do that just now, in the back of the taxi. So he turned his attention away just watched out the window as they headed through a familiar part of town, toward where Jimin’s old apartment was.

The taxi pulled up outside a small, nothing-special kind of building that seemed to house quite a selection of businesses, but his eyes were drawn to the one place that had their lights on, a little restaurant on the bottom floor. The place looked like it had been there forever, the yellow sign looked faded and weathered, in the window was a flickering red neon ‘Open’ sign. Jimin handed the driver cash before Jungkook could get his wallet out, and ignored the Alpha’s protests as he pulled him out of the back of the cab and the car drove off. Jimin turned toward the little restaurant and led the way inside. The inside of the place smelled like heaven and though there were a few tables, there was only one other couple there, sitting in a table near the counter. Jungkook looked at the menu and wanted to laugh at the prices, he doubted the whole meal would be more than twenty dollars. Jimin dragged him up to the counter and ordered chicken and beer for two and was handed a pitcher of beer and two cups and again the Omega paid before Jungkook could. Jimin carried the pitcher and cups over to a booth in the back corner by the window where they pulled off their coats and settled together on one side like the obnoxious pair that they were and Jungkook wrapped an

arm around his shoulders as the Omega poured them both beer.

“So, I offer to take you out to any fancy place in Seoul, and you bring me to get cheap chicken and beer?” Jungkook asked as he took a swig of his beer and Jimin did the same.

“Chicken and beer is classic and nobody does it better than this place. They’ve been here forever and they still use the same recipe that they have since day one and it’s amazing.”

Jungkook leaned over and kissed a little foam mustache off of Jimin’s lip before nuzzling at him and pulling back, ruffling his hair.

“You are so cute.”

Jimin preened at the words and smiled at him before taking another drink. It was the first time they had really gone out for dinner like this and Jimin thought it was very couple-y, but he wanted to do something casual with the Alpha. As much as Jimin loved fancy restaurants (of course, he wanted to own one himself one day) he wanted to spend time in a more relaxed environment, and eat some amazing food. Jimin threw one of his legs over Jungkook’s hooking his knee over the Alpha’s thigh and leaned into his side to rest his head against his shoulder.

“Isn’t this relaxing?” Jimin asked as he looked up at Jungkook.

Jungkook looked around the little restaurant with its mismatched tables and chairs, the quaint little calendar on the wall and the old-timey decorations and he actually did feel at ease. It was the kind of place that put made you feel comfortable, and Jungkook couldn’t help but agree. He’d been to just about every high-end restaurant in Seoul and there was always a stiffness and formality there. This was the exact opposite of stiff, it reminded him of the kinds of places he and the guys used to go to in college when they were just computer geeks with big dreams.

“Actually, yeah. It’s great.”

Jimin smiled and curled up closer to his side as he sipped at his beer and waited for their food. It arrived shortly and it was actually nice and calm as Jimin asked him about his day and Jungkook told him about his side project, which he was starting to get frustrated with. Jungkook was so fucking close to figuring the whole thing out he could taste the nectar of success just out of reach. There were just a couple of things that didn’t quite work. He kept at it and at it and at it, and he knew he was close. There was just... something that wasn’t working. Each time he ran the simulation it failed and he had to go back to the drawing board. He knew that he could do it, if he could only figure out the few little flaws. He’d spent all of that day locked in his office, working tirelessly on his project, growling at anyone who dared to interrupt him, at least until it was time to go home.

“I’m just... so damn close to figuring it out. But the components are too small to properly make it work with the power input and output...” Jungkook groaned and rubbed at his face.

“Why does it have to be small?” Jimin asked before taking another sip of beer.

“What?”

Jungkook was thrown by the question and as he looked at Jimin, his brows drew together and he frowned.

“Well, you said that you’re trying to make it more powerful and faster than any other one... so why does it have to be smaller? If it’s already better, then doesn’t it seem unnecessary to make it smaller too?”

Jungkook's mind burst with ideas at those words. Why was he making it smaller? Was there any real reason beyond that weird drive that tech people had to decrease the size of everything? His product was already better, at least four times faster than anything else on the market at the moment. Actually, if they made it smaller, they would have to design a whole series of motherboards to support them. But... if he made it to the standard size, that would fit any motherboard... Holy shit. That was it.

Jimin gasped and spilled half his beer down both their fronts as Jungkook grabbed him and pulled him into a hard, kiss, then pulled away and laughed such a brilliant and carefree sound and expression that it made Jimin's belly dip like he'd just gone over the hill of a rollercoaster. He managed to set his beer on the table as he was pulled into another kiss. He could feel the Alpha smiling into the liplock and he didn't resist when he pushed his tongue into his mouth, even though the kiss tasted like beer, it was still enough to loosen the tension in Jimin's muscles and melt him into the Alpha's embrace until he pulled away and pressed their foreheads together.

“Jimin! You're a fucking genius!”

“I am?” Jimin asked in surprise as his shoulders were grabbed in big hands and he was shaken.

“YES! Why didn't I see it before? I'm so dumb! I can... oh my god! I can do this!”

Jimin wasn't entirely sure what was going on, but apparently his words had struck some kind of idea into the Alpha's head and he'd figured something out. He could clearly see his big brain thinking and thinking and thinking some more, trying to process whatever he'd figured out. Over the time he'd been living with the Alpha, he'd seen him work on his project in any free time he could manage. It was a lot of math and things on the computer that Jimin just didn't understand at all, but he could see the desire behind those unfocused eyes as his mind went into overdrive. Jimin reached a hand up and cupped the side of the Alpha's jaw. Jungkook's attention immediately focused on him as he surfaced from his inner thoughts.

“Do you want to go home and work on it?”

He could see the hesitance on the Alpha's face, and could read him like a book. He did want to go home, but he didn't want to ruin their evening. Jimin just laughed and quickly downed the rest of his beer, then took Jungkook's and did the same before getting up out of the booth and pulling the Alpha along. Jimin was a little tipsy and not quite steady on his feet, but Jungkook was there in a heartbeat, steadying him with an arm around his waist. The Omega looked up at him with soft happiness, adoring the boyish excitement on the Alpha's face that still hadn't gone.

“I know what you want, Alpha. Don't worry, we have plenty of other nights for dinner dates. Let's go home. I know you want to.”

“I'm sorry, I don't mean to be so selfish.”

Jungkook felt bad that he was interrupting their good time with business. He knew he could wait, but the ideas were fresh and bursting and his fingers itched to get to his keyboard. He wanted to get his ideas out of his brain and into a readable, workable format. But he still felt bad for interrupting their relaxed evening.

“Hey.” Jimin said, and poked him right in the middle of his forehead with one of his soft fingers. “If you worry any harder, smoke is going to start coming out of your ears. You're not being selfish, and even if you were, well... what's wrong with that? You're allowed to want things and need things too. I don't mind.” He wrapped his arms around Jungkook and squeezed him in a tight hug. “Let's go home, Jungkookie.”

Jungkook felt himself melt all over again at those words. He petted a hand over the side of Jimin's face and leaned down to press a kiss to his lips. Jimin was so thoughtful. It was ridiculous how touched he was over these little gestures from the Omega. He knew he should be used to it by now, but every time, Jimin told him things like that, it swelled something inside him, like his inner Alpha puffing out his chest at how proud he was to be seen with someone so special. No one else had ever taken his wants and needs into account and he didn't know how to handle it sometimes. He wasn't a very emotional person in general, he was the type who kept to himself, but Jimin's care and consideration to him were some of the few things that actually penetrated that armored shell.

"I adore you, little one. Thank you."

Jungkook leaned down and kissed him first on the lips, then the tip of his little button nose, making him giggle and squirm in the Alpha's hold.

"You don't have to thank me. I know your company is important, just like you know my dreams are important. So, let's go... make computer parts! Or... well, you will and I'll silently cheer you on."

The Alpha pulled out his wallet and threw an obscene tip onto the table before they pulled on their coats and Jungkook made sure he was bundled well before dragging Jimin out of the restaurant to catch a cab. Jimin could feel Jungkook's impatient agitation as his knees bounced and his fingers tapped against his thighs. Jimin watched him for a few minutes, wanting to help him calm down. His mind went to the night in the limo and the way the Alpha had asked if he wanted to be distracted, which made him realize that Jungkook needed a distraction. It was a long cab ride back home and the Alpha looked ready to start pulling his own hair out. Jimin reached his hand down and placed it on top of the Alpha's fidgeting one, making him still instantly and look to the Omega.

Jimin gave him a soft smile and put a finger to his lips in a 'shh-ing' gesture. He slowly slid his hand up the Alpha's thigh, gripping the muscle in his hand as he went, massaging the tenseness out of him and making Jungkook's breaths deepen as he felt that hand move inexorably upward until it reached his inner thigh and the side of Jimin's small hand pressed against the hard length of his cock. The Alpha had to bite his lip to keep from making a noise, and as he looked to the Omega, Jimin was staring out of the window as if nothing untoward was happening in the back of the taxi, as if he weren't gripping and releasing the muscle of his innermost thigh and rubbing his hand against the Alpha's straining erection. The apparent indifference was strangely erotic, mostly because he knew Jimin was enjoying his task. He was too familiar with his scent not to notice the slight sweetening of the vanilla bean aroma he was used to. Jungkook shifted his hips, pushing more insistently against the hand there as a sign to him that he wanted more contact.

Jimin turned his palm until it pressed against his cock, and he used his fingers to gently squeeze the hard shaft, which had Jungkook's length jerking in the confines of his trousers. Hell this shouldn't turn him on so much, but he knew part of the reason was simply because he was so twitchy and full of nervous energy at the prospect of finally, finally figuring out the new processor. He felt like a teenager again, ready to pop a knot in his jeans at the first touch of an Omega's hand, but he couldn't help it, because this was not just any Omega. This was Jimin, his perfect, soft vanilla baby and he knew somewhere in his mind that Jimin was distracting him from his own overactive, overthinking brain. The Omega seemed to be able to read him in a way that no one else could, not even Yoongi. Jungkook was usually so good at concealing his emotions, but Jimin knew him well. The Omega had walked through that open door between them and nested himself as firmly inside the Alpha as if it were one of his cute little spots around the apartment where he liked to pile up his pillows and blankets to curl up and nap. The Alpha turned his head and leaned down to press a soft kiss behind Jimin's ear before whispering so softly that only the Omega would hear.

“You’re such a good boy, Minnie.”

The Omega turned his face and gave him a soft, sweet kiss as his hand still took indecent liberties between the Alpha’s legs. He pulled back and looked up at him with a gentle smile.

“I know.”

Jungkook spent the rest of the ride pushing his face against Jimin’s cheek and neck, breathing in his sweet scent and gasping softly against his skin. Jimin was incredibly aroused by what they were doing, but he had his legs closed tightly and his entrance clenched to keep as much of his slick from leaking out as possible, but he knew that the moment he stood up, he was going to be drenched, which would release his scent strong and sweet. A slight sweetness could be detected in the air, but it might be construed by others as just his own sugary scent, but Jimin knew that Jungkook knew he was wet. Jungkook’s own scent was strong and rich, full from his arousal, but Jimin knew that it could be construed just as Jungkook’s natural aroma by the driver, who Jimin was happy to see had several, scent-blocking little air fresheners hanging from his little partition, to help weaken the scents that reached him.

When they arrived home, Jungkook pulled out his wallet and paid quickly before shepherding Jimin out of the cab and onto the sidewalk. The Alpha could smell Jimin’s slick as soon as they were standing, and he took a deep breath, but instantly looked around for anyone else nearby, not wanting Jimin’s sweetness enjoyed by anyone else. He wrapped an arm around the Omega’s waist and pulled him close, rubbing his face against the Omega’s neck and cheeks to cover his scent with Jungkook’s own, which would last long enough to disguise Jimin’s arousal until they were alone.

“Let’s get inside.”

After a quick makeout in the elevator, they made it into the apartment. But as Jungkook tried to pull Jimin back into his arms, the Omega giggled and danced out of his reach, shaking his head. He wagged a finger at him and tsk’ed softly.

“Nope. I’m not letting you get distracted right now. Go change into something comfortable and go to your office to work on your project. I’m going to change and I’ll be in there in a little bit.”

“You’re sure bossy tonight.” Jungkook said with a brow raised, challenging his newfound authority, but Jimin was firm where he believed himself to be doing the Alpha a favor apparently and he just crossed his arms and stood resolute.

“I know that I have to be, or you’re not going to do what you need to. Now go change.”

“Aren’t you going to change too?” Jungkook cocked a brow in challenge.

“Yes, but I’m going to let you go first, or else I’ll end up face down in the bed with your knot stretching me open.”

Jungkook purred softly and let his gaze wander over Jimin’s body.

“That sounds like a good plan to me.”

“Change. Now. I have a plan, but you will have to wait. Now go change, I’m not asking again.” Jimin huffed resolutely and pointed toward the bedroom.

“I’m loving this sass, Baby... But alright, I’ll do as I am told. For now.”

Jungkook walked past Jimin to go to the bedroom and stole one more kiss, which had the Omega

squeaking in surprise and sputtering as he stomped his foot and pointed toward the bedroom again. The Alpha laughed as he walked on toward the bedroom, giving Jimin a rather sarcastic salute. Once Jungkook was gone, Jimin let himself melt back against the console table, using his hands to hold himself up as his knees went weak. He was not used to telling Jungkook no, and the power that he held over him was no joke. It had taken every ounce of his determination to stand firm against his temptation. But he knew that Jungkook needed to work on his project. He hadn't meant for his distraction to be so... distracting. He didn't want to divert him from his purpose, he'd just wanted to soothe his agitation. He waited there for a few minutes and straightened up as he heard the Alpha call to him.

“Alright, boss. I'm going to the office. You are free to change without any fear of being pushed face first into the bed and knotted.” Jungkook said loudly with a laugh.

“Thanks.” Jimin replied, his voice cracking and making him chastise himself at how weak he'd sounded.

He heard Jungkook's laugh and knew the Alpha was laughing at him. He took a deep breath and looked down only to realize he was still in all his winterwear. The Omega pulled off his coat and things and hung them up before walking off toward the room. He saw down the hallway, the dim light of Jungkook's desk lamp, a familiar sight to him, and he smiled. He walked into the room and found his way into the closet. Normally, he wore Jungkook's hoodies at home, but he wanted to do something a little special. He'd read an article recently, when he'd been lazily curled up in his nest, perusing the internet on his phone, that had given him an idea and inspiration for something he'd wanted to try. Right now was exactly the opportune moment, he knew.

Jimin rifled through the immense amount of clothes on his side of the closet until he found what he was looking for, a black silk nightie, simple and loose, it wasn't the sexiest thing he owned, but it was perfect for this. He carried it with him to the bathroom where he brushed his teeth and then used a washcloth and warm soapy water in the sink to clean himself up a bit from the day, before drying off with a towel. He brushed his hair back out of his face and propped a knee up on the counter to stretch himself open. It only took a few minutes to have four of his small fingers stretching himself, and he pulled his hand away, biting his lip at the loss of stimulation, but keeping his mind focused on his task. He washed his hands and slipped into his tiny silk negligee, leaving off panties, since they would only get dirty or be in the way. The Omega looked in the mirror and admired himself for a few moments, enjoying the way his little gown hung low, and loose on his slender frame, showing off his chest and shoulders. His light, natural makeup from the day was still in good shape and his blond hair was pushed back elegantly. He was sure Jungkook would like it.

Jungkook had all his programs up and was typing away, but his mind was distracted with arousal. His cock was still hard, unable to escape the scent of vanilla bean that filled the whole apartment now. He was halfway considering just going to find Jimin and fuck him just to clear his head, but just as he was ready to set his project aside, a light knock on the doorway had his eyes turning to find Jimin there. The Omega was a vision in the tiny, loose-fitting black silk nightie, especially as one strap fell from his shoulder and the neck drooped down to show one of his pretty, pink nipples. His cock pulsed at the absolute portrait of eroticism that was occupying his doorway. His eyes studied every inch of his little one's perfect, pale skin that was exposed to his gaze. He realized he'd been staring for a protracted time when Jimin shifted from foot to foot and he looked back up at his face to see the Omega staring at him, face pink and looking a little nervous and unsure, which was an old mood for him. Jimin might still be a bit shy sometimes with the raunchier things they did, but he was never nervous. It made Jungkook curious what he could be thinking.

“You look so pretty, Baby.” Jungkook said softly, trying to keep his voice soft and reassuring. “Do



you want to come sit in Daddy's lap, while I work?"

"I... can I..." Jimin started and then faded off as his face darkened to a deeper red.

"What is it, little one? Tell me what you want."

"I want to... cockwarm you." Jimin said and looked down as his hands smoothed the silk of his little gown. Jungkook's cock instantly started to throb at those words, jerking in the confines of his sweats as if volunteering to get started right away. "But I don't want to be a distraction. I don't want to get in your way."

Jungkook wanted to laugh at that. Fuck, his little one was so adorable and sexy. He knew that he'd concentrate a thousand times better with Jimin in his lap, his perfect, delicate warmth around Jungkook's cock while he worked. He just gave Jimin a smile and scooted back from his desk, rolling away far enough to allow the Omega room to come to him, crooking a finger at him to summon him closer. Jimin walked to him cautiously, until he stood right in front of him, small hands trying to conceal his obvious arousal over his little nightie. Jungkook reached forward and smoothed his hands over Jimin's sides down to his hips, feeling the smoothness of the silk material, warm from Jimin's body.

"I would absolutely love that, little one." Jungkook traced his hands down to the edge of the gown. "Here Baby, let Daddy take your panties off." The Alpha slid his hands up under the silk negligee and felt himself leak a dribble of precum when he found nothing but skin.

"I'm not wearing any... and... I, um... already stretched myself. I'm ready for you Daddy." Jimin said, looking down a little shyly as his soft, pale hands found the edge of his nightie and pulled it up, to show the Alpha what he'd already felt. He was naked underneath.

Jungkook purred a low sound of approval as he slid his hands up further under the black silk and found the Omega's hips. He used his thumbs to press into the little dips of the Omega's hip bones and trace their shape for a moment before releasing him and quickly pushing his sweats down just far enough to free his cock and take himself in hand.

"Come here, Baby. I'm ready for you."

Jimin moved forward at once, straddling him in his leather office chair and reaching down between them to guide the Alpha's cock toward his prepared entrance, sinking down in one smooth motion until he was firmly settled in his lap, his cock fully sheathed inside the gentle heat of his sleek wetness. He waited a moment for Jimin to arrange himself comfortably, and he did so. The Omega's arms wrapped loosely around Jungkook's lower back, the soft fingertips gently petting the bare skin of his torso. He felt Jimin's head rest against his shoulder, face turned into his neck, the cool tip of his little button nose barely touching the skin over his scent gland. Once he was arranged, he felt all the tension leave the Omega's body at once as he melted against Jungkook's larger one, completely relaxed and trusting with him. It made the Alpha feel strangely both strong and gentle as he tenderly stroked his own hands down Jimin's back, tracing the lines of his body. He could feel the absolute faith that the Omega held for him in the ease of his body against him. There wasn't any reaction to his touch, beyond a slight shift as Jimin nuzzled closer to his neck and that sweet little nose pressed more insistently against his scent gland.

"Is this okay, Daddy?" Jimin whispered softly.

Gods, this was so much more than okay. Jungkook hadn't felt so at ease as he did in that moment, in... years and years. It was like nothing could bother him. Everything that mattered, everything he thought or worried about was right there, cradled against his body. It was like his whole world

subsisted of just the slight weight in his lap, the soft scent of vanilla bean and the quiet pleasure, both of his body, but also of his mind. He was more focused than he'd felt in an eternity. There was nothing to distract him, because everything that meant anything was already, right there.

“You're perfect, Minnie. Just relax now. You're doing so well.”

Jimin gave a small hum of ascent and let his eyes fall closed. He purred softly as he Alpha scooted the chair back up to the desk and spent a few moments just gently petting over his hair, his skin, the silk of his nightie before pressing a soft kiss to his forehead and reaching forward, bracketing him with his arms as he started to type. Jimin felt incredibly small and safe there, relaxed against the Alpha's bare chest, his perfect, thick cock stretching him open and making him feel so full. He let himself relax entirely, wanting Jungkook to follow his lead and relax so he could focus on what he needed to do. He'd read that Alphas felt more relaxed and concentrated while being cockwarmed, and if their partner was relaxed, it would relax them as well. Jimin hadn't known if that was true or not, having never done it himself, but it seemed to him, at least to be correct. Even though the Alpha was working, he didn't feel tense, and even though he was hard inside him, there wasn't that usual desperation for sex. It wasn't really about sex, it was about connecting and comforting, and though it was, by default sexual, it was a quieter intimacy. As he laid there with his head on Jungkook's shoulder, the apartment quiet except for the tapping of keys and the sounds of their breaths, Jimin started to doze, warm and comfortable in the Alpha's lap.

Jungkook knew the moment Jimin fell asleep against him, he felt his breaths even out and what little tension had remained in him, drain away. If he'd been honest, he'd thought about this before, but had assumed it would be distracting. What he was finding as he typed away at his keyboard, was that he'd never been more focused in his life. Nothing outside his immediate surroundings was worth thinking of. His little one was safe and sleeping in his lap, happy and content with his cock still inside him. The Alpha's mind burst with ideas and complex coding and calculations, as he worked away, not paying any attention to the amount of time passing as he changed little things over and over and over again, trial and error, until finally one of his simulations came through successful. His whole body went rigid as he looked at the little green text at the top of the screen, “Simulation Successful.”

Holy fuck. He'd done it... he'd actually done it... He re-ran the test again, just to make sure and by god, it worked. There was still of course, more to do. He needed to lay out and create the physical chip, but the architecture fundamentals and CPU design were done. He couldn't hold in the almost hysterical laugh that burst from him as he ran the simulation a third time and was, again successful. The soft bark of noise roused the Omega in his lap, and he felt him jerk slightly, and gasp a soft breath against his neck before pulling back and looking at him with half-lidded, sleepy eyes. One small, pale hand came up to the Alpha's face and touched his cheek.

“You 'kay, Kookie?” Jimin slurred, barely awake.

Jimin was surprised when his face was cupped between the Alpha's warm palms and a hard kiss planted on his lips. Though not expecting it, he was far from being unwilling and let the Alpha kiss him briefly before he pulled back and wrapped him up in his arms, squeezing him tight. Jimin had no idea what was happening, his mind working too slowly on the edge of unconsciousness, but feeling happy as Jungkook laughed and held him in a strong embrace, which Jimin returned.

“I did it! I actually fucking did it! I can't believe it!”

Jimin's mind started to work faster and he realized what was happening, he gasped and squeezed the Alpha tighter.

“You did it? That's amazing, Jungkook!” Jimin cried out as he finally processed the situation.

Jungkook pulled back from the hug and cupped his face again. Jimin looked at the Alpha and saw that he was smiling huge and ecstatic. He looked happier than Jimin had ever seen him, and he couldn't help but compare him to a bunny. Jungkook was cute when he smiled and Jimin returned his smile with one of his own.

“Thank you, Jimin! You're brilliant. I couldn't have done it without you!”

“I didn't do- mmph!” Jimin's protest was cut off with another kiss and he just sighed through his nose and smiled into the kiss as the Alpha pulled him closer, the hands cupping his face sliding to the back of his head and holding him into the liplock.

Jimin opened to Jungkook's tongue and suddenly he was being kissed senseless. He melted into that kiss, and as his arousal rose in him, he felt himself clench slightly around the Alpha's cock, making Jungkook moan into his mouth. The Omega rearranged his legs slightly so his knees could bear his weight and slowly started to shift himself, rolling his hips and riding the Alpha's cock as their kiss continued. It only took seconds for Jimin to be back at full hardness, his arousal having flagged during his sleep. Jungkook broke the kiss to mouth down his jaw to his neck and collarbones, sucking up marks there as his hands found Jimin's thighs, slipping up under his gown to grip his hips and help him move. The Omega tilted his head back, offering his neck, his own hands finding their way into the Alpha's hair. He let words fall from his lips, praises for Jungkook.

“Oh, Alpha... so good. You did so good, Jungkook... You're so smart, so strong... such a good Alpha.”

Jungkook felt those words as warmth spread through him. Gods, every time he thought Jimin couldn't get any more perfect, or do something new and amazing that he'd never known before, there he was, showing him something he didn't even realize he desired. He hadn't realized that he even wanted that kind of praise, hadn't known how good it would feel to be called smart and strong, to be told he'd done well. But hearing those words from Jimin pulled at some primal, animal part of him that wanted Jimin to keep talking, wanted to lay back and let the Omega climb on top of him and ride him slowly and gently while showering him with soft, praising words. Damn... he really wanted that. He just wanted closeness with Jimin, intimacy and he wanted Jimin with him, near him all the time. He didn't know when it had started, but anytime the Omega was away from him for any amount of time, he felt himself getting agitated, wondering if he was okay, if he was warm enough, if he needed anything. He wanted to take care of him, because he was special. No one else in the world was like him. His little vanilla baby was one of a kind, priceless and irreplaceable.

Jungkook gripped Jimin's hips in his hands harder and guided his movements, biting at the skin under his lips and making the Omega moan. Jimin's hands tightened their grip in the Alpha's hair and allowed Jungkook to set the pace, which was surprisingly slow and easy. Jimin enjoyed it, as sleepy and warm as he was, he was happy to let the Alpha guide his movements in his languid rhythm as his neck was licked, bitten and kissed. He let his hands release their grip on his hair and instead carded his fingers through it, scratching at his scalp lightly with his nails. The Alpha purred at that and Jimin felt himself soften at the boyish-ness of that reaction. It was nice to see this happier, more youthful side to the Alpha. He felt the kisses pause for a moment, and when Jungkook spoke, it was in a much softer and more vulnerable tone than he was used to.

“More... please.”

Jimin's hands paused in their combing and gentle scratching at those words.

“Huh? More?” Jimin asked softly. “Faster?” He inquired and tried to move faster, but the hands on his hips stilled him.

“No. Say it again.”

Jimin was surprised by those words, and for a second didn't understand what he'd meant, but he realized quickly that the Alpha wanted praise from him. He understood that need very well, and had no qualms in praising Jungkook. The Alpha deserved it. He smiled and purred softly, his hands returning to their slow combing through his hair and he started to gently roll his hips again.

“Alpha, you're so strong. You make me feel so safe, so protected. You're so smart... ah... so smart and you did so well. I'm so proud of you, Jungkook. You make me proud to be seen with you, you know that? I love everyone seeing me with you, Alpha. You take such good care of me... nnggh...” Jimin trailed off as Jungkook started to suck on his scent gland, but after a few moments Jimin curled his hands into his hair and pulled him back from his neck so he could look into the Alpha's eyes. “I trust you. You how I trust you, right? You know I'd do anything for you. I'd let you do anything to me. You're my perfect, handsome Daddy, and you've done so well.” The Omega finished and pressed a series of soft kisses to his lips, letting them linger but not deepening it.

It had been so long since anyone had really praised him, and strangely it made Jungkook almost want to cry, but he didn't. He just wrapped Jimin up in his arms and held him as the Omega slowly rode him and peppered soft kisses over his lips and face. Each soft, pleased sound that sighed from Jimin's lips, against his skin, shot straight to his core. The Alpha felt something opening up inside himself, some long-forgotten door that led to a deeper part of him, and again, Jimin waltzed right inside and made himself at home in his deepest inner places, always with that sweetness and gentleness that marked all his attentions. Could a more perfect Omega exist besides his little one? He knew that there could not. Jimin was truly something that he'd never believed in, something too ethereal to be real, but there he was, in Jungkook's embrace, kissing him, dragging his full lips across his skin and riding his cock with a gentle slowness that left Jungkook more breathless than any of their rowdier sessions ever had.

“Oh gods... Baby, you feel so good.” Jungkook moaned, letting his head fall back against the headrest, and Jimin followed his lips.

Jungkook could feel Jimin's breaths against his lips, feel the soft vibrations of his whimpering moans against his own mouth as the Omega brushed their lips together softly. Jimin's small hands caressed him through his hair, over his neck and shoulders as he moved, petting over his skin with tenderness that had his heart hammering.

“Mmn... That's good. I want you to feel good, Jungkook. You deserve to be taken care of too. I love doing this, love taking care of you, Alpha. I want you to knot me... Cum in me. Please...”

Jimin was filled with sweet reverence as he petted and praised the Alpha. He honestly did deserve to be taken care of, and Jimin got the impression from what he'd said, that none of his other lovers had taken time to care for him and his needs. The Omega thought that was a damned shame. Jungkook was the best Alpha and he deserved to feel special, to feel good like everyone, even moreso in Jimin's opinion. He watched Jungkook's face morph into agonized pleasure, clearly trying to stave off his orgasm as he bit his bottom lip and his eyes squeezed shut, a soft whine building in the back of his throat.

“Fuck... I'm close, Baby... Are you close?” Jungkook ground out between clenched teeth, the arms wrapped around him tightening.

Jimin felt so fond of him as he watched his pleasure, saw the Alpha's concern for his pleasure before his own, but this wasn't about Jimin. The Omega wanted Jungkook to feel good.

“Shh... hush now. It’s okay, Jungkook. This is all about you. Just feel it... Let yourself go. Fill me up, Alpha. I need you to cum in me.” Jimin felt Jungkook’s knot starting to swell, and as he pushed down each time, he made sure to let his hole stretch around it, squeezing it into the warm, wet vise of his body. “That’s it. You’re so close. I can feel your knot... just a little more. Nngh... You’re so big, you feel so good inside me...”

Jungkook’s arms tightened around Jimin and he buried his face into his neck as his hips pushed upward involuntarily, his climax building and then overtaking him, pulling him down into a spiral of pleasure as the Omega in his lap took his knot and he released himself with a deep moan, into Jimin’s willing body, burst after burst of cum spilled from his cock and into the sweltering softness of his Omega. His orgasm rocketed through his body like pure fire, lighting him up from the inside as he felt like the Omega pulled his very soul out through his cock and all he could do was hold onto him and pant harshly against the Omega’s neck, lips and nose pressed to his scent gland. It took a long time for him to come back to himself, and when he finally did, he was still crushing Jimin in his arms.

“Fuck... Baby, that was... fuck...” Jungkook breathed against the skin under his lips.

Jimin hummed a soft ascent and continued to smooth his soft hands over the Alpha’s skin. Jungkook felt himself relaxing slowly, his hold on Jimin loosening and his heart rate slowing until he was breathing slow and even and he could finally sit back and let his head thunk back against the headrest of his chair. He felt Jimin’s petal soft lips press to his chin in a soft kiss, then his cheeks, nose, forehead, and finally, lingeringly on his lips. Jungkook opened to Jimin’s tongue and moaned quietly at the sweetness of his mouth as the Omega’s hands slid up to the back of his head, cradling it and holding him into the languid kiss that continued until finally his knot relaxed.

“Let’s go shower and go to bed, Alpha.”

Jungkook had no chance of resisting anything in that moment and he groaned softly as Jimin lifted up and his cock slid from the wet heat of Jimin’s body, hissing a breath through his teeth at the feel of the cool ambient air after being sheathed in the perfection of Jimin’s body for so many hours. He stood as Jimin stepped back, less because he was thinking about his actions, but more because he didn’t want Jimin moving away from him, he wanted him closer. He did have the presence of mind to pull his sweats up before following after the Omega’s retreating form, through the apartment and into the bathroom.

They washed each other and Jimin didn’t resist when Jungkook pushed him against the glass wall of the shower and slid back inside him, taking him again and this time focusing on Jimin’s pleasure until the Omega’s knees almost gave out and Jungkook had to catch him against his body and hold him there with the strength of his arms.

In bed, Jimin curled up by his side and drew random, nonsense patterns against his skin while humming softly and Jungkook fell asleep with the scent of vanilla bean strong in his nose and on his skin. Content and at peace.

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# Emotions and Allowances

## Chapter Summary

Jimin's pre-heat makes him emotional.

## Chapter Notes

Please enjoy.

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The next morning Jungkook woke up to his alarm and groaned. He wasn't sure what time he'd fallen asleep, but it had been well after 2:00. He quickly turned his alarm off, deciding he could go in late if he damned well pleased. He was after all, co-owner of the company and he'd made a breakthrough last night that was going to skyrocket them to the top of the tech industry. He set his phone aside and rolled over to find Jimin still sleeping peacefully, with his back to him. Jungkook spooned up behind him and slipped a hand under the oversized hoodie he was wearing to rest it against the buttery soft skin of his belly as he went back to sleep, nuzzling into the Omega's nape and letting the scent of vanilla ease him back into a deep sleep.

When he woke again the room was brighter and he was alone in bed, a state he found distasteful. He didn't like waking up without his little one. He'd wanted to pull him back against his body, and maybe fuck him, or just nuzzle into his neck and breathe him in, either option sounded great. But before he could get too grumpy, Jimin appeared in the doorway, carrying a large tray full of food into the room. The Omega smiled as he saw him awake and the Alpha sat up as Jimin walked forward and set the tray onto the end of the bed before gently climbing up and pulling the tray closer as he settled with his legs crossed and the food right in front of him.

"Good morning, Jungkook." Jimin said and grabbed a mug of black coffee from the tray, handing it to him. "I thought you deserved a little treat in congratulations... Here's your coffee."

Jungkook smiled at the slender blond next to him and accepted the mug.

"Good morning to you too, Baby. Thank you. You didn't have to do all this." Jungkook said before taking a sip of coffee.

"I don't mind. I love cooking and I'm happy for you. Are you staying home today?"

"No, just going in a bit late since I was up so late last night. What are your plans for the day, little one?"

Jimin used a fork to cut off a bite of french toast and held his hand under it as he offered it to the Alpha, who accepted it and groaned as the ambrosia burst over his taste buds.

"I'm going Christmas shopping. I've neglected it to the last minute and I have to get it done before

the trip.”

“Oh, are you getting me something?” Jungkook asked with raised brows, tone clearly joking.

“I already did.” Jimin said smugly and popped his own bite into his mouth.

“Aww... You’re so cute, sweetheart. What did you get me?”

“I can’t tell you. You’ll see this weekend.”

Jungkook allowed himself to be fed until he was full and wanted nothing more than to just go back to sleep with Jimin wrapped up in his arms. But he had more than just work to get done today. He still had to finish getting everything set up for Jimin’s Christmas gift if he had any chance of it being ready in time, plus he wanted to show his designs to his team and get them involved now that it had reached a further level of progress. He did allow himself to pull Jimin into his lap for a few minutes of syrupy kisses, sweet from the french toast, but eventually he had to let him go and get up to get ready for the day.

The Alpha dressed in his usual suit and tie, while Jimin dressed in jeans and thin, fitted tee that hugged his curves just right and made him just a little too sexy to be allowed as he spotted the soft peaks of his nipples through the white material, but he was satisfied when the Omega put on the navy sweater he’d worn last night, still heavy with his scent. They left together, Jungkook making sure to bundle Jimin up properly before they rode the elevator down to the garage, all the while, the Alpha pulled his Omega against him and scented him furiously. Jimin just giggled and tilted his head back, letting himself be covered in dark chocolate and coffee scent.

They parted ways at their cars and Jungkook let Jimin go out first, following him until their paths took them in opposite directions and he left to work, using the stereo system to call that same number from yesterday as he drove, the call connecting after a few moments.

“Mr. Jeon, I was actually just about to call you. I found it! The perfect one! It’s exactly what you wanted. Modern kitchen, huge bathtub, secluded and private. It’s the perfect place.”

“Oh? Well, I’m not going to have time to drive out to view it, do you have pictures?”

“I already emailed them to you just a moment ago, you should receive them any minute now. But I knew you would likely not have time to go out and view it yourself, so I’m headed there now and should be there in about forty-five minutes. I’ll call you when I arrive and give you a bit of a virtual tour. With your resources, if you like it, I can have the deed for you by the end of the day today.”

“Perfect. I should be at the office by then, so just call me when you get there.”

“Yes sir.”

Jungkook hung up and felt himself smile at the thought of Jimin’s Christmas gift. A house. It had been the Omega’s upcoming heat that had pushed him to act on impulse and call the realtor who had found his apartment for him. He wanted somewhere private and secluded for Jimin’s heat. Something about the idea of spending his heat in the city rankled the Alpha. There was nowhere in Seoul where you could go without others being close by. Even in his apartment, they were surrounded by other units, other tenants and even with the doors and walls between them, it didn’t feel secure enough. He wanted his pretty boy away from everyone else, where only Jungkook could be with him. The idea that Jimin had spent years of heats alone in that shoebox of an apartment with its flimsy door and inadequate locks made his stomach twist with anxiety. Maybe

he was overcorrecting, but he needed this. He needed to make sure Jimin was safe.

He made it to his office and found a large, flat package outside his door, that he had no idea what it was, but when he took it into his office and opened it up on the conference table he smiled as the slightly messy sunflower painting he'd purchased at the Seoul Arts Gala was revealed. He had just settled down and perused the pictures that the realtor had sent him, and actually approved of the place if the pictures were accurate. He'd just begun uploading the contents of the coding and designing he'd done at home last night to his work computer when he got a video call on his cell phone. He answered quickly and was greeted by the smiling face of Yoon Suyeon, his realtor. She was a pretty Beta with short dark hair and wide green eyes.

“Mr. Jeon, hello. Can you hear me? Am I coming through clearly?”

“Yes, Mrs. Yoon. Loud and clear.”

“I just arrived at the house and let me tell you that it's amazing! It's definitely what you're looking for. It's nice and private, but not too far from the nearest town, the road out here is smooth and well maintained. The house is just gorgeous. It was originally built as a vacation home, but the owners hardly ever used it, preferring the city, so everything is basically brand new. Here, let me walk you through and show you the place.”

Jungkook held his phone close to his face as the realtor turned the camera to show him the outside view of the house. It was just like the pictures, only in the pictures it wasn't covered in snow. He thought the snow rather added something to it, making it look like something off of a Christmas card. The only thing missing was smoke curling up from the chimney. That thought had him imagining Jimin laid out on a soft blanket before a great fireplace, naked and perfect in the orange glow of the flames, warm and content while he took his time pleasuring him as the world outside was white and cold with snow and they were settled warmly there by the fire. Yeah, he could definitely see that happening.

He watched the tour and listened to the realtor expound on all the great things about the place. The kitchen was massive and looked not too unlike his own at his apartment, except it was even larger and the interior was all white and cream instead of the dark color scheme of his apartment. But he could see Jimin there, cooking and skipping around the little space to stir and season things. Adorable. He watched as the bedrooms were shown, and he particularly liked the master bedroom, which had its own little balcony with a lovely view of the woods and mountains that was clearly visible through the wall of windows on one side. In the master bathroom was a tub at least twice the size of his own and he smiled as he pictured Jimin in it, tiny in the vast pool.

Everything inside the place was cream and white and pale wood. Even through the slightly grainy phone connection, the house was like a breath of fresh air and he knew it was the place he wanted. It was the perfect place for him to spend time with his pretty boy, and even more perfect to spend his heat. Once the tour was concluded the camera was turned around and the face of the realtor was revealed again.

“So, what do you think?”

“I'll take it. Whatever they are asking, just agree to it and send me an account to wire the funds. I want that deed by the end of the day.”

“Yes sir. I'm on it. I'll call you back as soon as it's done.”

Jungkook hung up and instantly made another call, to the interior designer who had decorated his apartment. Kim Myungjun or MJ as he was known to the world, was rightly famous for his work.



He was the best of the best, but he also charged like it, not that Jungkook cared.

“Mr. Jeon! So good to hear from you. What can I do for you?”

“I’ve got a job for you.”

“Are you going to finally re-decorate that drab apartment?” MJ asked.

“You realize that you are the one who decorated it, right?” Jungkook asked, rolling his eyes.

“That was so three years ago. You need something fresh, something new. Your place is a bachelor pad, and from what I hear... you have an Omega living with you now.”

“I... yes, what does that matter?”

“Do you think your Omega feels warm and cozy in all that black and grey? It’s modern, but it’s so austere and cold. You definitely need something new if you want him to feel at home there.”

Jungkook processed that information briefly and pictured Jimin in his various, soft and colorful little nests all over the apartment and realized how starkly he stood out there. He let that suggestion simmer in the back of his mind, but that wasn’t his purpose in calling. There was time to redecorate his place later, after the holidays, if that’s what he decided to do, but for now he focused back on the task at hand.

“I’ll keep that in mind, but I’m calling you because I have a bit of a... challenge.”

“Ooh... sounds like something I could charge exorbitantly for. Go on.”

“I bought a house, and I need it furnished and decorated by this weekend.”

“Well... I have other clients lined up, but I do love a challenge...” MJ hedged and Jungkook realized exactly what he was doing.

“I’ll pay four times your usual rate and won’t complain at you hiring whoever you need. Just get it done.”

“Deal. So what kind of place is it? Any requests on color scheme or anything?”

“Actually, yeah. Can you stop by the office later? I’ve got a painting and a list of things you’ll need to buy for the place.”

“A painting? So you want me to theme the place around it?”

“Yeah. I should have the deed and keys by the end of the day and you can get started tomorrow.”

“Send me pictures of the place. I’ll get started on locating things today. I’ll pick up the painting in about half an hour.”

After his call with MJ, the Alpha pulled up all his programs on his computer and started running simulations again, tweaking things here and there until he was paged by reception to tell him that MJ had arrived. The Omega was escorted upstairs by a security guard and Jungkook met him at the elevator before guiding the interior decorator to his office where he showed him the painting and the pictures of the property he was purchasing. He gave the Omega the receipt from SOFT from where he’d taken Jimin to buy all his nesting supplies, so that his little one could have at least a facsimile of his own nest in the new house. They talked a bit more about what Jungkook wanted and an hour later, when MJ left, he took the painting and the receipt with him and the Alpha sat

back in his chair, satisfied with his gift and excited to take Jimin to see the home he was gifting to him.

His afternoon was spent on his project, working on designing the physical processor, and late in the day, when he called his team into his office and showed them what he'd done, they were all speechless. He ran the simulation for them, showing them the potential of what he'd created, how it worked faster than the current configurations and the preliminary design for the physical device. Here, the others had input and they spent several hours designing and re-designing the processor, and before they knew it, it was far past time to go home and darkness had fallen. Jungkook was pulled from his concentration on the project by his phone dinging with a text message. He checked it to find a message from Jimin, and glanced at the time to see it was past 9:00 PM already.

Jimin: Hey, sorry to bother you but I was wondering if I should eat without you?

Jungkook: Sorry Baby. We got caught up with work. I'll head home now.

Jimin: Don't rush! I was just checking because I'm hungry but I can eat alone

Jungkook frowned at the phone as he typed back, not liking that Jimin was letting himself be hungry for his sake.

Jungkook: It's okay sweetheart. You want me to pick up dinner on the way home?

Jimin: No, I'm about to start cooking.

Jungkook: Okay, little one. I'll be home soon.

As Jungkook looked back up from his phone, he was met by the smug faces of all his friends. Bambam was the one who spoke first, laughing.

"It looks like we're done for the night. Somebody has to get home before he gets in trouble."

Jungkook just flipped him off, but in the end it was decided that they should all head home, in no small part because Jungkook was aching to see his pretty boy.

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Jimin's morning was spent shopping. He walked around the mall and bought gifts for his family, something he had actually been looking forward to now that he had money to buy them proper gifts for once. Over the last few years, he hadn't been able to celebrate Christmas with his family, as he'd been too busy working to try and keep up with his bills. He'd been home only twice since moving to Seoul and both times had been very short, just for a weekend. He was looking forward to spending real time with his family and... if he were totally honest, he was looking forward to spending the holidays with Jungkook.

He got the impression that Jungkook hadn't spent the holidays with anyone in a long time and he wanted him to enjoy himself and relax for once. The Alpha was always so busy with work and other responsibilities that Jimin wanted him to have a nice, calm holiday. Maybe Jimin's family wasn't exactly the picture of calm and tranquil, but they were at least happy and it would be a good thing for them both. He thought that they needed an interlude of relative tranquility before his heat came, though he worried about how he'd react to Jungkook's presence during his pre-heat. Usually his pre-heat was just a time full of grouchiness and endless hunger. But he was certain that he was going to get... needy. It wasn't like he could help it, but he knew that it might make things a little awkward and he kind of wished he hadn't agreed to stay at his parents house. He should have looked at his damned heat calendar before agreeing, but what was he supposed to do, tell his

parents he couldn't stay with them because he wanted his Alpha to fuck him senseless? Yeah... not happening.

After shopping and grabbing lunch in the food court, Jimin drove across town to the walk-in clinic near his campus where he always got his quarterly birth control shots. Though he wasn't sexually active, he always took precautions. He'd heard one too many horror stories of Omegas in heat accepting Alphas when they were in pain and out of control of themselves and getting pregnant accidentally. Though, this time he was actually looking forward to his heat for the first time ever. Usually his cycles were nothing but days of awful pain and loneliness, but the knowledge that Jungkook would be with him, would stay with him and serve him in his heat had his heart racing and his whole body warming with anticipation.

He walked into the little place with its sterile white walls and tile, and signed in before taking a seat and waiting. It was no big deal to him, he'd done it enough times that it was routine to fill out the paperwork and get taken back into a room, where he'd answer more questions and then wait a little while before eventually getting a shot. It wasn't the shot itself that made him dislike birth control, it was the side effects, which were basically that it made his pre-heat worse. He was going to be a bottomless pit of hunger with mood swings and unending, desperate horniness. Though he knew from experience that he'd be sleepy for the rest of today, and as he left, he could already feel the lethargy tugging at him, pulling him down as he walked to his car and made his way back home.

He cranked up the heat on his way home and by the time he arrived, he was so warm and tired he didn't even want to get out of his car. He just wanted to fall asleep right there and wait for his Daddy to come home and carry him upstairs. The sleepiness was making him needy, that mixed with his pre-heat hormones that were already playing havoc with his body and he was nothing but needs and wants all contained in the vessel of his body. He wanted Jungkook to come home, he wanted his Alpha to carry him up to his nest, strip him down and fuck him until he fell asleep. But Jungkook was at work and he was all alone. He allowed himself a few minutes to pout in the car before exiting and heading upstairs.

As he entered the apartment, his nose was met with the scent of Jungkook and he took in a deep breath. The Omega kicked his shoes off and walked farther into the apartment, finding his way to his room before pulling off all his clothes but his white panties and Jungkook's oversized navy sweater. He turned on all his electric blankets and crawled up into his nest, keeping his cell phone close in case Jungkook wanted to contact him. As he settled in and all his blankets got warm and cozy, he wrapped himself around a pillow and fell asleep, the birth control shot's soporific effects making him drop off instantly. Normally, Jimin was much more active, but when he neared his heat and pre-heat, all he wanted to do was sleep and eat and sleep some more. Though he always craved closeness and affection during this time, normally he had no outlet for those feelings, but now he had Jungkook, and all he wanted was to be held and cuddled and praised. And as he slept, he turned his face into the sweater he wore, strong with Jungkook's scent and purred, soft and warm in his nest.

He woke hours later, and found himself warm and comfortable, but hungry. He looked around at the dark room and realized it was late, which was confirmed by him checking his phone and finding that it was already just past 9:00. He took a deep breath and listened closely, but couldn't smell or hear any evidence of Jungkook being home. He wanted to get up and cook dinner, but he also wanted Jungkook to eat with him. His clingy side wanted to curl up in his lap and feed him, and then be held and maybe fucked. Unlocking his phone he sent the Alpha a text message, hoping he wasn't interrupting his work.

Jimin: Hey, sorry to bother you but I was wondering if I should eat without you?

Jimin watched his phone screen and after a few moments saw the three dots at the bottom appear and disappear, then a message came through.

Jungkook: Sorry Baby. We got caught up with work. I'll head home now.

He felt bad, like he was getting in the way of him working, and typed back a message as fast as he could manage.

Jimin: Don't rush! I was just checking because I'm hungry but I can eat alone

Jungkook: It's okay sweetheart. You want me to pick up dinner on the way home?

That made him laugh. Of course. Jungkook always worried about him overworking himself, when in reality, he felt like nothing but a layabout these days. He used to work until past midnight 6 days a week and, now he spent whatever time he wasn't at school nesting and browsing the internet on his phone, sometimes watching TV. At this rate, he was going to get spoiled, which he did not want. He was a hard worker, and maybe... he would allow himself to be spoiled just a bit more than usual just during his pre-heat.

Jimin: No, I'm about to start cooking.

Jungkook: Okay, little one. I'll be home soon.

Jimin smiled at that and crawled out of bed, pulling on a tall pair of baby blue socks to keep his feet and legs warm and headed off to the kitchen happily to cook.

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When Jungkook arrived home it was to the smell of cooking food, and after pulling off his coat and setting his things aside, he called out a greeting and walked into the kitchen to find Jimin looking serene and soft as he stood in front of the stove and stirred a large pot. The Omega looked over his shoulder at him, and he was adorable, with a fresh face and messy hair, clad in his navy hoodie.

"Welcome home." He said before turning the fire down on the pot and setting his spoon aside to walk over and greet him.

The Alpha wrapped Jimin up in his embrace and pressed a kiss to the crown of his head before the Omega looked up at him and he was able to steal a proper kiss. He watched as the smaller male bloomed with color and smiled up at him, clearly happy with the attention he was receiving and he pressed another kiss to that irresistible smile.

"Let me go change and I'll be right back, okay sweetheart?"

"Okay." Jimin said and stepped back as Jungkook released him.

The Alpha pressed one more kiss to his forehead before leaving the kitchen to go get changed into comfortable clothes, which meant sweats, since that's all he ever wore at home. It had occurred to him that he always wore only bottoms and Jimin for the most part only wore tops, usually his hoodies. He supposed that together they made one full outfit and that thought made him smile. Yet another way that they were perfectly matched. He changed quickly into grey sweats and found his way back to the kitchen, walking up behind Jimin and wrapping his arms around him from behind, leaning his head down to rest his chin on his shoulder as his hands found their way inevitably under the hoodie he was wearing to trace soft fingertips over the soft skin of his belly. The 'no touching in the kitchen' rule had been rolled back to 'no sex in the kitchen', which was still hard to follow, but Jungkook did his best.

“What did you do today, little one?” Jungkook asked as he held Jimin and traced his hands over his soft skin.

“I went shopping for my family’s Christmas gifts, then went to the clinic to get a birth control shot for my upcoming heat. Those shots always make me so tired and moody, so I came home and went to sleep until I called you.”

Jungkook felt bad that Jimin wasn’t feeling well. He knew that the birth control shot was necessary, but he didn’t like the idea of Jimin going alone, or of him driving when he was tired and not feeling well.

“Baby, you should have told me. I would have taken you.” Jungkook admonished quietly, his arms tightening around Jimin. “You shouldn’t drive when you aren’t feeling well.”

Jimin turned his face and pressed a kiss to his cheek.

“It’s okay. You were busy today. I know you had work to do, and I just wanted to get it done in case I go into heat early.”

Jungkook’s arms tightened and he squeezed him tight in his embrace as he spoke, trying to impress his honesty.

“I’m never too busy to take care of you, little one. Don’t ever worry about that. If you asked me, I would have taken you. I want you to be safe and healthy, so don’t stress over those things again. Let me worry about the hard things, and you just worry about being happy. Okay, Baby?”

Jimin was emotional, his surging, fluctuating hormones making him feel vulnerable and needy, and honestly, the idea of being taken care of, of not having to worry about hard things was so tempting and beautiful an idea. He felt tears well up in his eyes and he tried to suppress it, but he let out a soft hiccupping sob without meaning to. One of Jungkook’s hands reached forward and turned off the fire to the burner, and Jimin instantly turned around in his hold and buried his face against his chest as he cried quietly and his little hands curled against his sides.

“I’m sorry... I’m sorry...” Jimin husked out between sobs.

“What are you sorry for, little one? You didn’t do anything wrong.”

“I’m just emotional and hormonal right now. Sorry I’m acting so crazy.”

Jungkook petted him gently down his back, trying to comfort him.

“Hey now, none of that. You’re not acting crazy. Just relax, sweetheart. You’re safe.” The Alpha soothed. “Believe me, you’re going to see me in pre-rut one day and I promise that a little crying is going to be nothing to the asshole I am during that time. You’re still my sweet, good boy and you have nothing to worry about. Daddy will take care of everything, just like always. Isn’t that right?”

Jimin nodded and sniffled, and looked up at him, teary but smiling.

“That’s my Omega.”

Jungkook tapped the end of his nose lightly with one finger and Jimin giggled and wiggled in his embrace, his mood uplifting and his scent sweetening as the scent of rain dissipated. He wiped his eyes with one of his little sweater paws and reached up on his tippy toes to press a kiss to his lips.

“Dinner’s done.”

They ate, like always on the couch with Jimin in his lap, feeding them both. After they were done, the Omega curled up there, clearly wanting to be cuddled and Jungkook acquiesced to his silent request for affection. He held him and made soft, sweet praises, which made the Omega relax and calmed him until he was dozing in his arms. After a while, he carried him off to bed and laid him out there. Jimin awoke as he was laid on the bed and he looked up at the Alpha groggy and half-asleep.

“Daddy?”

“Yeah, little one. It’s me. It’s Daddy.”

“Mmn... Fuck me?” He asked, softly in his slightly slurring speech.

Jungkook wanted to laugh at the characteristic request. Of course, his little insatiable sex kitten. Even now, on the edge of sleep, he was asking to be taken.

“Is that what you want, Baby?”

“Mm-hm.”

Jimin pulled up his hoodie and Jungkook watched as he clumsily pushed his panties down and, leaving the hoodie and socks in place as he kicked them off toward the end of the bed and rolled over, raising up on his knees, chest still pressed to the bed, presenting himself so unabashedly as he arched his back and started up a soft purr.

“Fuck...” Jungkook whispered softly, looking at the offering before him.

The Alpha pushed his own bottoms off and climbed up onto the bed behind his pretty boy. He slid his body down and propped his weight on his elbows and used his hands to pull the Omega’s cheeks apart and expose his lightly glistening entrance, soft and pink as ever. He licked a long stripe up, over his hole and the Omega under him jerked softly and moaned before pushing back against his mouth. Jungkook growled at the sweetness of Jimin’s slick, even sweeter than usual because his heat was nearing. The Alpha felt like he could do this for hours, and never get tired of it. He started slowly, keeping the pace and intensity to a simmer as the sleepy Omega relaxed into his pleasuring. He pushed his tongue inside without warning and Jimin cried out into his pillow and quivered as his body tensed. He pushed back against his tongue in little shifting movements and then stopped, as if realizing what he was doing. Jungkook pulled back and licked up the slick that had started to slide down Jimin’s perineum to his balls before speaking.

“It’s okay, little one. Work yourself back against me. Fuck yourself on my tongue, Baby.” Jungkook growled lowly, voice thick and syrupy.

Jungkook didn’t give him a chance to answer before pushing his tongue back inside him, along with a finger, stretching him open farther, and Jimin didn’t hesitate to do as he was told, pushing back against him and letting himself part open on the Alpha’s tongue again and again. Another finger was added and they curled to press against his prostate, which had Jimin’s body going weak as he trembled and whimpered into the pillow below him, trying his best to move back against Jungkook’s probing tongue and fingers until he throbbed and came without any warning, biting the pillow at the unexpected lightning strike of pleasure straight down his spine.

“Nngh... cumming... cumming, Daddy!” Jimin ground out through his mouthful of fabric.

Jungkook worked him through his orgasm and when he finally pulled back, Jimin’s body seemed unable to hold up it’s own weight and his knees slid back until he was laying flat on his belly. The

Alpha smoothed a hand up his spine, under the hoodie he was still wearing.

“You okay, Baby?”

“Mmmm...” Was Jimin’s only answer.

“Alright, little one. I’ll get a washcloth and clean you up.” Jungkook said, clearly thinking the Omega was too worn out for any more.

Jimin turned his head and whined softly, arching his back to push his ass up just a bit, one of his small hands moving down to pull his cheek to the side, exposing his shimmering pink entrance.

“No... fuck me. Daddy, you said you would fuck me.”

When would he learn? Jungkook smiled to himself as he stared down at his pretty boy and thought that he ought to know by now that when Jimin says he wants to be fucked... well, he knows what he wants. He smoothed his hand up and down his spine one more time and moved to straddle his thighs, lining his cock up with the Omega’s entrance, he pushed inside as he laid his larger body against Jimin’s back. Wrapping his arms up under his torso, he held him and buried his face into the Omega’s neck, nosing aside the fabric of the hoodie so he could suck and bite at his sensitive scent gland and Jimin moaned and purred simultaneously.

Jimin loved the feeling of being wrapped up in Jungkook’s arms, his larger body encasing him and creating a protective cave of heat around him. He was feeling very needy and as Jungkook held him in his strong arms and moved inside his body, he was finally settled. This was what he’d been craving all day. This feeling of safety and warmth, of being cared for and protected. There was something about an impending heat that always made him feel jumpy and a little scared. Maybe it was simply the fear of Alphas, who reacted so instinctively to his scent and sometimes got too close, too aggressive. But with Jungkook, there was no fear. Nothing could ever harm him while he was there and that feeling of longed-for security made him purr more as his whimpers mixed in and he felt tears spring to his eyes again. He turned his face down into the pillow to hide them, but of course, his Daddy knew him all too well. He slowed his movements and moved one hand up, to turn his face. He pressed a soft kiss to his lips.

“You alright, Jimin?”

Jimin nodded and looked at the Alpha.

“You make me feel safe.” He replied in explanation and Jungkook seemed to understand as he pressed a soft kiss to his lips.

“You ‘are’ safe. You’re always safe with me.” Jungkook said and pressed another kiss to his lips and started to shift his hips again. “I’ll make sure you’re always safe.”

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As they lay in bed together, in the aftermath of several rounds of sex, Jungkook turned to Jimin and gently traced his fingertips over the side of his face, causing the Omega to slowly blink open his heavy lids at him. Jimin smiled sleepily and rolled over with a soft groan, into his embrace. Jimin had insisted on a plug, and the Alpha could feel the small swell of his belly pressing against him. Jungkook knew they needed to get up and clean up, but at the moment, he was happy just holding Jimin and pressing his nose down into his soft blond hair. He took in his sweet vanilla scent and thought he could detect the faintest hint of heat pheromones in him. He knew it would only get stronger, and the prospect of their Christmas stay with Jimin’s parents suddenly felt fraught with

danger for them. How on Earth was he supposed to stay with them for two weeks with Jimin in pre-heat. He could barely keep his hands to himself when he wasn't in heat. He was going to be so rock hard that whole time it would be a miracle if he didn't die of blue balls, and he knew Jimin well enough to know that he wasn't going to make it easy on him. Jimin was a needy baby at the best of times, but he could only imagine him in pre-heat. He put those thoughts aside for the moment and pressed a kiss to the soft hair he had his face buried in.

“Little one?”

“Hmm?”

“I want to take you somewhere this weekend, just the two of us, so we can spend a little time alone before the trip to Busan.”

Jimin pulled back and looked up at him with sleepy, but curious eyes.

“Where are we going?”

“It's a surprise.”

“Daddy... How am I supposed to know what to pack if you don't tell me where we're going?” Jimin pouted.

“Just pack a few extra outfits into your suitcase, since you're packing for the two weeks with your parents anyway. You'll be fine.”

Jungkook watched as Jimin's eyes narrowed and he was clearly deep in thought, trying to find a way around Jungkook's refusal to answer, which the Alpha found amusing.

“Is the trip my gift?” Jimin asked.

“No, but you will get your gift when we get there.”

After a moment, Jimin just shrugged and seemed to give up, too tired to argue.

“Okay. Just hold me for now. I'm sleepy.”

“We have to go shower, little one. We need to get your plug out before bed.”

Jimin actually drew back from him and his scent wilted and got smoky. The Omega pushed at his chest with his hands and Jungkook was surprised to see tears shining in his eyes. Jimin hiccuped a little sound of anguish and whimpered.

“Please... please let me keep it in, just this once. I promise I'll take it out in the morning...” Jimin hiccuped a little sob and his hands curled against his chest, his short nails scratching at Jungkook's skin. “I'll be good, Daddy... please don't take it out... just this once...”

Jungkook felt his stomach twist at Jimin's sudden distress and pulled him back into his body, wrapping him up in a hug and rubbing his back.

“Hey there, just relax Baby. Okay. You can keep it in. It's okay, sweetheart, you're not in trouble. Just calm down, you're alright.” Jungkook soothed as he held Jimin and pressed a soft kiss to his temple. Jimin buried his face in the Alpha's chest and held onto him as he trembled and Jungkook continued to stroke his skin and comfort him for a little longer, knowing he was feeling vulnerable. “Shh... it's okay. Daddy's got you, little one. I won't let anything bad happen. You know that,



right? You know Daddy will take care of you.”

Jimin nodded against his chest, and squeezed in just a little closer.

“I know.”

Jungkook held him until his shaking stopped and his scent cleared, quietly praising him and petting over his soft skin until the Omega was calm, before carrying him off for a bath. He felt so bad for his pretty boy. He’d heard over the years that pre-heats were hard on Omegas, and he knew that the hormones in birth control wreaked even more havoc with their already fluctuating emotions. He wished that there was more he could do for him, that there was some magic cure for the things that ailed him, but he knew that there was not. He just had to be gentle with him and make sure he had what he needed. He didn’t mind caring for Jimin. He actually rather enjoyed having someone to take care of, to come home to.

He bathed him, kneeling next to the tub and once he was clean, he left him there for a few minutes while he quickly showered, changed the bedding, cleaned up the mess from dinner a little, and plugged in their phones. He pulled the sleepy Omega from the water and dried him off, as he dozed, his head tipping this way and that before he jolted awake and tried to stay conscious. He didn’t bother dressing him, not wanting to wake him up or make him too uncomfortable, and just put him to bed naked, following his example as he climbed in and wrapped himself around his little one. They were both asleep in moments.

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Jimin woke when Jungkook pulled away from him to get up for work. He whined and rolled over into the Alpha’s spot, burying his face in his pillow and bundling the covers around him as he soaked in the heat of Jungkook’s spot. He heard a soft chuckle and turned his face to see Jungkook watching him. The Alpha just reached down and stroked his fingers through Jimin’s messy hair.

“Good morning, Baby. Are you feeling better?”

“Mm-hm.”

“That’s good. I’ve got to get ready for work, but I’ll come tell you goodbye before I go.”

“Okay.”

Jimin fell asleep again, and woke when a gentle hand caressed the side of his face. He blinked open his eyes to see Jungkook dressed for work in his usual suit and tie, looking handsome and powerful as ever. He purred at the touch and smiled as he rolled onto his back, the covers shifting down as he stretched and became aware of the aching fullness in his lower belly. Jungkook looked down at him with a soft smile and sat on the edge of the bed, his big hand stroking down Jimin’s body to rest over the little mound of his belly.

“It’s time for me to go, little one. Do you want me to help you take your plug out before I go, or do you want to do it alone?”

Jimin looked down at his belly and pouted, but he knew that Jungkook was right. He needed to take it out, and he could always get him to fill him back up when he got home from work. But as he thought about being alone and taking it out, he felt emotions bubble up in him that made him want to cry. He looked up at Jungkook, rather helplessly as he spoke.

“Help me?”

“Of course, Baby.”

Jungkook stood and pulled off his suit jacket before rolling his sleeves up to his elbows and picking Jimin up from the bed. The Omega leaned his head against Jungkook’s shoulder and allowed himself to be carried to the bathroom and set on his feet in front of the sink so he could brush his teeth while Jungkook filled the tub shallowly with warm water. Once he was done brushing his teeth and the Alpha turned off the tap, Jimin stepped in and sat in the water that came up just over his hips. He turned his head when Jungkook cupped the side of his face and sighed softly when the Alpha connected their lips in a gentle kiss, his thumb softly stroking his jaw.

“Okay, Minnie. Are you ready?”

Jimin pouted but nodded and opened his legs, allowing Jungkook to reach between them and gently extract the plug from him. He turned his face into the Alpha’s neck to hide the tears in his eyes as he was emptied out. He bit his lip and tried to breathe as Jungkook pushed two fingers inside him to help clean him out, and before long, it was done. The Alpha wrapped his arms around him and kissed the top of his head as Jimin sniffled and held onto him until he mastered himself and was able to pull back. Jungkook used his thumbs to wipe away his tears.

“You okay?”

“Yeah. Sorry for this.”

“You don’t need to apologize, sweetheart. I know this is hard for you, especially right now.” Jungkook pressed a kiss to his forehead. “Let’s get you out of there and into something warm before I go. How does that sound?”

Jimin nodded and allowed himself to be pulled out of the tub. Jungkook dried him off and shepherded him out into the bedroom, where the Omega was sat on the edge of the bed while the Alpha got him something to wear. Jungkook looked through the drawer of panties and socks and picked out a cute pair of white ones with little pink ice cream cones on them, pink and white striped tall socks and a white hoodie. He took them out into the room and dressed Jimin, admiring how adorable he was in his little outfit. Once he was dressed, Jimin stood and wrapped his arms around him, laying his head on his chest as he squeezed him.

“Thank you for being so nice to me.”

“You don’t have to thank me, but you’re welcome, sweetheart.”

Jungkook fixed his sleeves and put his suit jacket back on. Jimin tagged along beside him as he gathered his things and put on his coat. He insisted on a proper kiss at the door before he left and the Alpha couldn’t help but smile as he pulled Jimin against his body and kissed him, long and deep, letting just a little of his desire pour into the connection as he plundered his mouth. As he stepped back Jimin looked so lonely and cute there in his outfit and Jungkook felt like an asshole for leaving him, but he had things to get done before his vacation. He pressed one more kiss to Jimin’s lush lips and stepped back, ready to leave, when he remembered.

“Oh, I left you something on the counter, little one.”

“Okay, Daddy. Have a good day at work.”

“See you this evening, pretty boy.”

Jimin smiled and nodded as Jungkook left, and as soon as he was gone, he skipped off to the kitchen to find his surprise, curious what it could be. As he stopped there, he felt his smile falter as

he looked at what Jungkook had left him. A note... and a check. He picked up the note first.

'I realized that it was time for your next allowance. You're such a treasure to me, so please accept it.'

Jimin picked up the check and looked at it. His eyes fell to the amount and his mouth fell open. Jungkook had given him a check for fifty thousand dollars. He knew that he should be happy. He should be jumping for joy... but he felt a cold emptiness inside him as he looked at the check. What had he been expecting? He was a sugar baby, even if it didn't feel like that sometimes, that was the honest truth of their relationship. He stubbornly brushed away tears and set the check back on the counter, clutching the note to his chest and feeling stupid as he hiccuped out a quiet sob.

Gods... what was wrong with him? He felt so stupid, crying over something that should make him happy. But, it was such a stark reminder that he was just a plaything. He could be discarded at a moment's notice. So much of his life was now being safeguarded by Jungkook. If he was tossed aside, he'd have no place to live, no source of income... and the deeper needs that he had developed because of Jungkook. Who would take care of him and make him warm and happy? Who would guide him through such perfect, exquisite, agonizing pleasure? Who could ever take the place of someone who was now so essential to his everyday life?

Jimin turned and walked slowly back to Jungkook's room, curling up on his spot and crying until he was too tired to cry anymore, and he fell asleep with the note still clutched in his hand.

# A Safe Place

## Chapter Summary

Jungkook gives Jimin his gift.

## Chapter Notes

Please enjoy!

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Jungkook held Jimin's hand as he drove them to the house he'd bought for Jimin. His little one had been down since yesterday, and he wasn't quite sure what the cause was. He wondered if it had something to do with the check he'd given him. Had it been too little? Too much? Was he thinking too far into it and it had nothing to do with him? Was it simply his pre-heat hormones making his emotions fluctuate? He didn't know. He'd come home yesterday to an apartment that smelled like rain. His pretty boy was sad. He'd found him nested in the far corner of the living room, curled in a little ball. His eyes were puffy and red, and he still smelled like rain, even in his sleep. He'd pulled off his suit jacket and gotten into Jimin's little nest, waking him up as he wrapped himself around the Omega who immediately started to cry again. He hadn't known what to do, and on asking what was wrong, Jimin had just shaken his head and rolled around in his embrace to cry into his chest. He hated whatever was upsetting him, but the Omega wouldn't tell him, and when he'd finally spoken, he'd just said it was the hormones in the birth control. Somehow... Jungkook didn't think so.

As he drove with one hand, he stroked his thumb over the knuckles of Jimin's hand and occasionally glanced over at the Omega who was staring out the window as the city disappeared and nature reclaimed the landscape. He wished he knew what was wrong. He wanted him to smile again. He wanted his scent to sweeten and for him to laugh and smile and tease him, like always. But, he sat looking out the window at the snow-covered landscape, smelling wilted and rainy. Sad.

Jimin knew that Jungkook was worried about him. He could feel it in the hand occasionally squeezing his own and the glances that the Alpha kept flicking his way. He wished he could just pull himself together, and he was doing his best. At least he'd stopped crying, which was something. Yesterday, he'd spent hours crying until he fell asleep and then he'd cried more. The facts of his situation had been impressed on him so deeply that he'd felt it all the way to his soul. He'd never felt so... worthless than he had in those moments, which was ridiculous. Fifty thousand dollars was no small amount and he knew that. Somehow, he'd forgotten what their relationship really was during all the weeks of being treated like... well, like a boyfriend. He'd started to regard the Alpha with more than your usual deference. He longed for him when he wasn't there, and wanted him to look only at him, touch only him. That was not what they had agreed to, and he knew he wasn't being fair.

He'd laid in bed until the afternoon, and finally he'd gotten up, dressed and gone to the bank to

deposit the check. Though his heart told him to tear it up, or burn it, or shove it into the garbage disposal. He didn't want to even look at it. Maybe he was selfish, and maybe he was only setting himself up for disappointment, but he wanted to stay with Jungkook for as long as he could. He didn't even want the money, but he was afraid. He was terrified that if the Alpha found out his secret desires, he'd break off their arrangement... and he needed Jungkook now. He'd become dependent on the Alpha. He resolved himself to take what he could get, and he was still warring with himself deep down to be content with that. He sighed as he watched snow covered trees passing the windows. He felt so... listless, like all the joy was drained from him. He knew he was being moody and that he needed to get it together. He didn't want to ruin this trip that Jungkook was taking him on. He was surprised when he noticed them pulling over to the side of the road, and he turned to see Jungkook turn on the hazard lights, making a soft 'tic, tic, tic' in the quiet car. He looked at the Alpha and found him already staring at him.

"Why did we pull over?" Jimin asked softly.

Jungkook reached over and cupped Jimin's cheek, stroking his thumb back and forth over the soft skin there.

"Little one... tell me what's wrong." Jungkook asked, voice thick with suppressed emotion.

"N-nothing. I'm fine."

Jimin cringed at how false his voice sounded, even to his own ears. He knew he wasn't very convincing and he saw Jungkook's brows draw down further.

"Baby, you're making the car smell like rain and you haven't smiled all day. Please tell me what's going on. I promise I'll fix it for you. No matter what it is. You know I just want you to be happy, right?"

Jimin felt traitorous tears fill his eyes and slip over his lower lashes. He wiped them away instantly and looked down, unable to meet Jungkook's eyes and when he spoke, his voice was just a whisper.

"I just... I'm scared."

Jungkook's entire body felt hot. Scared? The idea of someone scaring his sweet vanilla boy made him wild with protective anger. But as he watched him, he didn't think it was the kind of fear he originally assumed. Something told him that this was deeper than that. He gently turned Jimin's face up with a finger under the chin and felt his stomach clench up at the tears in those beautiful gray eyes.

"What are you scared of?"

Jimin's lips trembled and his throat ached as he tried to contain a sob. He took a deep breath and as he exhaled, his body betrayed him and he felt his face crumple as he started to cry for what felt like the millionth time in the last twenty-four hours.

"I-I..." Jimin started but broke off as his sobs grew more intense and he struggled to take breaths through his heaving cries.

Jungkook unbuckled Jimin's seatbelt and moved his own seat back, to make room before pulling the Omega across the center console and into his lap. He wrapped him up in his embrace as Jimin turned into his neck and cried. The Alpha felt tears in his own eyes. He hated this. He would give anything, do anything in that moment to stop Jimin's distress.

“Baby... Baby, it’s okay. Don’t cry, little one. Please don’t cry anymore.” Jungkook whispered into his hair as he squeezed him against his chest. “Please tell me what’s wrong. Let me help you.”

“I’m afraid you’re going to get tired of me... “ Jimin husked out, his hands gripping the Alpha’s shirt. “W-what am I supposed to do without you? I n-need you... Please don’t leave me.”

Jimin could say no more, his body heaving as his throat closed up and he took jolting little breaths through his tears, face still pressed into the Alpha’s neck, his tears hot against the Alpha’s skin. Finally, Jungkook understood what was happening. Jimin was feeling insecure. Jungkook used his hand to turn Jimin’s face up to look at him.

“Jimin, I’m not going to leave you. My sweet, perfect little Minnie. I’m not going to get tired of you. How can I get tired of someone I can’t even keep up with, huh? You’re my pretty vanilla baby, and you’re mine. Haven’t I told you how special and rare you are to me? You’re one of a kind, and I’m not going to abandon you.”

Jimin sniffed and hiccupped and swiped at his tears with his sweater paws.

“Really?”

“Really.”

Jimin felt himself ease deep down inside as he looked into Jungkook’s dark doe eyes and saw only sincerity there. The Alpha really wasn’t intending to leave him or push him aside, and he had told Jimin on more than one occasion that he was special to him, that he was different than anyone he’d ever been with. Jimin let that soothe his anxiety. He remembered the way that Jungkook had broken off business with one of his vendors for him, how he always took such good care of him. Maybe, just maybe... if he was patient, then someday, this would be more than just sex for money. Maybe they could be something more. For now though, this would do.

Jungkook’s tension drained as Jimin smiled at him. A real smile with crescent eyes and white teeth and his vanilla scent cleared and sweetened and became the soft, pretty scent he was used to. The Alpha leaned forward and pressed his nose into his neck to inhale him deeply, letting out the breath on a happy sigh.

“Vanilla.”

Jimin giggled and wiped his face again, removing the last of his tears, though the evidence of crying was still there in the wet lashes and red cheeks, but the smile now adorning his face was enough to have Jungkook smiling too. The Alpha gave him a soft kiss, lightly connecting their lips and letting their noses bump together as he pulled back.

“Sorry...” Jimin said, somewhat awkwardly, little hands twisting in his lap as he looks down.

“There’s nothing to be sorry for. I just don’t want you to be sad, little one, so please don’t cry. If something’s bothering you, tell me.”

Jimin nodded and turned his face to press a soft kiss to Jungkook’s cheek.

“Thank you.”

“You’re more than welcome, sweetheart.”

They stayed like that for a few more minutes until Jimin’s scent was totally clear and sweet, and then he climbed back over to his own chair, accidentally hitting the horn with his butt and sending

a flock of birds scattering from a nearby tree. Once he was settled in his own seat, Jungkook took his hand in his again, lacing their fingers and bringing them up to his mouth to kiss Jimin's knuckles.

"Are you ready? We're almost there."

"Yeah."

Jimin finally relaxed into his heated seat and let himself calm down. He wanted to spend as much time with Jungkook as he could, and he wanted that time to be spent happily. It wouldn't add anything to either of their lives to sulk and be upset over something that he couldn't change. He had his Alpha right now, and that's all that mattered. He turned his thoughts toward the prospect of a whole weekend all alone with Jungkook, and that cheered him up immensely. When he'd been packing, he'd noticed that quite a few things were missing from their drawer of toys and restraints, and he wondered what exactly Jungkook had planned for him this weekend. Whatever it was, he knew he'd love it. He loved everything that the Alpha did to him. He was after all, his perfect, handsome Daddy.

They turned onto a small lane that disappeared between the trees as it curved toward their unseen destination. Jungkook was glad to see that Jimin was feeling better, and he promised himself to do what he could to make him feel more secure through the weekend. When they left on Sunday, they would be headed to Jimin's parents house to stay for two weeks. Now that the event had arrived, he wondered what he'd been thinking when he accepted the invitation. Of course, he hadn't known then that Jimin would be in pre-heat. He honestly just didn't want to spend another Christmas alone. Then, as the time passed, he'd started to grow more and more dependent on Jimin, not just for sex, but for the comfort he gave him, the soft, adoring praise and care that his little one directed at him. He'd started to need him around, look forward to going home each day and finding him either nested, cooking, or waiting for him in his bed, wet and ready to be taken. Somehow, it didn't feel like money for sex to him anymore. It felt like he had taken the Omega under his care, to shelter and protect. He wanted him to be warm, happy and safe, always.

Jimin watched the trees as they wound their way down a long drive and just as he saw the clearing ahead, they turned and in front of him the house was revealed. It was beautiful, too big to be a cabin, but too small to be called a mansion. It was two stories, split level and it was absolutely gorgeous. Covered in snow, it looked like something out of a Christmas ad. He leaned forward and took in the place, mouth falling open as they got closer and really looked at it. It looked so homey and comfortable, like the kind of place that he wanted to nest in and hide away with Jungkook until his pre-heat and heat passed, and that made him antsy to get inside and look around.

"What do you think?" Jungkook asked, as they stopped in front of the walkway and he put the car in park.

"It's perfect! It's so... romantic. Thank you for bringing me here." Jimin said, looking at Jungkook with a huge smile.

The Alpha felt himself swell with pride at those words, his feelings toward his little one so gentle and fond as he looked at his smiling countenance and smelled the happiness by the sweetness in his scent. He glanced at the house and had to admit that, with the glittering snow and the beauty of nature all around them, that it really was pretty romantic and he was glad. He wanted Jimin to love his gift.

"I'm happy that you like it. Let's go in."

Jungkook insisted on carrying their bags, much to Jimin's consternation as he was left just to carry

his small bag that held his hair and makeup things. But he followed along as Jungkook carried their suitcases up the pathway, snow crunching under his feet, and up the stairs that were thankfully salted still. The Alpha unlocked the door and moved aside to let Jimin go in first. The Omega wiped his feet and entered the house, kicking off his snowy boots in the entryway and stepping into the hallway. There was enough light coming through the windows from outside that he easily found the lightswitches and turned them on one at a time until the vestibule and the living room were illuminated. He took a step forward, to look just as Jungkook made it through the door with their belongings. Jimin set his small burden down and went to help pull the suitcases into the hallway so Jungkook could get his shoes off.

They left their things there for the moment and walked together, farther into the house. Jimin took in everything. The place seemed to be themed yellow and white, his favorite colors. The whole space was so... fresh and open. As they walked into the living room, he gasped and walked to the wall of windows all along one side, showing the beautiful scene of trees and distant mountain peaks. It was a lovely view all dusted in pure, white snow. It was too pretty to be real and as he stared, he felt Jungkook behind him, and strong arms wrapped around his waist from behind as a kiss was pressed to his temple.

“It’s so beautiful.”

“It is a pretty view. But I like mine better.”

Jimin looked at the Alpha and saw that he was staring at him. Jimin realized what he’d meant and laughed, softly smacking one of the Alpha’s arms as he threw his head back against his shoulder.

“You’re so cheesy.”

“You love it. I know you’re weak for praise.”

Jimin gasped as if offended and looked at the Alpha with a scandalized expression.

“The slander...” Jimin said, putting a hand to his chest and turning fully in the Alpha’s hold to look up at him. “You make me out to be some kind of... narcissist.”

It was Jungkook’s turn to laugh, and Jimin felt his belly tighten at the way the Alpha always looked like a bunny when he truly smiled and laughed. But his laughter died as he turned Jimin’s face up with a finger under the chin and pressed a soft kiss to his lips.

“So... you don’t want me to tell you how pretty and sweet you are... how sexy you are when you’re Daddy’s good boy?”

“I... but...” Jimin tried, and realized he’d fallen right into Jungkook’s little verbal trap. “That’s... different.”

“Oh, of course. You only like praise when you’re naked? Is that it?” The Alpha asked, voice a little deeper and huskier.

Jimin felt himself go pink in the cheeks as warmth rushed under his skin and arousal pooled in his belly, but he stepped back and wagged a finger at him.

“No. No sex until we at least tour the house.”

“Well, then let’s get this tour over with.”

Jimin turned and was about to walk toward the kitchen he could peek through an archway, but



stopped in his tracks as he saw a very familiar sight. There on the wall was a large, slightly messy painting of a sunflower, done in watercolors. He moved toward it without thought, just walking forward until he was right in front of the canvas. He studied it for a moment, and was sure it was the same one that Jungkook had bought at the Seoul Arts Gala. But... how had it ended up here? His mind worked rather slowly, but suddenly his mind returned to that night in more detail. Jungkook saying he was going to buy him a... oh. He turned around on the spot and found the Alpha holding two things, a key and an envelope.

“Jungkook... tell me you didn’t.” Jimin said, hand going to his mouth as the truth dawned on him.

“It’s all yours.” Jungkook said and looked a bit worried. “I know you have a hard time accepting my gifts. But I bought this place for you because... I want you always to have a safe place to go, no matter what.” Jungkook stepped forward and looked at him with desperate honesty in his eyes. “Baby, your heat is coming up and I want somewhere private, somewhere special, just for us. I want to be alone with you, so I can take care of you. And... I want you to have somewhere that’s yours, somewhere warm and safe. Please accept it.”

Jimin’s eyes went impossibly wide and he felt tears gather at his lashes. Somehow, this gift felt so... personal. It didn’t feel like the check, or even any of the other gifts the Alpha had given him. This was something that Jungkook had bought for him, for them both to spend his heat in, for him to have a safe place, no matter what. He didn’t doubt that what was in the envelope was the deed to the place. As much as he didn’t like to accept Jungkook’s expensive gifts, and gods he could only imagine how much this place had cost... He couldn’t turn it down. This was more than a mere trinket or money. This was a gesture. A very promising one. Maybe he was crazy, but this felt like something an Alpha would do for their Omega. This was beyond friends, beyond sugar daddy/sugar baby. This was... real. Or at least it felt so close to it that he couldn’t tell the difference.

Jungkook was not expecting to be practically attacked, but he was far from complaining as Jimin launched himself into his arms and the Alpha dropped the key and envelope as he caught Jimin against his chest and they toppled backward. Thankfully the sofa broke their fall and before Jungkook could even get control of the situation, Jimin was straddling him and pushing his tongue into his mouth, kissing him with desperate enthusiasm. The Alpha just gripped Jimin’s hips and held on for dear life as he was kissed through the Omega’s whimpers and Jimin’s small, soft hands pulled and tugged at their clothes, breaking the kiss to get his own sweater off, but only managing to push Jungkook’s shirt up under his arms before the Omega was wiggling out of his fleece leggings and panties until they hung off one leg, just enough to allow him to expose himself.

The Alpha wasn’t sure exactly what to do except to accept Jimin’s sudden enthusiasm as his jeans were opened and pulled down just enough to free his already hard cock. The Omega straddled him and sunk down on his cock without any preparation. His hands gripped Jimin’s hips to try and stop him but the Omega sunk down in one fast move, taking him inside without any stretching or foreplay.

“Baby, Baby... stop, you’re going to hurt your... nnggh...self... fuck...”

“Need you, Daddy... ahn... need it...”

Jimin didn’t care if it hurt, which it did, a little, but he was fully in pre-heat now and his body knew what it needed, accepting the Alpha’s cock with little difficulty. The burn faded quickly as Jimin started to ride Jungkook in quick, little jolting bounces. His small hands clamored at the Alpha’s chest, his arms holding his weight up. He let out soft moans as he moved and Jungkook’s cock brushed over his prostate. He’d never been so forward during sex, but he couldn’t control

himself. After the previous day of feeling so... cheap and unwanted, he needed this closeness. Jungkook's words in the car, him practically begging Jimin to take this house. It felt real, and even if he was just fooling himself, he'd allow himself to be fooled. Because he wanted nothing more than this. He wanted Jungkook in a way he hadn't even known that he could want an Alpha.

Jungkook's eyes squeezed shut and his head fell back against the sofa cushions as Jimin rode him. He hadn't been expecting sex in that moment, and he hadn't been ready for it so suddenly, but just like always his body had responded the instant Jimin touched him. He was so gone for this pretty Omega, who had no idea how much he had Jungkook wrapped around his adorable, small fingers. The pleasure was immense as it rocketed up his spine. He groaned and held onto Jimin's hips with hard, punishing hands that he knew would probably bruise, but Jimin was moaning and bouncing on his cock so perfectly that he could already feel the throbbing pulse of his heartbeat in his cock as pleasure raced through his veins like electricity and his body raced toward his orgasm.

Jimin's whole body felt hot, sweat dewed on his skin as waves of heat rushed through him and only increased his desperation. His pre-heat had never felt so strong before. Of course, he'd never had an Alpha he wanted the way he wanted Jungkook, with him during it either. All he knew was that he needed Jungkook's cock inside him with a powerful need that clouded all his higher reasoning. His hands braced on the Alpha's pecs, nails scratching at the shirt under them as he moved. His cock was rock hard and leaking, jutting out from his hips and bouncing with his movements, softy smacking against Jungkook's hard abdomen where his shirt had been pushed up, on each little roll of his hips. He was so close to cumming already, but he could tell that Jungkook was too. The Alpha's eyes were squeezed shut and his lip between his teeth, and he could feel the subtle swell of his knot trying to form on each downstroke. The bigger it got, the closer he came to his release until finally his body throbbed and pulsed with pleasure. He came with a harsh cry of pleasure as his spine arched and his body seized up around the Alpha's cock, pulling him into his release, as his knot formed inside him and Jimin felt the welcome flood of cum into his needful body and he collapsed onto Jungkook's chest, panting hard and fast.

"I thought you said no sex until after the house tour."

Jimin laughed and smacked the chest under him.

"You bought me a house, what was I supposed to do?"

Jungkook wrapped his arms around the Omega and hugged him close.

"Is this what happens when I buy you a house? Because I'll buy you a whole housing development next." Jungkook said with a laugh as Jimin shyly hid his face in his chest, little button nose pressing against his shirt.

"Don't make fun of me. I'm in pre-heat. You have to be nice." Jimin said, voice muffled.

"I'm sorry, little one. I'll be nice."

Jimin peeked up at him from his chest and his big grey eyes were sparkly and a little glassy.

"Tell me I'm pretty." He demanded.

"You're the prettiest."

"And soft."

"So soft. The softest ever."

“And sexy.”

Jungkook swiveled his hips a bit, shifting the knot inside him and making Jimin’s face go lax for a moment.

“You’re the sexiest Omega I’ve ever seen. I can never get enough of you.”

Jimin turned his face back into Jungkook’s chest and nuzzled him.

“Okay. You’re forgiven.”

Jungkook laughed and squeezed him tight in his arms before pressing a kiss to the top of his head.

“You’re too generous.”

Jimin just hummed a soft sound and stilled in his embrace as they waited a few minutes for his knot to relax. Once it did, Jimin eased himself up off of him, and Jungkook switched their positions, leaving the Omega there for a moment while he ran to his suitcase and grabbed a plug for him, returning with a small, pink one with a jewel set in the base that would fit without stretching him or making him uncomfortable. He pushed it inside him and helped him pull his clothes back on before offering his hand and helping him up off the sofa and pulling him into another hug.

“You okay, little one?”

“Yeah.”

Jungkook released him and stepped back, retrieving the envelope and key from the floor and holding them out for Jimin to take.

“These are for you.”

Jimin took the items from his hands and looked down at them, then around at the house they were standing in. This place was his. It felt so much like a safe space, and as his eyes fell on the sunflower painting he felt like this was a perfect place. Somewhere just for him and Jungkook. Maybe he owned the house but he felt like this would be a special place for them. Something just between the two of them, their own little hideaway from the world. It was exactly what Jimin needed at that moment. Somewhere safe and private, where he could cocoon himself away from reality and have Jungkook all to himself, just for a little while.

“Thank you, Jungkook. You don’t know how much it means to me. Really. Having somewhere safe to spend my heat... It’s perfect.”

Heat was a time full of fear and anxiety for him, as it was for all single Omegas. Not only the fear of attack, which was natural and instinctual, but the fear of himself. The fear that in his unreasoning state that he would do something stupid, like find some stranger to take the edge off his pain. He’d considered once or twice even, calling Daniel, though he knew that wasn’t what he wanted. But heat was pain and pain made you desperate. Thankfully his own distaste for the Alpha on the few occasions they had kissed while dating, had kept him reasonable enough never to do it. This was the first time that he felt safe in his pre-heat. He wasn’t scared of his heat, or the pain. He knew that Jungkook would keep the pain away.

“It’s a gift, little one. You don’t have to thank me. Now, how about we finish the tour and see what else we can find to amuse ourselves?”

Jimin nodded and hugged Jungkook hard one more time before wrapping his arm around the Alpha's and pulling him off toward the kitchen.

As soon as they walked through the entryway, Jimin gasped at the beautiful kitchen. It was his dream kitchen. Enormous and all white, there was a gas range and a double oven. It was enormous and perfect. Lavish to the point of being almost ostentatious, but Jimin adored everything about it. He opened the fridge and found it stocked with food already. He smiled as he saw familiar ingredients on the shelves and realized that the Alpha must have copied what they had at home and gotten a personal shopper to stock the place. Honestly, that seemed like a very Jungkook thing to do. The Alpha had a way about him. He liked to take care of little things for him. Whether that meant, ordering takeout so he wouldn't have to cook, or picking him out an outfit when he was too sleepy and fucked out to do it himself. Jungkook was such a good Alpha, and he wondered again for the hundred-thousandth time what on earth his lucky exes had been thinking to let him slip away. Jimin's eyes fell shut as a strong arm wrapped around him and he was pulled back against the Alpha's warm body.

"I hope I got everything right. Just some basics so you can try out your new kitchen this weekend."

Jimin smiled and leaned his head back against Jungkook's chest with a soft sigh.

"You're the best." Jimin said and giggled when a finger reached around and booped against the tip of his nose.

"Only for you, sweetheart."

Jimin turned around and reached up on his toes to kiss him again.

"That's how I like it."

They moved on and walked through the rooms. There were 4 bedrooms, not including the master bedroom, and when they walked into the master bedroom finally, Jimin gasped as he saw the familiar candlelight yellow canopy and the neatly stacked blankets and pillows, clearly set out and ready for him to arrange his nest. His pre-heat hormones surged as he looked at the copycat of his home nest. He'd been longing for his nest ever since they had left. In pre-heat, Jimin hated leaving his nest, and all he wanted was for Jungkook to hold him and cuddle him in his nest, fucking him whenever he wanted. But as he looked at the nesting supplies, all ready for him, he felt the longing to cry. He turned and squeezed the Alpha as hard as he could.

"Thank you! Thank you, Daddy!" Jimin said, overwhelmed and needy, slipping into his submissive headspace as tears gathered in his eyes.

Jungkook hugged him and pulled him close. It had been a few days since he'd seen this side of Jimin. His sweet, little one. But he knew that Jimin was in his subspace, and he imagined that his pre-heat was probably only making it more intense for him. He kissed him slowly, and felt the Omega melt against him, his body going pliant and weak as he was held there. His pretty boy was so easy to pull in, so good for him. He pulled back and bumped their noses together.

"Why don't you make your nest and then I'll bind you up all nice and pretty and fuck you? How does that sound, little one?"

Jimin gave a couple of little hops in excitement and Jungkook chuckled as he was squeezed again.

"Yes, yes, yes!"

"Okay, arms up." Jungkook said and the Omega raised his arms instantly.

Jungkook stripped Jimin down to his panties, just like last time he'd watched him nest, and as soon as he was in nothing but his baby blue and white striped panties, he turned and started to arrange the blankets into a pile before sinking into them and rolling around, scenting them freely until the air around them was bursting with vanilla bean. Though the Alpha had seen him do this before, it was still as sexy and adorable as it had been the first time as he disappeared in the pile of blankets and his thrumming purr could be heard as he rifled around through all the blankets, nothing but a little lump in the mountain of soft covers. He watched him emerge, hair a staticky halo, and start on the pillows, scenting them and rolling around on them. Jungkook felt so fond as he watched him and smelled his sweet scent so heavy in the room that it would be stifling if it were anyone else's scent. But Jungkook could never get enough of Jimin.

Jimin's mind had been a mess that morning, he'd felt like he was being pulled in a thousand directions, but as he scented his nesting things, under the watchful gaze of his Alpha... everything was quiet and calm inside him. This was what he wanted, what he needed. His pre-heat made him long to nest. He wanted to make a perfect nest, a soft place for him and Jungkook, and then he wanted to be fucked. He wanted to be stripped of every layer of himself until he was nothing but Jungkook's little one, and all he knew was his Daddy's words and touch. He was full of so many wants and needs, most of them directed straight at Jungkook. He wanted to nest and fuck and cuddle, then he wanted to bathe in the enormous bathtub that he'd spotted through the bathroom door, and then he wanted to cook and curl up in Jungkook's lap to feed them both. If he could have those things, then he'd be perfectly content.

The Omega nested, arranging everything just so on the bed and making a perfect little oval of space in the soft blankets and pillows for them to lay. Jungkook was in pain as he watched him. His panties concealed nothing from him and his eyes kept returning to the slight shine on Jimin's thighs from their earlier session, and all he could think of is how much he wanted to add to that slightly sticky sheen on his skin that made his thighs glisten. Once Jimin was done, he turned and stepped back over to him and laid his head on his chest, his small hands curling into the fabric of his shirt.

“Okay, Daddy. I'm ready.”

Jungkook pressed a kiss to the tip of his little button nose and smiled when the Omega wiggled in his arms.

“I'm going to go get our things and then I'll be right back. Sit here on the edge of the bed and wait for me. Can you do that?”

“Yes.”

“Good boy.”

# Reaching Out

## Chapter Summary

Jungkook takes care of Jimin, and then Jimin returns the care when an unexpected call brings up old feelings.

## Chapter Notes

Please enjoy.

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Jimin sat obediently on the end of the bed, quietly waiting for Jungkook to return. After a few minutes, he heard him coming up the staircase and he arrived in the room with their suitcases. He watched with wide eyes as Jungkook opened his own suitcase and pulled out a smaller bag, opening it up, Jimin could see that it was full of all the things he'd noticed missing from their toy drawer. Collars, cuffs and various sex toys. Jimin watched Jungkook pull things out of the bag and set them aside in a neat little pile before zipping the bag back up and returning it to his suitcase. Jimin watched the Alpha with wide eyes as he picked up his choices and walked to him, setting the items out on the bed beside him. He didn't look away from the Alpha, all his attention only for his Daddy, not caring what he'd picked, he knew whatever it was, he'd like it. He never doubted that Jungkook would make him feel good. As he watched him, he felt so many emotions swell up in him. He felt trust, adoration and something deeper that he couldn't name. He just sat silently and observed, waiting for a command, for some little thing he could do to make his Daddy feel good, and before long he got it as he watched a familiar white collar that read, "BABY" appear in his view, held in Jungkook's hands.

"Look up, little one. Let me put your collar on."

"Yes, Daddy."

Jimin followed the instruction at once, looking up and offering his neck and the collar was buckled in place quickly.

"Stand up, turn around, hands behind your back."

"Yes, Daddy."

Again, Jimin followed the command and did exactly what he was told, and his wrists were cuffed. He could feel the soft fur lining on his wrists as he was bound. Jimin followed the guidance of Jungkook's hands as he turned him around to face him. The Alpha's fingers found the edge of his panties and Jimin watched him crouch down to pull them off, and he stepped out of his last article of clothing, leaving him totally bare, while Jungkook was still fully dressed. He thought that should make him shy, to be the only one naked, and perhaps with another lover it would have, but Jimin felt no hesitation or embarrassment with his Alpha. It didn't matter that he was totally naked

and hard, a plug stretching him open. In his subspace, there was no room for things like modesty or shyness. All he knew were his Daddy's words, his hands, his cock. Nothing else mattered to him in those times like this, where he was needful and throbbing, only this time more intensely because of his pre-heat. He stayed still and looked at Jungkook's face as he took in his body, eyes greedily roaming over all his exposed flesh.

"You're so lovely today, pretty boy. You know, I think pre-heat looks good on you."

Jungkook reached forward and brushed his fingertips over Jimin's nipples, gently pinching and tugging them as the Omega gasped and arched into his touch. His gasp turned into a whine as the Alpha continued his gentle abuse of his nipples. Jungkook could truly see the signs of pre-heat starting to manifest, and it made his little one even more exquisite than usual, something he hadn't thought possible. His lips were darker and a little puffy, the same with his nipples that were reddened and a little puffy, his cock was even flushed a darker shade than usual. All his soft pink places were reddened and lush, his scent sweeter, sugary and tantalizing. He knew that over the next couple of weeks, Jimin would put on a little weight, in preparation for his heat and Jungkook didn't know what he would do once Jimin's ass, hips and thighs softened and his curves became lush and bountiful, inviting. He was going to go insane at the temptation.

"D-Daddy please..." Jimin whimpered softly, pushing his chest into Jungkook's hands.

"What is it, little one? What do you want?"

"Nngh... fuck me... please."

"Mmn... Not yet, sweetheart. Daddy wants to play with you first." Jungkook said, giving his nipples a particularly hard tug that had Jimin crying out and his knees wobbling under him as he went weak at the pleasure and pain on the sensitive peaks. "Now sit on the bed. Right here."

Jimin followed the Alpha's hands as they slid to his hips and guided him to sit on the edge of the bed. He looked up at Jungkook and all other thoughts bled away except how strong and handsome he was, how much he wanted the Alpha to touch him. He melted into his most subservient state as he gasped in breaths of Jungkook's scent and felt himself thrum with arousal. His eyes feasted on his Alpha as he pulled his shirt up and off, tossing it aside, revealing the expanse of hard, lean muscles underneath. His pre-heat state had his mind focusing on how very... virile Jungkook looked. He looked like he could father an entire brood of pups, and that observation had him trembling as his cock twitched and pre-cum dribbled from the slit. As the Alpha pushed his pants and socks off, Jimin's eyes found the hard length of his erection, flushed and beautiful, just like it always was. Gods, when had he become so obsessed with cock? But that wasn't fair, it was only Jungkook's cock that fascinated him.

Jungkook looked at his pretty boy and felt fond as he watched him focus on his cock, lips parted, breaths coming fast and hard as he licked over the seam of his lips and then bit the bottom one. When he reached forward and touched his cheek, Jimin's eyes moved up to his face and Jungkook thought he looked far too pretty and innocent for the things he was planning to do to him. Not that that would stop him. He was far too well acquainted with his little one and all his desires to worry about sully his innocence. That ship had long-since sailed. He stared into those sparkling gray eyes and gave him a gentle smile that the Omega returned. He ran his hand down Jimin's cheek and took his jaw in his hand, turning his face, this way and that as he examined the pretty planes of his lovely face.

"You look pretty today, little one." Jungkook said, still observing him closely and watched his cheeks go pink.

“Thank you, Daddy.”

“I think you’ll be prettier after I wreck you, though.” Jungkook said, still holding him, and studying him critically. “What do you think, sweetheart?”

“I think... I’m always prettiest with Daddy’s cum on my face.” Jimin answered, face going more pink, but he didn’t break the eye contact.

“Hm... I can’t argue there. Then, is that what you want, pretty boy?”

Jimin looked up at him with his face full of innocent wonder and Jungkook couldn’t wait to see that same expression staring up at him while streaks of his own release cooled on his skin.

“I just want... whatever you want to give me, Daddy. As much as I can take.”

“Oh? Well, aren’t you a good boy?”

“Only for you.”

Jungkook laughed softly at that and smoothed his thumb over Jimin’s lips, delighting in the soft tongue that peeked out to lick at it.

“So, are you a bad boy for everyone else?” Jungkook was clearly teasing, but Jimin answered him seriously.

“I’m neither bad nor good for anyone else. No one else makes me feel anything. To me... they are nothing. Only you matter, Daddy.”

Jungkook looked down into Jimin’s eyes and saw nothing but honesty shining back at him from those silvery eyes. Sometimes Jimin said things that made Jungkook feel so... appreciated. No one had ever looked at him like Jimin did, or spoke to him with so much reverence and gentle honesty. The Omega treated him like he was... everything. He made him feel like such an Alpha. He felt strong with Jimin, protective and maybe a little (alot) possessive. But Jimin was his. His pretty boy had handed himself over to Jungkook in so many ways. The Alpha had never really thought about how much he’d like taking care of someone. He’d had needy boyfriends and girlfriends in the past, but all they wanted from him was money, attention, acclaim of others for dating him. Jimin wanted... him. He’d seen Jungkook at his basest level, his most intense and intent, and he’d found himself equal to it. No one had ever treated him like he was anything special. Sure, his money, his status, his ‘fame’ but never him. It was always a show for others, and then in private... it was so empty. He’d spent too many nights with lovers who were so cold you could freeze ice on them. But Jimin wasn’t cold. Jimin was warm and perfect, everything he could ask for.

“Oh, my precious baby. You really are too good.” Jungkook said, brushing the back of his knuckles down the side of Jimin’s face, the Omega turning into the touch. He slid his hand around to the back of Jimin’s head and tilted his cock downward toward his mouth with the other. “Now come here, little one. I’ve got something for you.” Jungkook traced the tip of his cock over Jimin’s lips as they parted, swiping gently over the tongue that peeked out to taste him. “What do you say, pretty boy?”

Jimin stared up at him and he smiled so happily it was too obscene with the Alpha’s cock still brushing his bottom lip.

“Thank you, Daddy.”

Jungkook pulled him forward and slid into Jimin’s soft, warm mouth with a low groan. Fuck, he



always felt so damned good.

“You’re welcome, Baby.”

He thrust shallowly into Jimin’s mouth a few times, letting the Omega wet him with his saliva before pulling him forward by the hand on the back of his head.

“Relax your throat, sweetheart... Fuck yeah... that’s it, Baby... mmn...” Jungkook moaned as he slid into Jimin’s throat, his hand gipping into his silky blond locks and guiding him up and down his shaft.

Jimin let his eyes fall closed as Jungkook fucked his throat. His hands were cuffed behind his back, so he relied on the Alpha’s hand in his hair to steady him. He kept his throat relaxed, and did his best to tongue along the bottom as he was moved back and forth. There was just something about the way Jungkook fucked his throat that turned him to putty. The low moans, the hand gripped in his hair, the soft praises of ‘soft, wet, tight’ that occasionally felt from Jungkook’s lips had his heart racing and arousal flooding his veins like lava, melting him into a pliant, needful state that he knew from experience would have a pool of slick soaking into the bed below him if not for the plug he was wearing. He’d never imagined that he could be so into this. He hadn’t ever done this to anyone before Jungkook. He still remembered gagging so easily at first, but now he’d almost completely trained his gag reflex away. His body knew to expect Jungkook’s cock, and he was able to relax into the sensation and enjoy the sounds of Jungkook’s grunts and moans, mixed with the wet noise of his cock moving in and out of his willing mouth.

He hadn’t been lying when he said that Jungkook was the only Alpha who made him feel anything. He couldn’t even look at other Alphas anymore without comparing them to his perfect, handsome Daddy. No one was as good as Jungkook, and he knew, even without experience that no one would ever make him feel the way that Jungkook made him feel. It wasn’t just a question of skill. He was sure there were other Alphas who were just as skilled as Jungkook in sex, and probably who had similar kinks. It wasn’t about that. Jungkook was... his. The Alpha was more than just sex to him. He had saved Jimin time and time again. He was his hero, his perfect savior. He’d offered him everything he could ever ask for, because he wanted Jimin to be happy. He knew that without a doubt. He could see how it affected Jungkook when he was sad, and how it eased him when he was happy, and for him... as strange as it may seem, this was the happiest he could be. He was never happier than when Jungkook was using him for his pleasure, taking what he wanted and giving Jimin what he needed. It was something that the two of them created together, this perfect safe space, a cocoon of heat and pleasure, domination and submission, giving and taking. Balanced and equally necessary for them both.

Jungkook’s hips started to stutter forward into each pull of Jimin’s head forward, pushing in just that little bit deeper and groaning at the feel of smothering warmth around his cock. He felt his orgasm culminating low in his belly, making his sac tighten as his release approached. No matter how many times he did this, he was always surprised by how well Jimin took him, how much he always seemed to like it. His pretty boy really did just adore being used by him. Jungkook adored using him, watching the way he fell apart under his touch. He liked to be rough with his baby, but he never hurt him more than what would increase his pleasure. He focused his eyes on Jimin’s lips, watching how that stretched around his girth and the visual of his thick lips dragging on every outward pull had his knot swelling.

“Fuck... I’m gonna cum, Baby... nnggh...” Jungkook pulled out and took his cock into his hand, working himself in quick, jerky motions, squeezing his fist around himself as he raced toward orgasm. “Open your mouth, sweetheart... yeah... fuck just like that.”

Jimin opened his mouth and stuck out his tongue, looking up at the Alpha and watching the way his brows drew down and his jaw tightened. He was magnificent in his pleasure, and Jimin didn't want to look away, but as he felt the first hot stripe of cum land across his tongue he closed his eyes. More of the Alpha's release ribboned across his face in messy lines, hot at first, but quickly cooling. He focused on the soft moans that Jungkook made and the feel of his cum on his skin, the power of his scent as he was marked with it. Once the Alpha's orgasm ended, Jimin opened his eyes and looked up at him, feeling so... content. He liked how potent Jungkook's scent was on him in that moment. He drew his tongue back into his mouth and swallowed before smiling up at him and giving a little happy purr.

"Thank you, Daddy."

Jungkook knelt down in front of his Omega and looked at him directly. He was so fucking pretty, and he'd been right. He was never prettier than he was in that moment, with Jungkook's cum decorating his face in pearlescent, glossy lines. He reached his fingers up and gathered his own cum before reaching down softly massaging it into the balls of his ankles, then the backs of his knees, moving on to his inner thighs. He gently swept his fingers through the glossy stripes on Jimin's face several more times as he moved on to his inner elbow, under the arms, over his scent gland and behind his ears, until he was so thoroughly scent marked that his vanilla bean was completely overshadowed by dark chocolate and coffee.

Jimin purred as he was scent marked with Jungkook's seed. It was something he'd been wanting for days, but too shy to ask for. With his feelings of inadequacy and fears of Jungkook leaving him still a quiet murmur in the back of his mind, he needed a real, physical assurance that he was claimed and marked by the Alpha. It was incredibly comforting, like being wrapped in a gossamer sheet of pure scent, a barrier between him and the world that only Jungkook could penetrate. No one made him feel as safe, as treasured, as beautiful as Jungkook did. When he was with his Alpha he was replete with happiness. No one and nothing could touch him. He looked at Jungkook still kneeling between his open legs and wanted things that he knew he couldn't have. So, he asked for something he could.

"Touch me... please, touch me, Daddy." Jimin begged, his legs opening farther in invitation, body arching toward him, his hands still cuffed behind his back.

"Anything for you, little one."

Jungkook reached up and brushed a thumb over his cheek. Jimin turned his head and caught the Alpha's fingers in his mouth, sucking softly, tongue swirling round and round the pads of his fingers, cleaning what remained of the Alpha's seed from his hand with a quiet moan. Once he was done, Jungkook offered the other and Jimin gave it the same treatment, pushing his tongue between the Alpha's fingers and sliding down on them until the tips breached his throat. When he finally pulled back, Jungkook pulled him forward, licking a hot stripe up the side of Jimin's face, gathering the remnants of his own cum, and then kissed him, pushing his tongue into Jimin's mouth, mixing the sultry taste of the Alpha's tongue with the saltiness of his release. Jimin turned himself over to the kiss entirely and allowed his mouth to be plundered, swirling his own tongue with Jungkook's and sucking lightly on the Alpha's slick muscle before pulling back, Jungkook giving his lips one more little nip with his teeth, making him gasp.

"So sweet... my perfect little Minnie." Jungkook said, running his hands over Jimin's thighs, his hot touch leaving trails of heat in its wake.

Jungkook slid his hands up to Jimin's hips and pulled him up to stand as he raised himself from the floor so they were standing, with Jungkook's steadying hands on his hips. The Alpha turned them

both so that his back was toward the bed. He sat there on the edge and pulled Jimin forward, guiding him onto the bed, so he was laying across the Alpha's lap. Jungkook supported his chest with his hand as he lowered himself down, hands still bound behind his back. Jimin's back arched, his hips slightly up where they were propped on Jungkook's legs, his still hard cock hanging between the Alpha's slightly open thighs, the Omega's knees on the bed, steadying him. Jimin turned his head so he could see Jungkook and whined softly as Jungkook's hands petted over his skin, tracing down his spine, over the swell of his ass and the smooth backs of his thighs. He kept his touch light and appreciative, letting Jimin relax completely into his touch before giving him a gentle smack on one of his pale cheeks, not enough to really hurt, just to sting and heighten his pleasure. He knew he was successful as Jimin jerked on top of him and cried out a note of need, arching further as if to present his ass for more of the Alpha's sensual abuse.

"You like that, Baby?" Jungkook asked, his voice deep and husky as he soothed the place he'd spanked with the palm of his hand.

"Yes! Fuck yes... do it again!"

"What do you say when you ask for something, pretty boy?"

"Please... please, please!" Jimin begged, tears in his voice as he trembled in his lap and tried to present himself to the best of his ability, his small hands clenched into little fists at his lower back.

"Okay, little one. Shh... it's okay. Daddy's going to make you feel so good, Baby."

Once Jimin's shaking eased, the Alpha reached to the side and grabbed the vibrating plug he'd used on Jimin once before and the little remote, settling the small controller next to his hip. His fingers wrapped around the base of the pink plug currently settled inside his Omega and pulled it free gently. Jungkook watched the way Jimin's soft pink entrance clenched around nothing as the Omega whimpered out a quiet plea. He replaced it with the larger, vibrating plug and Jimin sighed as he was filled again, plugged so none of the Alpha's cum from their earlier session could escape. Jungkook took the little remote and turned the vibrator on at the lowest setting, but still the soft hum of the device against Jimin's tender inner walls was enough to have him moaning and trembling again, this time from pleasure. Jungkook smoothed a hand over Jimin's ass and then without warning gave another light swat, enjoying both the gasping whimper and the visual of his Omega's round ass jiggling from the impact. Jimin cried out and shifted his hips again, dribbling more of his precum onto Jungkook's inner thigh.

"Does that feel good, Baby?"

"Nngh.. yes... fuck yes."

"You want Daddy to spank you harder, turn up the vibrator?"

"More, Daddy... need more. I can take it, I promise... please..."

Jungkook tutted softly, a gentle sound of fondness as his pretty baby fell apart so easily, begging for more. The Alpha knew he could take it. His little vanilla baby always took what he was given, no matter how overwhelming and stimulated he was, even if it hurt a little he always took and took and took, without complaint, only pleas for more. More touch, more feeling, more of Jungkook. The Alpha turned the vibrator up to three at the same time he rained down a slightly harder slap and Jimin practically screamed.

"That's it. That's my good boy. You're doing so well, little one."

“Please... please...” Jimin sobbed softly. “Wanna cum... make me cum, Daddy.”

“I’m far from done with you. You’re only going to get more sensitive.”

Jimin’s body was on fire with arousal and pleasure. The tip of his cock was throbbing and his balls ached with the need for release. He was hurting and in so much ecstasy that he couldn’t bear it all at once, he needed to cum. His Daddy knew just how to touch him to strip him of all his pretension of control. All his walls fell before him, his masks cracked and shattered, leaving him as the basest and purest form of himself. His pre-heat had every sensation and pleasure cranked up to a thousand and he wondered how he was going to survive a week at his parents house when all he was going to want was Jungkook’s knot inside him at all times. But those were thoughts for later, in that moment, he was too far gone for rational thought or decision. He needed an orgasm or he was going to go insane.

“Yes. I’m sure... please. Wanna cum... hnnng...wanna cum for you, Daddy.”

Jungkook closed his legs, trapping Jimin’s cock into the warm, tight space between the Alpha’s muscular thighs. He rained another hard slap down onto Jimin’s ass. The Omega was overwhelmed by the multitude of sensations, and as he jerked forward, and arched back for another swat, he fucked into the tight, warm space that was wet with his own precum that was dripping steadily from his painful tip. He couldn’t decide if he wanted to push forward into that smothering hot space or push back into the stinging, swatting hands against his ass. His movements shifted the vibrating plug inside him and pushed it more insistently against his prostate. He couldn’t even support himself with his hands tied behind his back, and the feeling of total helplessness only ratcheted his pleasure up higher until he was poised right on the precipice of release.

“Cum for me.”

It only took three words from Jungkook to have him shuddering and bursting into an orgasm so intense he felt tears leaking from his eyes as he cried out so loud it hurt his throat. His body went into spasms as his cum wet the insides of Jungkook’s thighs and his hole clenched and released around the agonizingly pleasurable device inside him. He dug his fingernails into his palms as he throbbed and ached with the intensity of the pleasure. As his orgasm wound down, his body twitched and shuddered at the continual stimulation from both the plug and Jungkook’s thighs, trapping his cock between them, keeping him stimulated enough that he didn’t grow soft. It was a burning ache as his tender insides were continually vibrated by the plug inside him.

“Ah... please... please, Daddy.”

Jungkook gave another smack to his bottom and Jimin felt his cock twitch and one more spurt of cum dribble from his tip.

“What is it, Baby? You said you wanted to cum. I made you cum, didn’t I?”

“Fuck me... Daddy, I want you to fuck me... please.”

“Oh, I will, sweetheart.” Jungkook said pensively, as he stroked over Jimin’s reddened cheeks. “But not yet.”

Jungkook turned off the vibrator inside him, making the Omega whine in protest at the loss of stimulation, and when he opened his legs, Jimin let out a little sob of need. Jungkook petted his sweat slick skin and shushed him gently.

“It’s alright, little one. I’m just moving us up into the bed.” Jungkook reassured quietly as he

helped Jimin to sit up, his muscles weak and shaking.

The Alpha reached down and helped Jimin to sit up next to him on the bed, and snatched up his own t-shirt, using it to clean the cum first off of Jimin's face so it wouldn't dry tacky on his skin, then his own thighs before reaching over and picking Jimin up bridal style and getting on the bed, shuffling forward on his knees until he could place the Omega safely in the center of his new nest. He reached back and snatched up the little remote before settling himself back against the pillows, sitting up. He pulled Jimin over on top of him, the Omega moving willingly with his guiding hands until he was on top of him, straddling him. He was still slightly trembling and as Jungkook looked into his face, his eyes were still a bit teary and his lashes wet. Jungkook gave him a soft kiss.

"Are you okay, pretty baby?" Jungkook asked, peppering a few more soft kisses over his cheeks and lips. "Is this too much for your pre-heat? We can stop if you want to. I can fuck you now, if that's what you want. I can just run you a bath and you can settle down for a nice, long nap in your nest, if that's what you need."

Jimin's lip trembled and turned into the Alpha's neck and buried his face there, nosing over his scent gland and nuzzling at him as he whined softly.

"Don't wanna stop. Need more. Need you. Wanna be good for you, Daddy." Jimin half-mumbled against his neck.

"Okay, little one. Just relax against me. I've got you, Baby. I'm gonna make you feel so good, sweetheart." Jungkook said as he gently uncuffed the Omega so that he could wrap his arms around his neck and hold onto him, which he did as soon as his hands were free.

Jungkook grabbed the little remote and turned the plug up to 4, which had Jimin crying out and clawing at his back as he sobbed in pleasure against his neck, trembling as he held on and started to rock his hips, rubbing their cocks together between their bodies. He rutted against the Alpha with gentle motions whining and moaning into his neck between little hiccuping breaths. Jungkook set the remote aside and brushed his hands over and over the soft skin of his little one, enjoying the feel of his pleasure up close. The scalding tears against his skin, the nails biting into his back and the hot puffs of his breath against his neck as he undulated against him.

"That's it, Baby. Take what you need." Jungkook said gruffly, moaning when Jimin started to bite at his neck softly, whining deep in his throat. "I'm gonna turn it up now, little one. Get ready."

"Okay." Jimin whispered, so softly against his neck, he felt it more than heard it, but he took the remote and ratcheted up the vibration to the next level, making the Omega cry out and squeeze him harder, his rutting hips increasing speed.

Jungkook's hands found Jimin's ass and gripped into the supple flesh, encouraging him to move against him as the Omega nibbled at his neck and moaned wantonly at the intense stimulation. The Alpha helped him move and whispered soft, praising words between his own moans at the feel of Jimin's slight weight against him, hips rolling, their cocks trapped between their bodies rubbing perfectly.

"Mmn... Oh fuck, Baby. You feel good. You're so pretty for me, so soft. You smell so sweet. You're perfect." Jungkook's gripping hands changed to appreciating ones, as he smoothed them over Jimin's feverish, sensitive skin. "You're so perfect, just like this. When it's just me and you and you're just my soft, precious vanilla baby... When you're my good boy."

Jimin gave a shiver as he clutched his nails into him and Jungkook knew he was leaving welts in his skin from clawing at him, but he didn't care. He could tell Jimin was already close again, the

intensity of the vibration inside him, rocketing him back up toward another orgasm.

“Again...” Jimin whimpered, before biting him and letting out a soft sob as he released his teeth to speak. “Say it again.”

Jungkook was confused for a single instant, but smiled as he realized what Jimin needed.

“Good boy. You’re such a good boy for me. Daddy’s precious little Minnie. You know I adore you, I adore how good you are for me, Baby.” The Alpha praised and found his hands back on Jimin’s ass, helping to push him against him more insistently. “Good boy. Such a good boy for me.” Jungkook repeated over and over as Jimin started to shiver almost violently.

“Oh fuck... oh fuck.... Daddy, I’m cumming!” Jimin sobbed against his neck, nails clawing and thighs tightening on the sides of Jungkook’s hips.

Jimin burst apart with a guttural cry of pleasure, his teeth biting harshly into Jungkook’s neck a few inches above his scent gland as he whimpered and panted hot breaths there, his cum shooting up between their bodies and as he started to come down, the vibration was too intense. He clawed at Jungkook’s back with desperate hands, tears rolling down his cheeks.

“Off... off... Daddy, please....” Jimin begged and the vibrations ceased at once, leaving him limp and wrung out, collapsed against the Alpha’s body as strong arms wrapped him up and supported his weight.

Jungkook hadn’t cum, but his cock was throbbing and aching close to an orgasm from the feeling of Jimin biting his neck. He could feel that he hadn’t broken the skin, but he knew there would be a hell of a bruise, but even as he thought that, Jimin whined and started to lick over the spot in apology, his small hands smoothing over the raw claw marks in his back. The adorableness of that action made him smile.

“Sorry... Sorry, Daddy.”

The Omega felt bad for hurting Jungkook. It hadn’t been his intention, he was just so needy and overwhelmed, he couldn’t control himself like he usually could. His preheat had him uncontrolled and completely wild with desperate desire. He needed Jungkook in a way he’d never felt before. It overrode every part of him until all he knew was the fiery ache inside him and the Alpha’s hands, his voice, his scent so powerful in his nose. But he had a greater need, a stronger demand in his body. He wanted Jungkook inside him, he wanted the Alpha over him, his strong body caging Jimin against the bed, his hands holding him down as he fucked him until he came over and over again and he was so full that he hurt from it. He didn’t care that he was already sensitive, even more than usual because of his impending heat. He didn’t care if it hurt. He needed this intimacy and closeness with his Alpha, now more than ever before.

“It’s okay, little one. You’re not in trouble. You’re doing so well. You’re still my good boy.”

“Fuck me... please fuck me...” Jimin’s voice was raspy and thick with unshed tears as he nuzzled farther into Jungkook’s neck.

The Alpha didn’t respond with words, just leaning forward and laying Jimin out, shifting his legs as he supported the Omega’s weight and he could settle himself between Jimin’s parted thighs, their heads down by the foot of the bed. He reached between them and gently removed the plug, replacing it with his cock instantly and tossed the plug off the end of the bed, where it landed on the Alpha’s crumpled jeans. He leaned down and took Jimin’s mouth in a kiss, slipping his tongue inside and kissing him with all the passion and fire that his little one always evoked from him. He

kissed his Omega as he slowly pushed into him, filling him with his cock and groaning at the soft pressure of Jimin's silken insides, wet and warm and so perfectly tight around him, just like always. If anything he felt hotter than usual, his impending heat making his body run hot and feverish. When he was fully sheathed inside, he broke the kiss to move down over Jimin's jaw and neck, sucking and biting at his flushed skin, slowly starting to roll his hips as he pulled on the skin over his scent gland, darkening the hickey there until it was purple in the center and red around the edges, dark and unmistakable.

Jimin moaned, loud and uncontrolled as the Alpha started to move inside his tingling, overwhelmed body. He felt somehow both slightly numb from the aftermath of the constant vibration of the plug, but simultaneously more sensitive than ever as the Alpha's cock pressed and slid against his prostate on every inward thrust. It hurt, but he wanted more. He needed it... hard and rough and dominating, things that Jungkook excelled at. He needed his Daddy to take over completely, strip him out of every modicum of decency and modesty until he was totally exposed like a raw nerve, trusting the Alpha's warmth to keep him from hurting. His hands were clawing at Jungkook's back again as he ground his teeth and whined in frustration and need at the too-slow pace and the too soft kisses.

"More... please, harder. Faster, Alpha please... fuck me." Jimin begged through gritted teeth and Jungkook moved a little faster, a little harder, but still not enough. Jimin could feel an unfamiliar angry desperation fill him and he dragged his nails down Jungkook's back with a soft growl. "Alpha! Fuck me!" He half-sobbed, half-growled. "Hold me down and fuck me, goddamit!"

It was in that exact moment that Jungkook realized how much he'd been misreading the situation. He'd heard over the years, and experienced with his exes that ordinarily, pre-heat Omegas were more sensitive, more easily overwhelmed. But that was just his issue, wasn't it? Jimin was far from ordinary, Jimin was his little one, his pretty, amazing, gorgeous, strong Omega. His little one needed him. The real HIM, not the watered down version that he'd passed off throughout the years. They were perfectly balanced, perfectly in sync with each other's needs and desires, how many times was he going to have to learn this lesson? But it was hard to forget the past, to forget being turned away for being himself. He had to remind himself that Jimin did want him, he was okay with the rough, dominant, controlling side of him. More than okay. The Omega liked it, wanted it, and he was being stupid for forgetting again how much his Baby needed him.

Jungkook slid one hand up under Jimin's shoulders and trailed it up over his nape and to the back of his head. He gripped a handful of his blond hair and yanked it back hard, just as he slammed his hips forward. He pulled them back and did it again, as hard as he could going as deep as possible. He let go of his control and growled low in return to Jimin's as he pounded into him as hard and fast as possible, burying himself to the hilt on each thrust. He leaned down over him and put his lips to his ear, speaking low and harsh as Jimin screamed and arched up into him, nails digging into his back and leaving more long welts that stung, but only ratcheted up Jungkook's intensity.

"Is this what you wanted, pretty boy? You want Daddy to fuck you hard and deep? You want me to make it hurt, little one?" Jungkook growled and pulled Jimin's head back, making him arch his neck so that he could dig his teeth into the exposed flesh, returning the bite that Jimin had given him earlier.

"Yes! Fuck... ungh... Daddy... So good... fuck!"

Jimin's entire body throbbed with his heartbeat, shimmering waves of heat and pleasure rolled over his sweat-slick skin, heightening his sensations until all he could focus on was the pleasure of being fucked properly, hard, fast and deep. The teeth biting his neck, sending a shot of pain through him that only made him more needful. This was heaven. He wanted to live in this moment

of torturous bliss forever. Nothing was as good as this, nothing ever would be. Jimin was more content while being fucked like a sex toy than he'd ever been in any other situation in his life, comparing these moments with the slow, frustrating kisses of his too soft ex was laughable. He knew he was the odd one for wanting this over the slow and almost worshipful actions of his ex, but this was who he was, and he wouldn't change it for anything, because this was what he needed, and it was what Jungkook needed too. They were two halves of one whole in these moments together. He was giving his Alpha something he needed, something he'd never had with anyone else, and Jungkook was giving Jimin, everything. Every fantasy he'd ever had, every secret desire, it was his perfect, handsome Daddy who made them come true.

The Omega's cock ached and tingled as blood rushed back into it, not able to achieve full hardness again, but he could feel another orgasm just on the cusp, the Alpha's unrelenting, pounding against his tender, inner places and the constant stimulation of his prostate had him crying tears of both pain and terrible, wonderful fulfillment. He felt Jungkook pull back from his neck and the hand in his hair guided his face downward, no longer arching his neck back.

"Look at me, little one." Jungkook panted, breaths coming hard and fast. "Open your eyes and look at me. I want to see your pretty gray eyes while you cum for me."

Jimin blinked his eyes open and stared up into Jungkook's dark eyes that in his intensity had lost their doe-like quality. He was not prey, he was the predator. The wolf, the dark, feral need in his gaze had the Omega aching, as he released short, staccato moans on each thrust, his mouth open to release the sounds that bubbled up from his throat without control. It hurt, his cock was so sensitive that the occasional brushings of Jungkook's hard abdomen made him whimper. He scored the strong expanse of Jungkook's muscular back with his blunt nails as his body tightened into a searing coil, a taut, shivering ache inside as his orgasm built up and he was so close, perched right on the edge of oblivion. Even as his body's natural reaction was to squeeze his eyes shut, he forced them to stay open, to stare into the Alpha's hard, penetrating gaze.

"C-close... so close..." He managed to husk out between moans.

Jungkook lowered his body just a bit so his smooth abdomen would rub Jimin's cock on each thrust, trapping the semi-hard length between them, and giving him just that extra bit of stimulation he knew he needed to reach his orgasm. He watched Jimin's every reaction up close, watching his blown pupils contract and widen again, his flushed cheeks and swollen lips. Every twitch of his countenance was observed by the Alpha as he took him, his drawn brows and parted lips, his half-lidded eyes, nothing escaped his notice and he took it all in with satisfaction, knowing that he was the one who had made his pretty boy this way. Jimin just made him feel so much like himself. More than anyone or anything else ever had. He was happy here with Jimin, just like this. He could let himself go and just let his natural dominance take over. His Omega loved this as much as he did. They were the same, and yet totally opposite. Alpha and Omega. Dark and light. Jimin was his light, he took in Jungkook's darkness and balanced him out, they moved together through the waves of pleasure and pain sailing through the oblivion together, but in each other, they found a safe harbor in the wake of their pleasure.

They came together, the brilliant heat of their connection lighting them up and turning them into nothing but pure sensation and desire, until they crashed back down into their own bodies and they were tangled up together on the bed, sweaty, shaking bodies, holding each other, chests heaving and muscles fluttering, they were replete.

"You alright, Baby?" Jungkook asked as he found his voice and managed to pull back.

"Perfect." Jimin purred and nosed up against the Alpha's scent gland, humming a soft sound of



pleasure as the scent of coffee and dark chocolate bloomed fresh over him

The Alpha scented him thoroughly, pushing his face against the Omega until he didn't smell like vanilla at all anymore. He was already so scented from Jungkook's earlier cum marking, but his scent was now so powerful that it even covered Jimin's heavier than usual preheat scent completely. He scented him until his knot relaxed and he was free to pull out, but he didn't, not right away. Jungkook kissed his pretty boy and looked down at him.

"How about I plug you up nice, and pretty, then I can run you a bath in that big tub, get you clean, and lay you down for a long sleep while I finish up some last minute work things?"

Jimin looked at him and smiled, but glanced down as his soft fingers skimmed up his neck and over his shoulders.

"Will you stay until I fall asleep?"

"Of course, Baby."

"Okay then."

-----

With Jimin clean and resting upstairs in his nest, Jungkook settled himself on the couch with his laptop and cell phone to answer some work emails and listen to his messages. He addressed the emails first, mostly just little things that needed minimal responses from him. He quickly answered them and got to the emails from Hoseok with several different options for the schematics for the new processor. Jungkook looked them over, weighing the pros and cons of each, wishing he had his full setup and could run some simulations. He replied to Hoseok to have one of the guys run full simulations and diagnostics and send him the results to review. He was hoping to get the new tech in development soon. Once the schematics were done, and a final product was settled, he'd have his legal team get the patent through for his new technology. Once he was done answering all his emails, he grabbed his phone and started to play his voicemails. The first few were just vendors and customers checking in and wishing him a happy holidays, nothing that he needed to address urgently, but as he came to the last one, and it started to play, his whole body went rigid.

There was a short pause and then a voice that Jungkook knew all too well started to speak. He didn't even realize he had tears in his eyes until he blinked and felt one roll over his bottom lashes. How long had it been, since he'd heard that voice, how long had he lived without hearing his father?

"...Jungkook. It's your Appa... I know this is sudden, and unexpected. I've wanted to reach out to you for so long, and I've been too much of a coward to face you after everything that happened. I recently got some good advice and I want to take it. I've tried to write you a hundred letters, but I could never say what I needed to, and it didn't feel right... Writing it down felt so impersonal, I wanted to tell you in my own words... Son, I'm so sorry. I'm sorry I let my pride tear our family apart. I've regretted my words and actions every day since our fight." Jungkook's throat felt thick and painful and as he breathed in, it shuddered through him like a sob. "I love you. I never stopped loving you, I never stopped missing you, and your Eomma misses you more than I can explain. Please take your time and think about it... but I want our family to be whole again. So, I'll say what I should have said that day... I'm so proud of you, son. I'm proud of the man you've become and I love you."

The message ended and Jungkook dropped his phone. It just slid out of his hand and landed next to him on the couch as the first sob worked its way up through his chest and burst out of his mouth.

All the pent up feelings about he and his father's fight, their long estrangement, felt like they were exploding out of the neat little box he'd locked them away in. How long had it been since he'd cried? He couldn't remember the last time. Years. Probably not since the night he and his Appa had had their fallout. But now he was like an overflowing well, tears pouring from his eyes freely as he slammed his laptop shut and tossed it aside on the couch, leaning forward and bracing his elbows on his knees, burying his face in his hands as he finally let go and cried. He cried for the little boy inside him that missed his Appa, his Eomma, his home... as he sobbed into his hands, he longed for a gentle, soothing... loving touch. He wanted his Omega.

Jimin woke up when the scent of his Alpha rushed over him, but instead of his usual dark scent, it was rainy and smoky. Jungkook was upset about something. Before he could even sit up, Jungkook was crawling into his nest and the Omega was shocked to see his face red, streaked in tears. He'd never seen Jungkook cry before, and his Alpha was so clearly upset. Jungkook only crawled about halfway up his body before wrapping his arms around his middle and pressing his face into Jimin's belly where the Omega laid on his side. The first sob that tore from the Alpha's lips and burst a hot gush of wind against his belly, broke Jimin's heart. He reached down and gently ran his fingers through the Alpha's dark hair, scratching at his scalp the way he knew he liked. The Alpha was wrapped around him, crying into his stomach, and Jimin was reminded of being a little boy and doing things like this with his mother. The actions rendered his Alpha very much like a vulnerable little boy and all he wanted to do was soothe him and protect him. He had no idea what was going on, but he knew that he needed to comfort his Alpha. He continued with the gentle hands in his hair as he started to speak in a low, soft voice.

“Shh... it's okay. Whatever it is, it's going to be okay Jungkook. I've got you... everything's okay now. Just hold on to me as long as you need. I'm right here. Just let yourself go. I'll keep you safe. I promise.”

# The Realization

## Chapter Summary

Jungkook realizes something very important.

## Chapter Notes

Please enjoy!

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For reference the songs in this chapter are, Summer Wine by Nancy Sinatra and Realize by Colbie Caillat.

Jungkook woke up to the morning sunlight streaming in through the window and an empty bed. He could still smell Jimin's vanilla scent all over him, and he could distantly hear the sound of soft music. Last night, he'd cried until he couldn't cry anymore, and his Omega had soothed him gentle and sweet, and so very supportive. Normally, he would have felt so stupid crying like that in front of anyone, but Jimin was his pretty, sweet vanilla baby. His Omega had held him against his body and soothed him through the tide of his emotions. Afterward he hadn't asked any questions, or made any demands to know what was wrong. When he'd started to mumble out some lame words of apology, Jimin had just put his soft fingertips on his lips and looked at him with so much confirming gentleness that Jungkook could still feel it in his heart.

"You don't have to explain. But, when you're ready to talk, I'll be here. Just let me hold you now, until you feel better." The Omega had said, and wrapped himself around him, gently cradling the Alpha's head against his chest until he fell asleep. He had no idea what he'd done to deserve something so precious and sweet as his little one, but he thanked whatever powers in the universe there were, because he was so perfect.

He sat up and rolled his shoulders, feeling the sting of long fingernail marks down his back where Jimin had clawed at him yesterday evening in the throes of his pleasure. His pretty boy was much more aggressive during his pre-heat. That was for damned sure, and he was loving it. Jimin had never been as demanding or intense as he had last night, begging and pleading and bossing in turns for him to fuck him harder, to take him, to "hold him down and fuck him goddamit". He smiled as he rolled out of bed and walked into the bathroom to quickly brush his teeth before putting on pants and following the sound of music downstairs to the kitchen. He could hear the soft sound of a song, but a closer sound of Jimin singing.

"Strawberries cherries and an angel's kiss in spring  
My summer wine is really made from all these things  
Take off your silver spurs and help me pass the time  
And I will give to you summer wine  
Ohhh-oh summer wine"

He came around the corner of the archway that led into the kitchen and found Jimin there, singing and swaying his hips as he sang along with the quiet music. He was so pretty in just his light grey cotton panties, thigh high grey socks and thin white t-shirt that clung to his slender frame, rumpled and bunched to show a few inches of soft, pale skin above the band of his panties. Jungkook watched him hugging his arm around a large bowl, a whisk in the other hand as he sang and swayed his hips to the song that played low and quiet from the phone set on the counter. He clearly hadn't seen him yet, and Jungkook just leaned against the doorway and watched, fascinated to watch him, when he thought no one was watching. Jungkook occasionally wondered if his pretty boy acted intentionally cute, but as he watched him stirring the contents of his bowl and dancing, he realized that he actually toned it down. He was simultaneously adorable and sexy as he danced and sang and mixed before setting the bowl down and turning to click on the burner under a large pan as another song came on, and Jungkook had to bite his lips to keep from laughing as he watched Jimin use his spatula as a microphone.

“Take time to realize  
That your warmth is  
Crashing down on me  
Take time to realize  
That I am on your side  
Didn't I, didn't I tell you?  
But I can't spell it out for you  
No, it's never gonna be that simple  
No, I can't spell it out for you  
If you just realize what I just realized  
Then we'd be perfect for each other and we'd never find another  
Just realize what I just realized  
We'd never have to wonder if we missed out on each other, now”

The Alpha softened at the words to the song. He watched Jimin sway gently in place as he sang quietly. He didn't realize that he had such a pretty voice. He'd never heard him sing, usually he just hummed softly, but his voice was high and smooth, beautiful. He couldn't wait to wake up to this for the rest of his life, but as he thought that... he realized that Jimin was his sugar baby, not his boyfriend. What the fuck was he doing? He had the perfect Omega right here, making breakfast in the house he'd bought him, dancing and singing and being so adorable. Even without the sex (which was great) he wanted Jimin in his life. Not just as a passing fling, or something to be left behind when they found someone else. Jimin was HIS. He loved him. Holy shit... he was IN LOVE with him.

“Take time to realize  
Oh, oh, I'm on your side  
Didn't I, didn't I tell you?  
Take time to realize  
This all could pass you by  
Didn't I tell yo- OH MY GOD!”

Jimin gasped and dropped his spatula/microphone as he spotted Jungkook, but the Alpha was still reeling from his own realization. Of course. Of course he was in love with him. How fucking stupid had he been? That's why the idea of mating with him didn't freak him out. That's why it felt so right to take care of him and show him affection in all the ways that he'd never wanted to with anyone else. Because Jimin wasn't just his sugar baby, Jimin was the goddamn love of his life and he was letting him slip away because he was too dumb to see what was right in front of him. Jimin was the most perfect creature to ever exist and he was a fucking moron. He was pulled out of his own thoughts as the very subject of them stepped up in front of him and spoke.

“Jungkook? Are you okay?”

“Wha... uh... y-yeah. Fine.”

“Are you feeling better?”

“What?” Jungkook’s mind took a few seconds to get back in sync and remember he’d cried last night. “Oh. Yeah. I’m fine. Come here, Baby.”

Jungkook pulled Jimin into his embrace and squeezed him, feeling so complete with the Omega’s body held against him. He pressed a kiss to the top of his head and squeezed his eyes shut as he held him there and silently mouthed the words that longed to burst from his mouth, against the pale hair, ‘I love you. I love you. I’m so fucking in love with you.’ But he couldn’t bring himself to say it out loud. They were in the middle of nowhere, all alone with only one car. He wasn’t going to push all of this off on Jimin when he was already suffering his pre-heat. He needed to wait. He needed to wait to tell him until at least after his heat. He could do that. Because now that he’d realized his own feelings, he could never let him go. He wanted him to be his mate, so he needed to be patient.

Jimin hugged Jungkook back as he was pulled into his embrace. He nosed at his chest, testing his scent and finding that the rain and smoke from the previous night had gone, and he was back to his rich coffee and dark chocolate scent. He purred and pressed a kiss to Jungkook’s pec. He wondered what had upset Jungkook so badly, but he left it up to him to tell him in his own time. So, he avoided the subject and looked up at him, setting his chin on his chest and staring up into those big, dark eyes.

“Are you hungry?”

“Starving.”

“Good, because I’m making pancakes!”

“My favorite.”

Jungkook let Jimin go when he pulled away and watched him scamper across the kitchen in his adorable little outfit and to the big bowl he’d been mixing, he grabbed a ladle from the counter and dropped a small amount of the pancake batter into the heated pan before turning to him with a smile.

“Coffee?”

“Sure, Baby. Here, let me help you.” Jungkook offered, but Jimin waved him off as he grabbed a mug out of the cabinet and poured him his usual black coffee.

“Here you go.” Jimin said, as he carried it over to him.

“Do I get a good morning kiss to go with it?”

“Of course. This is a full service restaurant.” Jimin reached up on his tippy toes and pressed a kiss to the Alpha’s lips. “Now, please have a seat at the bar and I’ll have your breakfast right out to you.”

Jimin giggled as he pulled away again and skipped over to the stove to flip the pancake. Jungkook watched him fondly, tracing the lines of his body with his eyes as he took up a seat at the counter. He could already see the effects of Jimin’s pre-heat taking shape in his body. It wasn’t much yet,

but he could see the softening of his hips and thighs, as his body started to gain the weight it needed for the days of his heat. Jungkook couldn't even imagine now fucking sexy he was going to be in a few days as his body got curvier. Just the thought of it had his cock aching. Fuck... he was so going to go insane by the end of this trip. How the hell was he supposed to go two weeks with his pre-heat Omega looking so lovely and perfect and not fuck him every minute of every day?

He watched Jimin cook and dance from his spot at the counter with absolute adoration. How had he not seen how in love he was. Maybe he'd always known and just been too much of a coward to admit it to himself. He'd been afraid of opening the part of himself again that hoped for the future. He'd closed that part of himself off after years of awful relationships that always ended the same way, with an ultimatum that he could not concede to. It was always the same. If he wanted them to stay, he had to change. He couldn't change himself on a fundamental level, so the real demand was for him to pretend to be someone he wasn't. It was funny to him, how all his exes wanted him to be more gentle and loving, but the only Omega who had ever brought that side out of him, was Jimin. Maybe their sex was rough, but the aftercare, the cuddling, all the soft things that he'd never felt with anyone else, all of that he'd given to Jimin without thought. It was natural to want to take care of his little one. Jimin was the only person who had opened the door that led into Jungkook's inner self and walked in, and he'd done it without fear or hesitation. He'd unknowingly made himself a comfortable little home right in his heart.

"So, what are we going to do with a whole day all to ourselves?" Jimin asked as he poured out another pancake.

Jungkook's cock twitched as if volunteering to be what Jimin did all day, but he ignored the impulse.

"What do you want to do, little one? We could stay in and cuddle by the fire and watch a movie. There is a little hiking trail just north of here, if you want to do that. Or, I'm sure there are other things we could do to occupy our day."

"Hmm... as tempting as that is... no sex today, or at least until tonight." Jungkook cocked a brow at that and Jimin just giggled. "I'm serious! I have a surprise and I don't want to ruin it by not being able to walk. So, no sex today."

"You are a cruel Omega, Park Jimin. How can you say that while making me breakfast and looking so pretty?" Jungkook said with fake hurt, putting a hand over his heart.

"You'll live. And... the wait will be worth it. I promise."

"I have no doubt. Okay, so let's go for a hike this morning and maybe watch a movie together later? I'll build you a fire to warm you up after hiking."

"That honestly sounds perfect."

"It's a date, then."

Jimin finished making pancakes and Jungkook sipped his coffee and watched, in pain from the absolute sensual beauty of the Omega singing softly and swaying his hips as he gracefully flipped pancakes and danced around the kitchen in his simple but incredibly sexy outfit. When the food was done, Jimin made a neat little stack, smothered them with syrup and butter and grabbed a fork and his own coffee, walking past Jungkook, who followed him with his eyes, letting his gaze linger on the little space above the back of Jimin's panties, where his soft skin of his lower back showed. He wanted to suck a hickey into that spot.

“Are you coming, Alpha?” Jimin asked, turning as he reached the archway that led into the living room and giving him a knowing look.

“Yep. I’m coming, sweetheart.”

Jimin disappeared around the corner and Jungkook followed right behind, coffee in hand and when he saw Jimin standing by the couch waiting for him, he felt his heart melt a little. God, he was in love with this Omega. He sat and Jimin perched himself daintily in his lap, balancing the plate of pancakes on one hand as he settled himself comfortably across the Alpha’s knees. Jungkook’s cock responded to the mix of the feeling of Jimin on his lap and the scent of vanilla bean, sweet and intense up close from Jimin’s impending heat. He knew that Jimin could feel it, because it was pressed right into the side of his thigh, but neither of them addressed it, and the Omega sliced out a little triangle of pancake and stabbed the little stack with the fork, offering it to Jungkook. The Alpha let himself be fed, and watched Jimin take bites in turn, pushing the last of the pancakes on him, knowing he needed the energy. As Jimin finished eating Jungkook let his hands slide over what exposed skin he could find, one hand creeping up his thigh slowly, teasingly until the side of his hand brushed ever so gently against the Omega’s cock and he felt it stir at the touch.

“Jungkook.” Jimin said in a warning tone. “Stop it.”

“Stop what?” The Alpha asked innocently. “I’m just touching my pretty boy’s soft, lovely thighs.” He knew that Jimin was weak for praise and smirked when the Omega’s hand faltered with the fork, clattering it against the plate. “You look so pretty this morning, little one. Always so pretty for me.”

Jungkook slid his hand farther into the warm space between Jimin’s thighs and gripped the muscle gently, massaging it with his hand as he leaned forward and pressed his nose to the fragrant column of his throat. “You smell so good, Baby. So sweet... I just want to eat you up. But... no sex today.” Jungkook said, pulling back, smirk increasing as Jimin let out a soft whine.

Jimin looked over at the Alpha and saw his smug smirk, but he knew that he would have his turn to get revenge. He wanted to beg Jungkook to touch him, to fuck him and make him feel good. He wanted to hand over his control and spend the whole day with Jungkook firmly planted between his legs... but he had a plan and he was going to stick to it, no matter how hard it was going to be to keep from giving in. His pre-heat made him so horribly horny and all he wanted was sex, but he had to be strong. Just this once. It would be worth it. He took a deep breath and thought about his gift. He nodded and shifted around, pressing his ass right against the Alpha’s hard cock, grinding back purposely as he stood up. He felt his own smugness as Jungkook moaned out a quiet, “Fuck...”

“We need to clean the kitchen and get dressed for our hike.” Jimin said, looking over his shoulder and finding the Alpha’s eyes on his ass.

Jimin smiled as he walked away, swaying his hips a little more than he normally would, giving Jungkook a little preview of what he was going to have to wait for until that night. As he walked away, he could feel Jungkook’s gaze on him like a physical touch, and it had a shiver rolling down his spine. As soon as he disappeared around the corner, he heard the Alpha scramble up and had to bite his lip to keep from laughing out loud.

They cleaned the kitchen as they let their arousal flag and then went upstairs to get dressed in warm clothes for their hike. At the front door, Jungkook bundled Jimin up in his hat, scarf and mittens, tying his warmest boots up for him before pulling on his own winterwear. They set out and found the little trail on the northeast side of the property and took it. The trees and plants around them glistened with shimmering icicles and fresh snow crunched under their feet.

Everything was quiet, peaceful and beautiful. Jungkook held Jimin's mittened hand as they walked through the frozen forest, observing the winter wonderland around them. Jungkook watched Jimin as the Omega looked all around at the icy trees whose glittering icicles dangled and sheened little rainbows through them that shimmered through the forest like a mystical dreamscape. His ethereal little vanilla baby belonged there. He was like a delicate little fairy, so beautiful and otherworldly that it seemed he should sprout wings and begin fluttering around the trees.

It was silent between them, though not uncomfortable as they walked for a long time, occasionally pointing something out to each other. But Jungkook felt the pull inside him to talk to his Omega, tell him what had happened, or at least a little bit. But as he broke the silence, his voice sounded awkward even to his own ears.

"I was crying because my Appa called me." He blurted.

Jimin turned and looked at his Alpha and could see and sense his awkward feelings. He was trying to open up to him. Jimin gave the larger hand in his, a gentle squeeze. He remembered Jungkook telling him once that he didn't have a great relationship with his parents anymore. He didn't know what had happened, but he got the sense that the Alpha missed them sometimes. The way he always laid his head on Jimin's belly and listened to him talk to his Eomma on his weekly phone calls. He thought that Jungkook probably missed being able to call his parents and talk with them. Jimin knew he'd be devastated if that happened to his family.

"Are you okay?"

"I think so."

Jimin didn't inquire further, leaving Jungkook room to pursue the subject if he wanted to, but as the silence between them grew protracted, the subject dropped. They walked in silence again for a time, and eventually Jimin broke it.

"It's beautiful here." Jimin said quietly.

Jungkook looked around and then back at Jimin with a soft smile.

"It is. I'm glad that you like it, little one."

"I love it. Thank you. I know I'm a little bit hard to deal with on the uh... money stuff. But it's just because I already appreciate everything you do for me. Taking care of me and making sure I'm safe and happy. It feels wrong to take more from you."

Just as they stepped past a cluster of trees, they came to the view that lay at the end of their hike. It was like something out of a painting. Trees dusted with perfect white, the mountains laid with white as well. It seemed like something too perfect to be real. Jungkook stepped up behind Jimin and wrapped his arms around him, leaning down to press a kiss to his cold, red cheek.

"I'd give you anything, Baby. Because you gave me everything." It was the closest he could get to admitting the feelings in his chest, but he hoped that Jimin understood him.

"You did too, Alpha." Jimin replied, turning his face to press a kiss to the Alpha's jaw.

They stood and observed the tapestry of nature's beauty until Jimin began to shiver from the cold and they headed back through the icicle forest and to the warm house.

They kicked off their snowy boots and removed all their warm layers before changing back into their comfortable clothes from the morning. Jungkook got a fire going in the fireplace while Jimin



made hot chocolate. The Omega insisted that hot chocolate was only good if made from scratch and refused to use the little packets. Once he had the fire going, Jungkook put the grate in place and let it build itself and catch the larger logs. While Jimin worked in the kitchen, Jungkook went to the stocked linen closet and grabbed as many pillows and blankets as he could carry and brought them back out to the living room to make Jimin a little nest in front of the fire. He'd just put the finishing touches on it when Jimin walked out with two mugs in his hands.

Jimin wanted to cry as he saw the perfect little nest in front of the fire and knew it would be so warm and comfortable. Jungkook had arranged all the pillows and blankets just how he liked them, in a neat little oval, with just enough room for him and Jungkook to curl up together. Jimin rushed forward, careful not to spill the hot chocolate in his hands until he could look down at the Alpha who was kneeling next to the nest he'd made him. Jungkook smiled and took the hot cocoa mugs from him and nodded at the spot.

“Get in. I know you want to.”

Jimin didn't hesitate to do just that, stepping into the little nest and finding that it was nicely padded with several layers of thick blankets. It was perfect. He felt so much in that moment that he wanted to push Jungkook back into the nest and have his every wicked way with him.

“It's not fair you know.” Jimin said, as Jungkook got into the nest and sat beside him, handing Jimin his hot cocoa.

“What's not fair?”

“I'm in pre-heat, already trying not to jump your bones. You're being too perfect.” Jimin said and took a sip of his drink.

“So I should be an asshole to you?” Jungkook asked and took a drink of his own. “Oh... wow that's delicious.”

“Told you. And, no you shouldn't be an asshole to me. But if you don't stop being such a good Alpha today, I'm going to push you back into this nest and squeeze you until you pop.”

Jungkook choked on his hot cocoa. Okay... He officially liked pre-heat Jimin and his bold, sassy attitude.

# The Gift

## Chapter Summary

Jimin gives Jungkook his gift.

## Chapter Notes

Please enjoy.

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

By the time evening rolled around and dinner was done and cleaned up, Jungkook was dying to get inside his Omega. After his realization that morning, all he wanted to do was lay him out and make him cum so hard, so many times that he'd be ruined for anyone else. He wanted to pin his wrists over his head and watch every expression of pleasure that crossed his face while he took him hard, just the way he knew Jimin liked, the way that made his back arch and toes curl. He and Jimin had spent the day in the little nest in front of the fireplace, watching movies and cuddling, kissing and napping. It was honestly one of the best days of Jungkook's life. Now that he'd finally pulled his head out of his ass, he could fully appreciate Jimin and the way he made him feel, without the damp veil of denial clouding his perception. His attention was reserved only for his Omega. His beautiful, perfect Jimin who was so exquisite that he couldn't look away, not even watching the movies that they'd played.

"Are you ready for your Christmas gift?" Jimin asked, looking up at him from his place in his lap.

"Is it in my lap? Because I'm ready to unwrap it." Jungkook replied, sliding a hand up under Jimin's soft white tee and making the Omega giggle.

"No, it's not in your lap... well... it kind of is. But you have to wait."

Jungkook collapsed back against the couch with a groan.

"I've been waiting all day... I think you just like torturing me. You've become cruel in your pre-heat, Minnie." Jungkook said and gave a dramatic sigh, making Jimin laugh and the Alpha looked at him with amusement.

"Maybe I have, but I'll let you be the judge once you get your gift."

Jimin stood and stepped backward away from the Alpha with a smile. He dashed over to the little pile of gifts near the door that they were taking to Busan, but that they hadn't wanted to leave in the car. He picked out Jungkook's gift from the pile, wrapped in shimmery silver paper and tied with a red bow, he picked it up and carried it over to Jungkook. The Alpha took the gift and Jimin stood aside as he opened it.

Jungkook tore the paper off of the box and was surprised to find two boxes inside, wrapped together. The top one had written on it in Jimin's neat handwriting. "Give this box to me." Jungkook picked it up and glanced at Jimin who had his hands held out. Jungkook gave the box to him with a laugh and looked down at the second box.

"Am I allowed to open this box?" Jungkook asked with a chuckle.

"Yes, you are."

Jungkook pulled the second box open to find... two pairs of red leather handcuffs. But what was strange about them was that they seemed too big for Jimin's small wrists and hands. He wondered if Jimin wanted his legs bound and these were for his ankles? He looked up at Jimin with question.

"Cuffs?"

"Yes. Oh! Wait. I'll be right back!"

Jungkook watched as Jimin disappeared into the kitchen and returned quickly, carrying one of the kitchen table chairs out and setting it in the middle of the living room, facing the big TV. The Omega waved him over.

"Come here. Sit... Oh, and bring the cuffs."

"Okaaaaay..." Jungkook said and did as Jimin asked, grabbing the cuffs and sitting in the chair.

The Alpha's brows rose as Jimin put one of each cuff around Jungkook's wrists and then cuffed the other ends to the slats of the chair, not allowing his hands to move any farther than the sides of his hips. His cock was already getting hard as he watched Jimin and saw the Omega's expression of lust. He automatically wanted to reach out and touch him, but as he went to do so, his bound hands wouldn't allow it.

"What is this, Baby?" Jungkook asked.

"This is your Christmas gift. Tonight, I'm taking care of everything. So, you just sit back and relax." Jimin said with a smile, pushing against the Alpha's chest to get him to lean back against the chair and try to relax. "Now, I have to go and get ready, but don't worry, I've got something to entertain you while you wait."

Jimin turned and walked to the TV, turning it on and reaching for his laptop that they'd been using to stream movies all afternoon. He watched as Jimin opened a video file, made it full screen and hit play. Jungkook's cock throbbed as he realized what was happening. He watched as the Jimin on the TV seemed to be setting his phone up to record himself, and he could see that he was in his nest at home. He got it settled and then leaned forward to look into the camera up close.

"Hi, Daddy. This is for you to watch while the future me is getting ready. I hope you like your Christmas present."

Jungkook's heart was pounding hard and fast like it was jackhammering against the inside of his chest. He gasped in a short breath as he felt Jimin's hot breath against his ear, too absorbed in the TV to notice that the Omega had moved behind him.

"I'll leave you here to watch this while I get ready." Jimin whispered and then delivered a slow, sensual lick against his lobe. "I just want you to know... I was thinking about you the whole time. I hope you like it."

“Fuck, Baby... You’re so damn perfect.”

Jungkook growled softly as he watched the Jimin on the TV sit back he could finally see what he was wearing. One of Jungkook’s own button ups and a pair of black panties. He watched in desperation as his pretty boy started by sliding his hands over his belly and up to his chest, pushing the shirt open farther to get to his pink nipples and rub gentle circles around them as he moaned a soft, “Oh... Daddy... nnggh....”

“Enjoy the show. I’ll be back.”

“Yeah...”

Jimin took the box from the coffee table and hurried upstairs to get ready. It felt weird to see himself on the big screen, but he knew that Jungkook liked it, because as he rounded the corner he heard the metal of the cuff links shift like the Alpha had pulled on his hands and a quiet, ‘Oh.. fuck...’ over the soft moans and words coming from the TV. Jimin smiled as he hurried up the stairs and into the bathroom. He’d recorded the little video when he’d first had the idea for Jungkook’s gift, weeks ago when he’d gotten out of school early and Jungkook was still at work. He’d rewatched it himself and thought he was actually pretty sexy in it, thought it still made him blush to see himself like that. The run time on it was thirty five minutes, so he knew he had to hurry and get ready.

He set the box on the counter and started by pulling off all his clothes and quickly hopping in the shower, scrubbing his whole body, wanting to be clean and fresh. He dried off and wrapped his towel around his waist before blowdrying his hair back off his face and using mousse and pomade to keep it slicked back, but still with a little volume. He wanted his face to show. He applied his makeup quickly, patting foundation on and setting everything down, doing a light contour and highlight, keeping it relatively natural until he traced out a fine black wing on each eye with his liquid liner and applied several coats of mascara, painting his lips with the bright red lipstick that Jungkook had bought him. He studied himself in the mirror and thought he looked pretty. The winged liner made him look somehow... sharp and dangerous and mixed with the red lipstick... he was a wicked vixen. He smiled at that thought and opened the box to reveal the best part of Jungkook’s gift, the outfit he was going to wear for him tonight.

He started with the collar, made of bright red leather, it had a little bow on the front under which dangled a little heart shaped silver tag that he’d had to go to a pet store to get engraved. Next he pulled out the lingerie, all bright red just like the collar and lipstick. He carefully slipped into the bright red thigh high stockings, then the garter belt that sat just over his belly button at the slenderest part of his waist. Then the red thong that barely contained his cock while soft, and he knew would be downright obscene once he was hard. He fastened the straps of the garter belt to the tops of the thigh highs before grabbing the final touch. Something he’d bought on impulse, but made him giggle, a glittery little red, cat-ear headband. He stepped back and admired himself. He looked... perfect. He pulled on a silky crimson robe and tied it, covering the lingerie underneath. He’d considered wearing heels, but he’d decided against packing them, and he liked the feeling of his stocking-clad feet. It felt somehow both naughtier and more... intimate. He gave himself one last look in the mirror before walking out and down the stairs, purposely being quiet as he slipped down the staircase and to the entryway into the living room.

He stood quietly and observed from the doorway for a few moments, taking a deep breath of coffee, dark chocolate and he thought he caught a hint of cum mixed into the scent and felt pleasure well up inside him at the knowledge that Jungkook was definitely hard and leaking precum just from watching him on the TV. He looked at the screen, which showed him, leaned forward, half on his knees and his weight being supported on one arm while the other hand held

his glass dildo with the little heart handle that he'd used when he'd touched himself over the phone with Jungkook what felt like a lifetime ago. He knew it was almost over, maybe a couple of minutes left. He watched as Jungkook jerked on his bound wrists and groaned.

“God, this is torture.”

Jimin smiled to himself and walked forward silently until he was right behind the Alpha and watched the screen as he came. He bit his lip as his cheeks flamed up and he felt a swoop in his belly as he observed both himself on the screen as well as the Alpha watching him. The on-screen Jimin smiled and braced his other hand on the bed with a sex-drunk smile, panting hard and fast as he reached forward to the phone he'd recorded himself with.

“Merry Christmas, Daddy.” And the video cut off.

Jimin watched as Jungkook hung his head and let out a deep breath. The Omega reached forward and gently rested his hands on the Alpha's shoulders, making him jump. He smoothed his touch over the Alpha's tense muscles and gently massaged them for a few moments, before sliding his hands up over the sides of his neck and carding them through Jungkook's thick black hair.

“Did you like the video I made for you, Daddy?” Jimin asked softly, his voice low and husky.

“Fuck... yes, Baby. I loved it. The best Christmas gift ever.”

“Mmm... Well, your gift isn't over yet.” Jimin said, continuing to comb through the Alpha's hair with gentle hands, softly scratching on his scalp. “Close your eyes. I want it to be a surprise.” Jungkook groaned and Jimin leaned down to press a kiss to his cheek. “Are they closed?”

“Yeah.”

Jimin stood up and pulled his hands away from the Alpha and stepped around him quietly, his stocking-clad feet silent. He could see that Jungkook was trying to locate him through sound as he tilted his head, as if to hear better. Jimin turned and walked to the laptop, opening up the playlist of slow, sensual songs he'd made and hitting play. He opened an aesthetic picture of candles and made it full screen so that the TV wouldn't just have the harsh Spotify playlist screen behind him. He moved to stand in front of Jungkook, just a few feet away and he could tell that the Alpha sensed his presence.

“Okay. Open your eyes.”

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As soon as Jimin left him alone, Jungkook had no attention for anything else but the screen in front of him, showing his Omega touching himself, rubbing little circles against his nipples. His eyes traced down his body, to the black panties that he could see were already tented out from his erection. Had his pretty boy been so aroused by making this video for him? His eyes were drawn back up to Jimin's face as his tongue licked over his lips, wetting them before he bit the bottom one and moaned, the hands on his nipples going from soft circles to gentle pinching and tugging. He was completely mesmerized by the sight, his cock rock hard and throbbing, already leaking precum and tenting the front of his black sweats. He wanted to touch himself so badly as he watched the unbelievably erotic sight of Jimin playing with his nipples and moaning, all of his soft skin on display as he wore Jungkook's own shirt. He moved his hand to ease some of the painful arousal, only then remembering he was bound to the chair. He knew he could get out of the restraints if he really wanted to, he'd just have to reach back and unbuckle the sides that were fastened to the chair. But Jimin was always so good for him, and this was his gift to the Alpha, so

Jungkook decided that just this once, he would let his pretty boy have his way. It was his turn to be good.

On the screen, Jimin slid one hand down and into his panties and Jungkook watched as he knew he must be getting it wet with slick. He started to stroke himself within the confines of the underwear, only little peeks of what he was doing showed and Jungkook bit the inside of his cheek as he watched, desperate for the panties to be gone. He wanted to see. He wanted to look at every inch of his beautiful Omega.

“Nnngh... Daddy... it feels good.”

Jimin rocked his hips forward into his own hand as he stroked himself. He was sitting with his legs bent, sitting back on his heels, knees slightly apart, leaned back on one arm as he stroked himself with the other hand. His back arched as he thrust up into his own fist and Jungkook felt like he was going to pass out as all the blood in his body rushed through him until he felt it in the veins of his neck and his cock pulsed in his sweats in time with his thrumming heart.

“Fuck... take them off, Baby. Take off the panties... let me see you.” Jungkook whispered more to himself than anything.

As if the Jimin in the video could hear him, he pushed his panties down to expose himself before wrapping his hand around his cock and resuming the quick, desperate little strokes as his hips moved in time with his hand. Jungkook let his eyes feast on the image on the TV, committing it to memory and resolving to ask Jimin for a copy because he wanted to watch it a million more times, and then maybe a few more after that. His pretty baby was so perfect in his pleasure as he whimpered and moaned, occasionally whining for him, for his Daddy... fuck. He was in heaven and hell simultaneously as he watched Jimin’s erotic little show, unable to touch himself. It was horrible, beautiful edging and he thought once he was free from these damned cuffs, he was going to fuck Jimin so hard that he’d be seeing stars for days.

The Omega on the screen was so flushed and shaking as he approached his orgasm. Jungkook could see the tip of his cock, red instead of the usual pink, leaking precum and he decided that he was going to give Hobi a raise for insisting that they put the ungodly expensive, higher quality HD camera in both the front and back facing parts of their phones, because he could see every detail of Jimin and that was worth the loss in their profit margins. He could see everything from the hairs sticking to the sweat on his forehead to the pearly drop of precum that spilled over from his slit and mixed into the shine of slick on his pale cock and inner thighs as he touched himself.

“F-fuck... I’m cumming... Ahn...ah... fuck, Daddy... almost... there...”

Jimin’s head fell back and he stuttered his hips up into his hand as he came with a long moan, ribbons of white cum shooting up and landing on Jimin’s pale belly, in streaks. The Omega stayed like that for a few moments as his chest heaved and he finally looked down his body.

“Oh... I made a mess.”

The Alpha moaned as he watched Jimin’s trembling hand release his cock and swipe over the mess of his own cum on his belly, gathering it on his palm before shifting forward so his face was closer to the camera as he brought the hand up and used his tongue to clean it off. God that was so hot, and he knew that Jimin knew what he was doing because he kept eye contact with the camera as he licked slowly over his palm and each finger. Jungkook was sure that actual torture would be more bearable than this. His balls ached and his cock was throbbing and already wet with precum. He was going to cum the second Jimin actually touched him.

Just when he thought it was over, and expected the camera to cut off, Jimin rose up onto his knees, taking his head out of frame as he pushed his panties down and shifted to get them off and toss them aside, leaving him just in Jungkook's oversized shirt which quickly followed the panties, leaving him in nothing but skin. The Omega had flushed cheeks and looked a little shy as he turned around and Jungkook had to bite his lip to try and keep himself under control as Jimin bent over and rose up on his knees, back arching as he presented himself to the camera. One of those small, pale hands reached back and a single fingertip rubbed a small circle around his fluttering pink entrance that was shimmering with wetness. Jimin pushed the finger inside and he and Jungkook whimpered at the same time, as the Alpha shifted his hands again, wanting to stroke himself off to the visual, but unable to with his bound hands. Jungkook wondered if he could actually cum untouched, because he felt so close already, like a gentle breeze would pull an orgasm from him.

Jimin stretched himself slowly and thoroughly until he had three fingers moving in and out of him and slick running down his thighs in little rivulets. It was both obscene and perfect, watching Jimin's hole stretched around his small fingers, as he fucked himself. His moans were somewhat muffled, but he could still hear them alongside the quiet squelch of slick. Jimin was still begging for him and he wanted to step through the TV and go to him, ease his need with his body, though he obviously couldn't do that. He could see his cock hanging between his legs, already hard again. He knew Jimin liked him to watch. He'd known it for a while that the Omega enjoyed his attention. Jimin had said that he thought of him the entire time. Did that mean he'd been thinking about Jungkook watching him, getting aroused by the little show he was putting on. That idea had his inner voyeuristic side pleased and proud that his Omega wanted to display for him, show off his perfect body. But what had him aching was the fact that Jimin didn't hesitate to show him the most private parts of him, or record them for Jungkook to see. His Omega trusted him and that made him wish that the real Jimin was there and his hands were free so he could kiss him and worship his body, showing him and telling him how beautiful he was, how perfect every inch of his skin was.

"I'm ready... fuck..." Jimin moaned as he pulled his fingers free and Jungkook watched his hole flutter around nothing for a moment, and he groaned at the sight.

The Omega sat up and turned around so he was facing the camera again. He reached to the side and Jungkook watched as his hand came back into frame and he was holding a clear dildo made of what appeared to be glass with a pink, heart-shaped handle. Jimin brought the toy to his lips and darted his pink tongue out, rolling it round and round the tip as he looked into the camera, then pulled back, the glass tip resting against his bottom lip.

"Are you watching me, Daddy? God... I want you to watch me. Am I pretty for you like this?"

"Fuck... so fucking pretty, Baby..."

Jimin traced the toy down his chin and neck, all the way down until it disappeared between his legs. Jungkook couldn't see explicitly, but he could tell that Jimin was pushing the toy inside him, whining and whimpering as he slowly started to move his hand, fucking himself with the toy. Jimin's hand was wrapped around the little heart handle and as he shifted his hand around, Jungkook knew he was looking for the right angle, and when he hit it, he fell forward, bracing his weight on his other arm, halfway lifted to his knees, he moved the hand faster, fucking himself with the toy hard and fast, his moans and whines getting more unintelligible and higher pitched as his pleasure mounted. Precum dripped from his tip and slick made his hand glossy as he fucked himself hard and fast.

"Oh, Daddy... I want your cock Daddy... want you to fuck me... cum in me... use me up.... Ngh..." Jimin moaned.

Jungkook's hands tried to move again and he was stopped by the cuffs again and groaned.

"This is torture." Jungkook grumbled but didn't stop watching, couldn't stop.

Jimin's strokes slowed but became more deliberate and he could tell that his second orgasm was close. He was trembling and making that low whine that he always made right before cumming. He was right as the Omega thrust the little toy in a few more times and came with a cry of pleasure, his flushed cock jumping and twitching as his release shot from him. Jimin panted a few harsh breaths and then smiled at the camera, that same smile that he always wore after sex, sleepy, happy and a little dazed. He reached forward and looked into the camera.

"Merry Christmas, Daddy." And the video ended.

Jungkook let his head fall forward as his body still rushed with heat, but after a moment he felt unexpected hands on his shoulders and jumped, but he realized at once it was Jimin. The Omega massaged his tense shoulders for a few moments before trailing his hands up to his hair and carding his fingers through it, gently scratching at his scalp.

"Did you like the video I made for you, Daddy?"

Like was not a strong enough word. Jungkook was ready to offer Jimin anything he wanted to just... never leave. He couldn't believe he'd found someone so perfect.

"Fuck... yes, Baby. I loved it. The best Christmas gift ever."

"Mmm... Well, your gift isn't over yet. Close your eyes. I want it to be a surprise." Jungkook groaned and Jimin leaned down to press a kiss to his cheek. "Are they closed?"

"Yeah."

Jungkook could hear a quiet shifting of material, but not much else with his eyes closed. He listened and after a few moments he heard the familiar sound of a keyboard. Then music started to play. Soft R&B beats that filled the room with a sensual mood. There were a few more taps on the keyboard and then quiet shifting again.

"Okay. Open your eyes."

Jungkook opened them and blinked as he took in his Omega in a bright red silky robe and he could see he was wearing red stockings underneath. At his neck was a red leather collar with a little heart dangling from it, and on his head, an adorable cat ear headband. His lips were painted as red as his clothing and his liner was winged, lashes dark and thick with mascara. He looked like a wet dream, and Jungkook could only imagine what lay under that robe. He was so fucking hard from watching that video and now, having the real Jimin right in front of him... he was on the verge of cumming completely untouched and it was painful. He could feel the throbbing tingle as his knot stayed half-formed, his balls aching, drawn up like he was about to cum, and his tip feeling like it would blow off when he finally managed to orgasm.

Jimin pulled at the belt that was holding the robe closed, but even as that fell away he kept the lapels pulled together, still concealing what lay underneath. The Omega met his eyes and Jungkook hissed in a soft breath as his cock twitched in the confines of his sweats.

"Are you ready to see your present, Daddy?" Jimin teased, letting one shoulder of the robe slip down.



“God... yeah, Baby. Show me.”

Jimin smiled as he pulled open the robe and the other shoulder slipped off so that it only hung from his elbows. He held his hands out to the sides so that he was revealed in his entirety and Jungkook knew he was slack-jawed and staring for a long time. Jimin's pale coloring was offset by the bright red of his lingerie to perfection. The garter belt hugging his tiny waist, the low, v-cut panties barely concealing his cock, the silky thigh high stockings... Jungkook took it all in committing each curve and angle of Jimin's beauty to his memory. His slight softening from his pre-heat weight only added to the sexiness, his hips and thighs looked so deliciously soft that Jungkook's hands flexed at just the thought of getting them on him, digging his fingertips into the flesh as he pushed his legs open and sunk into his wet heat. Jimin shifted his arms letting the robe slide down to his hands, then tossed it aside. He turned around and Jungkook bit his lip at the sight of Jimin's ass, even rounder and more perfect than usual in a bright red thong. He could smell his Omega's slick and see a slight shine between his cheeks. He was aroused by displaying for him, and as he slowly turned back toward him, Jungkook could see the pink tip of his hardening cock peeking out of the panties. He was perfection itself.

“Do you like it?” Jimin asked, looking at him with what he knew was desire for approval.

“I love it, Baby. You look so pretty for me... fuck I wanna lick every inch of your skin and make you cum over and over until you cant cum anymore. Let me out of these cuffs, kitten and I'll make you feel so good.”

Jimin stepped closer, and Jungkook was sure he was going to let him out of the cuffs, but the Omega just stood in front of him, and bit his lip before shaking his head.

“Not yet, Daddy. I told you that tonight I'm doing everything. You just need to sit back and relax. This is your gift and I'm going to make you feel good tonight. I'll make you feel better than anyone else ever could.” Jimin reached up and fingered the little heart on his choker and leaned closer.

“You see this, Daddy? I got it made especially for you. So let your Baby take care of you tonight, yeah?”

Jungkook's eyes flicked to the heart pendant and now that Jimin was close, he could see what was dangling from it wasn't just a heart... It was a nametag, engraved with the words, “Jungkook's Kitten”. Jungkook leaned forward, now that Jimin was close and nosed over his neck, breathing in a deep breath of vanilla bean and sighing it out against the Omega's skin. He wanted very much to be free, to push Jimin down and fuck him until they were both weak and shaking, but more than that, he wanted to know what his little one had in store for him tonight, so he pulled back.

“Okay, pretty boy. Tonight it's all you. Show me what you got, Baby.”

Jimin leaned down and pressed his ruby lips to Jungkook's in a soft kiss before sneaking his tongue out to tenderly trace it over the Alpha's lower lip. The Alpha gave a soft gasp and Jimin pulled back, looking down at his face, his brows were drawn and he looked like he was in pain. His eyes trailed down to the tent in the front of his sweats and he realized he must be hurting, trapped in the confines of his pants. He trailed his hands softly down the Alpha's abs to the waistband of his sweats and pulled them down as Jungkook lifted his hips to help him, he bent down to pull them all the way off, and when he glanced up at the Alpha's cock, he hissed in a soft breath of sympathy. Jungkook's cock was hard, his knot partway formed, and he was flushed a dark red that was almost purple, clearly already on the verge of orgasm. It looked incredibly painful.

“Oh my... Daddy, that looks like it hurts. Here, let me help you.”

Jimin instantly dropped to his knees and looked up at him as he knelt between the Alpha's knees.

He slid his hands up the smooth, tawny skin of Jungkook's muscular thighs until they came to the juncture of his hips. The Omega used gentle fingers to tilt his throbbing cock downward and the Alpha felt heat rush down his spine, coalescing into a hot ball of arousal in his belly. Jimin stared up into his eyes as he parted his red lips over the flushed head of his cock and slid just the tip into his mouth, cheeks hollowing as he gave a single, gentle suck and that was all it took for Jungkook to explode with a moan of pure animal pleasure, his cock throbbing and kicking as he burst into Jimin's mouth, looking down into his gray eyes as his lashes fluttered, but he maintained the connection as his mouth was filled with Jungkook's cum, his small, soft hands massaging the knot at the base of his cock to work him through his orgasm, until the spasms stopped and his climax came to an end. The Omega pulled back, still looking into his eyes as he tilted his head back and opened his mouth to show him the contents before closing and swallowing twice in quick succession. God, he was so fucking in love.

"Better?" Jimin asked as he sat back on his heels, the position reminding Jungkook of the video he'd just watched.

"Yeah, Baby. Much better." Jungkook panted, chest heaving from one of the best orgasms he'd ever had.

"Good. Now... I want you to watch me."

A new song had started to play at some point, but Jungkook hadn't really been listening, but now he watched as Jimin stood and stepped back a few paces before slowly loosening his muscles and letting his body gently move to the slow, sensual beat of the song. His hips moved side to side shifting and undulating as his hands travelled over his body, starting at the tops of his thighs, over his hips and waist, up and up until they were raised up over his head, crossed at the wrist like he was tied. If the video was torture... then this was actual hell. Jimin's scent was strong, heavy and syrupy in the air as he breathed in, he was drunk on it. Jungkook's hands tried to reach forward, wanting to hold onto those hips and feel him as he shifted them like a belly dancer, some exotic, alluring beauty intoxicating him and drawing him in like a moth to flame. Jungkook knew he'd once been a dancer, but he'd never really seen him dance outside of a little swaying while he cooked, but this... this was something that he'd never imagined, but now wanted to watch forever.

His mind went to the collar as he watched it shine and flash in the shifting light and he pictured the words on it. He liked Jimin wearing something with his name on it. It satisfied his possessive wolf that wanted to claim the Omega as his own. Jimin was his, and seeing the physical evidence of his Omega claiming so had his hands jerking forward to touch and once again clinking the cuffs as he was stopped. He watched Jimin bend his knees, rolling his hips in a little circle as he dropped down, then shifted forward onto his knees. His hands lowered and continued their earlier exploration, over his chest, brushing his nipples and pulling the first soft moan from him. He caressed himself down to his hips, then his thighs before placing his hands on the floor and slowly crawling forward, prowling like a cat as his gray eyes, usually so wide and innocent were narrowed, making him look dark and sensual, a succubus luring him in with the erotic promise in his eyes.

When he reached him, Jungkook was hit again by the sugary sweetness of his scent. He braced his hands on Jungkook's knees and used the leverage to lift himself up to standing. He was so close that Jungkook leaned forward and licked over the tip of his cock that was exposed in the v-front panties, satisfied when the Omega gasped a quiet sound of pleasure. He sucked the tip into his mouth and growled softly as Jimin's hands gripped into his hair and pulled him closer with a high whine of need. The Alpha pushed forward, taking what he could into his mouth in the awkward position, and only managing a couple inches, but Jimin was moaning and he could taste the salt of pre-cum on his tongue, but after a moment, the Omega pulled him back with the hands in his hair.

He met Jimin's gray eyes and felt a primal, Alpha satisfaction at the way his pupils were blown out, wide and kittenish.

"Not... yet." Jimin said through heaving breaths.

"What's wrong, kitten? Don't you want Daddy to make you feel good? Uncuff me, little one and I'll fuck you so nice and deep... That's what you want, isn't it, Baby? You want Daddy to fill you up?" Jungkook purred low and alluring.

Jimin's hands spasmed in his hair and he saw a slight resolve weakening, but Jimin shook his head and pushed him back by the chest.

"No. Not tonight. I'm gonna make you feel good, Daddy. It's my turn to take care of you."

Jimin turned around and looked over his shoulder, watching as Jungkook's eyes trailed down to his ass and the Alpha bit his lip. He felt... powerful when Jungkook looked at him like that. He slowly started to swivel his hips again, rolling them in a circle that arched his back and pushed his ass back toward the Alpha who groaned. He knew he could see the shine of slick on his thighs and ass, and from so close he'd practically be able to taste it on the air.

"Are you sure this is a gift? It feels like a punishment."

Jimin laughed at that, a soft little titter.

"Do you want me to stop?"

"Never."

Jimin laughed again and bent in half, touching his toes and rolling his body back up in a sensual curve and arch as his hands traced over his own curves, teasing Jungkook who couldn't touch him. He slid his hands back to his own ass and gripped the supple flesh, squeezing and kneading it with his hands, biting his lip when he heard Jungkook mutter a soft curse and moan behind him. He massaged it for a moment before releasing it, making it bounce and jiggle. He slid his hands over the globes and gripped softer this time, pulling his cheeks apart and letting Jungkook see the slick there, the wet material of the strap of his thong.

"Kitten, you're so wet for me already. Do you like showing off for me that much?" Jungkook asked, voice husky and deep.

"Love it... I love it when you look at me. It makes me feel..." Jimin started, but trailed off.

"What, little one? What does it make you feel?"

Jimin turned back around and stepped forward, throwing one leg over Jungkook and straddling him in the chair as he looked into his eyes, the heat of his hard cock trapped between their bellies. Jimin pressed a kiss to his lips, just a soft peck and Jungkook's hands could finally touch some part of Jimin, even if it was just the part of his thigh right above the knee, the feel of his soft skin had him reeling.

"...It makes me feel wanted. It makes me feel like the most beautiful Omega in the world."

"You are wanted, and to me you'll always be the most beautiful Omega."

Jimin kissed him again, this time with more force, pushing his tongue into Jungkook's mouth and moaning into the kiss. Jimin wrapped his arms around the Alpha's neck and kissed him with all the

pent up need that he'd been feeling all day. His pre-heat had him desperate for the Alpha in any form he could get him. He let himself get pulled into the kiss and spent several minutes just kissing him, swirling their tongues around each other, pulling back just a bit to suck on his tongue or bite his lip. But after a while he broke the kiss and pulled back, pressing one last little peck to the Alpha's mouth. The Omega slowly began to roll his hips, grinding against Jungkook as he moved to the beat of the song. He kept his arms loosely wrapped around his neck at first, as he moved.

Jungkook had never been so absolutely frustrated and simultaneously aroused as Jimin gave him a fucking lapdance. A lapdance. Fuck. How was he supposed to survive all of this? He wondered if this frustration was what Jimin felt when he was tied up, but he didn't think so. He'd tied and bound Jimin in enough various ways at this point that he'd seen how it affected him. When Jungkook restrained him, it was like... a relief. Jimin loosened in his own skin and gave himself over to the Alpha's control. For his Omega it was a release from himself and for Jungkook, the opposite was true. When he was in control of Jimin, and his pretty boy was being so good for him... that was his release. That was what gave him satisfaction. He liked to take care of Jimin and pleasure him, even if that sometimes meant inflicting a little pain. His most primal satisfaction came from Jimin being so weak and sated that he needed Jungkook to carry him to the bath and wash him. Their little role-reversal was ungodly hot and sensual, but he knew that they both understood that this was just a little game they were playing and when it ended and Jungkook was released, the Alpha would take that control back and he knew that his Omega would cede it to him without hesitation, just like always. So, for now he played along.

"Do you like your gifts, Daddy?" Jimin asked, voice breathy and high as he moved in Jungkook's lap, grinding them together.

Jungkook could feel the wetness between Jimin's legs, soaked into the panties he wore. His slight weight and warmth perfect against Jungkook's bare skin. Jimin was flushed, cheeks high with color that complimented his red lips and red lingerie. Jungkook gripped his fingers into Jimin's legs where he could reach and squeezed.

"They are all perfect. But I can't wait to unwrap my last gift."

Jimin looked at him puzzled for a moment, and then realized what he meant and smiled and bit his lip, cheeks going a little redder. He leaned forward and gave him a soft kiss.

"You'll get to unwrap me later."

Jimin went back to his slow, sensual grinding, working himself against Jungkook, soft moans falling from both their lips. Jimin carded his fingers through the Alpha's hair and kissed him over and over, nosing at him and scenting him as he moved. His touch was gentle and worshipful, and so were the words that fell from his lips.

"You're so sexy, Alpha... Do you know how much I want you? How good you make me feel? Can you feel how wet I am for you? How much I want your cock? You know that I... trust you." Jimin whispered as he trailed his lips over Jungkook's jaw and down to his neck where he paused his praises to suck a dark hickey over the Alpha's scent gland, feeling the cock trapped against his belly, jerk and twitch as Jungkook moaned and he nipped at the tender skin, making Jungkook gasp.

The last three words were spoken with such heartfelt emotion it felt like a confession and all Jungkook could do was turn his face and capture those lips again, pouring his own feelings into the kiss as they both gasped into each other's mouths. Finally, Jimin broke the kiss and lifted up from his lap, turning around and sitting back down with his back to Jungkook's chest, his ass pressed directly to Jungkook's cock, that slid against him easily with the copious amounts of slick

he was producing. Jimin rolled his hips and leaned his head back against Jungkook's shoulder and turned his head, licking his way up to Jungkook's ear, speaking soft and husky.

"This is what you deserve, Jungkook... To be worshiped and taken care of... I'd do anything you wanted. Did you know that? I'd let you fuck me until it hurts. If you told me to get on my knees, I'd do it, anywhere, anytime. You're so perfect, so strong and generous... I'll never get tired of you."

The words combined with the feel of Jimin in his lap, rolling his plush, round ass back against him, his hard cock sliding through the slick there as Jimin's hands reached up and over his head, tangling in Jungkook's hair, the Omega arched and moaning out praise and words of adoration was all too much. Jungkook just let out a moan and tipped his head back, letting the sensations wash over him. He had no idea how Jimin had thought of this, but he was going to buy him a fucking private jet, or a island or something, because Jungkook had never felt so much all at once. In his past, sex and emotions were two separate things, but with Jimin... they were one in the same. It didn't matter that this was a lapdance as his Christmas gift. It didn't matter if he had Jimin tied and gagged and helpless underneath him or if Jimin was riding him in the quiet, soft warmth of the bed. When he was with Jimin, sex was more than sex. It felt like making love. When had that happened? Or had it always been that way between them? Maybe that was the difference between Jimin and everyone else, they had the same idea of what lovemaking was. It didn't have to be rose petals on the bed and soft candlelight. Sometimes making love was what you made it, and what they had made was beautiful, erotic and perfect.

"Fuck... What the hell did I do to deserve you, little one?" Jungkook moaned as Jimin swiveled his hips back against him.

"You treat me like a prince and fuck me like a king."

Jungkook let out a growl of approval at those words and Jimin shivered in his lap.

"That's right, little prince. Nobody fucks you like your Alpha, do they?"

"Fuck, no. No one could ever fuck me like you do... Alpha, I need you inside me." Jimin whined, his movements slowing and stopping.

"Let me go, Baby and I'll fuck you just like you like it, huh? Uncuff me, pretty boy so I can give you what you need." Jungkook growled into his ear.

"I want to..."

"Then do it, little one. You've done so well already. Don't you want Daddy to take over now? Don't you want your Alpha to take care of you?"

Jimin's resolve was weak, but even with the mortar that held his walls together, loose and shaky, he managed to resist and stand firm against temptation. He'd come this far, he wasn't going to give up. He'd take care of Jungkook if it killed him, and with the Alpha's low, pumping purr rumbling through his back, he felt like he was going to melt.

"Not yet, Alpha. I haven't given you the best part of your gift."

Jimin stood up on shaky legs and turned back around to straddle Jungkook, reaching behind himself and pulling the strap of his thong to the side before lowering himself back into his lap, arching his back and sliding a hand behind himself, pusing two fingers into his entrance. He let his head tip backward as his mouth opened and he moaned at the feeling of something finally

stretching him open. He'd been longing to be filled up all day. His pre-heat making him tender and achy in that spot that only Jungkook could soothe with his long, thick cock that always made Jimin see stars. He moved his fingers in and out of his hole, stretching himself and preparing for Jungkook's cock.

"Nngh... It feels good, Daddy. But your fingers feel so much better..."

Jungkook's hands tugged at the restraints again as his hands longed to touch, his fingers curling into fists as he longed to slide them deep into Jimin's wetness and prepare him for his cock, but he just had to watch. He must admit it was a good show. Jimin's eyes were closed, ruby lips parted as he panted and moaned. He made little shifting movements as he fingered himself and Jungkook could hear the soft, wet sounds of his digits moving in and out of his own entrance. It felt both like an eternity that he watched Jimin stretching himself, and also like the blink of an eye before Jimin was lifting back up and using one hand to position his cock at his hole. He slid down slowly, taking the Alpha into his warm, welcoming heat, his body running a bit hotter from his pre-heat had Jungkook in heaven as he was surrounded by clenching, warm wetness.

"Ah... Daddy... You're cock is so big... ngh... you feel so good."

"Fuck you're tight, little one... mmnh... Ride me, Baby... Bounce on Daddy's cock like a good boy."

Jimin did just that, slowly starting to move. At first it was a gentle rolling of his hips as his body accepted the intrusion of Jungkook's cock, but soon he went faster, lifted up higher, until he was bouncing properly on the Alpha's lap, taking him in over and over. As soon as Jungkook was inside him, he'd felt a relief from a need he hadn't even realized was so intense until it was eased by the thick stretch of Jungkook inside him. He loved this. He'd spent so many years wondering why he wanted this kind of sex, why he would be cursed with such filthy desires, but now he knew that he'd just been waiting to find someone whose roughness matched his own, and whose sharp edges melded with him. He'd been afraid, and he hadn't realized it. He'd been afraid to open himself up and be his true self, the one who loved this kinky, dirty sex. He'd feared that he'd end up in a relationship without passion on his side, but Jungkook had shown him that his desires were okay. He could accept those parts of himself that were unconventional and sexual. He was allowed to want to be taken care of HIS way. He didn't have to bend to satisfy what someone else wanted him to be. Jungkook liked him just the way he was, and that made the Alpha priceless. That was why he wanted to do this, take care of him tonight and show him how he deserved to be treated by an Omega.

"Does it... ahn... feel good, Daddy?" Jimin asked between moans as he bounced on Jungkook's cock.

"Yeah, Baby. You feel so good... fuck you're always so tight..."

Jimin leaned back, bracing his hands on Jungkook's thighs just above the knee and his bouncing turned to a slow undulating, similar to the lapdance, but this time with the Alpha inside his body as he rolled and shifted his hips, working his cock with the sensual rhythm of his movements. Jungkook was in heaven as he watched Jimin. He had no idea how anyone could be so sexy. The Omega was flushed, arched and gasping as he rolled himself down onto Jungkook, the hard length inside his body being stroked by his soft, wet walls as he was overtaken with pure pleasure. Jimin was a sight with his parted ruby lips and exquisitely lovely body on display, his pale skin shimmering with a slight sheen of sweat, making him glitter subtly. His pretty pink cock with its flushed tip was more exposed now, almost completely out of the tiny red panties and dripping precum onto Jimin's flat belly. The Omega's head fell back as he let out a series of long, pretty

moans that had that pressure building on the base of his spine,

“Mmn... Daddy, I’m gonna cum.. I’m so fucking... close... ngh...”

“Me too, Baby... gods, you’re so pretty... wanna touch you so bad... You ride Daddy’s cock like you were... ah... made for it, little one... fuck.”

Jungkook’s knot started forming as Jimin undulated on top of him, his little fingers digging into the meat of Jungkook’s thighs as he used the grip for leverage to move faster as he tightened up around the Alpha’s cock, his own orgasm beginning to crest. Jungkook came first, but Jimin right after as the Alpha’s knot formed and Jimin pushed himself down on it, stretching his rim wide around the swollen bulb at the base of Jungkook’s cock just as it inflated and locked them together. The combination of the longed-for bursts of searing hot cum and the pressure and motion of the knot inside him, rubbing directly on his prostate pushed Jimin over the edge and into a vortex of pleasure, his cum shooting up his own belly and chest from where it was still semi-trapped and held against his body by his panties, some getting on the bright red garter belt that hugged the smallest part of his waist.

Jungkook’s second orgasm was even more powerful than the first. Jimin’s pre-heat scent and the drawn out teasing, the inability to touch all built him up into an inferno of desire that culminated in his belly and blasted through him like dynamite and as he felt Jimin push down and his taut rim stretch over his knot as he took it inside, it only ratcheted his pleasure up higher. He came so hard that it was almost painfully pleasurable as it rocketed through him and his erection kicked and jerked inside the Omega’s soft, warm body. His eyes wanted to close, to squeeze shut, but he couldn’t stop looking at his Baby as he fell into the throes of his orgasm. It was Jungkook’s favorite sight, and in that moment he let his eyes soak in the tapestry before him as Jimin’s stomach muscles tightened repeatedly, his thighs fluttered and spasmed, and his back arched as he let out a soft little series of, “Ah, ah, ah’s” as his whole body jerked and twitched in little movements, his pearly cum painting his own pale chest as his arms that were holding him up quivered before he finally stilled, and the only movement was the rise and fall of his heaving chest.

Jimin felt so full and sated, but weak as he forced his body to move forward again so he could rest against Jungkook’s chest. His hands found their way around the Alpha’s lower back and gently rested against his skin as he used Jungkook’s shoulder as a pillow. Jimin was drunk on the feeling of fullness and warmth. He’d taken such good care of his Alpha, and now he wanted to be cared for. He wanted Jungkook to hold him and whisper all the soft, reassuring praises that he always did after sex, and as he longed for those warm, strong arms, he heard the soft click of metal and remembered that Jungkook was still cuffed. He sat back a little, body still trembling as he reached for Jungkook’s wrist and unbuckled the cuff with shaking hands. Before he could even switch over to the other one, the Alpha already had it free himself, and before he could move or register what was happening, there was a hand in his hair, gripping the blond locks and loosening the headband, making it slide back and fall to the floor and Jungkook’s mouth was crashing against his and claiming him in a desperate kiss while the other arm wrapped around his back and squeezed Jimin as tightly to his body as he could. The Omega melted into the kiss, letting his hands curl against Jungkook’s chest as his mouth was dominated effortlessly, Jungkook reclaiming his place in charge and Jimin melted into his control without a single hesitation.

Jungkook reveled in the ability to touch his Omega. He’d never really thought much about it, but not being able to touch him was torture. He needed to feel Jimin’s soft skin and every shift of his body, the pull of those blond strands as they wrapped around his fingers as he gripped his hair and held him in place. He kissed Jimin with all the dominance and ownership that coursed through his veins. This Omega in his arms was the perfect one for him. He was absolutely everything that Jungkook could have asked for. He was certain that he wouldn’t have been able to do better if he’d

created the dream mate in his head. Because Jimin was everything, sassy and submissive in turns, vibrant and colorful, but so delicate and soft. Jimin was his perfect match and he felt that they really went together in a way that he hadn't believed existed before he met him.

When Jungkook's knot relaxed, he finally broke the kiss to gasp in a few breaths. Jimin looked at him with his big, innocent eyes. He smiled as he saw that the predator, the minx who had given him the lapdance was now softened back into his pretty vanilla baby, so sweet and pliant in his arms. When he spoke his kiss-swollen lips were pouty and his expression one of pleading.

"Did I do good, Daddy?"

Jungkook smiled at the question. Of course, his little one wanted praise. He realized that Jimin must have been nervous doing all of that. Sex was nothing new to them, but this dynamic was new, and his Omega needed reassurance. Jungkook slid his hand around to cup Jimin's cheek and gave him a soft kiss.

"You did amazing, Baby. I loved it."

"Are you gonna fuck me now?"

"Yeah, Baby." Jungkook said softly, but his hand moved to grip Jimin's hair again, arching his neck back with a harsh tug that made the Omega gasp. The Alpha attacked his neck with teeth and tongue, biting and sucking on the sensitive skin. "I'm gonna fuck you hard, pretty boy. Gonna make you scream for me."

"F-fuck... yes..."

Jimin had liked pleasuring Jungkook. He'd enjoyed the little powerplay and the feeling of being in control. But to him, this would always be the best. He loved this. He loved letting go and knowing that Jungkook would take care of him. His Alpha was safe and he could just relax and take what he was given, allow Jungkook to make him feel good. He could loosen every string that held him together and trust that the Alpha wouldn't let him fall apart. As Jungkook pulled his hair and bit his neck almost painfully, he felt calm, even as his body raged with fiery arousal. Jungkook moved his hands and positioned Jimin just how he wanted him, handling him as if he were light as a ragdoll as he hooked his arms up under Jimin's legs so that they were draped over his forearms, knees bent and legs spread wide open, his hands moving down under Jimin's ass, gripping one globe in each hand.

"Hold onto me, little one." Jungkook said and Jimin wrapped his arms around the Alpha's neck, holding on as he stood up.

The Alpha took several steps forward and Jimin gasped as his back met the icy window, but he had no mind for that as Jungkook crushed him against the glass and started to move his hips, pounding his cock up into him with hard, long strokes that had Jimin's head thudding back against the window as he squeezed his eyes shut and moaned out a long string of pleas and curses. Jungkook held him like he weighed nothing, all while fucking him hard and fast and the show of strength had Jimin burning at the power of his Alpha, manhandling him and impaling him on his thick cock.

"Oh gods, Alpha... please...fuck... ngh... So good... don't stop... ahn..."

"That's it, Baby... fucking... take it like a good boy... That's Daddy's good boy... Fuck, you're so wet..."

Their bodies were pressed together, hands clutched into sweat-slick flesh, Jimin had one hand



tangled in Jungkook's hair and the other scrambling at his back as he was taken. Everything was heat and need and desperate, aching pleasure. They tumbled together down into the sweeping tides of their bliss. The Alpha took Jimin over and over. Once against the window, then in the little nest in front of the fireplace, and again on the stairs as he carried him up to bathe.

By the time they made it to the bedroom and Jungkook fitted a plug inside him, Jimin was terribly, beautifully full and falling asleep as Jungkook prepared a bath for them. He vaguely recalled being put into the warm bath, and the feeling of gentle hands cleaning him, and easing the plug from his puffy, tender entrance and then the next thing he knew, he was waking up to light of early morning streaming through the window.

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Jungkook was nervous as they drove up and parked in front of Jimin's parents' house. He hadn't been that apprehensive about it before, but now that he'd realized his own feelings for his Omega... things were different. He needed to impress them, because he wanted Jimin to be his mate. He took in the small, comfortable home and could imagine Jimin running around and playing here as a child. Everything was covered in snow, making it look so homey and quaint that he missed his own family home. As they walked up to the door and knocked, hand in hand Jimin finally turned to him.

"Oh! I should probably tell you, since you're about to meet them. My Eomma's name is Dahee and my Appa-

But before Jimin could finish his statement the door opened to a very very familiar face.

"Jinhwan?"

"Jungkook? What are you..?" The elder Alpha started, but as his eyes flicked down to their joined hands, his brows rose.

Jungkook wanted to smack himself in the face. He hadn't made the connection at all between Park Jinhwan and Park Jimin. Park was such a common last name that he'd dismissed any connection. But here they were, standing at the door, looking at each other, neither knowing what to do or say.

Oh god... Jimin was the son of his new manufacturer. Of course, because this couldn't get any more awkward and difficult. Every sexual act that he'd performed with Jimin ran through his mind like a list of greatest hits and he was 50/50 on whether he was going to pass out cold on the icy doorstep. A vision of Jimin last night in his red lingerie, giving him a lapdance cut through him and he had no idea how this had happened, but he wished he'd wake up from this nightmare.

"I'm guessing you two know each other?" Jimin asked and both Alphas looked to him, breaking the spell of their eye contact.

Jungkook was so fucked.

## Chapter End Notes

Thank you. Please leave a comment.

# A Family Circle

## Chapter Summary

Jungkook meets the Parks (and Taehyung).

## Chapter Notes

You guys are not ready for the adorableness that is this chapter, but please enjoy!

If you want to follow me on Twitter my handle is @PeaceFanfics

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

“Appa? It’s kind of cold out here, can we continue inside?” Jimin asked, shivering.

Jungkook instantly wrapped his arm around his Omega and pulled him closer to share his warmth, moving on instinct rather than thought. Jungkook was in love and his Omega was in pre-heat. He never stood a chance of resisting any opportunity to make him more comfortable, and when Jimin looked up at him with his big, joyful smile, Jungkook couldn’t hold back one of his own.

“Ah, yes. Come on in.”

Jungkook looked back at the Alpha in the doorway and felt his stomach swoop again. It wasn’t because he was ashamed of being with Jimin, or that he disliked Jinhwan. He actually liked the Alpha alot. But the future of both their businesses was balanced between them. Billions of dollars rested on their partnership as manufacturer and customer, and it was clear that he wasn’t the only one who was feeling the presence of that billion dollar elephant in the room. The thing was though... Jungkook wasn’t going to give up Jimin, even for that. Money was money, he could invent more things and rebuild his company if worse came to worse, but he knew without a doubt that he’d never find another Jimin, and if he let him slip away, he’d be losing something far more precious than money.

As they stepped inside, the house smelled like citrus and nutmeg, a very homey scent that he realized must be Jinhwan and his mate’s scents combined, soaked into the very pores of the house over many years together. The door closed behind them and they kicked off their shoes, just as a short, comfortably built woman with the same blond hair as Jimin’s but streaked with gray appeared around the corner and screamed as she saw her son.

“My BABY!” She screamed as she rushed forward and squeezed Jimin, picking him up in her embrace with surprising strength before setting him down and petting over his face gently before pinching his cheeks. “You look so pretty! But you’re too thin. You need to eat more.” She chided as she poked Jimin’s flat belly, making the Omega giggle at the ticklish feeling.

“Eomma! I’ve been home five seconds... Can you at least wait half an hour before trying to fatten me up?” Jimin whined and his mother just squeezed him in another hug before finally turning her attention to the new guest as she released Jimin.

She stepped over to Jungkook and took his hands, holding them apart and smiling as she assessed him. Jungkook looked at her and realized that Jimin got his looks from his mother, another reason he hadn't suspected anything about Jinhwan. Jimin looked nothing like his father. He was a male version of his mother, whose pretty features, gray eyes and long, waving blond hair were just like her son's.

"Is this my future son-in-law?" She asked, as she looked at Jungkook with happy amusement. "Jimin, you've done well for yourself."

"Eomma... can you not?" Jimin complained but Jungkook laughed, reminded of his own parents.

That sent a sharp pang through his chest as he thought of his parents and how they must be feeling. He watched Jimin and his mother and it made him long so desperately for his own that he wanted to run out of this house and into his arms like a little boy just home from his first sleepover. He wanted to be scented and hugged and the longing was so real that he had to push it aside so as not to let it overwhelm him. He forced himself back into the moment.

"Good to meet you, I'm Jungkook."

She immediately moved forward and hugged him hard around the middle, her head barely coming up to his chest, Jungkook wasn't sure what to do, so he hugged her back for a moment before she stepped back and gave him a brilliant smile that made her look so much like Jimin that Jungkook couldn't help but return it.

"I'm Dahee. Welcome to our home. I can't wait to hear all about you. Jimin wouldn't tell me ANYTHING and I've been so curious." She reached around behind Jungkook and dragged her mate to her side. "This is my mate Jinhwan. We're happy to have you. Jimin's never brought an Alpha home before, so we've been anticipating it."

"Wait, but how do you two know each other?" Jimin asked, looking back and forth between Jungkook and Jinhwan while Dahee looked surprised.

"Uh... well, you see..." Jinhwan started and faded off, looking at Jungkook a little helplessly and rubbing the back of his head.

"I am the owner of Cypher Tech. I recently partnered with Jinhwan to begin producing our computer parts. I honestly had no idea the connection. I was already seeing Jimin when my company approached Park Manufacturing... which I just now realized should have been a dead giveaway."

"It's a common family name. Honestly, there was no way for you to know. This whole situation is just... odd and a little uncomfortable." Jinhwan said.

Dahee turned to look up at her mate, and gave him the big kitten eyes that Jungkook recognized from Jimin using them on him, and he supposed that he came by it honestly, and as she started speaking, Jungkook almost laughed. Oh yeah, Jimin definitely got that from her.

"You said you liked him, that he's a good businessman, right? You aren't going to ruin my first family Christmas in years over something as dumb as a business contract, are you? Honey?"

She puffed out her bottom lip and her eyes got even more round and a little shiny. Jungkook was honestly even a little affected because of her resemblance to her son. The Alpha absolutely melted under his tiny mate's pouting look, and when she made a little whine of question, he finally caved. He pulled her close and pressed a kiss to the top of her head.

“Of course not, blossom.” Jinhwan said to his mate.

A tug on his hand pulled Jungkook’s attention to the blond by his side, and as he looked at him, those grey kitten eyes were aimed at him, and much more effective coming from the source of his greatest weakness. Jimin pouted his lips and looked up at him with so much soft trust and longing that Jungkook had no chance.

“You’re staying too, right? Please don’t leave. I want you to spend Christmas with me... please?”

Jimin’s scent sweetened and thickened in the air, trying to pull him in with the syrupy vanilla bean scent that wrapped around him like a warm, soft hand, pulling him closer. Jungkook realized that they were just a younger version of Jimin’s parents in that moment as he pulled Jimin close and pressed a kiss to his forehead.

“Of course, litt... uh, Jimin.”

Jungkook glanced over to Jinhwan and they shared a look that clearly said, “What can we do?”

“Uh... Jinhwan, would you mind helping me get the bags from the car?” Jungkook asked, wanting to speak alone with the other Alpha.

“Yes. I sure will.” He looked to their Omegas. “Why don’t you two catch up for a few while we get the bags?”

“Okay!” Dahee said and dragged her son farther into the house, clearly excited to spend time with him.

Jungkook slipped back into the shoes he’d just taken off and the elder did the same, they walked outside and to the back of Jungkook’s SUV before Jungkook turned to him.

“I honestly had no idea that Jimin was your son. I’m not trying to make this hard for you, but I do truly care about Jimin. This doesn’t change anything with our business arrangement. They are two separate things... and he’s special to me.”

Jinhwan released a long breath and rubbed a hand over his face before giving Jungkook a smile.

“I can see that you care about each other... and though I’ll admit, that I’m not... super fond of him dating someone almost ten years older than him, but it’s his prerogative to choose his life partner. We’ve always been clear on that with him. I’ve seen too many Alpha fathers push their Omega children away by trying to control their choices and losing them altogether. Of course, I just want what’s best for my son, and if he thinks that’s you, then I trust his judgement. But, business alliance or no, if you hurt my son, I will break your nose.”

“I’ll take care of him.” Jungkook said seriously, then needing to break the suddenly tense atmosphere, he added, “And, if I hurt him, I’ll break my own nose for you.”

“I’ll hold you to that. For now, we should get these bags inside and see what the Omegas have going on. Fair warning, Dahee will try to feed you every minute of every day. She’s been absolutely dying to meet you since she learned you exist, and she’s going to mother the absolute pants off you. You’ve been warned.”

Jungkook laughed and the elder joined in, making things a little more comfortable. They grabbed the bags and took them inside, leaving them near the door for now as they took off their shoes and followed the sound of voices to find Jimin sitting in a stool at the counter leaned across as his mother fed him bites of apple pie.

“You’re so skinny! I can’t stand it. You need to come home more often so I can feed you properly. I hate seeing you wither away. Makes my heart just break into a million pieces.”

“Eomma! I’m not withering away! I eat so much, especially now because I can cook in Jungkook’s kitchen. I’m not living off ramen anymore.”

“Oh! Just thinking about you living off ramen... I’m distressed. I’ll whip you something up, huh? What does your Alpha like? I want to make something for you both.”

“We just ate breakfast like a couple hours ago. We’re fine.”

“I’m not hearing it! What sounds good?”

Jinhwan walked into the kitchen and went to his mate who was already opening cabinets to see what she had. The Alpha walked to his mate and wrapped an arm around her, guiding her to turn around.

“Let’s let them settle in for a bit before feeding them. Jin and Tae should be here soon and you can cook for everyone.”

Dahee looked thrilled at the idea of cooking for a bigger group and nodded fervently.

“Oh, that will be wonderful! A family meal... we haven’t had one in ages.”

Jimin waved Jungkook over and the Alpha walked to him instantly, wrapping an arm around the Omega’s waist and pressing a kiss to the top of his head, making Jimin smile up at him as he pulled back. He turned to his Eomma and addressed her.

“When is Tae supposed-” Jimin started, but at that moment the sound of a car pulling up outside, loud classical music blaring.

Jimin knew at once that it was his best friend. Taehyung was the only person he’d ever known who blared Chopin in the car like it was G-Unit. He claimed that he liked to feel “surrounded by the music” and that he was “enriching the lives of others” by sharing the historical masterpieces. Jimin’s mouth was already smiling wide, his whole body trembling with sudden childlike excitement. His best friend was the only person who made him feel like that. Taehyung brought out his inner child and he knew it was the same for him.

“I think he’s here.” Dahee said amused as the sound of classical music cut off.

Suddenly Jimin was ducking out of his hold and running, Jungkook following behind as his Omega rushed out the front door, without shoes or a coat, too fast for Jungkook to stop him. Halfway across the yard was another Omega. He was taller than Jimin and broader, with curly black hair and that’s all Jungkook could take in before they collided hard and toppled to the ground. They wrapped up in each other’s arms and started to scent each other, purring loudly as they rolled over and over across the yard covering themselves in snow. Jungkook had to bite his lip and put a hand to his mouth to keep from cooing at the adorable display as the pair of them laughed and crowed out exclamations of excitement that Jungkook couldn’t understand.

Jungkook slipped on his shoes and stepped outside onto the small porch to watch as Jimin and his best friend rolled around in the snow, laughing and purring until they finally came to a stop, leaving a line of destroyed snow in their wake. Jungkook jogged out to them and offered each Omega a hand, helping them up from the snow. Jimin looked up at him with that smile that always hit Jungkook like a punch to the gut. Joy was so his best look. His Omega was covered in ice and snow, his clothes and hair dusted with it and he could see that he was already shivering. Jungkook

used one hand to ruffle the snow from Jimin's blond locks and clothes.

"Ah, you're not wearing shoes, Baby. You're gonna get sick." Jungkook chided as Jimin giggled and stepped closer to him.

Jimin hooked his arm with Jungkook and turned toward Taehyung, looking at his best friend with a bright smile.

"TaeTae, this is Jungkook, my boyfriend. Jungkook, this is Taehyung, my best friend."

Jungkook and Taehyung shook hands.

"Nice to meet you, Taehyung."

"You too."

"Let's go inside. Jimin, you're covered in snow. Your socks have got to be soaked through."

Jungkook leaned down and picked Jimin up, making the Omega squeak indignantly, but he didn't fight the Alpha's hold as he was carried inside. Jimin did see the look of absolute hilarity on his best friend's face and knew he was going to get teased endlessly about getting carried around by his Alpha, but honestly Jimin was freezing and his socks were icy and wet and he wanted them off. Jimin could see Tae's expression of pure joy at his predicament as Jungkook scolded him.

"Baby... you're freezing. Don't go out without your coat, little one. I don't want you getting sick."

Jimin ignored his friend and decided that the teasing was going to come anyway, so he might as well bask in Jungkook's attention while he could, his needy pre-heat self wanting praise and attention from his Alpha. He laid his head on Jungkook's shoulder and looked up at him with wide eyes and pouty lips.

"Sorry."

"Don't apologize." Jungkook said, pressing a soft kiss to his forehead. "You were honestly so cute."

"You think I'm cute?" Jimin said, batting his eyes at him, making the Alpha laugh.

"You know you're cute and you're fishing for compliments."

Jimin pouted more and employed the glassy eyes as they made it into the entryway.

"Compliment me."

"Alright, you're the cutest."

"And?"

"And the prettiest."

"And?"

"And... your parents are here... Hi!" Jungkook set Jimin down and knelt to help him out of his freezing wet socks before looking at the Parks. "What rooms are we staying in?" The Alpha asked, and Dahee looked at him like he was crazy.

“Rooms? Oh, dear we’re not that old-fashioned. You’ll both be in Jimin’s room.” She said with a dismissive wave of her hand.

“Well... Jin isn’t staying with us, since he lives in town. He could stay-” Jinhwan started, but was quelled into silence by his mate giving him a sharp look.

“Jimin, why don’t you show your Alpha to the room?”

“Sure, Eomma.” Jimin said, skipping forward and turning around to address the other Omega at the door. “We’ll be right back TaeTae. We’re just going to drop our stuff off upstairs and I’m gonna change. Do you need something to change into?”

“Nah, I’m fine. I was wearing a coat and boots. My knees didn’t get too wet. But, hurry up! I want to visit with you.”

“Will do.”

Jungkook grabbed the bags and followed Jimin upstairs and down a hallway to a room that looked like it probably hadn’t changed since he was in high school. Everything was a splash of color, from the walls covered in posters, polaroids, pages of magazines and pieces of what looked like hand-drawn artwork that Jungkook wanted to study, wondering if Jimin had drawn them. The pictures too he wanted to study, to see what Jimin had looked like younger, but now was not the time. He set his suitcase down and carried Jimin’s over to the bed that was still a nest, but oddly scentless, clearly no one had used the bed in a long time. He unzipped it and turned around to see Jimin pushing his pants down. His eyes found the Omega’s creamy thighs and he had to look away, back at the suitcase. Gods, this entire week was going to be absolute hell. He’d honestly thought they would be staying in separate rooms, but they were in fact, staying together. The bed was a full size, and he knew that they would be pressed together in the night. His plan had been to not have sex with Jimin during the trip... or at least to try and control themselves to some degree. But with them both in this tiny bed and Jimin in pre-heat... he had a feeling this was going to turn out bad for him.

He felt a pair of arms wrap around him from behind and Jimin’s forehead rest against the top of his spine. His vanilla bean scent wrapped around him like syrupy fingers, pulling him toward the sweetness he could smell, but he had to resist. He felt the little poke of Jimin’s cute button nose between his shoulder blades and heard him inhale, feeling the draw of air against his back. He had to squeeze his eyes shut and bite the inside of his cheek to get himself under control.

“You smell good, Alpha.”

“Baby...” Jungkook warned as he felt a hand slowly slid down his abdomen, toward his crotch.  
“No.”

“But-”

“I am not going back downstairs smelling like sex.”

“Fine. You’re no fun.” Jimin huffed and pulled back from him to step around to his suitcase.

“That’s not what you said last night.” Jungkook countered with a smirk and Jimin paused and looked up at him eyes going unfocused and dreamy as if he were re-playing last night in his head.

“Yeah, but last night you were fucking me.”

Jungkook stepped forward and caged Jimin against the bed with his larger body.

“You know that all I want to do is push you into this bed and suck marks into every part of your body until you’re so wet that my cock slides right into your pretty little hole; and then I want to fuck you so hard that you can’t walk. But that’s not an option right now. So, let’s get some clothes on you and get downstairs.”

“Daddy...” Jimin whimpered, looking up at him and Jungkook pressed a soft kiss to his lips.

“You can’t call me that here.”

“Sorry.” Jimin said, eyes going downcast.

Jungkook tilted his face up to look at him, and gave him a soft smile.

“It’s alright, little one. I shouldn’t have provoked you. I know you’re struggling, and believe me, if I was in pre-rut, we wouldn’t have left the house.”

Jimin laughed at that, his face coming alive as he giggled quietly and lifted up to press a lingering kiss to Jungkook’s lips. The Alpha snaked an arm around his waist and kissed him back, softly pressing kisses to his cheeks and lips until Jimin’s scent started to sweeten and he had to pull back. When he looked at his Omega his cheeks were pink and he was looking at him with that familiar needful look that made his stomach flip-flop inside his gut.

Jungkook was going to die. That was all there was to it. Jimin was going to kill him with his exquisite body and mouthwatering scent. Because all he wanted to do was push him over the edge of the bed and shove his fingers into the Omega’s mouth while he fucked him to keep him quiet, but this was not the time or the place and so had to control himself. He watched Jimin pull out a pair of black leggings and one of his own hoodies that he usually wore at home, a dark, charcoal gray and last a pair of his tall, thick thigh high socks in a pretty eggplant color. The Omega pulled on the leggings and sweater, and Jungkook knelt to help him roll the socks up his legs so that they wouldn’t bunch the leggings underneath. When he was done, his little one looked so cozy and soft that he just wanted to cuddle him. It was almost like being at home, except the skin of those creamy thighs were covered by leggings instead of being exposed like they usually were when they were alone. Jungkook wanted very much to carry Jimin back downstairs and just hold him... but that was not an appropriate option, so he pulled him up from his place on the bed and held his hand as they walked back down into the kitchen where the noise of voices was coming from.

As they rounded the corner into the kitchen, Jungkook spotted yet another Omega, who was also unfamiliar, but he knew must be Jimin’s brother as he looked so much like their Appa that it was undeniable. As soon as Jimin saw him, he was again, out of Jungkook’s hold and practically tackling the new arrival.

“Jinnie! I missed you!” Jimin cried as he hugged his brother.

“Minnie, it’s good to see you.”

Jimin pulled back and reached for Jungkook, dragging him forward to his side.

“Jin, this is my Alpha, Jungkook. Jungkook, this is my older brother Seokjin.”

“Please, call me Jin. Everyone does.”

“Nice to meet you, Jin.”



“You too.”

A little sob from the kitchen had all heads turning to see Dahee with one hand over her mouth and tears in her eyes. Jinhwan wrapped an arm around her as she let out a little squeak. Jimin and Jin turned and went to her at once, letting her wrap her short arms as far around the two men as she could.

“Everyone’s here. I’m so happy! We’re having a family Christmas.” She pulled back and wiped at her eyes with a laugh. “Who wants food?”

That question made everyone laugh, even Jungkook, who could tell that she was the type who liked to cook for others. It reminded him of Jimin, and he wondered if that was part of the reason he’d decided to become a chef. He could imagine growing up, if food and eating together was a special thing in his childhood home, that it would make him want to share that feeling with others. He decided he’d ask later. For the moment, he just watched as Jimin pushed up the sleeves of his hoodie and looked at his mother.

“What can I do to help?”

“No, no, I’ve got this. You go and visit. Everyone’s been dying to see you.”

Jimin kissed Dahee’s cheek and stepped back.

“Okay, just this once. If you need help, let me know.”

Dahee shooed him out of the kitchen and Jimin laughed as he skipped out of the way of her swatting hands and over to Jungkook, wrapping his arms around his waist and hugging him.

“Let’s go to the living room and get out of Eomma’s way before she starts hitting us with spoons to keep us out of the food.” Jimin said with a laugh, guiding Jungkook backward and out into the living room where a bare tree sat, surrounded by dusty, aged boxes. “Eomma, Appa... you didn’t decorate the tree!”

“Of course not, we’re going to do it as a family!” Dahee called from the kitchen.

Jinhwan reached over and ruffled Jimin’s messy blond hair with a low chuckle.

“We know you like to decorate the tree, kitty cat.”

“Don’t call me kitty cat!” Jimin said, turning around and glaring at his father.

Dahee stuck her head around the corner, “Kitty cat.”

“Kitty cat.” Jin chimed in with a laugh.

“Kitty cat.” Tae agreed with a nod.

“Et tu, Brute?” Jimin gasped dramatically as he looked at his best friend and put a hand to his chest.

“I call them like I see them, and you are, and always have been our little kitty cat.” Tae defended.

“You guys are so embarrassing.” Jimin turned to his Alpha and looked up at him. “Don’t listen to them. They will do everything to embarrass me.”

“I heard nothing. I’ve suddenly gone deaf.”

Jimin giggled and lifted up to kiss his cheek.

“You’re cute.”

“I’m not cute. You’re the cute one, remember?” Jungkook flicked the tip of his button nose and Jimin drew back and rubbed it with his hand.

“Ow! Hey! Don’t flick my nose!”

“Ah... sorry for flicking your little snout, kitty cat.”

Jimin gasped and smacked his chest as Jungkook laughed and pulled him into a hug that Jimin tried to wiggle out of.

“Traitor! I trusted you!”

“I’m sorry, Baby! I’m sorry. Come on, don’t be like that...”

Jimin continued to try to wiggle out of his hold.

“No! You’re my boyfriend, you’re supposed to be on my side.”

They both realized that they’d gotten caught up in their little teasing as a throat cleared and they sprang apart as if hit with a jolt of electricity, straightening up and Jungkook scolded himself for being too caught up in the moment, too familiar, but it was hard. Normally, he was totally comfortable with Jimin, teasing and playing with him at home, and it felt natural to fall into that routine with him. Jungkook rubbed the back of his head and looked over to Jimin who was pink in the cheeks.

“Uh... sorry?” Jungkook said, feeling awkward in a way he hadn’t felt since he was a teenager.

Jin laughed and his squeaky, seal laugh made everyone else laugh too, except the two who were the focus of that laughter. Jimin felt bad that his family were making Jungkook feel awkward, so he stepped closer and pulled the Alpha’s arm around him, to show that he wasn’t embarrassed by him, but by his family’s teasing. Jinhwan was the first to pull himself together, clearing his throat and carding his hands back through his dark, silver streaked hair, straightening himself.

“So, how did you two meet? I don’t think any of us have heard the story.”

Just as Jimin opened his mouth, Dahee stuck her head around the doorway.

“NO! Don’t tell the story yet! I want to hear it! Unpack the ornaments and we’ll decorate the tree after we eat.”

“You heard the boss.” Jinhwan said, sweeping a hand toward the boxes. “Let’s unpack the ornaments.”

Taehyung immediately gravitated to Jimin’s side as they opened aged boxes and pulled out neatly stored little ornaments and rolls of lights. Jungkook pretended not to hear them whispering about him, but he couldn’t help the little smile that pulled at his lips as he listened.

“You said your new boss’s name was Jungkook, too... Minnie, are you dating your boss?”

“Uh... it’s complicated... but yes.”

“Oh my god... it’s like the plot of a book I read recently where the Lord of the manor and a

chambermaid-”

“Yah! It’s nothing like that. You make it sound so…”

“So, what?”

“I don’t know… scandalous.”

“It’s pretty scandalous, honestly. Your Appa said he works with him… Why do you get to live out a romance novel and I’m stuck being single forever?” Tae whined.

“Because you never left our hometown, and like Jin, you don’t want to date someone you went to high school with.”

Taehyung huffed as he started untangling strings of lights. “Is it so much that I want to meet a cold, unfeeling Alpha and warm his icy heart with my love? Because, that’s honestly the dream.”

Jungkook’s attention was turned to Seokjin as he spoke to him, drawing his attention away from the pair of whispering best friends.

“So Jungkook, what do you do? Appa said you work with him.” Jin asked.

“Oh, I co-own Cypher Technologies. I was working as the CEO for the last few years, but I recently gave that job over to someone new, and I’m focusing on research and development.”

Jungkook could see Jinhwan’s interest in that statement, and he realized that they hadn’t really talked much about it, since Jungkook was still taking lead on the building of the new facility. It wasn’t that widely known that Namjoon had taken over as CEO, because nothing much had changed, and it was a relatively new development. Those who wanted to know, knew and everyone else would find out in the natural course of events.

“What made you give up the CEO job?” Jinhwan asked.

“Somebody reminded me why I started Cypher Tech in the first place. I wanted to make new things and be on the forefront of the modern technological advances. But… someone helped me see what was really important.” Jungkook glanced over to Jimin and saw him laughing and whispering with his friend, adorable and full of happiness, just the way he liked to see him.

“It was Jimin?” Jin asked, watching the Alpha as he admired his brother.

“Am I that obvious?” Jungkook asked with a laugh.

“Just a little bit.” Jin held up his thumb and forefinger, almost touching.

Jungkook talked to Jin for a while, asking about him, since Jimin had refused to tell him about any of his family members. He was three years older than Jimin, a schoolteacher. Jungkook could tell he was passionate about his profession, as he talked about his lessons and classes, the students he taught, at the same time, complaining about the schoolboard who ran the local districts. Jungkook could see in him the same kind of humor that Jimin had, playful and teasing. It was clear that the love of laughter was a family trait as Jinhwan joined in occasionally with some little joke or story.

“Ooh, let me tell you about the time that Jimin and I were at summer camp and he thought that someone stole all his clothes after his shower. He ran dripping wet and totally naked all the way-”

“Hey! Do not tell that story!” Jimin gasped, diving at his brother and covering his mouth. “Stop

trying to embarrass me!”

But Taehyung quickly picked up right where Jin left off.

“He ran all the way to our cabin, butt naked, only to realize that he’d left all his things in his locker!”

Jimin released his brother to go after his best friend and Jin picked up the story as soon as his mouth was free.

“We called him “The Mad Streaker” all summer long!” Jin yelled and slapped his knee as he dissolved into laughter.

“You guys are the WORST!” Jimin complained as he let Tae go and turned to Jungkook. “I should have known that my whole family would embarrass me in front of my cool boyfriend.”

“Oh, don’t worry. The second that Yoongi gets to be around you long enough to spill the beans on me, you’ll hear all about me in EVERY embarrassing stage of growing up. From the braces and glasses days and how I was head of the A/V Club and the Science Club and the Debate Team. I might seem cool now, but I was a huge nerd.”

“Oh my god... really?” Jimin asked, moving forward and sitting in the Alpha’s lap instinctively as he looked up at him, fascinated to hear more. “But you don’t wear glasses.”

“I got lasik the second I could afford it. But, yes, I was a huge nerd and you shouldn’t be embarrassed. I bet you were cute.”

“He was super cute. His butt has gotten bigger since then, though.” Jin laughed.

“Hey! I have a great butt. Right, Jungkook?”

“Uh...” Jungkook said, incredibly aware that Jimin’s father and his business associate was sitting RIGHT THERE. “Yeah.”

Jimin looked up at him and his eyes got all glittery and shimmery like they did when he was upset. He knew Jimin was in pre-heat and needed praise and affection from him, especially about his body. Jungkook absolutely didn’t care if Jimin gained weight. Honestly he was sure that Jimin would only be prettier when there was more of him to grip onto, thicker thighs for him to dig his fingers into as he pushed them open and... no. No. Stop thinking about sex.

“You don’t like it?”

Jungkook sighed and rubbed a hand over his face.

“Of course I do. Baby... please don’t make me talk about your butt in front of your family.”

Jimin’s mouth made a little ‘o’ as he realized and blushed, shyly glancing over to his father before looking back to Jungkook and whispering.

“Sorry... I forgot... I’m just...”

Jimin felt bad that he was making Jungkook feel awkward too. He was in pre-heat and he wanted Jungkook’s praise and attention, and whereas he knew the Alpha wouldn’t usually shy away from giving him just that, he had to remind himself that they weren’t at home. This was his first time meeting his family and he worked with his Appa. That did not appease his hormones or his inner

wolf that demanded that Jungkook kiss him and scent him right this instant, and then hold him until he fell asleep. But, he had to push that part of himself aside. He felt Jungkook's fingers under his chin and he let his face be tilted up.

"It's okay. Stop apologizing. I know you're not feeling like yourself. Just relax."

Jimin stretched up and pressed a kiss to his lips, softly and Jin and Tae both started "Aww-ing" loudly, making Jimin blush and hide in Jungkook's neck.

Dahee dashed around the corner with a spatula still in her hand.

"What did I miss?"

"They kissed." Tae said, leaning around Jin to see her.

"Noooo! I missed it! That's it! Jimin, to the kitchen! Now. I don't want to miss all the good stuff. And, Jungkook you're welcome to come sit at the bar and keep us company."

"Eomma, you just want to keep them to yourself!" Jin accused.

"Of course I do! But I'm the Eomma and I get to use my authority to hog them all I want!"

As they stood, Jungkook looked at Jinhwan and gave a little nod and sympathetic shrug, clearly saying, "What was I supposed to do?", but the older Alpha just shrugged too, 'It's okay.' Jungkook and Jimin went to the kitchen and the Alpha watched as the two Omegas fluttered around. Jungkook found it adorable that they shared so many of the same mannerisms. The way they cocked one hip to the side while stirring things on the stove and hummed while preparing ingredients. Bored, everyone eventually ended up at the bar too, watching mother and son as they worked together seamlessly in what were clearly old habits.

They ate lunch, and once they were done, Dahee demanded to be told how they had met. They told them all the same white lie that they'd been going with, that Jungkook had seen Jimin at the coffee shop, hired him and it had naturally evolved into a romance, making everything sound much much more decorous than it had actually been. But they would never admit to Jimin's parents the real story, or the fact that they had fucked within two hours of meeting... or any of the other details about their relationship. Sometimes, people were better off not knowing things, and this was definitely one of those cases.

They decorated the tree, Dahee pointing out various ornaments that Jimin had made at various stages of childhood, some with tiny handprints and scraggly words on them, and others with poorly drawn pictures or paint. Jimin and Taehyung got into a little fight, with the strings of garland, laughing as they swung it around and smacked each other with the lengths of scratchy, glittery decoration, and Jinhwan lifted Jimin up so he could put on the star, which was apparently tradition. The atmosphere became more comfortable the longer they were there, and though Taehyung and Jin continually teased Jimin and exposed embarrassing and funny stories about their childhoods, the Omega just groaned and hid his face against Jungkook's shoulder as the Alpha did his best to suppress his laughter. The feeling of being in that family circle was bittersweet for Jungkook, still so raw from the voicemail his Appa had left him.

It wasn't until they were in bed that night that Jungkook let his emotions out of the little box that he'd shoved them into. Jimin was small and soft, cuddled up so close to his side that he was practically on top of him, gently running the tip of his nose over Jungkook's t-shirt, fingers curled into it, holding little handfuls. The sensation was nice, comforting and innocently intimate. It felt good to be alone, to finally be able to hold him and whisper all the things he'd wanted to say to him

all day long. His Omega was sleepy and purring in his arms and he felt complete in one part of his heart, but for the first time, he allowed himself to really FEEL his own longing and let it wash over him, acknowledging the pain and the craving for what it was, the need for affection, connection with his parents, who he'd once been so close to. After spending the day with Jimin and his family, Jungkook was missing his parents. He missed them, and suddenly the things that had kept them apart and seemed so important at the time, seemed so trivial. He'd long since ceased being angry. He didn't even know why he hadn't reached out before now, but... perhaps it was again his little one's doing.

He thought about Jimin and how patient he'd been, not trying to make him talk about it after he'd cried, letting him come around in his own time. Jimin was so incredibly selfless and strong. He'd opened Jungkook's closed off heart. The door to that place had felt stuck and rusted shut, damaged by those who had come before him and left him feeling so incredibly worthless, despite all his money. But Jimin had worked patiently at each stubborn hinge, polishing them with gentle words and soft, loving kindness, his acceptance of Jungkook sexually, but also who he was as a person. He'd insisted that they cut short their date when he'd had his breakthrough, and then cockwarmed him while he worked, letting him know that it was okay to do things for himself. He wasn't the only one who had to make sacrifices in a relationship. Jimin had done all of that, eased away all the pain and decay that bad experience had left until the door to his deepest inner places had opened without any need to force it. It had burst open, ready to welcome the one who had healed him and removed the painful feelings of the past. He felt ready to talk now that he'd had time to process his own feelings.

## Chapter End Notes

Please leave a comment.

# Needs and Limitations

## Chapter Summary

Jimin has needs and Jungkook has to work around their situation to help him out.

## Chapter Notes

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

“Baby?” Jungkook whispered into the quiet darkness of the room.

“Hm?” Jimin hummed from his place on Jungkook’s chest.

“The reason I was crying... it’s because my Appa called me.”

Jimin pulled back from his chest and leaned up on his elbow to look at him in the darkness.

“Are you okay?”

“Yeah. I think I am now.”

“If you don’t mind me asking, what happened between you?”

Jungkook sighed and wrapped an arm around Jimin, pulling him closer so he could lay back down on his chest, needing the closeness.

“It was a few years ago. Cypher Tech was just beginning to really make money. My Appa’s business started to go under and the bank was going to re-possess his premises. I tried to tell him that I’d pay the bank, I’d help him out. He got angry and told me he didn’t need my money. At the time, I was angry too. We argued, and we both said some things I think we regret in hindsight. He scolded me for not taking over the family business and I... told him that he failed his company and that at least I could run a business... Fuck, I can’t believe I was such an asshole to him. He slapped me, and I was so mad that I couldn’t even see that I’d deserved it.”

“That’s no excuse to hit you.” Jimin said, turning his face to press a kiss to his chest.

“It is. I basically called him a failure right in front of my Eomma, his mate. If my company went under and someone said that to me, in front of my Omega nonetheless... I’d hit them too. Even if it was my best friend or my Appa.”

“Did you ever tell him that?”

The Omega traced soft fingertips over Jungkook’s abdomen as he listened, trying to soothe him.

“No. I stormed out and we haven’t talked since. I guess I never really thought about it until now. But, I think I can finally see his feelings clearly... I feel like a horrible person.”

Jimin pushed back up and climbed up on top of Jungkook, straddling him and laying his upper body against Jungkook’s, offering closeness and support that he could sense the Alpha needed.

“You’re not a horrible person. You are strong, generous, and smart. Everyone makes mistakes, though, I think that you were both too proud. But that’s okay too. You said your Appa called you. Did he want to reconcile?”

“Yeah. He apologized for the past and said he wants our family to be whole again...”

Jimin felt tears fill his eyes at the husk of emotion he could hear in Jungkook’s voice.

“Is that what you want too?”

“Yeah.” The word was just a whisper, but he cleared his throat before continuing still in a quiet voice. “I miss them.”

“Then you should go and see them. They live here, right?”

Jungkook thought about that. Should he go and see them? He wanted to, and his father had said that he wanted to see him. The years of time they’d spent apart felt like a vast ocean and Jungkook wasn’t sure if he was ready to brave those deep waters, but he knew that it was time. It was again, his relationship with Jimin that had changed him, or perhaps he should say, made him think clearly. In the intervening years since his fallout with his parents, Jungkook had continued to believe that he was completely in the right, and his father completely in the wrong. Everything was black and white in his eyes. It was only recently, with his realization of his feelings for Jimin that he’d begun to comprehend that there was more to the situation than it seemed. His pride had only ever revolved around himself and his own accomplishments. He’d never been tangled up with someone else so much that he’d let his emotions be affected by how someone else perceived him. He’d also been brand new at running his business, and the reality of all the people whose livelihoods rested on his shoulders hadn’t yet sunk in for him. His father had felt that weight however, and it was an extraordinary burden to bear.

“What if I fuck it all up again? What if it goes badly?” Jungkook asked, voice more hesitant than Jimin had ever heard it.

The Omega squeezed Jungkook with his whole body from his position on top of him.

“Then I’ll still be on your side, and you can come back to me for comfort if that’s what you need.”

Jimin held on to Jungkook as his strong arms wrapped tighter around him.

“Will you come with me? You don’t have to go in. You can just wait in the car if you want to... I just want you to be nearby.”

“Of course I’ll go with you. Whatever you need. I’m there for you.”

“Thank you, little one. I don’t know what I’d do without you.”

“You don’t have to thank me, but you’re welcome anyways.”

They stayed just like that, with Jimin laying on top of him, head on his chest until the Omega fell asleep. Jungkook felt him go lax as his breathing evened out and the Alpha basked in the feel of the



light, warm body on top of him. He was so in love with his little one that it felt like a razor had sliced some place deep inside him and all the secret yearning for love he'd been holding back for so long was pouring from his heart and finally allowing room for someone inside. That place that had been full of nothing but a deep, yearning for acceptance was now full of Jimin, who accepted him for the dominating workaholic he was, who soothed him and smoothed his rough edges. His perfect little vanilla baby.

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Jungkook woke to the feel of a wet mouth on his neck and Jimin undulating on top of him, their cocks trapped between them through the layers of their clothes. He could smell Jimin's slick and hear the soft, gasping breaths that the Omega drew between open-mouthed kisses that he was trailing all over Jungkook's jaw. Jimin's scent was so strong and sweet that it had Jungkook's mouth watering and his cock throbbing where Jimin was grinding against him slowly.

The Alpha groaned and slid his hands up Jimin's thighs to his hips to help him move. Fuck, there was no way he liked to wake up more than with Jimin on top of him, or with his soft mouth wrapped around his cock. He used his grip to pull the Omega down against him with more force. Jimin let out a little moan that shot straight down Jungkook's spine and had pre-cum already leaking from his cock.

"Ngh... Daddy... need you. Need you to fill me up... So empty. Please..." Jimin whimpered against his neck as he continued moving against him.

Jungkook went to roll them over and cursed as his elbow knocked into the nightstand. That was when he remembered where they were. They were not at home, and he couldn't roll Jimin over and fuck him, because this was the Omega's parents house. Dammit. He should have insisted on staying in a hotel. But as he looked down at Jimin, his eyes were glimmering and silvery, looking up at him with so much trust and longing. Jungkook felt like a monster as he pulled back and Jimin's face morphed into surprise and distress. His little hands scrambled at Jungkook's shoulders, trying to pull him close again.

"Baby... we can't right now."

Jimin's stomach turned at those words. His eyes filled with tears and bit his lip to hold back a cry of distress. He was hurting and he needed Jungkook... he needed his Daddy to help him. His pre-heat had his belly tight and cramping with little shocks of painful arousal. He gripped Jungkook's shirt and tried to pull him down closer, wanting to be kissed and soothed as his emotions went haywire and he hiccupped a little cry and tears leaked from the corners of his eyes. He watched as the Alpha's onyx eyes melted and turned into swirling pools that were full of so much emotion.

"Please... it hurts. I can be quiet. I'll be good. Please, Daddy... Alpha. Help me."

Jungkook could not resist him when he was looking at him like that. He hated to see him cry, and he hated even more the thought of him being in pain, a pain that Jungkook could ease. He leaned back down and scented Jimin across his cheeks and nose, pressing a few soft kisses to him. His mind worked at the problem and came to a solution.

"Shh... hush now, little one. I'm right here. I won't let you hurt, Baby."

Jimin wrapped his arms around Jungkook's neck and held him with surprising strength as he gasped soft little whines.

"W-will you fuck me, Daddy?"

"Yeah, Baby. Let's go to the bathroom and I'll fuck you in the shower, how's that?"

Jimin nodded frantically. "Please..."

"Come on, sweetheart." Jungkook pushed himself up and got out of bed before helping Jimin over to sit on the edge. "What do you want to wear today, pretty boy?"

Jungkook crouched down to rummage through their suitcases, trying to ignore his erection for a few moments to get their shower things. When Jimin didn't answer, he looked over his shoulder to find the Omega eyeing his back and shoulders with parted lips and half-lidded eyes, one of his small hands pressed between his legs, slowly rubbing himself. Jungkook felt another shot of arousal as he watched what he was pretty sure was an unconscious effort to pleasure himself.

"Baby?" Jungkook said and Jimin jumped like he was startled, his hand jolting away from its place between his legs as his face went bright red.

"Wh-what?"

Jungkook turned his body and moved forward so he was on his knees in front of Jimin, who was still beet red in the cheeks. The Alpha put his hands on Jimin's knees and pushed his legs apart, Jimin willingly moving at his touch. Jungkook could see that his panties were so soaked that they clung to him like a second skin, drenched in syrupy slick. He reached his hand between his open legs and gently brushed the backs of his knuckles over the soaked material, dragging his touch over the cock that strained against the confines of the underwear. Jimin keened softly and his head fell back as he shuddered at the feather-light caress.

"You're already so wet for me, Baby... Gods you smell so fucking sweet."

Jungkook leaned down, his shoulders pushing Jimin's legs open wider and the Omega leaning back, propping himself up on his hands as the Alpha pressed his lips against the bulge of his cock, through the wet panties. He opened his mouth and licked at him before mouthing open-mouthed kisses against his cock, sucking at him through the wet material. Jimin was so needy and sensitive that he was already close, his balls drawing up in preparation for an orgasm as more slick drenched his already soaked panties. He canted his hips up, seeking more, and when Jungkook's kisses turned to scenting, Jimin's body gave a throb and shudder, his thighs quivering and cock jumping as he looked down to see the Alpha rubbing his nose and cheeks against him between his legs, scenting him in his most intimate places. His stomach muscles clenched up and his toes curled as he fisted the bedsheets and bit his lips to hold back sounds. His orgasm pulled a slight squeak out of him, but he managed to hold back the rest of the cry that wanted to burst from him. Cum added to the mess of his panties, but he didn't care. He knew Jungkook would clean him up. The Alpha uncurled from his bent position so he could press his wet nose against Jimin's neck and kiss him there as he growled out quiet words.

"That is so fucking sexy, Baby... I love how easy you cum for me... I wish we were at home so I could tie you up all pretty and fuck you hard and fast, just how you like it..."

"Daddy... fuck. What else? Tell me what else..." Jimin whimpered as Jungkook's hands caressed his body through his hoodie.

"I'd scent you from head to toe and give you hickeys all over so that everyone knows you're mine... I'd lick you open until you were so loose and relaxed from my mouth that you'd take my cock easily... and then I'd fuck you until you begged me to stop."

Jimin wrapped his legs around Jungkook's hips and pulled the Alpha toward him until his hard

cock pressed between Jimin's spread legs and he gasped.

"Oh... fuck... I want it... fuck, I want it, Daddy."

"I know, little one... let's go to the shower and I'll fuck you."

Jungkook didn't ask Jimin what he wanted to wear this time, just deciding for him and going with something similar to yesterday except the socks were yellow, the leggings pale gray and the hoodie white. He also grabbed his little lemon printed panties, which reminded him of when he'd bought Jimin his nesting supplies and watched over him as he'd nested in his yellow socks and lemon panties, the memory so dear to him that it made his heart feel fuller still. Jimin had packed mostly his comfortable clothes, and Jungkook understood that he needed warmth and comfort right now, especially since he wouldn't be able to have Jungkook as much as usual, or near as much as he needed, and he could imagine how uncomfortable jeans or slacks would be as he gained weight for his heat and his sensitive body in its constant fluctuations of arousal would only make things worse. For himself he grabbed a pair of jeans and a blue sweater, black boxer-briefs. He snatched up their shower bag and looked to Jimin who was just standing from the bed on trembling legs. Jungkook moved quickly adding a plug to the stack, hiding it between layers of clothes to keep it out of sight, just in case. The hoodie Jimin slept in fell back down to return some amount of modesty as he stepped toward the door.

"You ready, little one?"

"Yeah."

Jungkook cracked open the door and looked both ways down the hall before opening the door and ushering Jimin out and into the bathroom next door. He closed and locked it behind him. Jungkook set all their clothes out on the counter and placed the contents of their shower bag into the stall quickly before turning on the water to warm up. He faced Jimin and the Omega was still standing by the door, looking unusually shy. He stepped closer and Jimin reached up and laid his hands on Jungkook's chest, his cheeks pink.

"What is it, Baby? Something wrong?"

"It's weird doing it here..."

"Do you want to stop? We can just shower, if that's what you want to do, Baby."

"No! Please no. I need it..." Jimin whined, stepping closer.

"Okay, okay... Just relax, little one. Lift up your arms."

Jungkook stripped Jimin down and followed suit with his own clothes. He checked the water temperature and let Jimin step in first. He followed him in and immediately pressed him against the wall and captured his lips in a hard kiss, one hand snaking down his back to find his entrance and stretch him. Jimin moaned into his mouth as Jungkook fingered him open, and the Alpha swallowed the muffled sounds. Jungkook wished he could take his time and pull Jimin apart slowly until he was so sleepy and satisfied that he'd curl back up in his nest and sleep the rest of the day, but they had maybe ten minutes, and Jungkook wanted to make the most of them.

"I think you're ready, little one. I'm gonna lift you up. Wrap your arms around me, Baby."

Jungkook leaned down and slid his arms between Jimin's legs, opening them and letting the Omega surrender his weight as he was lifted. His knees hooked with Jungkook's elbows as the Alpha straightened and Jimin wrapped his arms around his shoulders, face immediately burying in

his neck as Jungkook shifted and pressed against his rim until he could slide inside. Jimin's nails bit into his back and the Omega shuddered in his hold, letting out a pained little sound as he tried to hold back his moans. Jungkook turned his face and pressed a kiss to the side of his head.

"It's okay, Baby. I've got you. Bite into my shoulder if you need to, okay? Daddy's gonna take care of you. I'm gonna make you feel so good... gonna take all the pain away."

Jimin bit into Jungkook's shoulder as tears filled his eyes and his whole body ached with arousal. His pre-heat had been demanding for Jungkook since the last time the Alpha had been inside him. In his state, all he wanted was sex and sleep and food and then even more sex. He wanted Jungkook all to himself, naked and erect in his nest so he could ride him until they were both so satisfied and tired that they'd fall asleep. But all he was getting was this, a quick, quiet fuck in the shower. It was so much less than he wanted, but still enough to satisfy his need. It was Jungkook's soft words and praises that were getting him off, more than the actual feel of being fucked, though that too was good as Jungkook held him up with ease, legs spread obscenely as the Alpha pinned him to the shower wall and thrust up into him over and over.

"That's it, Baby... You're such a good boy for me... You feel so good... I'm sorry you're hurting, little one... Daddy's gonna make it better."

"A-Alpha..." Jimin squeaked, as he released his bite from Jungkook's shoulder.

"What is it, Baby?" Jungkook asked, slowing a bit, his breaths coming hard.

"T-tell me I'm pretty... Tell me... I'm yours."

Jungkook pushed up into Jimin until he was fully sheathed inside the warmth of his body, his slowly swelling knot stretching him open farther. He put his lips to Jimin's ear and did exactly as he was asked.

"You're the prettiest, little one... You're my pretty, vanilla baby... All mine... Mine... You're mine, little one. No one else can ever do this to you. Your pleasure belongs to me... Isn't that right, Baby?"

"Yes... fuck yes..." Jimin husked and had to bite into Jungkook's shoulder to muffle his sounds as his body started to clench up, his orgasm coming rapidly.

"That's it... fuck, you're so tight... Cum for me, Baby..." Jungkook groaned quietly against Jimin's ear.

That was all it took for the Omega to fall apart. His whole body twitched and spasmed in the Alpha's hold. He bit and sucked at the Alpha's shoulder as he tried to muffle the groans that wanted to burst past his lips. By the time he came down from his orgasm, he realized that Jungkook hadn't knotted him. He wanted to cry. He needed the Alpha to knot him, to know that his body was pleasuring his Alpha.

"Y-you didn't cum?" Jimin asked, pulling back from his shoulder to see Jungkook's face screwed up in concentration.

"Not yet, Baby... I want to make you feel good. Want to get you off again first. We don't have much time before someone comes looking for us."

Jimin wanted to cry even more as he realized what Jungkook was doing for him. He knew he was close to his own release, and clearly in pain from holding back, his knot partway swollen as he pulled gently out of Jimin's clenching hole.

“Jungkook... thank you.”

Jungkook pressed a kiss to his lips.

“Anything for you, little one... Can you stand? I’m gonna set you down.”

“Yeah, I can.”

Jungkook set Jimin back down on his feet and used hands on his hips to turn him around.

“Brace your hands on the wall.”

Jimin did as he was asked, body trembling with desire as Jungkook slid a hand around to cover his mouth as his other hand gripped his hip and he thrust back inside in one hard push that had Jimin’s eyes rolling back in his head. The Alpha got a steady pace going and moved his hand around to Jimin’s cock, taking him in a tight fist. As he thrust into him, Jimin was pushed in and out of the Alpha’s hand and dual sensations had the Omega shaking and moaning into the hand muffling his sounds. Jimin wanted Jungkook to cum inside him so badly... he was dying for the feel of his big cock jerking and kicking deep inside him as his knot stretched him open and searing bursts of seed filled him. He could tell Jungkook was close and as the Alpha’s knot formed, it was Jungkook’s turn to bite into Jimin’s shoulder to muffle a groan. Jimin came the third time from the feel of Jungkook knotting him, cumming in him until it was almost painful how full he felt. He knew his pre-heat was affecting his Alpha too. Making his body prepare itself to serve him in his heat, making him cum more than usual, his body wanting to sate him, to breed him.

Jungkook pulled back slowly, releasing the bite on his shoulder and moving his hand off Jimin’s mouth. The Omega felt so full and relaxed as Jungkook’s arms encircled his body, but it was short lived as Jungkook eased out of him. Jimin whimpered as his delicious fullness escaped his body, Jungkook’s cum running down his thighs and being washed away down the drain. He let out a soft sob as his fullness was taken away and he turned and clung to Jungkook as the water cascaded over them. The Alpha kissed his forehead and squeezed him gently.

“It’s alright, Baby.”

“I wanna go home. I hate this.”

“I know, little one. I know. But I know you want to see your family. I’ll find a way to get us some alone time so I can take care of you properly.”

Jimin pulled back and looked up at him with wet hair and teary eyes, little droplets of water sliding over his pale skin and flushed cheeks.

“Really?”

“Really. You know I just want to take care of you, right?”

“Yes, I know.”

Jungkook pressed another soft kiss to Jimin’s lips before he started to wash him, gently from head to toe before quickly washing himself. The Alpha dried them both, and when he pulled out the plug he’d stashed in their stack of clothes, Jimin’s eyes went wide and he smiled brilliantly.

“I’m going to put this in you, sweetheart. It should help you to get through the day. Okay?”

Jungkook said and Jimin nodded furiously. “Good boy. Now, just bend over the counter here... just like that. Perfect.”

Jungkook eased the plug inside him and Jimin had to bite his lip to hold in a sound. Once it was seated inside him, the Omega let himself be pulled up to standing again. He let his eyes slide shut as he leaned his back against Jungkook's chest and the Alpha held him there for a moment.

"Thank you, Jungkook."

"You're welcome, pretty boy."

Jungkook trailed open-mouthed kisses up Jimin's neck before licking over and over the bite mark on his neck in apology before helping Jimin get dressed. He pulled on his own clothes and held his Omega in the steamy bathroom for a few moments, kissing him and trying to soothe him as best he could before they had to go out and face everyone for breakfast. But eventually they did have to leave. They dropped their things off in their room and headed downstairs where they could already smell breakfast cooking. As they rounded the corner into the kitchen, they met with, not only Jimin's parents, but Jin and Tae as well.

"Minnie! Good morning! I was wondering if you two would ever be done in the show..." Tae started and faded off at a look from his friend that said to shut the fuck up. The Omega walked over to Jimin and hugged him in greeting. "Anyways, it's nice to see you this morning. How are you feeling? Are your cramps really bad?"

Taehyung put a hand on Jimin's belly, looking at him sympathetically.

"Tae..." Jimin said through clenched teeth. "Stop."

"What? It's not like anyone here doesn't know what pre-heat is from one side or the other. I just want to make sure you're okay."

Jimin put a hand over his eyes and sighed.

"You're very sweet Tae, but can we talk about this later? Preferably alone?"

"Oh... Sure."

Jimin was sure he was going to die of embarrassment by the time they left. Could an Omega not have his pre-heat with some dignity? He was 21 years old, and he shouldn't feel embarrassed about this, he knew that it was natural. But the thought of pre-heat brought up his heat and attached to that in his mind was his Alpha and how he would serve him through his heat. Jimin had never had anyone to help him during his heat, and he knew that Jungkook would be brilliant. Jeon Jungkook was a sex GOD and Jimin knew he was lucky to have someone so in tune with his body to help him through his fertile time. But it was the last thing he wanted to think about while his parents were literally five paces away listening to the conversation and his Alpha was right there, probably also embarrassed.

Before the atmosphere could get too awkward, Dahee cut in from the kitchen.

"Good morning, dears! Jimin, could you help me with this?"

"Sure Eomma!"

Jimin lifted up on his toes and kissed Jungkook's cheek, giving him an apologetic smile as he skipped off into the kitchen to help his mother. Jungkook was pulled off to the living room by Jin and Taehyung, who wanted to talk to him more.

There was something strangely threatening about the two Omegas as they sat on either side of him

on the couch and started to fire questions at him. It felt like this was some kind of test that he had to pass in order to date Jimin. So, he answered every question they directed at him, from, “What first drew you to Jimin?” to “Where did you go to university?” to “Where did you grow up?” and so much more. The Alpha just answered as honestly as he could without revealing anything he shouldn’t, and by the time Jimin peeked around the door into the living room to call them to breakfast, Jungkook was dying to get back to his Baby and escape the clutches of his brother and best friend.

When he walked into the kitchen, Jimin instantly clung to him and Jungkook wrapped him up in his arms, rubbing his back in quick motions as he felt how cold his little one was.

“You alright, Baby? You feel cold.”

“Yeah. You’re warm.” Jimin said as he curled his arms up between them to warm them against Jungkook’s body.

“You want a thicker sweater, or another layer?”

Jimin smiled as he laid his head on Jungkook’s chest, letting himself be held.

“I’m okay.”

Dahee patted them both on the back and they pulled apart. She reached up and pinched one of each of their cheeks, cooing at them like they were babies.

“You two are just the cutest! I’m so happy that my Baby is being taken care of so well.”

“Eomma!” Jimin whined, pushing her hand away.

“What? I don’t get to love on you enough, and I just adore my new son-in-law. You’ll just have to put up with it.” She said very matter-of-factly. “Let’s eat.”

Jungkook sat at the dining table, and before he knew what was happening, he had a lap full of Jimin and as he looked at him, it was clear that the Omega had just sat on his lap out of habit, as that’s what they always did at home. He stood quickly and coughed as his cheeks went pink before taking his place next to him. Jungkook rubbed the back of his neck, but offered Jimin a little consoling smile which seemed to melt some of his awkwardness. Jimin felt warmed by Jungkook’s presence as he sat next to him and couldn’t stop himself from scooting closer to cuddle against his side.

They ate their breakfast like that with Jimin trying to subtly scoot closer while not being subtle at all, purring and nuzzling at Jungkook’s shoulder whenever the Alpha looked at him, clearly wanting his attention. It was hell itself for Jungkook not to pull Jimin into his lap to kiss and scent him until he was soft and pliant in his hold, purring and falling asleep on his chest like a little kitten. He just wanted to make him feel better, whatever that took. But, he didn’t want to make the others uncomfortable and most of all, he didn’t want to embarrass Jimin in front of his family. He wasn’t sure if that side of him was something he wanted them to see, so he held back and gave smaller bits of affection as he could, petting him and pressing soft kisses into his hair. Jimin bloomed at any touch and Jungkook was so endeared by him, as he watched his cheeks grow pink and his lips pulling into that smile that always made Jungkook’s middle fill with butterflies.

“So Jungkook, I was hoping to steal you for a few hours this morning. We still need to give you a tour of the new plant and go over the arrangements for the factory.” Jinhwan said, interrupting the lovers.

“Alpha, they just got here. Can’t that wait for later?” Dahee pouted.

“Well, if we get it out of the way today, then you can have them all to yourself for the rest of the two weeks. Uninterrupted.”

Dahee looked like she was trying to do some very complex equations in her head as she weighed those options, the desire for instant gratification versus practicality.

“Ugh! Alright. But make it snappy!”

After breakfast, the pair of Alphas pulled on shoes and coats at the door. Jimin and Dahee stood there together watching with matched expressions of petulant impatience. When Jungkook was ready, Jimin stepped forward and wrapped his arms around the Alpha’s middle.

“Do you want me to go with you?”

“No sweetheart, we’re gonna be outside mostly and I don’t want you to get sick. It’s all gonna be boring work stuff anyway. Spend some time with your Eomma and Tae and Jin or else I think they’re gonna beat me up.”

Jimin laughed at that and buried his face against Jungkook’s chest.

“They couldn’t beat you up. You’re too strong.”

“Hmm... I don’t know, they are pretty scary. I need you to protect me.” He joked. “So, go spend some time with them while your Appa and I get all the boring stuff out of the way, okay?”

“Okay. But don’t be scared of Jin and Tae, I’ll protect you baby bun.”

“My hero.”

Jimin closed his eyes and turned his face upward, exposing his neck. Jungkook realized he was asking to be scented. He threw caution to the wind and scented him, not wanting him to feel anxious while he was gone. He pressed a final kiss to his lips.

Next to them, Dahee was clinging to her Alpha too, pouting at him.

“Hurry up.”

“We will, blossom. We’ll be back before you know it.”

“You better be! If you’re not back by lunch you’re sleeping on the couch tonight.”

“Noted.”

“Alright. Hurry up and go so you can get back.”

“Aye aye, captain.” Jinhwan said with a sarcastic salute that had Dahee rolling her eyes but giggling anyway.

Jungkook looked over to the older Alpha and Jinhwan indicated toward the door.

“You ready?”

“Yeah. Let’s go.”



As Jungkook turned to leave, Jimin caught his arm and the Alpha looked back to see him looking a little antsy, shifting his weight from foot to foot.

“You’re gonna be back soon, right?”

“Of course, little one. I’ll be right back. You won’t even miss me.”

Jimin’s face twisted up like he didn’t believe that, but he nodded.

“Okay...”

Jungkook knew it was Jimin’s pre-heat making him nervous and anxious. Normally, Jimin was perfectly fine on his own, but his hormones made him want his Alpha close by when he was feeling vulnerable. It was an animal instinct that he couldn’t fight. Jungkook knew that when he went into pre-rut, Jimin would be lucky to leave his arms even to go to the bathroom, much less for any other reason. So he just kissed him again. Once on the lips and once on the tip of his cute little nose. Finally, Jimin dropped his hands and let the Alpha go, looking a little pouty.

## Chapter End Notes

Please leave a comment!

# Trust In Me

## Chapter Summary

Jimin and Jungkook spend a few hours apart. Jimin and his father have a talk.

## Chapter Notes

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Jungkook was not usually an awkward person, especially when it came to business dealings. But this whole situation made for an all around awkward, stilted mess. Of course that didn't stop him from acting like everything was fine and that he didn't regularly tie up Jinhwan's son and fuck him until he cried, all while the Omega begged him for more. He tried not to think about Jimin and all the filthy, perfect things he wanted to do to him, but that was nearly impossible. His body was protesting the fact that he'd left his pre-heat Omega, making him feel antsy and nervous. What if Jimin needed something? What if he started to feel sick or got hurt or...

“You okay?”

Jungkook was pulled out of his spiraling thoughts by Jinhwan's voice. He cleared his throat and looked at the older Alpha.

“Uh, yes. I'm fine.”

“Nervous about leaving Jimin?”

“Mm. A bit.”

It was so awkward to have to deal with this, when all he wanted to do was go get Jimin pull him off somewhere they could be alone and ravish him and praise him until all the stress left his tiny body and he was just loose limbs and relaxed muscles, plugged, tummy slightly distended, just like Jungkook knew he liked best.

“It's okay, Jungkook. I've been mated for nearly thirty years. I know what it feels like to have to leave your Omega when they are in pre-heat, even for a short time.”

Jungkook blew out a long breath and nodded.

“Yeah.”

“Look, as much as I don't want to talk about this and I'm sure you don't either, I know that Jimin's in pre-heat and I'm not so delusional as to think that the two of you haven't slept together.” There was a short, uncomfortable pause. “All I'm saying is that I don't want my son to be in pain any more than you do. So, if you need some ah... alone time with him, we can work something out.

Dahee blistered my ears last night about how I was rude to you two and made you feel uncomfortable.”

“It’s okay.”

“It’s not. I know it’s not. You didn’t know Jimin was my son, and even then, I doubt it would have changed much for you. I can see that, and I’m sorry. Last night, Dahee reminded me of how her own Appa treated our relationship. It caused a rift between them for a long time, and I don’t want that to happen with Jimin. Dahee would probably actually murder me.”

Jungkook looked over at the father of the Omega he loved and could see the struggle he was going through and the fear in him that he could lose his son because of this. Jungkook knew that Jimin was close with his parents, and he knew firsthand how a rift between a parent and their child felt. He would hate for Jimin to feel that, and even more for him to be the cause of it.

“I’m not trying to come between you. I care very much about Jimin, and I think maybe you should talk to him. He’s stronger than he looks. He’s bright and stubborn and unbelievably understanding. I think you should just tell him what you’re feeling. He’ll understand. He’s good that way.”

“Yeah. I think you’re right.”

They didn’t discuss the matter any further. The car ride was quiet until they arrived at the facility and Jungkook found it to be just as it had been in the pictures. The foundations for the new building were laid and the lion’s share of the structure was up, the rest clearly underway. Their interactions smoothed out as they moved into the safe and familiar territory of business. They walked through the half-built building and Jinhwan showed him where each different part of the facility would be, how the work would flow through the place that was set up in a very particular order for maximum efficiency so that things would be assembled in order along the line and finish off being packaged and ready to ship.

Jungkook had left a large part of the planning up to Jinhwan, who knew more about the actual logistics of manufacturing than Jungkook. He couldn’t help but be impressed and a little glad that he’d chosen to work with him, regardless of the fact that he was currently sleeping with his son as his sugar baby and hoping to move that somehow into a permanent and official relationship. The plans that Jinhwan described were streamlined, efficient and neat. Everything had its place, and all his ducks were in a row. They reviewed the blueprints and sketches that had been made up of how everything was going to work, and went over the emails from the various machine shops that said their orders were on time and should be ready for transport around the same time the building itself was ready.

The whole ordeal took about three hours and just as they were about to leave, Jungkook’s phone rang. He saw it was Jimin and answered immediately, stomach filling with butterflies as he realized how long he’d been gone.

“Baby? You okay?”

“I’m fine, Alpha... I just wanted to check on you. You’ve been gone a long time.” There was a brief pause. “I miss you.”

“I miss you too, little one. How are you feeling?”

“A little feverish, cramping...” He cleared his throat and said quietly, “...horny.”

Jungkook felt his Alpha instincts roar to life inside him. The need to get to his Omega and help

him... fuck him and give him what his body needed, but also to care for him, protect him while he was vulnerable.

“I’m so sorry Baby. Do you need anything? Is there something I can bring you?”

“I don’t know if it’s too embarrassing, but... Could you bring me some heat pain relievers? And a bag of skittles... and blue powerade...”

“Whatever you want, Minnie. Anything else?”

“...sour gummy worms?” He said so softly and hesitantly that Jungkook just wanted to squeeze him.

Jungkook’s heart was so full as he imagined Jimin’s slightly pouting lips and big gray eyes looking at him. He could picture the expression so well, that it was like he could actually hear it.

“Whatever you want. I’ll be back soon, okay? Lay down and rest if you need to. Don’t push yourself too hard, alright?”

“Okay.”

“If you think of anything else you want, just text me and I’ll bring it.”

“Thank you...”

“It’s nothing, Minnie. I’ll be there soon.”

Jungkook hung up the phone and glanced to Jinhwan, who was looking at him with something akin to approval.

“I’m guessing we need to make a grocery run?”

“Yeah.”

“No problem.”

They made it to the grocery store and Jungkook had a little list that Jimin had texted him. He and Jinhwan walked through the store to the candy section and grabbed everything that Jimin had requested, including a few that were on the new list. Apparently Jimin had a sweet tooth in his pre-heat.

Jinhwan waited at the end of the aisle as Jungkook got the heat pain relievers, numbing cream and heating pad that Jimin asked for. The purchases made Jungkook’s stomach curl as he thought of his precious little one being in so much pain that he needed all these things. He wondered if his heats had always been so bad for him, and was filled with sympathy. He decided in that moment that they were never making any plans that coincided with heats or ruts ever again, because this was actual hell. He selected what Jimin wanted and paid at the checkout before heading home.

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As soon as Jungkook left, Jimin already felt anxious. He didn’t like Jungkook leaving him, but his Eomma just wrapped him up in a hug and gave him a squeeze before pulling back and reaching up to push his blond hair back from his face.

“I know it’s hard, my baby. Don’t worry, he’ll be back soon.”

Jimin felt his face go hot at those words. His mother had read him so easily.

“Am I that obvious?”

She gave a soft laugh and gently pinched his cheeks. She raised up on her toes to press a kiss to his cheek and petted him over his neck and shoulders.

“I know what it feels like to have your Alpha leave when you’re in pre-heat, Jimin. You’ll be okay, and I promise we’ll get you two some alone time before long, okay?”

“Thanks, Eomma.”

“You’re welcome, kitty cat.”

“Ah! Stop calling me that!”

“Never. Now, let’s go have some Omega time to distract you until Jungkook gets back.”

Jimin let her pull him along to the living room where Jin and Tae were waiting. Tae claimed Jimin first and practically dragged him onto the couch to sit with him and cuddle. Jimin didn’t mind. He liked the closeness, even if the cinnamon scent wasn’t the one he longed for most. He was still happy as he curled up against Tae and let himself be held. Taehyung knew how to read him better than anyone, and he knew when Jimin was trying to be strong. They had known each other since very young childhood. Their parents had pictures of the two of them in diapers, playing together. Tae laid a soft hand on his belly.

“You okay, Minnie? Are your cramps bad?”

Jimin shrugged, then looked into those hazel eyes and felt himself melt instantly, not able to pretend to feel better than he really did when Tae could clearly see right through him. The other Omega just had a way of breaking through Jimin’s walls. Jimin nodded and rested his head on Tae’s shoulder, hands slipping under his hoodie to press against his aching, cramping abdomen. All he wanted was for Jungkook to come hold him and scent him and then carry him off to ravish him. The plug inside him was helping just a little, but his entrance kept spasming and clenching, little shots of pain making his rim squeeze and flutter around the intrusion.

“I’m sorry, Minnie. Do you need anything? Some aspirin maybe?”

“Yeah. Maybe that would help.”

Dahee stood at once from where she’d settled and leaned down to pet him and take his temperature with her hand.

“Hmm... you feel a little warm, which isn’t unusual. Let me see what I’ve got. I definitely at least have some aspirin if I don’t have any heat painkillers. I’ll be right back.

His brother swapped to the smaller couch, squeezing in on Jimin’s other side and wrapping his arms around him, making him the center of a cuddle sandwich. He felt comfortable there, Jin’s soft caramel scent was soothing and so was Tae’s cinnamon one. He started to softly purr at the closeness and warmth from his friend and brother, drawing his knees up to curl comfortably between them. Even if he missed Jungkook, this was very relaxing in its own way. It tugged on old, dear memories of watching movies late into the night and sleepovers from his childhood. After a couple of minutes Dahee returned with some aspirin and water for him.

“Sorry baby. I don’t have anything for heat. But this should help a little.”

“Thank you, Eomma.” Jimin said gratefully and took the pain relievers.

Dahee looked at Jin and made a little waving motion with her hand.

“Scoot over! I’m not sitting all alone. I want in on the cuddle pile.”

They all laughed, but shifted around to make room, all four squeezing onto the loveseat, regardless of the fact that there was a much longer couch right next to them. Jimin ended up partway in Tae’s lap and his legs draped over one of Jin’s, but he felt secure like that as his Eomma reached over and rhythmically patted his ankle.

“So, tell us about what’s going on in your life, Minnie. How is school?”

“School is going great. I got top marks last semester, and I think I’m going to enter one of my own recipes into the contest for the yearly cookbook.”

“Oh, I’m sure you’ll be accepted Minnie. Your cooking is amazing.” Tae said, combing his fingers through Jimin’s blond locks.

“Thank you.” Jimin said shyly, turning into the touch in his hair.

“What about Jungkook?” Jin asked.

“What about him?”

“Tell us more about him.”

“What do you want to know?”

“Well, you two met when he hired you to be his housekeeper. Do you still do that?”

“Um... no.”

“So, how do you pay for your apartment?” Tae asked.

“About that... I actually am living with Jungkook right now.”

“WHAT?”

“WHAT?”

“WHAT?” All three chorused together, looking at Jimin with the same expression of shock.

“Well... I got evicted from my apartment when they decided to sell the property. Jungkook offered to let me stay with him, and I’ve been living there about a month now. I mean, I have my own room and everything!”

“So, you’re living with him and not working?” Jin asked.

Jimin’s face went pink again and he curled his fingers against the skin of his belly.

“Jungkook said I should focus on school and let him take care of everything else at least until I graduate.”

“That smooth motherfucker...” Tae said, sounding impressed.

“What?”

“He got you to move in with him, accept his taking you under his care, all for your own good. He’s good, I’ll admit it.”

“He’s just being nice. Jungkook’s always nice.”

“Mm-hm... so, let’s assume that is indeed the case. What else has he done for you? Things he bought you for your own care and happiness?” Tae asked, brows raised.

“Well... he did help me when I was being bullied at school.”

“What?” Jin practically shrieked and hugged Jimin tighter. “Who was bullying my baby brother? I’ll kill them so dead.”

“Jungkook got them all expelled... and I think he ruined one of their Appa’s businesses.”

“Okay... so he’s totally whipped for you then.” Tae said matter-of-factly. “What else? I can sense that there’s more.”

Jimin felt his cheeks going redder and he wanted to escape this conversation that was filling him with a foolish and unrealistic hope, but he didn’t know how to escape it. He couldn’t admit that he was a sugar baby, so he just answered.

“He bought me a car...”

“Wait. Like, he bought YOU a car, or he’s letting you use one of his cars?”

“He bought it for me. It’s in my name and everything.”

“And?” Tae encouraged.

“And a warm winter wardrobe because I’m always cold.”

“And?”

Jimin squirmed and looked down at his lap.

“A brand new nest...”

“Come on, keep going.”

“For Christmas... he bought me a house.”

“HE BOUGHT YOU A HOUSE???” It was the first time Dahee had interrupted, and they all looked to her as her eyes filled with tears and she leaned over Jin to hug him and press kisses all over Jimin’s face, making her son squirm. “I knew I loved my new son-in-law! He takes such good care of you!”

“Eomma! Stop!”

“Never! Do you know how worried I’ve been with you living in Seoul all alone the last few years? But now you have someone to take care of you, scent you and hold you. I’m so happy that you met someone who cares about you so much and treats you special. You deserve it.” She turned and kissed Jin’s cheek too, then reached over to Tae and patted his since she couldn’t reach to kiss him. “All three of you do.”

When she finally pulled back to wipe her eyes Jimin looked around at the three others squeezed

onto the couch. He suddenly wanted them to understand. That had really only focused on Jungkook's presents.

"But it's more than that! Those things aren't the reason I'm with him. I don't care about the gifts and money."

"You tell us why you like him then." Tae said.

"Well... I guess it's because he's always treated me like I was my own person. He supports my dream of opening a restaurant. He always makes sure I'm happy and feel safe, but he doesn't treat me like I'm stupid or like my feelings don't matter. He looks at me like... every time he sees me he's happy. I think he's different with other people than he is when we're alone... like, I'm the only one allowed inside. Anytime I ask him for anything... he just gives it to me without question and sometimes it's like he knows what I want before I even know it and he's already offering it to me. He lets me support and comfort him and he does the same for me. And then... of course there's the, um... sex... which is..." Jimin cleared his throat and felt his face go hot. "...really good."

The other three on the couch were looking at him with raised brows. Tae was the first to speak.

"Jimin... are you in love with him?"

Jimin froze at that. Was he? He thought about Jungkook and his heart immediately fluttered. He thought about his big hands and his warm body, the way he always took care of him, but still let him have his own strength. He thought about Jungkook coming to him when he'd been distressed after the scene at school, and how he'd helped him to take care of everything, how he'd bought him a nest and watched over him while he nested to make him feel safe. He thought about the house that he'd bought him, just so he'd always have a safe, warm place. He thought about the car he'd given him so that he wouldn't have to face gropers and creeps on the train and bus. But most of all, he thought about the way Jungkook held him, the way he stripped him down and worshipped his body, putting him through the most painful and perfect pleasure, the quiet praising words that he lavished on him as he took him over and over until he was so full and replete and plugged full, just how he liked it best. He thought too about those times after sex, when Jungkook washed him and dressed him, tucked him into bed and held him. He knew he'd never meet anyone like his Alpha again in his whole life. He feared it, losing Jungkook and never finding what he had with him again. The Alpha had set the bar so unrealistically high that no one else would ever come close.

And in that moment... he realized the truth. Finally, he put the words to the feelings inside his heart. He was in love with Jungkook. How could he not be? Who could resist loving such a man? But Jimin knew that many had resisted it, and he wanted to find them and wrest an apology from them for hurting the Alpha he loved. He knew that Jungkook had felt out of place in the world for so long, just like Jimin, fearing that he was somehow broken inside, that no one would ever accept him for who and what he was. But to Jimin, Jungkook would always be the best Alpha, the best man. No one could live up to someone who he loved and cherished so dearly. Suddenly, his depression after Jungkook had given him the check came into focus, the way he'd resisted his own heart that had tried time and time again to tell him the truth, but he'd wanted to deny it... because he was a sugar baby. He was not Jungkook's boyfriend... but maybe he could be. Could it be possible for someone like Jeon Jungkook to love him? He thought about everything that the Alpha had done for him and wondered... was Jungkook feeling this too? Maybe he wasn't the only one.

"I... do." Jimin whispered.

All three of them glommed onto him at once, wrapping him up in a tight, four person hug as they



cooed at him and scented him until he was covered in a whole medley of cinnamon, caramel and clove.

“Aww... Minnie, you’re so cute!” Jin squealed.

“My bestie is in love!”

“My baby’s first love! I’m gonna cry!”

Jimin giggled as he was smothered in affection on all sides, but as they pulled back, he looked at his mother.

“I don’t think Appa approves though.”

Dahee twisted her lips and gave him a slightly mischievous expression as she reached over and patted his knee.

“Don’t you worry about that. I’ll deal with your Appa. I’ve been with that Alpha for twenty seven years. I know how to get him in the palm of my hand. Just give him the big eyes and the pouty lip...” She gave the expression, widening her eyes and puffing out her bottom lip. “If that doesn’t work, you quiver the lip and bring out the waterworks.” She repeated the expression, but this time tears filled her eyes and her lower lip wobbled like she was about to cry. “Works every time.”

“Eomma, that’s evil.” Jimin said with a laugh.

“Oh please, I saw you doing it to your Jungkook. Where do you think you get that from?” She asked and laughed. “You come by it honestly. But I’m saying, next time you want something, just try it and I bet you twenty dollars that he’ll cave instantly.”

The three younger Omegas all laughed at Dahee’s evil manipulation, but Jimin secretly kept that little gem of knowledge for later use. They could all sense that Jimin needed a change of subject, so they talked about other things, Jin’s work as a schoolteacher and Tae’s work as a graphic artist. Their old friends and how they were doing, who’d gotten mated since he’d last been in town and who was still single. They reminisced about old things, Dahee even pulled out a few of her albums to flip through and coo over and laugh at themselves, Dahee’s big poofy 80’s hair and Jimin’s big smile when he’d been missing his two front teeth, Jimin and Tae at around two years old in a foofy bubble bath together, hair spiked up into little spears.

After a few hours though, the aspirin proved not to be strong enough for his pain, and the cramping returned with a vengeance. He felt cold, like he had a fever, making the ambient air cool against his skin. But above those, he was unbelievably horny and missing his Alpha. He wanted to nose into Jungkook’s neck and hide there while Jungkook held him until he felt better.

“You feeling okay, my baby?” Dahee asked, reaching over to feel Jimin’s forehead. “You feel warm. Are your cramps back?”

“Yeah.”

“You need Jungkook?”

Jimin nodded and hid his face in his hands as it warmed.

“Why don’t you call him? See when he’ll be home.”

Jimin pulled out his cell phone and extracted himself from the cuddle pile to go into the hallway.

He hit Jungkook's contact and waited as it rang.

"Baby? You okay?" Jungkook answered, and a warmth rushed through his belly, easing the pain a little at the sound of his voice.

"I'm fine, Alpha... I just wanted to check on you. You've been gone a long time." He paused as he wanted to say 'I love you.' "I miss you."

"I miss you too, little one. How are you feeling?"

Jimin leaned against the wall, head tilted toward his shoulder to hold his phone as he toyed with the edge of his sweater, that was actually Jungkook's sweater.

"A little feverish, cramping..." He cleared his throat and looked down the hall to make sure no one could hear. "...horny."

"I'm so sorry Baby. Do you need anything? Is there something I can bring you?"

Jimin hesitated a moment, but ultimately decided to throw caution to the wind. He was hurting and he needed something to help him. He also wanted sweets. He had the biggest sweet tooth when he was in pre-heat, wanting sugar and physical affection like he'd die without them.

"I don't know if it's too embarrassing, but... Could you bring me some heat pain relievers? And a bag of skittles... and blue powerade..."

"Whatever you want, Minnie. Anything else?"

"...sour gummy worms?" He whispered, lips pouting as shyness overtook him along with pleasure at how sweet his Alpha was.

"Whatever you want. I'll be back soon, okay? Lay down and rest if you need to. Don't push yourself too hard, alright?"

Jimin's belly swooped at that. Jungkook was such a good Alpha. He felt the weight of his realization weighing on him and he wanted to blurt it out and ask Jungkook to love him too. But he just twisted the edge of his sweater and blushed.

"Okay."

"If you think of anything else you want, just text me and I'll bring it."

"Thank you..."

"It's nothing, Minnie. I'll be there soon."

They hung up and Jimin looked down at his phone, feeling that his Alpha was so generous and good hearted. He always acted like the things he did for Jimin were mere trifles, as if helping him wasn't a big deal at all, but to Jimin it was a huge deal. A shot of pain went through his belly and down to his entrance that was aching and throbbing, demanding sex that it couldn't have. He pulled up his texting app and tapped out a quick message.

Jimin: Could you also get some numbing cream... the kind for heat-related aching

Then he thought more and texted again.

Jimin: Also dark chocolate

Jimin: and those little chewy caramels

Jimin: Oh and a heating pad

Jimin: Thank you, Alpha

Jungkook: Whatever you need, little one.

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Jimin heard the door open and was up off the couch in seconds, ignoring his cramps as he raced around the corner and saw Jungkook stepping inside, grocery bags in his hands. Jimin squeaked a little sound of happiness and rushed at him, leaping up and wrapping himself around him like a clingy koala, refusing to let go, even as Jungkook staggered and almost fell backward. Jimin buried his face in Jungkook's neck and started to rub his cheeks and nose against his scent gland to refresh the scent clinging to his skin.

“Woah! Baby? You okay?” Jungkook asked as he supported him under the thighs with hands that were still full of groceries.

“Don't leave me anymore, okay?” Jimin sniffled against his neck.

“Okay, Baby.” Jungkook said, stepping farther inside. “Shh... it's okay. I'm not gonna leave you. Just relax.” Jimin pulled back from his neck and Jungkook ached when he saw tears in his eyes. The Alpha pressed a soft kiss to his lips and bumped their noses together. “Are you in alot of pain?” Jimin sniffed quietly and nodded before resting his head on Jungkook's shoulder. “I'm sorry, little one. Come on, let's go get you settled.”

Jungkook carried Jimin around the corner and into the living room. Where he found Dahee just getting up from the couch to go and greet her mate. Tae and JIn were both still on the little loveseat, but they stood too as they saw him carrying Jimin.

“You need some help?” Tae asked.

“Yeah. Here, can you take these bags?”

Tae took them and Jungkook carried Jimin over to the empty couch, setting him down there and feeling a pang as Jimin made a soft whine of protest. But Jungkook just petted his hair and kissed his forehead before turning and taking the bags back from Tae. The Alpha ignored everyone else as he quickly rummaged through and found a bottle of powerade and the pain relievers, opening the pills first and getting two before closing and setting it aside. He opened the drink and offered them to Jimin.

“Here, Baby. Take these.”

Jimin took the pills and set them on his tongue before grabbing the drink and washing them down. Jungkook took back the bottle and set it aside as well before opening the heating pad and plugging it into a nearby outlet and turning it on, gently pressing it against Jimin's belly. He cleaned up the mess of the box and bags, setting all of Jimin's candy on the side table. Dahee took the trash from him to throw away and he thanked her. He kept one of the bags and put the painkillers and numbing cream in there, stashing it behind the candy. Jimin scooted over and patted the couch next to him, and Jungkook ducked under the power cord for the heating pad and squeezed into the space. Before he knew what was happening, Jimin crawled into his lap and settled himself there.

“Baby...” Jungkook whispered, but when Jimin looked at him, his grey eyes were silver and shimmering with tears and his bottom lip wobbled slightly. Jungkook broke instantly and wrapped

him up in his hold. “Okay, little one. Just calm down. It’s gonna be okay. The medicine will help soon.”

Jungkook pressed kisses to the top of his head as Jimin burrowed into his lap cutely and started to purr.

“Candy?”

“Yeah, Baby. I got it. What do you want?”

“Skittles.”

Jungkook reached over and grabbed the pack of candy and opened it before handing it to Jimin, who smiled and slowly started to eat them as he relaxed against Jungkook’s hold. Finally, Jungkook looked up to see the others watching him.

“I think he just needs to rest a little while until the painkillers kick in.”

Dahee looked like she was going to cry, which had Jinhwan wrapping his arms around her and kissing the top of her head. Tae and Jin settled with them on the sofa and Taehyung grabbed the largest of the photo albums off the coffee table and offered it to them.

“Jungkook hasn’t seen this yet, has he?”

The Alpha looked down at the handwritten title on the album. ‘JIMIN NESTING’

“Not yet.” Jimin set his Skittles aside and took the book into his lap. “Do you want to see what I looked like as a pup?” Jimin asked, looking up at Jungkook who nodded.

Jimin opened the album and Dahee came over to perch herself on the arm of the sofa as Jin leaned in too and eventually even Jinhwan came over to look.

“This was Jimin’s first nest he ever made by himself.” Dahee pointed out a picture of Jimin at maybe four years old sleeping in the center of a messy pile of blankets and pillows.

The Alpha watched his Omega grow up through the pictures, never really changing other than just getting bigger, the round cheeks, the full lips, the blond hair and pale skin were always unchanged. He was as adorable as a pup as he was now. The group around them took turns telling him little stories and anecdotes

“So, you’ve always loved nesting so much?” Jungkook said, and when Jimin didn’t respond, he looked down to see him fast asleep on his chest, even in the midst of everyone talking. He looked around at the others to see that they realized what had happened as well.

“Let’s let him rest a while.” Dahee said. “We’ll go get started on lunch.”

Jungkook was left alone to cradle his Omega in his arms and the soft purr and the warmth of Jimin in his lap had him dozing too once things got quiet.

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That evening, Jimin’s father asked him to come outside with him while he smoked a cigar, a rare habit for the Alpha, but one he indulged on occasion. Jimin could sense that his Appa wanted to talk to him, and he guessed it was about Jungkook, so he bundled up in his coat and boots and followed his Appa outside, taking a seat on one of the chairs on the back porch.

He watched as his Appa prepared his cigar very deliberately, like he'd seen a few times growing up. But even once it was prepared, he just held his lighter and didn't light it. He looked over at Jimin and the Omega stared at his father with question.

"Are you happy, buttercup?" His Appa asked, using a nickname that he hadn't used for Jimin in a long time.

Jimin knew he was asking about Jungkook. There was no doubt what this talk was all about. He just looked at him honestly and calmly.

"Yes. I am."

"He makes you happy?"

"Yes."

"It doesn't bother you that he's almost ten years older than you?"

Jimin shrugged his shoulders and cocked his head as he looked at his father.

"No. It's only three years more than you and Eomma." He looked at his father and could see that he was concerned about him. "Appa... listen. I tried dating an Alpha my age, and you know what happened? He treated me like an object, like it was my job to conform to his desires and delegate myself to a life as a baby machine. But, Jungkook treats me so well. If only you knew half of what he's done to make my life easier and happier. He's a good Alpha. Eight years isn't that much, and even if it is, I don't care. He's the one that I want."

Jinhwan sighed and rubbed the back of his head, ruffling his graying hair before leaning forward and bracing his elbows on his knees.

"I can see that he cares for you. Hell, any fool could see that. But you're my baby, and you'll always be my baby."

Jimin reached over and took the lighter from his father's hand and set it aside so he could lace his fingers with his Appa's.

"I am your baby, and I always will be... but I'm not a baby anymore. I'm 21 years old. I know what I want."

"And you want him?"

"Yes. I want him... I love him."

"Do you really?"

"Yes."

"And does he love you?"

"I don't know. I hope so, but that's something we'll find out in our own time. You're a good Appa. I'll always love you... but I need you to trust me this time. I'm your son, you raised me, and now you have to believe that I learned well and am making the right choices. You always told Jin and me that we were free to choose our partners, regardless of gender or rank, and that you'd always support our love. I need you to do that for me. And if things don't work out with Jungkook, then he'll still be a good Alpha and a good man, and I want you to work with him. I know this is hard

for you, but... just trust in me.”

“Okay, buttercup. I’ll trust in you.” Jinhwan set his unlit cigar aside and pulled Jimin forward into his lap so he could hug him and kiss the top of his head before laughing quietly and gently ruffling his hair. “When did you get so wise?”

“I get it from Eomma.” Jimin teased.

“Oh, that’s low.”

Jimin just laughed and hugged his Appa, pressing a kiss to his cheek.

“I love you, Appa.”

“I love you too, buttercup.”

# Making Up For Lost Time

## Chapter Summary

Amends are made.

## Chapter Notes

**AUTHOR'S NOTE:** I've been getting a lot of comments and questions about Jimin's family situation in regards to money and his financial situation at the beginning of the fic, so I thought I would explain. It's all in the fic, but it's so long that I think some of the finer details get forgotten along the way. It was never stated that Jimin's family is poor. They are middle class. Jimin didn't want to take money from his parent's savings to pay for school and he wanted to be independent, which is why he was living in a small apartment and budgeting so much. Jimin's father's plant was a small one that didn't make as much as larger manufacturers, because their equipment was less advanced. The only reason they are working with Cypher Tech is because Jungkook and Yoongi are pouring money into the place to build a new facility for their use. This means that Jimin's father will make a lot more in the future though.

Please enjoy.

If you want to follow me on Twitter my handle is @PeaceFanfics

Jungkook was nervous. Okay... more than nervous. He was a ball of anxiety as he drove across town to his parents' house. Jimin was in the seat next to him and he could tell the Omega was worried about him. The radio was silent and the only sounds inside the car were the heater blowing and Jungkook's fingers drumming nervously on the steering wheel. Jimin reached over and he actually jumped when the small hand landed on his thigh. He looked at Jimin for a brief moment before focusing back on the road.

"Sorry, Baby... just nerves."

"It's okay, Alpha. Don't apologize." He gave a gentle squeeze to the leg under his hand. "No matter what happens, I'll still be there for you. Promise. So, just do your best. Say what you need to say. It's going to be alright."

Jungkook took a deep breath and tried to slow his rapid heart. He knew his father wanted to see him. He knew that, but it didn't calm the nerves that were making the set of his shoulders so tense. He'd been thinking over the last few days as he'd watched Jimin and his family and he had a whole speech in his mind that he wanted to say, but the closer they got to his parents' house, the less coherent his thoughts became and the less of his perfectly planned speech he remembered. He parked outside their house and drummed his fingers nervously against the steering wheel for a few minutes. Outside, the sky was orangey red as day turned to evening.

"I don't know why I'm so nervous. It's just my parents."

Jimin squeezed his thigh again.

“There’s nothing wrong with being nervous. It just means you’re human, Jungkook. I’ll be right here waiting for you when you’re done.” Jimin leaned over and kissed the Alpha’s cheek softly. “Good luck.”

Jungkook turned his face and caught Jimin’s lips in a chaste kiss.

“Thanks for coming with me.”

Jimin felt bad that Jungkook was so nervous. He didn’t like seeing him upset or feeling bad in any way. He reached his hands up and cupped Jungkook’s jaw, looking straight into his dark chocolate eyes.

“Hey, you’re perfect. You’re my perfect, handsome Daddy and you’re going to be amazing. If this turns out bad, then it’s their loss and I’ll happily keep you all to myself forever. No matter what, you always have one person on your side. Right?”

“Right.” Jungkook leaned his forehead against Jimin and breathed in one last heady breath of his sweet vanilla scent.

“That’s my Alpha. Now, go get ‘em. I’ll be waiting.”

Jungkook felt strangely bolstered by that and kissed Jimin one more time.

“Thank you, little one.”

“Anytime, Alpha.”

Jungkook took a calming breath, blew it out slowly and then got out of the car. He walked up the little path to his parent’s front door and as he did, a thousand memories flooded into him of this very doorway. Running home and bursting through with his latest report card in his hands, greeting Yoongi as he knocked to come and play, his first kiss that had happened on that very porch at the age of fifteen. His stomach erupted in butterflies and it was like the earth beneath him was roiling like the deck of a ship. The door opened, and there was his father. He looked so much the same as Jungkook remembered, but a little older. There was more gray at his temples and it seemed like the lines in his face had deepened over the last few years. Jungkook watched as his mouth fell open and just as he was about to speak, his father beat him to the punch.

“My son!” He cried, wrapping Jungkook up in a tight hug as a sob worked from his mouth. “I’m so sorry, Jungkook. I’m so sorry. Everything was my fault. I’ve missed you, your mother has missed you so much. I’m so sorry I destroyed our family. Please forgive me.”

Jungkook felt tears well up in his own eyes, his nose burning and throat getting thick as he tried not to sob openly. He returned the embrace and turned his nose down into his Appa’s shoulder and breathed in his familiar scent, eucalyptus and mint. He felt like a boy again, and all he could do was hold on for dear life as he was slammed with tidal waves of emotion and nostalgia. He might be two inches taller than his father, but in his embrace he felt like a small child.

“No, I’m sorry. If it weren’t for my damnable pride. I was too proud, Appa. I shouldn’t have said those things. I’m so sorry. I shouldn’t have insulted you in front of your mate, I shouldn’t have left like that. It was my fault.”

They pulled apart, but didn’t release each other. His father’s hands reached up and cupped his face. His Appa’s face was just as tear-streaked as his own and he could feel his fingers trembling against



his skin, but quickly was distracted by another voice, a voice that slammed Jungkook back into childhood and made the first real sob burst past his lips.

“Alpha? Who is at the door?”

Jungkook’s mother walked around the corner, and he looked just as the Alpha always remembered, black hair in waves to his shoulders, kind face with gentle features, about a head shorter than him. Jungkook was a boy as he looked at the face of his mother for the first time in years.

“Eomma...” He managed to croak out past his thick throat that was pumping with the desire to sob like a child.

“Jungkookie? M-my Jungkookie...”

“It’s me, Eomma.”

There was a tiny pause where no one said anything or moved, as if they were afraid to break the spell and this illusion would be gone for good. But then his mother was dropping the stack of laundry in his arms and racing forward to slam into Jungkook’s chest, wrapping his arms around him and holding on for dear life.

“Baby! My baby is here... oh, tell me I’m not dreaming again. Don’t wake me up.”

Those words made Jungkook feel like his heart was shattering. He hadn’t really realized how much the most innocent person in this was affected. His mother had done nothing, it had been a dumb fight between him and his father, and yet his Eomma had suffered the worst of it. Jungkook wrapped his arms around her and squeezed his smaller body tight. The scent of honeydew and jasmine washed over him and he shuddered. He could feel the heaving of his mother’s body as he sobbed against his chest, hands curling into the back of his shirt, as if trying to hold onto her, so he couldn’t disappear.

“I’m here, Eomma... and I’m so sorry I stayed away so long. It was all stupid. Forgive me for being a bad son.”

“No! No, we are your parents. We should have supported you more. I’m sorry I let you get away. I won’t let you get away from me again. Please don’t go.”

“I won’t go. I won’t. I love you, Eomma.”

“I love you, Jungkookie. I’ve missed you so much.” His Eomma sniffed against his chest, then sniffed again, deeper. “Kookie... you smell like an Omega.” He pulled back and looked up at him with big hazel eyes that were wet with tears. “Baby... did you find someone? Did you find an Omega to take care of you?”

“I did and I love him very much.”

His mother clung to him tighter and cried even harder.

“Oh thank god! I was so afraid of you being alone. I’m so happy you found someone to love.”

“He’s in the car... Do you want to meet him?”

“He’s here? Now?” His mother asked, panicked, pulling back and wiping at his face. “Oh, but I haven’t got a speck of makeup on, I’m all puffy from crying... Oh dear, what will he think?”

Jungkook laughed at the characteristic response.

“He’s gonna love you. But you don’t have to meet him now if you don’t want to. He said he’ll wait in the car.”

“Go and get him right this instant, Jungkookie. I’m dying to meet him!” His mother demanded, still wiping his face and trying to pull himself together.

“Okay, okay. One second... oh, and don’t mention that whole part about me being in love with him... I haven’t told him yet.”

“And why ever not?”

“Because... well, reasons. But just go along, alright?”

“Alright, your secret is safe with us. Now, go get my son in law. I want to see who managed to snatch up Korea’s most eligible bachelor.”

Jungkook laughed at that, and wiped his own face. He leaned down and kissed his mother’s forehead before reaching over and squeezing his father’s shoulder.

“I’ll be right back.”

The sky was just beginning to darken as evening turned to dusk. Jungkook jogged to the car and around to the passenger side. He opened the door and smiled as he was hit with a wave of powerful vanilla scent mixed with rain. He looked at his Omega and saw that he was crying, little hiccups making his small body jolt with each one.

“Th-that looked like it went well? You made up, right?” Jimin asked, sniffing and wiping his face with the sleeves of his hoodie. “Sorry... preheat is making me emotional.”

Jungkook was so tempted to just reach into the car, pull Jimin into his arms and tell him the truth, that he was in love with him. He just unbuckled his seatbelt and pulled him around so he was sitting with his legs dangling out the door. Jungkook leaned down and kissed him softly on the lips. He was so adorable and sweet, crying for his reunion with his parents.

“It went great. They want to meet you, little one.”

“Wh-what? But... I’m wearing leggings and... I don’t have makeup on. I don’t want them to see me like this. What if they don’t like me? Or like... don’t think I’m good enough for you?”

Jungkook chuckled at Jimin’s response that reminded him of his mother’s. He leaned down and kissed him again, firmer and with more reassurance.

“Hey there, none of that. You look beautiful. You’re my perfect little one, and no one is as good as you, remember?”

“Yeah... but...”

Jungkook kissed him and pulled him into a tight hug.

“You don’t have to meet them if you don’t want to. If it’s too much, we can just go home and I’ll come back later by myself.”

“What? No. I do want to meet them. I’m just nervous.”

The tables had turned, and now it was Jungkook's turn to soothe Jimin's nerves. He kissed him so softly and gently, carding his fingers back through his blond hair and holding his head in place so he could rain kiss after kiss over his lips.

"I promise it's going to be fine. They will love you."

"Okay."

"That's my Omega."

Jimin laughed at that and pecked Jungkook's lips one more time before hopping down from the car and catching himself against the Alpha's chest as he almost tipped over. Jungkook leaned into the car and took the keys from the ignition, slipping them into his pocket and wrapping an arm around Jimin to lead him up to the front door.

Jimin's belly was tense. He wondered what Jungkook's parents were like, what they would think of him. Would they hate him? Would that change Jungkook's mind about letting Jimin be in his life? He leaned into Jungkook's side as he was led up the pathway, eyes on his feet, too nervous to look up until they were at the steps. Then he heard a familiar voice that tugged on some small memory.

"Jimin?"

He looked up and felt a gasp leave his lips as he recognized the Alpha there at the front door.

"J-Jongsoo? Is that you?"

It was deja-vu all over again, but in reverse as Jimin and Jungkook's Appa stared at each other in shock and Jungkook looked on with confusion. How in the hell did they know each other?

"You two... know each other?" Jungkook asked.

Jungkook watched as comprehension dawned on his mother's face and he looked at his mate with wide eyes.

"Wait... THE Jimin? The one you met in Seoul?"

"Yes!"

His Eomma stepped forward and pulled Jimin into a tight hug. Jungkook was still confused.

"Welcome, Jimin. I'm Iseul, you already know my mate Jongsoo. I'm so happy to meet you darling... and just look at you. You're so pretty. My son did well for himself. Please come inside, it's freezing out here. You'll catch your death."

Jungkook and Jongsoo watched as Iseul escorted Jimin into the house, wrapping an arm around his shoulders like they were already old friends. Jungkook looked to his father in complete confusion.

"How the hell do you know Jimin?"

"Come on inside, we'll talk about it there. You know your Eomma will need to serve him tea before he's satisfied."

That made Jungkook smile. His mother loved tea and loved even more the chance to break out one of his fancy sets for guests. Walking into the house was a weird nostalgia for him. It was unchanged in many ways, but he noticed a few differences. The couches were new, there was a

new rug in the entryway, but other than that, it was the same pale blue walls and light wood floors he remembered. It smelled like his parent's scents and he breathed in deeply as he walked inside. It was like coming home after a long, exhausting trip as he moved into the familiar space and was surrounded by the comfort of his childhood home.

When they reached the kitchen, they found Jimin sat at the table, and Iseul already getting the kettle going for tea. Jungkook walked up behind him as he was trying to pull down a tea set from the top shelf with just the tips of his fingers. He stopped him with a hand on his shoulder.

"Eomma, you'll get hurt. Let me or Appa get it. Which one do you want?"

"The blue one." He said and pointed at a sky blue and white china set.

Jungkook reached up and gently pulled the tea set down, handing it to his mother. He thanked her and pressed a kiss to his cheek before moving to set everything out on the table. In short order, the kettle was whistling, tea was brewed and served and the four of them were sitting with cups of tea in their hands.

"So, I feel like I've missed out on a lot. I mean, I saw your picture together in a few articles, but Jimin's face wasn't visible in any of them, and I didn't know if it was serious. I hoped so much that you'd find someone and now look... it's like it brought our whole family back together." His mother said, talking fast as he did when he was upset or overwhelmed.

"On that subject... How do you two know each other?" Jungkook asked, indicating back and forth between Jimin and his father.

"Ah... Well, that's..." Jimin started, but wasn't sure how to describe it, or what all the elder would want to reveal, so he looked to Jongsoo and Jungkook's father picked up for him.

"Jungkook... for the last couple years I've wanted to apologize for everything that happened, but.. I was having a hard time coming to grips with really approaching you. I felt like I didn't deserve your forgiveness, but I could see how sad your Eomma was. So, I would try to go to Seoul and I'd stand outside your building and try to build up the courage to go in and ask for your forgiveness. That's how I met Jimin."

Jungkook looked to Jimin for confirmation and the Omega nodded in affirmation.

"You were trying to make amends all this time?"

Jongsoo reached across the table and took Jungkook's hand.

"Of course I was. I regretted what I said... what I did, the moment it happened, but you were already gone. I'm so sorry, son."

Jungkook squeezed his hand and looked into his father's eyes, seeing all the regret and guilt in them made his shoulders feel heavy for not having reached out sooner. He glanced to Jimin again and saw that the Omega was smiling softly at him with tears in his eyes and it made his chest feel so full.

"You met outside my building? Why didn't you tell me?" Jungkook asked as he looked at his Omega.

"I didn't know who he was. I just saw a stranger crying and I tried to help. It didn't seem like it had anything to do with you. Then I kind of forgot about it with everything else that's been going on, until I saw him again."

Of course. Of course his sweet vanilla baby would try to help a crying stranger. Jungkook melted at that.

“He made me see what I was doing to myself, to our family. I was punishing myself. It was like a wake up call when a stranger can look at you and see what the problem is, you know it’s bad. He told me to write you a letter... and I tried that, but I couldn’t get it all down right. That’s why I called you.”

Jungkook’s heart was thudding hard in his chest as the true reality hit him. Jimin had given his Appa the advice that had brought them together. He had given Jungkook perspective to see the truth of what had happened and to see that not everything was always so black and white. His pretty boy had fixed this, restored the relationship with him and his parents... without even realizing what he was doing. He’d just been his lovely, vibrant self and he’d given Jungkook something he’d feared he would never have again. He released his father’s hand and reached over to slide his palm around the back of Jimin’s neck to pull him into a kiss. He felt Jimin go stiff for an instant, and the skin under his hand warmed as he blushed, but he didn’t pull away as Jungkook pressed several soft, chaste kisses to his lips before pulling back, and when he did, Jimin was all pink and shy and it only made him want to pull him into his lap.

“Thank you, Baby.”

“I didn’t really... I mean, I was just... you know. I didn’t know.” Jimin stammered out, face going redder as he looked down and Jungkook felt him tremble softly under his touch.

Cute. His little vanilla boy was so cute.

“Cute.” Jungkook looked over as his Eomma said the very word that had been ringing around in his head. Iseul leaned into Jongsoo’s side as he looked at them. “I’m so happy our son has done so well for himself. Don’t you think so, Dear?”

“Oh yes.”

Jungkook smiled at that and he saw Jimin smile a little, but his cheeks still glowed.

“So, tell us what’s new in your life, and of course we want to know everything about you, Jimin.”

They had tea and they talked. Jungkook told them about the progress of his company, and what he’d been up to for the last few years. Jimin answered questions and talked about himself, his schooling and his ambition to be a restaurateur. Jungkook touched him constantly, tracing fingertips over his exposed nape, or down his back, squeezing his thighs or just holding him. He noticed that his Alpha kissed him alot more here, and he finally was getting a taste for the embarrassment that his family had been putting Jungkook through for the last few days. It felt so strange to kiss and touch in front of these strangers who he knew were Jungkook’s parents and he felt a surge of sympathy for Jungkook, knowing he’d been so needy and demanding on him when he must have also been feeling shy. He promised himself to try and stop doing it so much.

Jungkook had never been so proud of anything as he was in that moment of presenting his Omega to his parents. He was full of protective, possessive pride at the fact that this beautiful male was his. Well... maybe not his yet, but hopefully soon. It was odd how easily he felt comfortable with his parents again, as if their separation had been only weeks, instead of years. But these were his parents, this was his childhood home and he felt secure here. It was like being swaddled up in the warmest and most familiar blanket. He felt no embarrassment as he showed his potential mate to his parents or when he kissed and touched him, which gave him a bit of insight from Jimin’s perspective. He’d never done the whole “meet the parents” thing with any of his exes. Honestly, he

would have been ashamed to show them to his parents, which should have been a clue to the fact that they were not a good match.

His mother had apparently collected every article written about him and his company for the last few years during their separation, and as he showed them to Jimin, Jungkook's stomach tightened in sympathetic pain. His Eomma had missed him so much, and he felt like the worst son. As the hour started to get too late, it was finally time for Jimin and Jungkook to go. At the door, Jungkook hugged his father first, the two Alphas clapping each other on the back as they embraced. Then he turned to his mother and he could see that he already had tears in his eyes. He took his hands and looked at him.

"It's not gonna be three years this time, Eomma. We'll come back and visit more, we don't leave for a week and a half."

"Could I... call you sometimes?" He asked, squeezing Jungkook's hands.

"Whenever you want." Jungkook said, pulling his mother into a hug and scenting him across the face and neck, letting his scent soothe his agitated Eomma.

He held his mother as he cried and once he was able to get his tears under control, and pull back he was smiling with tears running down his face.

"I love you, Jungkookie."

"I love you too, Eomma."

Iseul turned to Jimin and the two Omegas embraced.

"Jimin, you're welcome to stop by anytime at all. You're always welcome here." Then lower, quieter so only Jimin could hear. "Thank you for taking care of him... thank you for bringing my family back to me."

Jimin hugged Jungkook's mother tighter before releasing him and shaking Jongsoo's hand.

"It was a pleasure seeing you again, Jimin."

"The pleasure was all mine. I'm just glad everything worked out. I'll see you next time."

Jungkook let Jimin lead the way out the door, but at the last moment, a tug on his sleeve caught the Alpha and he turned to look at his mother who pointed at Jimin's back, then put both hands over his own heart, mouthing silently, 'I love him.' The Alpha smiled and nodded, and just as silently, 'Me too.'

Jungkook followed Jimin out to the car, opening his door and making sure he was settled and buckled before walking back around to the driver's side and waving one last time at his parents as they went back inside. The Alpha got into the car, turned on the heater and heated seats for his Omega and then sat back with a sigh before looking over to the love of his life, who was so pretty in his big hoodie and bare face, blond hair a mess of waves. He reached a hand over and cupped his cheek as those big gray eyes looked up into his own.

"Thank you, Baby."

"I didn't do anything." Jimin said with a smile. "They missed you. I'm glad it all worked out."

"You did do something. You did more than you know, little one."

Jungkook slid his hand around the back of Jimin's neck and pulled him forward into a kiss. It was no chaste peck like the ones they had been exchanging all night, it was a real kiss, full of passion. Jimin gasped against his lips and Jungkook slid his tongue into the Omega's warm, sweet mouth, dominating him effortlessly, kissing him with that same intensity as always, pride and ownership bled into the liplock as Jimin moaned and whimpered into his mouth, his tiny hands gripping at Jungkook's sweater with a trembling grip. Jimin broke the kiss first, turning his face so Jungkook's lips pressed against his cheek instead.

"Please... Alpha, stop."

That hit Jungkook like a ton of bricks, it threw water right onto the fire of his arousal instantly as he realized something was amiss. Jimin had never once asked him to stop. No matter how intense, no matter how painful... his Baby never asked him to stop. Jungkook pulled back and looked at Jimin's face, cupping it between his hands and feeling guilt at the tears he saw in his pretty eyes.

"Are you okay, Baby? What's wrong?"

Jimin's little sweater paws wrapped around Jungkook's wrists that were cupping his face and he winced as a shot of cramping, sharp pain sliced through his belly. He squeezed his eyes shut and felt twin tears escape and trail down his cheeks. His lower abdomen was cramping and aching so badly that he couldn't even sit up fully straight. His heat painkillers had worn off during the hours of their visit and now the tease of sex when his body couldn't have it was tipping the scales toward unbearable.

"It hurts... Alpha, it hurts too much. We need to stop."

Jungkook's skin felt too tight as he looked at his pretty baby and watched him flinch and curl forward, hands leaving his wrists to press against his own belly as he hissed between his teeth.

"Little one..." Jungkook whispered, every instinct in him was screaming that he needed to take care of his Omega.

"It's okay, Alpha... nmmh... it will stop in a minute."

Hell no. He couldn't stand this. He'd already looked into renting a hotel room for them to just have an escape, but all the hotels in town were booked up for the holidays. But he needed to do something. There was only so much he could stand, and seeing Jimin crying from pain... pain that Jungkook could ease was more than he was able to withstand.

"Fuck. This." Jungkook ground out between his teeth. "Sit back, Baby and relax. Your Alpha will take care of you, okay?"

Jungkook guided Jimin to rest back in his seat and put on his own seatbelt before driving off. He wove through streets toward the downtown area of Busan until he reached a large parking garage. As he turned in, Jimin looked at him confused.

"What are we doing here?"

"Shh... just relax, Baby. I've got this."

He pulled up to the little attendant booth and rolled down his window before pulling out his wallet. He pulled out all the cash he had and quickly counted it.

"Sir, can I help you?" The attendant asked.

“Yes, can you tell me if anyone is parked on the top level?”

“Uh, no sir. The lot is empty right now. We’re closed. I’m just here for security.”

“Okay, Mr. Security... I’ve got \$2700 here that I will give to you if you let me in and don’t ask any more questions. How does that sound?”

“Jungkook! What are you doing?” Jimin hissed from beside him, but he ignored it, looking into the eyes of the security officer.

“I know they don’t pay you enough for this job. Take the money, buy something for your mate for Christmas. What do you say?”

There was a brief hesitation, then the guard did something inside the booth and the arm blocking them raised. Jungkook held the money out to him.

“Just don’t vandalize anything.”

“I won’t. Happy Holidays.”

“Happy Holidays.”

Jungkook rolled the window up and pulled into the garage.

“Jungkook? What is this? Where are we?”

“This is me, taking care of you. We’re in a parking garage. Don’t worry, little one. You trust me, don’t you?”

“Of course I do. You know I do.”

“Then just relax. It’s all gonna be okay.”

Jungkook maneuvered his car up and up the structure, winding his way to the top where it was empty, not a car nor a person in sight.

Jungkook parked the car, grabbed their coats from the backseat and hopped out. He opened the rear door and laid down the second and third rows of seats, laying out their coats on top of the scratchy carpet to create a little barrier before walking around to Jimin’s door, opening it and unbuckling him. He picked him up without a word and kicked the door shut. He carried him to the back, and laid him in the back before climbing in himself. There wasn’t a ton of room, but neither of them cared as they practically attacked each other. Jimin’s arms were around his neck and they were kissing with a feverish desperation that bordered on animalistic. Jungkook had Jimin’s hoodie pushed up and his leggings and panties halfway down his legs within moments. Jimin helped him along, breaking the kiss to help shimmy himself out of his leggings and socks, kicking his shoes off with them, everything was shoved aside.

Jimin’s hands scrambled at Jungkook’s belt, unfastening it and his pants. The Alpha helped him to get them down just far enough to free his cock. Jimin arched and moaned as Jungkook’s hand found the base of the plug that he’d been wearing all day. Jungkook pulled the plug from him gently, easing it out of his sensitive hole. He could see him looking for a clean place to put it, and settling on pulling off his own sweater and wrapping it in the material before setting the bundle aside. Jimin gasped as he felt the press of Jungkook’s blunt tip at his hole. The Alpha didn’t hesitate before pushing inside. They moaned together as Jungkook eased himself into the Omega’s warm, clenching heat. Jimin gripped his Alpha’s shoulders and moaned unabashedly as Jungkook



started to piston his hips slowly.

“Daddy! GODS! Fuck me, Daddy!” Jimin screamed out, voice almost crying.

Jungkook went a little faster, pushing in deeper, harder as Jimin bowed up and breathed out harsh gasps of need.

“That’s it, Baby... Daddy’s got you... nnggh... I’m gonna give you what you need, little one.”

“More! Harder! Please.” Jimin cried out, and Jungkook went harder, but it wasn’t enough. He knew his Alpha could do more. “Please...” He begged.

“I don’t want to hurt you, Baby.” Jungkook panted softly.

“You won’t! Please.”

Jungkook still didn’t do what Jimin needed. The Alpha didn’t understand... he didn’t need Jungkook, his sweet, caring Alpha. He needed his DADDY. He needed to be dominated and held down, fucked to within an inch of his life. Jimin tried to push himself down to meet Jungkook’s thrusts, for deeper, harder contact but it didn’t really work. Finally losing patience, he actually growled at him, nails clawing at his back as his growl turned into a sob.

“Please more... more... please.” Jimin begged incoherently.

Jimin’s aggression brought his own to the surface and Jungkook pulled back enough so Jimin released his grip around his neck. He took the Omega’s wrists in his hand and pinned them up over his head, pressing them down into the scratchy carpet and he let his dominance loose. This was what Jimin needed, he needed him to take control. Jungkook could do that. He let go of his restraint and pounded hard and deep into Jimin, and underneath him, the Omega went totally pliant, the little whimpers changing to moans as Jungkook finally started to fuck him hard, the entire SUV rocking with the force of his thrusts as he held him in place and pummelled into him relentlessly.

“Is that what you need, pretty boy? You need Daddy to fuck you hard?”

“Yes! Fuck, yes!” Jimin screamed, neck arching back as his body started to tighten up in preparation for his orgasm.

“That’s it, Baby... cum for me... Cum on Daddy’s cock. Such a good boy.”

Jimin’s body clenched and Jungkook growled as he realized what his trigger had been. He hadn’t had nearly enough time to show his good boy how well he was doing. It was more than just Jimin’s Omega that was craving for him. It was his submissive side, wanting praise and validation.

“P-please, say it again.”

Jungkook’s hand tightened on Jimin’s wrists and his thrusts remained steady as he panted out against the Omega’s lips.

“Good boy. My good boy... you’re doing so well, Baby. You’re taking Daddy’s cock like a fucking dream, sweetheart. You gonna take my knot like a good boy too? Gonna let me fill you up so nice and full with my cum?”

Jimin arched and his thighs and abs were fluttering and tensing, his fists clenched as he let out a series of little ‘ah’s’ and ‘yeah’s’ as he edged up on his release. His orgasm hit him with the force of a sledgehammer to the gut as he screamed and his vision went white for a moment, hot, feral

pleasure pounded through him as he came, and when he felt the Alpha knot him and the searing bursts of cum inside him, he gave a final shudder and throb before going completely lax under the Alpha who was moaning above him and gently swivelling his hips as he milked out his own orgasm with the soft inside of Jimin's body. The Omega loved it, loved the feel of Jungkook's pleasure, the sounds he made as he came inside him, and most of all the feel of his cock kicking and spurting deep inside his body. By the time Jungkook was done, Jimin already felt so full.

Jungkook released his wrists and leaned down, supporting himself on his elbows to kiss the Omega underneath him gently. He nosed at him, testing his scent and gently scenting him with coffee and dark chocolate. Jimin's scent was clear and sweet, nothing but happiness and arousal. Jungkook trailed his lips all over the Omega's neck while he waited for his knot to relax. Gods, he'd missed this. Missed having Jimin under him, drunk off of his pleasure, purring gently and smelling so sweetly of vanilla. It was everything that Jungkook wanted for his baby, contentment and joy.

"That's better, isn't it, Baby? You feel better with Daddy's knot in you, now that you're all full?"

"Mm... yeah. Feels good, Daddy... Doesn't hurt anymore."

Pride swelled in the Alpha's chest along with relief. Knowing Jimin was in pain was like a desperate ache that he couldn't handle. He peppered kisses over his neck and face, whispering more gentle words of praise until his knot relaxed. Jimin's hands found his shoulders and pushed at him. For a moment, he thought Jimin wanted to stop, but his next words had the Alpha's heart thudding.

"Wanna ride you, Daddy... Want you deep in me."

Fuck, sometimes Jungkook wondered if Jimin was being deliberately provocative or if he was simply so unthinking and honest in the throes of his passion that he just said whatever came to mind. He was sure that it was the latter, because Jimin never gave him knowing looks or secret glances, he was so pure in those moments, just himself and Jungkook loved that. Loved him.

Jungkook helped roll them over, managing to stay inside Jimin until he was on his back, knees bent up in the limited space, and the Omega was straddling him. Jimin had to lean down and rest his hands on Jungkook's chest due to the lack of upward mobility with the low roof, but that didn't stop him from immediately beginning to ride Jungkook like his life depended on it. Jungkook just gripped the Omega's hips and held on for dear life as he bounced on his cock, slamming himself down on it as he cried out harsh panting breaths and whimpers, words falling from his lips unchecked as he fucked himself up and down Jungkook's cock.

"Daddy! Ngh... fuck, you're so big inside me... I can feel your cum... ahn... fuck. Need more. Want more of your cum, Alpha! Want you to... to...mmnah... knot me again!"

Jimin rolled and bounced on his cock until Jungkook could tell he was getting tired. The Alpha stilled Jimin with hands on his hips and braced his feet against the floor before starting to piston up into Jimin's hole, the squelch of slick and cum loud in the car along with the slapping skin that mixed with their moans and grunts.

As Jungkook knotted him the second time, he watched as the small mound of fullness swelled in Jimin's flat belly. It was unbelievably erotic to witness, even if he'd had to pull focus from the pleasure of his own orgasm. It was a sight he wanted to see again and again. Jimin swayed and collapsed onto Jungkook's chest, clearly exhausted. Jungkook held him tightly and smoothed soft hands over his skin and hair. He was so soft and pliant, purring while being knotted and so full of cum that his belly pressed at him slightly.

He was still hard even after his knot relaxed the second time. His body could sense its Omega nearing his heat and Jungkook's body was preparing to serve him. He rolled them back over again and Jimin moaned as he started to very slowly and gently slide in and out of the Omega's overstimulated body. He kissed him and swallowed down his whines as he took him with reverent slowness. Jungkook could feel the difference to the previous rounds and this one. Somehow this felt like... making love. He was making love to his pretty boy.

"Does that feel good, Minnie? You want more, Baby? Want me to fill you up one last time so your little belly will feel all nice and tight?"

"Want it. Wanna be full." Jimin moaned.

"I'm gonna make you so full, Baby. I'll even let you keep your plug all night."

Jimin's closed eyes snapped open at that and focused on the Alpha.

"All night? Really?"

"Really. I want you to get a good rest with no pain. So, you can keep my cum in you."

"Yes..." Jimin sighed as if in utter contentment and bliss.

Jungkook took his time and Jimin didn't rush him like he had earlier. It was clear that after two orgasms, the Omega was okay with the sensation of slow, sensual lovemaking. He kissed Jimin until they were both breathless, petted him until he was purring past his moans, and fucked him until he came with a shout after such a slow buildup. It was gentle bliss that ended in a crescendo of pleasure.

After Jungkook's knot deflated the third time, he returned the plug to Jimin's hole as Jimin whined in his throat. His belly had a tiny swell and Jungkook adored it. But as he looked at Jimin and all his pure, pale skin... he wanted it to be marked. Thoroughly.

"Baby... can I mark you up again? I want you to be marked all over with my mouth... want to look at my hickies on your skin again."

"Yeah, Daddy... mark me."

So Jungkook did just that, sucking hickey after hickey into his snowy flesh, uncaring who saw anymore. Only Jimin mattered.

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Jimin was asleep in his arms as Jungkook carried him up to the Omega's parents' house. He managed to get inside with Jimin's key, and thought everyone must already be in bed, he just carried the Omega inside and shut and locked the door behind him. As he walked around the corner, he saw Dahee come out of the kitchen area with a glass of water in her hand and oversized flannel pajamas adorning her body. Jungkook almost jumped out of his skin, not expecting her to be there. But he relaxed almost instantly, then tensed up again when he realized that he was carrying her unconscious son while the two of them absolutely REEKED of sex. He opened and shut his mouth several times, but wasn't sure what to say. Dahee spoke, quietly so not to wake the Omega in his arms.

"You take good care of him, Jungkook."

The Alpha's face heated at those words and he looked down at the sleeping Jimin in his arms and

realized he was his whole world. As long as he could take care of this Omega, he'd be content forever.

“I try to, ma'am.”

“I know it's hard, what with your business relationship with my Alpha... but I'm so happy you're not letting him hurt for your own pride.”

Jungkook understood what she was really saying and knew it was true. He wasn't going to let the prospect of a bit of embarrassment or awkwardness stop him from helping Jimin. His Omega's health, safety and happiness came first before anything else, even his own comfort.

“Compared to his comfort... my pride is nothing.” Jungkook said, coming as close to confessing his feelings to Dahee as he was able.

“I think he feels the same, you know.” She said, and gave him a soft smile.

“I... I hope so.”

# Alone Time

## Chapter Summary

Jungkook has an interview and the couple finally have a bit of proper alone time.

## Chapter Notes

Please enjoy!

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Jimin was not enjoying the feel of jeans against his sensitive skin. Even though they were stretchy, he felt like he was being squeezed and the material was too rough against him. He wanted his soft leggings and hoodies back so he could cuddle up to Jungkook and nap on his chest, but he was dressed up, makeup and hair done in his long sleeve white shirt and navy tank top that were hidden under his navy coat and cream colored hat, scarf and mittens that Jungkook had bundled him up with before they left the house. He looked over at the Alpha who was driving them to the news station, where his interview would be taking place. Jungkook was driving with one hand, the other holding one of Jimin's small, mittened ones.

"You feeling okay, Baby?" Jungkook asked, giving his hands a soft squeeze.

"Yeah. Jeans just feel kinda uncomfortable. My old jeans were full of holes, but they were soft from wearing them so long and they had lost all structural integrity. Perfect for pre-heat honestly."

"I'm sorry little one. Hopefully this won't be long and we can get back so you can change into something more comfortable. Tonight, we'll have a few hours alone and I bet you'll feel much better after that."

Jimin's scent sweetened and swelled within the car as pleasure and anticipation welled in him at the prospect of finally, finally having his Alpha all to himself. He'd been trying so hard not to be too needy, or to show Jungkook how much he was struggling. His pre-heat had never been so bad before, but he knew it was because his body had gotten used to sex, and was expecting it now, demanding that he be served by his Alpha. His instinctual drives didn't care about propriety or discretion. They didn't care if he was in a house full of people, they continued to batter at his control until it was too much to bear. He needed sex. Sex with Jungkook, where he wouldn't have to think or do anything except take and take and take what he was given. He didn't want to be in control anymore. He wanted the release that came with letting go of all his authority and handing it to the Alpha, knowing he could trust him to care for his needs.

"I can't wait. I'm looking forward to it so much."

Jungkook pulled the hand he was holding up to his lips and pressed a kiss to the mitten without taking his eyes off the road.

“Me too, Baby. I know you need to let go. You’ve done so well this week. You were so strong, but tonight, I’ll take over for a while, okay?”

“Okay.” Jimin whispered, feeling the odd desire to cry, but suppressing it.

“Good boy.”

They pulled up to the station and parked, Jungkook unbuckled his seatbelt and leaned over to kiss Jimin. The Omega melted into his touch and whimpered against his mouth as Jungkook let the contact linger. He pulled back and cupped his cheek in his warm hand before looking into Jimin’s eyes.

“You alright, sweetheart? You want to stay in the car?”

“No. I want to go where you’re going. Don’t leave me.”

“I won’t.” Jungkook reassured, carding his fingers through the Omega’s hair. “You trust me, right?”

“Of course.” Jimin answered automatically.

“Well then, let’s go inside and get this over with. I want to get you back home where it’s comfortable for you.”

Jimin opened his mouth and then snapped it shut as he realized he was about to say the one thing he couldn’t say. I love you. He saw Jungkook’s brows furrow and he paused as if to see whether Jimin would say whatever he was obviously going to say.

“L-lets go.” Jimin stammered, unbuckling his own seatbelt.

Inside, the place was buzzing with activity. People ran back and forth with armfuls of everything from clothes to papers. Jimin watched it all as he was shepherded by Jungkook’s arm around his waist. They spotted Yoongi after a few moments and made their way over to the other Alpha. He spotted them and gave a little nod of greeting as they headed over.

“Hey guys. How’s it going?”

Jungkook reached out and clapped Yoongi on the back and Jimin just waved.

“It’s going alright. You?”

“Good. I heard through the grapevine that you and your parents made up. That true?” Yoongi asked, sliding his hands into the pockets of his elegant three piece suit.

“Yeah.”

Jungkook glanced down at Jimin who was already looking up at him and smiling. They had been to see his parents again once, and unsurprisingly been caught making out on his childhood bed when he’d taken Jimin to show him the room he’d grown up in. Jimin had hopped up and went beet red before trying to stammer out some explanation about pre-heat and apologizing profusely. Jungkook’s mother had just waved off the attempts at explanations and told Jimin it was nothing compared to the time he’d walked in on Jungkook masturbating, which had made the Omega choke on a laugh and Jungkook to shoot his mother a fierce glare. They had agreed never to talk about that again, ever. He couldn’t be too mad though, as it clearly put Jimin at ease. His mother ADORED Jimin. It was clear to see that he was looking forward to welcoming him as a real part of

the family in the future, and Jungkook was glad to see that.

“That’s great, man. I’m happy for you.” Yoongi didn’t linger long on the emotional stuff, as per usual. “So, I guess they are getting everything set up right now. Should be ready to go soon.”

They watched as a tall, elegant female Alpha approached them. She was immaculately dressed in a red pantsuit and nude pumps. Jimin looked up at her as she stopped in front of them. She was very pretty, with blond hair and soft features with just a hint of sharpness to her jaw and cheekbones. She held her hand out and shook each one of their hands in turn, lingering just a bit on Jimin and the Omega felt himself blush at the prolonged handshake. He’d never been attracted to female Alphas, but the attention still made him shy as she clearly was looking at him with appreciation.

“I’m Kim Jangmi. Nice to meet you all.”

They introduced themselves and Jungkook pulled Jimin in against his side as he presented Jimin as his Omega, clearly possessive. Jangmi just smiled a little and answered.

“You’ve done well for yourself, Mr. Jeon.”

“I know.” Jungkook replied coolly and Jimin elbowed him a bit and the Alpha clearly unwillingly let out a little, “Thank you.”

The reporter was clearly amused by Jungkook’s possessiveness and laughed softly. Jungkook was probably being more possessive and intense than he normally would. Of course Jimin should be appreciated for his beauty, he was gorgeous. But his little one was close to his heat and Jungkook didn’t particularly want anyone else near him, especially Alphas. He leaned over and nosed against Jimin’s temple, pressing a soft kiss to the side of his face.

“They are almost finished setting everything up. The makeup staff will want to touch you up before we get started.”

They were led farther into the station, past the multiple stage setups. It was clear which one they were going to be using, the lights around it were all on and a staff member was setting up three blue chairs that went with the sky blue and silver theme of the set. It was clearly meant for interviews, rather than news desk reporting. Off to the other side was a set clearly made for news reporters and another for what looked like sports or weather. Cameramen were going over their equipment and techs were adjusting the lighting. It was all very busy and Jungkook could feel Jimin inch closer to his side.

“You okay?” He asked Jimin quietly.

“Yeah. It’s just loud, and I’d rather be at home cuddling you right now.”

“I know, Baby. I’m sorry.”

“Don’t apologize. I understand. I’m just being a needy baby because of my pre-heat. Any other time, I’d have danced through here like I owned the place. But, I’m just tired and... well, you know.”

The word horny floated between them unspoken. Gods, Jungkook was horny too. He’d spent years bottling up his sexual need and denying himself. He’d unleashed that part of himself on Jimin and been accepted, and now he NEEDED that connection with the Omega he loved. He needed to feel Jimin under him, pliant, fucked out and totally submissive to him as he was knotted over and over, the pale column of his neck on display, his skin like snowy velvet under his hands and lips. His nipples, lips and cock all in the soft pink of rosepetals. He needed... everything. He needed Jimin.

What made his need more unbearable was the fact that he knew Jimin wouldn't resist him in the slightest, he knew all it would take was for him to slide his hand into that silken mop of golden hair and he could already feel how his Omega would freeze and stare at him with his pretty silver eyes, ready to be told what to do.

"I know, Baby. Me too."

Jimin stood to the side as he watched Yoongi and Jungkook get powdered for the cameras with his coat, hat, scarf and mittens draped over his arms. He watched on with a mild sort of amusement as Jungkook wrinkled his face and sneezed at the powder being dusted over his skin. Yoongi was much more composed even if he clearly wasn't a fan of the makeup either.

Jungkook pressed a kiss to his forehead and walked out onto the set as Jimin waited in the wings for the Alpha to do his interview. Jungkook and Yoongi had an amazing kind of banter between them that made them very dynamic as a pair. Jungkook was the more impassioned one, and Yoongi was the cool, calculated one with a slight affectation of sarcasm. His humor was more dry and acerbic to Jungkook's more intense persona. Watching his Alpha in his element, had Jimin's belly warm and tight, as well as making him thankful that he was wearing a plug. He was reminded forcibly of the morning all those weeks ago when Jungkook had appeared in his class, wearing his all black suit and looking every inch the powerful Alpha CEO. Perhaps he wasn't the CEO anymore, but that didn't bother Jimin in the slightest. He liked seeing Jungkook happy, and he was clearly much more content with his days now. He'd seen the changes in the Alpha, even if he couldn't see them himself as he warmed to life and happiness, the freedom to do what he wanted without being tied down to his desk 24/7.

"So, Mr. Jeon you recently gave over the title of CEO to Kim Namjoon, formerly of Gaon Tech. What made you want to change positions?" Kim Jangmi asked, as she sat with her long legs crossed, curtain of blond hair spilling over her shoulder.

"I realized I wasn't happy doing that job. Yoongi and I started Cypher Tech to mix our skills. His eye for business and my talent for technology. I don't regret it in the slightest, it's already been beneficial to the future of our company."

"How is that?"

"Well, I recently had a breakthrough on something I'd been working on the past several years." Jungkook said with a smile and Jimin smiled from where he was watching on, feeling pride at his Alpha's accomplishments. "Let's just say that Cypher Tech will soon reveal something that will blow the minds of the tech field."

"That sounds very interesting. How did you come to this breakthrough?"

"It was something my Omega said to me. It just... sparked the idea in me and that was the final tipping point."

"Should the public be looking forward to a mating soon?"

"I don't think it's the public's business. In the event I were ever to get mated, the ceremony would be private. I am not a celebrity, though some people confuse wealth and fame for each other when they are not at all similar. My private life is just that. Private."

That closed the subject and they moved on to other topics. She was a good interviewer and she asked questions that kept them engaged and brought out the best in both halves of Cypher Tech's leadership. Before long, it was over and they were shaking her hand and walking off the little set.



Jimin greeted his Alpha with open arms as he walked toward him and Jungkook walked straight into his embrace.

“You did great, Alpha.”

“Thanks, Baby. You ready to go?”

“Yeah.”

The couple said their goodbyes to Yoongi and headed back to Jimin’s parents’ house. As much as Jungkook wanted to detour somewhere to help his pretty boy, he knew that in only a few hours he’d finally have Jimin all to himself, and so he would wait. But, gods it was hard as hell. He took them back to the house and got them both changed into comfortable clothes, which had Jimin sighing in relief. Tae was helping his parents get ready for the party, and Jin apparently had things to do. Jinhwan and Dahee were the only ones there with them. He found himself to be more comfortable here than he’d thought. It had been over a week already, and it was only two days til Christmas and four days until they would depart for the cabin to spend Jimin’s heat there. Jungkook had already paid to get groceries refreshed and the house cleaned before their return. He didn’t want Jimin to have to worry about a thing during his heat. Jungkook would take care of him, that he knew beyond all doubt.

Jungkook spent his day with Jimin and Dahee in the kitchen as they made batch after batch of Christmas cookies. Jimin occasionally skipped over to him and fed him little bites that he chased with kisses, licking the frosting off the Alpha’s lips and nuzzling at him. He was so cute and happy as he cooked with his mother, mixing, rolling, cutting and frosting cookies. His scent was so sweetly happy that he and his mother mixed with the cookies had the whole house smelling sweet and fragrant like vanilla, clove and sugar cookies. They neatly boxed them up for the party and Jungkook ended up again on the couch with a sleepy, purring Omega on his lap, dozing in his arms until Jinhwan and Dahee came to tell them that they were leaving. It was a bit awkward as they waved saw them off, no one in the group under any delusion about what was going to happen as soon as they were gone. Dahee hugged Jungkook and quietly said, “I put some scent blocking spray on the dresser for you, dear.” To which the Alpha just nodded and squeezed her to let her know he understood.

They saw them out, and the moment they were gone, Jungkook slid his hand around the back of Jimin’s head and gripped his blond hair gently, turning his face up. He let out a breath of relief as his pretty boy stilled and looked at him with wide, silver eyes. Every tension flooded from Jungkook’s body as he watched those eyes slide shut and heard the soft sigh from the Omega's lips. He could FEEL the trust and relief radiating off of Jimin as his body went loose and pliant under his hold, and when Jungkook guided him forward, he came willingly. He tightened his hand in the Omega’s hair until Jimin gasped softly, then he slid his tongue into his soft, sweet mouth and held him in place as he dominated him with ease, fornicating his mouth with his tongue, practically fucking him with it until he could feel the slight vibration and tremble of Jimin’s slender form against him. He pulled back and tugged the Omega’s lip with his teeth as he pulled away.

“Let’s go upstairs to the bedroom, Baby. I want to get you naked.”

Jimin didn’t say anything, but he allowed himself to be pulled along. His body felt suddenly shivery and uncoordinated as he tried to walk up the stairs. His need that he’d been suppressing so hard was finally on the verge of coming free and his body was in revolt, feeling both numb and heavy, his muscles not cooperating with him as he stumbled trying to step up. Jungkook turned to him and Jimin gave him a pleading look. Needing his Alpha, his Daddy to take care of him. He needed to be touched so badly it was a constant, throbbing ache between his legs and now he was

so, so close to getting what he needed and he couldn't make his body cooperate to get upstairs. Tears filled his eyes and leaked from the corners as he let out a small, needful whine, almost like a distress plea, but quieter.

The sound tightened Jungkook's skin and made a wave of protectiveness surge through him. He swept the Omega up in his arms and carried him the rest of the way upstairs. Jimin nuzzled into his neck the instant he was in the Alpha's arms, purring loud and wild as he sucked on the slightly salty skin under his lips. Jungkook barged into the bedroom and set Jimin down on the bed before closing and locking the door and spraying scent blocker all around the cracks of the door to keep the smell of sex from permeating the house. He set the canister aside and went to his pretty boy who was watching him from his place, sitting on the end of the bed. Jungkook stood in front of him and reached down, taking Jimin's jaw in his hand, letting his fingertips dig into the tender joints just a little as he held his gaze. He could see in Jimin's countenance that he was already slipping into his subspace. He'd been on the verge of slipping the entire time they'd been here, and he was actually shocked that he hadn't had more slips. He stared into those pretty, shimmery eyes and some innate instinct told him what Jimin needed from him.

"You're so pretty, Baby. I've missed this. Missed seeing you like this. How you are just for me." Jungkook said softly.

Jimin had no words. He was already so overwhelmed that it was a struggle just to remain sitting upright and looking into Jungkook's dark eyes. His breath was shaky as he gasped in a deep breath.

"P-please..." Jimin whispered, not knowing exactly what he needed, but he knew that Jungkook could take care of him.

Jungkook released his jaw, knowing that now was not the time for teasing or hesitation. Jimin was hurting and needing him.

"Arms up, little one."

Jimin instantly raised his arms and Jungkook pulled his sweater up and off, tossing it aside. He knelt and took off his leggings, socks and underwear all at once, leaving Jimin bare to his gaze. He quickly removed his own clothes, now was not the time for slow, sensual undressing and long, teasing touches. Now was the time for easing his Omega in his preheat, of pulling as many orgasms from him as he possibly could before laying him down to sleep a decent night's rest for once. He stood before his Omega totally naked, cock hard as a rock. He looked at his Omega's face and felt his balls tighten at the familiar look on his face, eyes intent on the Alpha's cock, lips parted, tongue slowly licking over his bottom lip. It was an expression all too familiar to him. His Minnie wanted to suck his cock. He wanted that too. Gods, did he want that so bad, but now was not the time. Jimin needed to be fucked. He could already see the tense flutter of muscles in the Omega's thighs and abdomen. He reached down and took his jaw back in his grip, directing his gaze up to his own.

"D-Daddy... please..." Jimin whimpered and swayed forward into his hold.

Jungkook released a low sound somewhere between a growl and a purr. He looked into Jimin's needful eyes and saw the desperation in him. He tightened his fingers until Jimin gasped and his eyes fluttered shut at the shot of pain.

"I'm not your Daddy tonight." Jungkook growled and Jimin's eyes shot open, worry and distress clouding his face as he whined in question, but Jungkook just leaned down so their faces were inches apart. "Tonight, I'm your Alpha, and I'm going to serve you so well."

Jimin felt an absolute ease of warmth spread through every part of his body. His Alpha was going to serve him. Jungkook... serving his needs and his body. He knew for a fact that if he wasn't wearing a plug that a hot gush of slick would have just escaped him, and that feeling only increased as the Alpha spoke again and his hole clenched hard around the glass plug inside him.

“Yes, Alpha...” Jimin said through gritted teeth, his jaw still in the Alpha's large hand.

“Good boy. Now, present yourself for me, Omega. Let your Alpha mount you.”

Jimin's whole body shuddered hard, tingling awareness blooming in all his erogenous zones. He bit his lip and looked into those intense dark eyes one last time before crawling into the nest, getting on his hands and knees. He arched and pushed his ass back, spreading his knees a little. The position made his inner Omega whimper and plead for the Alpha to mount him, slide deep inside him and fulfill him with his seed. He arched a bit more and pushed his ass back, shifting his hips a little to tantalize. He felt the bed dip behind him and whimpered as his plug was removed and wetness leaked down his thighs in warm rivulets.

There was no slow buildup or teasing like Jungkook would normally do. The Alpha lined his cock up with Jimin's entrance and slid inside with one smooth thrust until their bodies met with a soft slap. Jimin made a sound that he was sure he'd never made before, a high-pitched, strangled cry as his body seized and fluttered around the very welcome intrusion. He felt Jungkook's hands on his hips, gripping with enough force that he was sure he'd have bruises later, but he didn't care. Everything felt so good. Like scratching an itch that had been killing him for days. Those hot hands on him gripped harder and then he was being fucked, hard, deep and relentless. Jimin's hands fisted into the bedsheets and his back arched as he presented himself as much as possible, wanting Jungkook as deep inside his body as he could possibly go. It wasn't the usual feeling of domination and submission that existed between them. It was something more... base. It was pure animal instinct and raw desperation. He could feel every inch of his Alpha's perfect cock as he pulled out almost to the tip each time before pushing back in, hands on his hips pulling him back to collide against him with slaps that were wet from his slick that already felt like it was everywhere. Jungkook's moans were like growls and Jimin's own sounds were mewling pleas. Jungkook mixed words into his sounds, praises and filthy promises, claims of 'mine'.

“That's it, Omega... mmn... That's what you need isn't it? You wanna get fucked nice and deep, til... fuck, nnggh... til you're so full of my cum you can barely hold it all... Until it fucking hurts...”

“Yes! Fuck... ahn... please, Alpha... more, harder!” Jimin sobbed, tears cascaded down his hot, flushed face and saliva leaked down the side of his chin as he was completely overwhelmed by heat and pleasure.

The pace and intensity only increased until the bed was slamming against the wall and Jungkook was fucking into him with as much power as he could, drilling his cock into the Omega's ass with his full strength, muscles tight and bulging as he held Jimin up, his knees no longer touching the bed as Jungkook pulled him back into each thrust. The Omega's arms were shaking, trying to hold up his weight, but he held on as best he could. The Alpha was out of control as he mounted his Omega and fucked him as hard as he could, and his little one took everything he gave like always, perfectly. Every fiber of his being felt like it was being drawn directly to the beautiful male beneath him, crying out and moaning, all undercut by a thready, uncontrollable purr that emanated from his chest. That made Jungkook almost wild, because who else could be like this? What other Omega in the world could get fucked like this and purr, even as he sobbed out his pleasure? Jungkook couldn't see his face, but he was certain that there were tears pouring down Jimin's face. Not tears of pain or anguish, tears of pleasure.

Jungkook had said he was going to serve him, and gods was he ever. Jimin had felt so many different kinds of pleasure with Jungkook, but this was something entirely new, he could feel the struggle inside him as his wolf tried to come to the surface, but he suppressed it and focused on the pleasure that Jungkook was giving him. Jimin's cock was hard, his balls tingling and drawn up, ready to cum. His Alpha was normally rough with him, but he didn't usually manhandle him so much, and the feel of those hard hands on his body, the feel of being lifted like he weighed nothing and pulled back against Jungkook's hips to push his cock in even deeper on every stroke was absolute perfection. He purred even as he sobbed, even as he was overwhelmed and desperate and in blissful agony at the rough, harsh thrusts that speared into him over and over. This was exactly what his body had been craving, the domination, the way his Alpha conquered him so well, giving him exactly what he craved. He could feel deep in his belly, pressure coalescing into what he knew would be a powerhouse of an orgasm, and he knew that Jungkook was beginning to approach his own climax as his growls deepened and Jimin felt the beginning swell of his knot catching on his rim with every deep penetration.

"Fuck, Minnie! You gonna cum for me, Omega? Nngh... fuck I'm so close... gonna knot you... mmn... gonna fuck you so full... Jimin..."

It was the sound of his name in that deep, husky, almost pained voice that had the Omega's orgasm pounding through his body like a tidal wave, washing away everything but pleasure. There was no controlling it as he screamed, toes curling, spine arching, arms quivering under his weight as every part of him tightened and then he was tossed into wave after wave of pleasure, a storm-tossed sea of bliss. His cock kicked and jerked, shooting ropes of pearly cum both onto the bed below him and up his own belly as his release was coaxed from him by the spasming, twitch of his body. Everything was heat and fire and he wanted MORE. He never wanted this to stop. He never wanted his body to stop feeling this bliss. All pain was long gone, the neverending cramping ache that he dealt with during his heat was gone as he came. The fluttering massage of his walls against Jungkook's cock had the Alpha burying himself in to the hilt and spilling hot bursts of seed inside him, knot locking them together and holding the immense volume of the Alpha's seed in as it was pumped into him. Jimin whimpered as he felt something he missed so terribly. Fullness. That most wonderful feeling of his walls stretching to hold the Alpha's seed in his body. It was that feeling that had weakness overtaking him.

Jungkook caught Jimin just as his arms gave out. He fell forward, bracing one arm on the bed as the other banded around the Omega's chest to hold him up. That had been the single most intense orgasm of his life. It had been almost painful to finally, finally give Jimin everything, hard and deep and intense, just like he'd been dying to. Those quiet morning, shower sessions were nothing to what he wanted to do to his pretty boy. This was what he'd been craving, not just him, but his wolf, his inner Alpha that wanted to mount his mate and fuck like the animals that they were. The knowledge that his pre-heat Omega was not getting the sexual care that he deserved was a terrible feeling, and now, having Jimin's limp, form held up by only his arm, his body weak and pliant from his orgasm, yet still softly purring, was so confirming. This was his duty, to make sure that Jimin was sated and happy. It was his job to satisfy and please his mate... and that was what Jimin was to him. He was his mate, his perfect, pretty boy, his little vanilla baby, who he loved and for whom he would do anything.

"You okay, Baby?" Jungkook asked and pressed a kiss to the side of Jimin's neck, nuzzling into the soft, vanilla-scented skin there.

"Mm-hm..." Jimin managed, turning his head to give Jungkook better access to his neck.

Jungkook maneuvered them around so that they could both lay on their sides, with him spooned up behind the trembling Omega. He kissed over Jimin's neck and shoulder, whispering soft words of

praise and reassurance to him as his pretty boy basked in the affection happily, his purr continuing and his scent sweetening and thickening in the air until he almost couldn't smell himself at all. He smelled like joy and contentment and the Alpha was proud of that accomplishment. He'd been feeling like a horrible Alpha over the past week, not able to give Jimin what his body so clearly needed, but now here he was, holding his little one, who was knotted, purring and he knew all too well, waiting for more, even as he trembled in sensitivity. Usually it took more than one round to get Jimin to a point where he was this shaky and overwhelmed, but he knew that Jimin was more sensitive now, both from lack of sex as well as his pre-heat. Jungkook wrapped the Omega up in his embrace and held onto his warm body. His temperature just a little higher than normal, but inside he was sweltering. He had to admit that it felt amazing around his knot. Jimin might be the one in preheat, but Jungkook had bonded with him, and his body was reacting too. His body was affected by Jimin's heat pheromones as well, and was ready to serve his Omega's needs.

"You're doing so well, Omega. Taking my knot so perfectly." Jungkook whispered, nosing into Jimin's hair, lips grazing his ear, making the slender body in his arms shiver. "Does it feel good? Do you feel nice and full, Baby? Are you still hurting?"

"No, it doesn't hurt anymore. Feels good, Alpha... Fuck, it's so good... So full."

Jungkook hummed a soft, happy ascent. He was so glad that Jimin was feeling relief. Finally.

"You still want more, Baby?" Jungkook asked as he felt his knot starting to relax.

"Always."

Jungkook smiled at that and rolled them over so that Jimin was flat on his belly, pressed into the mattress by the Alpha on top of him. Jungkook kept most of his weight up on his elbows, but he wanted Jimin to feel small, caged and safe. Maybe he'd been doing a bit (a ton) of research online about what Omegas wanted and liked during their pre-heat/heat. He knew now that they liked to be held, to feel small, safe and confined, but only in places they were comfortable, or by their Alpha. He knew that they liked to be held with tight pressure as they were praised and kissed and reassured. He knew that they found it calming to have their nipples suckled, though that was less sexual and more relaxing, confirming. It apparently was theorized to remind them of nursing and pregnancy, which was the true desire of their body, even if an Omega wasn't trying to get pregnant. He'd learned what positions felt best, what to say and what to avoid saying. He'd learned as much as he could find, and he was trying to give Jimin exactly what would make him feel best, what would hopefully make up for how much he'd been unable to do for him, and to show him how dear he was, how he deserved to be treated every day.

Jimin felt... safe. Well, he always felt safe with Jungkook, but it was something deeper, like that animal part of himself that constantly scanned for threats and observed his surroundings was quiet, too content and relaxed to worry about anything except the Alpha, whose cock stretched him open and whose warm body pressed him down into the bed, Jungkook's body was a warm cave of muscle over him, the scent of coffee and dark chocolate swirling in the air around him until he was drunk on it. Jungkook's cock stroked him just perfectly inside, sliding and rubbing his prostate constantly as he started to fuck him again. Jimin just bit into the bedding underneath him and screamed into the mouthful of fabric as he was so... confined and pleased and warm. His muscles all took turns tightening and then loosening as his body revolted at the intensity of the sensations, but as Jungkook's teeth sunk into the tender skin of his nape, a silent show of dominance and assurance, he went totally lax. His body responded to the feeling of Jungkook's bite against his nape, and he whined and closed his eyes, allowing himself to go completely pliant, his mind focusing only on the feeling of safety, blocking out everything else. Even as Jungkook released his teeth from his skin, he could still feel the remaining sting and he was relaxed, allowing

himself to be pleased.

“That’s it, little one. That’s my good boy. Just relax... let yourself feel it... It feels so good. YOU feel so good, Baby... fuck, you’re so hot, so tight...”

Jimin’s moans were soft and pleased, even as Jungkook fucked him hard, lifting his hips and driving back down hard. He fucked him through another orgasm just like that, with Jimin under him, pliant and soft as he was taken. Afterward he pulled out, rolled him onto his back and pushed Jimin’s knees to his chest, his heels resting on Jungkook’s shoulders as he was folded in half, then one last time, slower than the other rounds, a simple missionary position with Jimin’s legs wrapped around him, arms around his shoulders and Jungkook kissed him, then nibbled and sucked at his neck, until one last painful orgasm was milked from them both, leaving the couple shaking and gasping, chests heaving in the aftermath of their pleasure. Jimin was so achingly, perfectly full that he had tears leaking from the corners of his eyes. He felt so loved in that moment, so cared for. He was happier with his Alpha than he could ever have imagined. He turned into Jungkook’s neck and sobbed.

Jungkook held Jimin as he cried. He knew he was okay. He was just overwhelmed and emotional, needy. He wrapped him up tight in his arms and lifted him as he rolled himself back to sit up. Jimin still in his lap, knot still stretching him open. He gently rocked him as he hiccupped and sobbed into his neck. The Alpha stroked his back and pressed kisses against any skin he could find.

“Shh... it’s okay, little one. My Baby. Your Alpha is here. Just cry it out... you’re okay. Everything will be okay.”

“M-m-my name... s-say m-my name.”

“Jimin. My Jimin. All mine. You’re okay, Minnie... My little Minnie. So sweet and perfect... just hold onto me. I’ve got you, Jimin.” Jungkook soothed until finally Jimin quieted and everything was still.

Jimin pulled back from Jungkook’s neck and wiped his face, sniffing and letting out a soft, self-deprecating laugh as he wiped his tears and hiccupped a few times. The Alpha cupped his jaw and looked at him with a mix of so many tender emotions that Jimin wasn’t sure what to do. It was like he was looking at some priceless treasure and Jimin felt so adored, so cared for. He leaned forward and planted a wet, messy kiss against Jungkook’s lips, sliding his tongue into the Alpha’s mouth, the taste salty from his tears.

They kissed for a long time, until their lips were tender and sore and Jungkook’s knot was relaxed, his cock mostly soft inside the warm channel of Jimin’s body. Finally, they pulled apart and Jungkook laid Jimin back, grabbing the plug where it had rolled up somewhere near the pillows before gingerly pulling out and replacing his cock with the plug. Jimin hummed as his hand found the swell of his lower belly, tight and full, a pretty little mound that interrupted his flat belly. Jungkook’s hands gently smoothed over his hips, grazing the edges of the little roundness. Jimin beamed up at him and Jungkook’s heart swelled.

“You’re the prettiest like this you know? Full of my cum and all fucked out and still smiling... You’re beautiful when you’re happy for me.”

“I’m always happy for you Alpha... You make me happy, Jungkook.” Jimin looked at him and it felt like he wanted to say something but was holding back. “I don’t think... anyone else could ever make me happy like you do.”

Jungkook’s heart shuddered and throbbed. That felt like... a confession and he wanted to return it.

He wanted to let the truth spill from his lips and tell Jimin he loved him, but it wasn't the right time. He leaned down and nuzzled him, bumping their noses together and purring gently.

"No one could ever replace you, Minnie." Jungkook whispered before pressing soft kisses against his lips over and over. It was as close as he could get to the truth.

Jungkook grabbed boxers for himself and panties for Jimin, taking them to the bathroom and laying them out on the counter before turning on the shower to warm up and retrieving Jimin from the bed. He wished there was a bathtub he could let Jimin soak in for a while, but there was only a shower. The Omega leaned against the wall as Jungkook washed him gently. Afterward, he dried and dressed him before drying himself and pulling on his boxers. He carried Jimin back to the bedroom, set him on the dresser. He left him there, quickly pulling the blankets that were wet or dirty. He settled Jimin in the bed comfortably before running the armful of dirty blankets down to the washer and starting them. He gave the hallway outside their room a heavy spray with the scent blocker and returned to the room. He found Jimin on his back in the middle of the little nest, pretty in just his navy and white moon and star panties, tracing soft fingers over his taut little belly.

He closed and locked the door behind him. The only light in the room was coming from the little desk lamp by the bed that cast the room in a soft, yellowish glow like candlelight. He stood at the end of the bed and watched Jimin as the Omega traced soft fingertips over his belly, then looked up at him with a soft smile before reaching out to him, making grabby hands and starting to purr. Jungkook just chuckled softly and crawled into the bed. His phone dinged with a new message and he snatched it off the nightstand to see a message from Dahee and noted that it had already been almost four hours since they left.

Dahee: We're about to head home. You need more time?

Jungkook smiled fondly at the phone. He really liked Dahee a lot. She was such a good mother to her children, and so understanding and kind.

Jungkook: All clear. You can come back whenever you're ready.

Dahee: Is my little kitten feeling better?

He looked over at the Omega next to him who was watching him with sleepy eyes, half lidded as he gently purred and rubbed his belly.

Jungkook: Much better. We're headed to sleep. Thank you for your help on getting us some alone time.

Dahee: Anytime dear. Goodnight.

Jungkook: Goodnight.

Jungkook set his phone back on the nightstand and rolled over onto his side, to look at his pretty boy, so lovely and soft. His eyes found his puffy, flushed nipples and he wondered if the internet could be trusted on the information he'd read. He decided that he might as well try, everything else seemed to have worked out okay. He decided that Jimin needed a thorough scenting first. He didn't smell enough like coffee and that bothered him. He needed his Omega drenched in his scent. He raised up and supported his weight off of Jimin as he scented him all over his face, neck and chest, drenching him in his scent, wishing he'd had the presence of mind to cum on him and scent mark him properly, but this would work for now. His Baby purred and hummed appreciatively as he was scented, and as he reached his chest for scenting he gently licked at one of Jimin's nipples, making the Omega gasp softly, a gentle hand sliding into his hair. He gave the nipple under his lips a

gentle attention, licking first, then kissing, then tenderly suckling at him as he massaged the little pink bud with his lips and tongue. Jimin released soft, hitching breaths of relief as he took his time attending to one nipple and then the other. He encouraged the Omega to roll onto his side toward him. Jungkook wrapped his larger body around Jimin and held him as he laved his tongue over and sucked gently on the Omega's pretty pink nipples. He could feel the calmness overcoming the small body in his arms, and his own matched that energy until they were both starting to fall asleep with the gentle attention.

Jungkook reached back and flipped off the lamp. His pretty boy needed his sleep, and with Christmas Eve being the following day, he would need the rest. So he pulled back, kissing each nipple one last time before scooting back up and pulling Jimin close against him to sleep.

“Thank you, Jungkook. Jimin hummed softly.

“Anything for you, little one. Goodnight, Minnie.”

“Goodnight, Jungkookie.”

On both sides, the last part was added silently. ‘I love you.’



# The Only One

## Chapter Summary

Jimin and Jungkook wake up after their night of 'alone time' and they spend time with their families.

## Chapter Notes

Please enjoy.

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Jimin woke up feeling something close to human again and sighed as he wasn't met with the throbbing, aching pain of need that had been his constant companion for the last week. He just felt... full and safe. He was still sheltered in the hold of his Alpha's arms, surrounded by the smell of dark chocolate and coffee. He could feel Jungkook's warmth radiating outward into his body. He was so content and happy in that moment that he didn't want to move, he didn't want to leave the bed and face the world. These pillows and blankets were his safe haven and he didn't want to leave it. He was tired, sore and needy. He wanted to be scented and held and praised all day, but it was the day before Christmas Eve and they were approaching the end of their visit.

Jimin hummed softly as he felt Jungkook's nose slide against the sensitive skin behind his ear, then felt a small draw of air there, as if the Alpha were testing his scent. Jungkook's arms tightened around him and Jimin purred softly, wiggling back into Jungkook's hold as the Alpha's warmth soaked into him. He felt a soft kiss against the same skin Jungkook had just been nosing at and shivered.

"Morning, little one. You smell good." Jungkook said, voice raspy and husky from sleep.

"Do I? What do I smell like?"

That nose pressed back into his skin and inhaled again before the Alpha let it out on a sigh.

"Sweet. You smell like your heat is close, pretty boy."

"Nngh... Daddy..." Jimin moaned softly, arching his back to press his ass against the Alpha's hips, feeling a promising hardness against him.

Jungkook trailed his lips down over Jimin's neck sucking and softly biting at him. Wishing they were alone so he could tie his little one's hands over his head and give him a nice, hard round of sex to get him through the rest of his day. But Jimin didn't seem to be in pain, rather the opposite as he pushed his ass against him and whispered out soft moans. Jungkook's hand slid down the exposed skin of Jimin's belly and smoothed over the little swell of his belly, still full from the previous night.

“You’re already full, Baby... Mm... so full... all for me. You want me to make you cum, sweetheart?” Jungkook asked, trailing his hand down to caress over Jimin’s cock through the cotton of his panties. “You want Daddy to make you feel good before we go shower?”

The implication was not lost on Jimin. Showering meant removing his plug, letting go of his fullness. He hated it and the idea made him squirm, but he tried to focus on the moment, on the gentle fingers rubbing him, the mouth on his neck, and the warmth and strength of the body spooned up behind him, slowly grinding his cock against Jimin’s ass. He let himself get swept up into what felt so much like those slow, gentle mornings that they spent at home, where he’d wake up and they would come together in that gentle, slow way that was perfect for the dawn hours in a nice warm bed. For just a little while, couldn’t they just forget the rest of the world and let themselves get lost in this slow burning heat?

“Nnm... Daddy?” Jimin whispered, turning his face to trace his lips over Jungkook’s jaw and chin.

“What is it, Baby? What do you need?”

“Wanna suck you off... I haven’t done it in so long... want you to fuck my mouth.”

Jungkook smiled against the soft, vanilla scented skin under his lips. His lovely boy, his little vanilla baby, so needy and yet so giving. He knew Jimin liked to go down on him. That had never been a secret. He’d known since that first night when Jimin had sunk to his knees so naturally and looked up at him with his pretty, gray eyes full of so much desperation. Jimin liked being dominated, and that didn’t always mean tying him up. Sometimes, domination was as simple as a hand tangled in blond hair, guiding him up and down the length of his cock, or a filthy promise whispered into his ears that sent shivers over his body, or even a hand on his nape, guiding and controlling. These were the hallmarks of their love language.

“Yeah, little one? You want Daddy’s cock in your throat? Want to swallow me up like a good boy?” Jungkook growled, low and dangerous as his hand wrapped gently around the front of Jimin’s neck and the Alpha moved his lips to his nape, licking a hot stripe over the skin there and making the Omega keen.

“Gods, yes... fuck, I need it, Daddy. Need you to use me... I’ll be your good boy... I’ll be so good I promise.” Jimin husked softly.

“I know you will, Baby. You’re always so good for me.”

Jungkook pulled back from Jimin and the Omega whimpered, but Jungkook just shushed him quietly and helped roll him onto his back, shifting him up so his head and upper shoulders were propped a bit on pillows, bringing him to the right level. The Alpha could tell that it was still early, the orangey light of dawn was barely filtering through the windows, and the house around them was silent. They had time for a small, early morning intimacy before they had to face the day.

Jimin looked up at his perfect, handsome Daddy, his dark hair a mess from sleep, his strong body, corded with muscle and his exquisite golden skin that Jimin wanted to lick all over. He wanted to trace his tongue down every line of his abs and then swallow his cock down until his mouth was filled with cum and he was just a trembling, shivering mess, desperate for his Daddy to take over for him. His eyes followed the movement of Jungkook’s hands as they pushed down his boxers, revealing the turgid length of his cock, that jutted proudly from his hips, the skin a shade darker than the rest of his body, matching his nipples. He was so sexy, so virile and handsome. Jimin wondered what it would take to make this Alpha fall in love with him. What would he have to do to get the love of his life to return the tender feelings inside him and the desire for a real future together?

He pushed away those thoughts and focused on his Alpha and the way the morning light of the room caught on his skin and made him glow like some kind of adonis. He picked out every mole, every freckle, every angle and curve of his form as he watched him get undressed and then straddle Jimin's chest, looking down at him with those chocolate eyes, full of lust and something softer like adoration. Jimin slid his hands over Jungkook's muscular thighs, feeling the strength in them, he moved up to his hips. He pulled the Alpha forward gently, but he followed his encouragement. One of Jungkook's hands tilted his cock down toward his lips. He parted them instantly, tongue sliding just the barest hint outward, and then he whimpered as the warm, welcome weight of his Alpha's cock slid into his mouth. He let his eyes flutter closed and swirled his tongue around the tip of Jungkook's erection, tasting the salty tang of the precum that wept from his leaking slit, but he moved his tongue as the Alpha slid a hand into his hair, gripping the blond strands and pushing deeper into his mouth.

“Fuck your mouth is so damn... soft... fuck... Forgot how good this feels, little one... nnggh... yeah...”

Jimin opened his eyes and looked up at Jungkook, watching his Daddy as his face morphed into the exquisite lines of his pleasure as he bit his lip and his brows drew down, his eyes closed. The Omega could feel himself slipping into subspace as his other thoughts and concerns fluttered away on the winds of desire, to be replaced by only the feel of Jungkook shallowly thrusting into his mouth, the taste of precum on his tongue and sounds of his Daddy's quiet, pleased moans. This was his favorite thing in the world.

“Relax your throat, Baby...”

Jimin took a deep breath through his nose and relaxed his throat, opening to allow the Alpha's cock to slide past his tonsils and into the slick channel. Jimin's eyes fluttered at the sensation and he wanted to moan, but he couldn't with the Alpha's cock bulging his throat, but the attempt made his esophagus squeeze around the invading member and Jungkook moaned, but cut it off, clearly realizing that they were not alone, and silence was needed. Jimin gagged a little as Jungkook withdrew and slid back inside, but he managed to suppress it. His hands were set ineffectually on the Alpha's thighs as he looked up and let his mouth be used for the Alpha's pleasure, just enjoying witnessing Jungkook's pleasure up close. Jungkook reached down with the hand that wasn't tangled in Jimin's hair and took the Omega's hand, placing it on his own throat and resting his larger one over it as he moved again, pulling out and then slipping back inside.

“Feel that, Baby? You feel my cock inside you? Fuck... you're so hot... Love this... Gods I love it, little one... mmm...”

Jimin's body was hot, flushed and needful. He had precum leaking from his cock, into the panties he wore and his hole was rhythmically clenching around the plug inside him. He was so turned on as he felt Jungkook smoothly moving in and out of his throat, the soft, wet sucking noises from his mouth were obscene in the silent room, the only other sounds the subtle creaking of the bed and Jungkook's quiet sounds of pleasure. He could actually feel the tension of an impending orgasm building low in his belly, but his lungs were straining for air. Jimin tapped the Alpha's leg to signal that he needed air and Jungkook withdrew from his mouth, leaving them only connected by thin crystalline strings of saliva as Jimin panted in a few deep breaths.

“You okay, sweetheart?” Jungkook asked, his hand moving from gripping his hair to carding through it.

“Yeah.” Jimin panted. “Just needed a breath, Daddy... I'm ready again.” Jimin said, taking another deep breath and opening his mouth in invitation.

“Such a good boy.” Jungkook said sweetly as he gripped Jimin’s hair again and pushed back into his mouth, sliding as deep as he could go down his throat until Jimin’s nose was touching his pelvis.

Jimin reached his hand forward and gently cupped Jungkook’s sac, tenderly fondling his balls, he focused on keeping his throat relaxed as he softly pulled them forward and extended his tongue out of his mouth, with the Alpha’s cock still fully sheathed inside and tongued over the Alpha’s sac, curling the slick muscle along the seam of his balls before cupping one and then the other in the cradle of his tongue.

“Fuck yeah... that’s so fucking good, Baby. Look at you... fuck, you’re so good for your Daddy, aren’t you? Good boy... that’s it... take it... nnggh... Fuck, I’m gonna cum...” Jungkook's voice wasn't more than a whisper but it had Jimin's pleasure rocketing up farther and farther as he husked in that deep sex-roughened tone.

Jungkook would never get over the feeling of Jimin swallowing his dick down like it was nothing, and add to that the soft, wet tongue lapping at his sac and he was a goner. He felt a tingle at the base of his cock and felt his knot beginning to swell as pressure built at the base of his spine. He pulled Jimin back just far enough to keep from cumming down his throat, thrusting shallowly into his mouth a few more times and cumming with a silent moan as he cut off his air to keep from making a sound. His cock pulsed and and throbbed as he burst into Jimin’s mouth. He watched Jimin’s eyes close briefly and then open as he stared back up at him and swirled his tongue around the tip of his cock within the confines of his mouth and gently massaging his sac with his soft hand, making another shot of his seed spurt into the Omega’s already full mouth, cheeks puffed out slightly and Jungkook actually whimpered at the intensity of the sensation, unable to hold the sound back. He eased backward until his cock slipped from Jimin’s lips and the Omega looked up at him. He reached forward and turned his face upward more, using his thumb to encourage him to open his mouth, which Jimin did easily, showing him the contents.

“Fuck... now there’s a sight for sore eyes, huh?” Jungkook husked as he dipped his thumb down into Jimin’s mouth, coating it in his own cum before tracing a slick circle around Jimin’s full lips, then dipping it back in one more time and reaching down to massage it into his scent gland before pushing his lips closed and gently holding Jimin’s neck. “Swallow for me, Baby.”

Jimin followed his instruction and Jungkook hummed his approval as he felt Jimin’s adam’s apple bob against his palm, once, twice and then Jimin gasped in a harsh breath through his mouth, panting hard. Jungkook traced his thumb back and forth over Jimin’s soft lips and stared down into those gray eyes, feeling so much love and adoration building up in him that he was like a volcano of emotion, ready to explode and just tell Jimin every feeling in his heart and beg him to be his mate. The mere concept that there could be some future where he didn’t have Jimin in his life was like an arrow to the chest. He turned his hand and gently petted over the side of his Omega’s face and neck and Jimin turned into his touch like a needy kitten, wanting affection.

“Did I do good, Daddy?” Jimin asked, voice shivering slightly as he started to purr.

Jungkook shifted down his body until he could lay between his legs, and press kiss after kiss to his face and neck, nosing into his skin and returning the purr with his deeper one.

“So good, Baby. Always so good for Daddy.”

“Touch me?” Jimin whimpered, turning his hips up and grinding against Jungkook’s pelvis.

The Alpha growled a little into his purr as he felt the little roundness of Jimin’s belly pressing at him where he arched up against him.

“Don’t worry, little one. Daddy’s gonna make everything better. Just relax now. You’ll be okay. Just trust Daddy to take care of you.”

Jimin couldn’t form words as Jungkook’s lips met his skin and started a searing trail downward, stopping occasionally to suck a fresh hickey up or to darken existing ones. He paused at his nipples and spent a few minutes sucking and gently biting them until Jimin’s whimpers got a little too loud and he had to pull back.

“Shh... quiet now, Baby...” Jungkook admonished sweetly, thumbing over the Omega’s tender nipples, still wet from his saliva.

He continued his way downward until he reached the edge of Jimin’s panties. Hooking his fingers in the elastic, he pulled them down to Jimin’s mid-thigh before gently tipping his cock upward toward his lips and parting them over the leaking tip of Jimin’s pretty pink cockhead, taking him into his mouth. It took almost nothing to bring Jimin to orgasm. Jungkook could tell he was sensitive at the moment, and he took it slow, sliding up and down his pale shaft, eyes trained up the Omega’s body to watch his reactions as he lovingly sucked him and used soft fingertips to caress his sac that was already drawn up, prepared for orgasm. Jimin’s small hands found their way into his hair and he could see by the dark flush on his skin that it was taking everything in him not to scream out his pleasure. Jungkook wished he didn’t have to hold back, but he just took his time until Jimin’s body started to shake and the cock in his mouth began to throb.

“C-cumming... fuck... cumm--nnggh...” Jimin managed to whisper before he let out a soft squeak and arched into Jungkook’s mouth, spurting his release into the warmth of the mouth engulfing him.

Jungkook guided him through his orgasm until he was limp and his cock went soft before pulling back and swallowing. He petted his hands up Jimin’s body as he crawled over him and kissed his lips gently.

“Better?”

“Yeah. Much better.”

They showered and Jungkook held Jimin as he whined and cried against his chest when the Alpha had to remove his plug, but he held him against the wall and took him again under the warm spray, praising him while the Omega hiccupped softly and gently bit his neck to satiate some of his neediness, his teeth gently chewing at him like a teething pup. Afterward, Jungkook performed what had become their usual morning routine, but which still made his heart sink and his stomach clench up. He dried them both off after their shower before giving Jimin his heat pain relievers, then guided the Omega to bend over the counter as he applied the numbing cream he’d bought all around his puffy, tender entrance before fitting a plug inside him. Though he could tell that Jimin was feeling better today, it still hurt him that he couldn’t just sate him with his body and erase his pain. But he’d already accepted it, and it was almost time to go. Only three days left before their departure. He could make it. Probably.

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“Where’s Jungkook?” Taehyung asked as he squeezed into Jimin’s oversized nest that took up all the floor space in front of the couch, half-draped over him and stole a sour gummy worm from the bag Jimin was nursing.

“He’s upstairs on a phone call with his Eomma.”

“Oh, that’s cool.” Taehyung said, then hesitated as he looked up at Jimin from where he laid on his chest. “So…”

“So… what?” Jimin asked, looking at his friend.

“So, you and Jungkook are getting pretty serious then, huh? You met his parents and all. You brought him here to meet your Eomma and Appa. You’re living together. He bought you a freaking house. I mean… I’m pretty sure he’s about a week away from popping the question.”

“Tae…” Jimin sighed, but his friend continued.

“I mean, look at the facts. He treats you like royalty, he bought you a car, a house, a wardrobe and you said the sex is great. Whenever you wince from your preheat cramps, he looks like he wants to die. I know love, and he’s in love.”

“Reading tons of Brenda Joyce novels doesn’t make you an expert at love.” Jimin said as he shoved another gummy worm into Tae’s mouth to stop him from talking, very unsuccessfully.

“Of course it does. Who knows more about love than people who write about it 24/7? And I am their most faithful reader. You two are one of those couples who are in denial and will have some grand climax that brings you to the realization that you loved each other all along.” Tae said as he chewed the candy in his mouth.

“You read too much. Real life doesn’t work that way.”

“Of course it does! You are living proof of that.”

“Living proof of what?” Jin asked as he walked around the corner from the entryway and into the living room.

Jimin looked at his brother and smiled. He was pretty and classy as usual in his fitted navy pants and soft white turtleneck. Jimin reached a hand out to him and he too came to squeeze into Jimin’s nest on his other side as Taehyung started to explain.

“He’s living proof that romance novel tropes happen in real life. He got hired by a rich guy as a housekeeper and is now like… one pleading smile away from that Alpha asking him to be his mate. I mean, he was even a CEO and you melted his cold, businessman heart. You melted him and molded him into your ideal man.”

Jimin reached down and slapped Tae’s thigh playfully.

“Yah! I didn’t mold him into anything. He was already perfect just the way he is.”

“Minnie! That’s the most romantic thing you’ve ever said.” Jin giggled and squeezed him.

“You weren’t even that romantic when we were in bed togeth- OW!” Tae cut off when Jimin pinched him.

“Am I interrupting something?” Jungkook asked with a small smirk from where he’d just entered the living room.

“Wha… NO!” Jimin squeaked, face going hot as he realized Jungkook most definitely heard that.

Tae and Jin burst into giggles like the traitors that they were and Jimin felt his face go bright red. The Omega sat up and scooted away from his betraying friend and brother and toward the end of

his nest so he could look up at his Alpha as he crouched down at the foot of his foofy oversized nest that comprised of basically every pillow and blanket in the house besides those on his parent's bed. He was feeling needy and vulnerable and he wanted HIS nest and he wanted to be in it all alone with Jungkook, but this was the next best thing. He wanted to explain, to tell him that it wasn't what it sounded like, and that they were just friends. He was afraid that Jungkook would be angry or jealous. But the Alpha just looked into his worried eyes and gave him a soft smile. Jimin turned his face into Jungkook's palm when he cupped his cheek, the Omega nosed down to his wrist and placed a soft kiss there. Jungkook stroked a soft thumb over his cheek in a soothing gesture, a silent message in his eyes and touch. 'Don't be afraid, it's okay.' Jimin stared deeply into those dark, mesmerizing eyes and felt himself ease.

"My Eomma wants me to go and see him, so I'm going to head over there for a little bit." Jimin started to stand, but Jungkook stopped him with a hand on his shoulder. "Why don't you stay here with Tae and Jin? I've been hogging you the whole time we've been here and they haven't had nearly enough time with you."

Jimin didn't want Jungkook to leave him, but he did want to spend time with his best friend and brother. He also knew that Jungkook's Eomma wanted time alone with him, regardless of how much he might like Jimin, he and Jungkook had been separated for a long time and he knew that he must be missing his son. So, Jimin nodded up at him before turning his face up and poonching his lips, asking for a kiss, which he was granted at once.

"Alright, little one. Get some rest while I'm gone. If you need anything, just call me and I'll come right back, okay?"

Jimin giggled and looked up at him with a big smile stretching his lips.

"I'll be okay. Tae and Jin will take care of me until you get back."

"I'm counting on it. See you soon, Baby." Jungkook said before pressing a soft kiss to his forehead.

Jungkook stood up and Tae reached down and tugged the back of Jimin's sweater.

"Get back in the cuddle pile, it's cold." The Omega whined and Jimin laughed as he scooted back and laid back in his comfy spot.

"Oooh! Did I hear cuddle pile?" Dahee squealed as she came around the corner from the entryway, arms laden with gift bags that they had been keeping in storage because she 'didn't trust her sneaky sons not to peek at their gifts'. She quickly dropped her burden off by the tree before shucking her coat and heading over to the nest. "Make way, Eomma's coming in for a landing!"

She stepped into the nest and shimmied her way between her two sons, sneaking her hands under Jimin's shirt to warm her icy fingers on his feverish pre-heat skin and making him gasp and squirm.

"AH! Hey! Don't touch me with your ice hands!"

"I'm freezing. Warm me up." She said as she curled around Jimin protectively, "You're so warm kitty cat."

"Don't call me kitty cat!"

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Jungkook dialed his Eomma and waited for the call to pick up. He'd texted that morning for

Jungkook to give him a call when he could. He could tell that his mother was still getting used to the freedom to call him whenever he wanted to, or maybe worried that he was bothering him somehow. Their relationship had taken a bad hit that he knew it was going to take time to get past the hesitancy that still subsisted between them, regardless of how much he wished it didn't exist. But they loved each other and he knew they could get through the insecurity and anxiety that lingered around their relationship, it was just going to take communication and love. The more he thought about it, the guiltier he felt about what had happened between them and the more determined he was to make it right.

“Hello?” His Eomma answered in his soft, comforting voice.

“Hey, Eomma. You asked me to call you? Are you and Appa alright?”

“Oh yes, we're fine Jungkookie. I was just... well, I wanted to see you...”

His voice was hesitant and the Alpha felt his belly swoop at the tone, wondering if he'd ever stop feeling pain at the knowledge that he'd let his innocent mother feel these feelings for so long. He'd been so selfish and unthinking about anyone else's feelings but his own. How could he have done this to the only Eomma he had? Had his mother not always been there for him, proud and eager to celebrate his accomplishments and mourn his losses? How could he be such a negligent son, and an unthinking asshole? He would make this right and show his mother that he loved her and that he was welcome in his life as much as he pleased.

“I'd like to see you too, Eomma. I've missed you.”

“R-really?”

“Of course. I love you. I'm so sorry. I know I keep saying it, but I really am.”

“You don't have to be sorry, my baby. I love you and I missed you. What matters now is that we are back in touch.”

Jungkook could hear the tears in his voice over the phone and so desperately wanted to go to him and hug him, promise he'd never do anything like that again and beg for forgiveness for being a neglectful son.

“I could come and see you today. Are you free?” Jungkook offered and he heard a small relieved sigh from the other end.

“Yes of course! I'm always free for you. Come over anytime you want. I'd love to see you.”

“Okay, I'll see what I can do. I love you, Eomma.”

“I love you too, my baby.”

Jungkook sat on the edge of the bed/nest he shared with Jimin at night and scrubbed his hands over his face before forcing them through his dark hair. Hearing his mother's hesitancy to ask him for a simple visit made him feel like a monster. He'd done that, made their relationship so shaky that his own loving mother was scared to reach out to him and ask for his company. He wished Jimin were with him in that moment. He wanted to push his face into his small belly and be held. He hated this feeling. He wasn't used to being so vulnerable, and the only person he'd really felt comfortable enough to be vulnerable with since... he couldn't even say how long, was none other than his little one. His vanilla baby was the only person who he bared his heart and soul to, who he'd cried in front of when he was so upset. The door to his heart was wide open for Jimin, his Omega, the love of his life. There existed no barrier between them... except one last one. The barrier of wealth and



circumstance. He wanted that final separation between them to fall, and soon.

He spent a few minutes there, trying to get himself under control before going downstairs. He felt so emotionally raw, partly because having Jimin with him, but unable to satisfy him the way he wanted to and serve his needs properly, had him miserable. But the other half was his reunion with his parents. Of course he was happy, ecstatic even, but he was still sad and he still felt more than he was used to. He was a controlled, self-assured, cold, calculating loner-type... or at least he had been before a certain vanilla boy burst into his life and painted his grey existence vibrant, jewel bright colors, the red of his lips, the rainbow assortment of his panties and sweet, pretty little outfits that Jungkook picked out for him after sex, the gold of his hair and silver of his eyes, the soft pink of all the Alpha's favorite places on his little one's exquisite body. His world, once only in greyscale, was now a kaleidoscope of color and that was all thanks to his pretty boy.

He stood and walked downstairs, wanting to let Jimin know he'd be gone for a bit. He hated to leave him, but he needed to talk to his Eomma one on one and he knew Taehyung and Jin were supposed to be coming over. He did want Jimin to have time with his brother and friend before they left, and he didn't want to loom over them the whole time. He knew that they probably wanted to reminisce and pester Jimin with questions and teasing. It was all part of having loved ones, being on the receiving end of their ribbing and jests. As he walked into the hallway, he heard the front door downstairs close and as he turned into the stairway, he saw Jin's back entering the living room. He walked down the steps just in time to catch a bit of conversation from the living room.

"...mean, he was even a CEO and you melted his cold, businessman heart. You melted him and molded him into your ideal man."

He paused at that and felt a cold sliver of ice in his gut at those words. Was that what Jimin thought of him? That he'd melted his cold heart and changed him into something else? It brought back a little shot of pain, reminding him of all his failed relationships, being asked to change over and over again. Did Jimin want to change him? But before he could take more than two steps, he heard a soft slap and Jimin's angry voice, sassy and bratty like he was in the mornings for him sometimes.

"Yah! I didn't mold him into anything. He was already perfect just the way he is."

Jungkook's icy feeling in his stomach melted into a warm pool of lava and he wanted to run to his little lover and confess his feelings, ask him to stay forever and never ever leave him. But he just hesitated outside the living room archway.

"Minnie! That's the most romantic thing you've ever said." Jin's voice interjected with a giggle.

Jungkook stepped into the entryway and leaned against the edges as he came upon an adorable sight, Jimin, Tae and Jin all cuddled together in Jimin's giant nest he'd made in the living room floor that morning. Jimin was the center of the Omega sandwich. Jimin glanced up just as Tae started to speak and Jungkook felt his brows raise at the information that was revealed.

"You weren't even that romantic when we were in bed togeth- OW!"

He watched Jimin reach over and pinch his friend as his little one's face went bright pink.

"Am I interrupting something?" Jungkook asked, feeling amusement at the Omega's embarrassment.

Jungkook had already come to the conclusion that Taehyung was the Omega that Jimin had had sex with before they were together, though he hadn't been certain until that moment. He wasn't

bothered by it in the slightest. Perhaps if there had been some lingering attraction between them or some sign of more than friendship, but they were clearly platonic best friends. He was honestly kind of... glad that it was Taehyung. He'd come to like the other Omega a lot, and he knew that if Jimin's first time had been with him, it would at least have been gentle and caring... loving, even if not in a romantic way. He was glad that his Omega had been with someone he trusted, someone who would never harm him. That thought reminded him of the anxiety he sometimes got when he considered the idea that Jimin could have been picked by another member of Magic Shop, someone who would have happily taken advantage of his innocence and used him ill. He was glad that no one had ever hurt his little vanilla baby in that way, because if they had, he would lose it.

“Wha... NO!” Jimin chirped like a frightened little bird, looking at him with wide silver eyes.

Jungkook could see the clear fear and panic there, but there was no reason for his little one to be scared. It wasn't like he'd been a virgin when they got together, and he didn't begrudge him for wanting his first time to be with someone he could trust not to hurt him. He'd been just as curious about sex when he was younger and he'd handed his virginity off to a one night stand in college and he'd regretted it afterward. He'd lasted all of five minutes and popped a knot WAY too soon. The whole thing had been humiliating as hell, especially being locked inside the guy he'd failed to give an orgasm to while they waited for his knot to go down. Yeah... he couldn't blame Jimin for the desire for safety and lack of judgement. He still cringed when he thought about his first time. He crouched down at the foot of Jimin's nest as the Omega scooted himself down to sit cross-legged in front of him, still in his big nest. He could see the worry in Jimin's eyes and tried to soothe it with a gentle smile and a soft touch as he cupped the side of his face. Jimin eased at his touch and that made him feel so many things he couldn't explain as he nuzzled into his palm like a needy kitten and kissed his wrist.

“My Eomma wants me to go and see him, so I'm going to head over there for a little bit.” Jimin clearly intended to go with him, and started to try to get up, but Jungkook stilled him with a touch. “Why don't you stay here with Tae and Jin? I've been hogging you the whole time we've been here and they haven't had nearly enough time with you.”

He could see the mixture of searching in Jimin's eyes and the indecision. Jimin wanted time with his friend and brother, but he was in pre-heat and he wanted Jungkook to be there. The Alpha didn't really want to leave him, but he knew he'd be safe here, at his parents' house. After a moment of searching looks between the two, Jimin nodded and pouted his lips out in request for a kiss. Jungkook gave in instantly and kissed him softly on his full, petal-soft lips.

“Alright, little one. Get some rest while I'm gone. If you need anything, just call me and I'll come right back, okay?”

Jimin laughed and smiled that one smile at him that always made his stomach fill with butterflies and made him look so ethereal and lovely. Ah, his little vanilla baby was so sweet and tempting with his smiling lips and crescent eyes. Jungkook would never get tired of that expression. Joy, his little one's best look.

“I'll be okay. Tae and Jin will take care of me until you get back.”

“I'm counting on it. See you soon, Baby.” Jungkook said and gently kissed his forehead

He watched fondly as Jimin was pulled back into the Omega sandwich and soon Dahee was joining in. He laughed softly as he watched his pretty boy fuss sassily in his adorable little cuddle pile and knew he'd be smothered in attention while Jungkook was gone.

He left shortly after that and headed to his parent's place. The door opened almost the second he

knocked and he was pulled into a strong hug by his Eomma.

“My baby! Where’s Jimin?”

“It’s just me today. Thought you and I could have some Eomma and son time.”

His mother looked up at him with so much joy and anticipation that he had to pull him into another hug.

“Oh! That’s wonderful, Jungkookie. But, Jimin is okay? He said he was in pre-heat. Is he alright being alone?”

“Yeah. He’s with his family and best friend. They are taking excellent care of him.”

“I’m glad. Come in! Come in! Don’t let me make you stand in the cold. I have tea on, so we can have tea and visit.”

Jungkook let himself be pulled inside and to the kitchen where he watched in amusement as his mother made tea and took it out to the living room, serving it from the coffee table and sitting close to him on the sofa so their shoulders brushed.

“Where’s Appa?” Jungkook asked as he accepted his teacup.

“He’s down with Mrs. Kim. She’s getting on in years and needed some help around the house. He often goes to help her these days. I think she’s lonely since her mate passed away.”

Jungkook hadn’t known that Mr. Kim had died. That was sad. He remembered being a kid, seeing him as he’d walked home from the bus stop. He’d been forever sitting outside and drinking lemonade in the summer months and tea in the winter. Sometimes his mate would sit with him, but Jungkook remembered him well.

“I’m so sorry to hear that. When did he pass away?”

“It was about two and a half years ago. I guess it just goes to show that you have to appreciate your loved ones while you can. I think his death really shook your Appa, made him realize how short time really is. He started going to Seoul about a week after the funeral.”

Jungkook looked at his mother, who seemed to be lost in some memory. He wrapped his arm around his mother’s shoulders and gave her a gentle squeeze, turning his face to press a kiss to the side of her head.

“I’m sorry.”

“Jungkook... it’s not-”

“No. Listen.” Jungkook cut her off and set his tea aside. “I know you say you don’t want me to apologize. But I do owe you an apology. I let me and Appa’s fight change not only my relationship with him, but with you too. You did nothing wrong, but you suffered the most. I know that you love me. Over the last years... I was so cold and distant from life, I was still convinced that I was in the right, and had no faults. I lived like some kind of... robot. I just went to work, came home and I was miserable. I missed you both, but I told myself that if you loved me that you’d reach out. I convinced myself that you didn’t love me, that you didn’t want me to be your son anymore.”

Iseul set his tea aside and turned into Jungkook’s embrace, wrapping his arms around his son tightly as he started to cry and Jungkook felt tears in his own eyes.

“Of course I wanted you! Oh, Jungkook... you’re my baby and I’ve wanted you since the moment I took that first pregnancy test and it came back positive. There has never been a single day in my life since I became a mother where my thoughts weren’t centered around you, if you were happy, if you were healthy, if you needed anything. Then, after our separation... I worried that you didn’t have anyone to love you, to scent you and keep you from falling into exactly those habits you talked about. Not only that though, I knew that you would need someone to care for, someone who needed you and made you feel like an Alpha, and would appreciate you. I was so scared that you were unhappy, that you wouldn’t find an Omega who understood you. But when I met your Jimin, I was so happy. You can’t know how relieved I was that you were not alone, that someone was caring for you.”

“I was alone most of the time we were apart, but I think that taught me something valuable about myself. I learned what it was like to be by myself, and I learned who I was. Jimin wasn’t the only Omega I saw during that time, but the others... never worked out. They just wanted my money and influence, those things were hard to face, to admit to myself that I was ‘a catch’ because of my bank account, not because of me. I decided that I was better off alone, and I stayed that way for almost three years, but it made me appreciate what I found with Jimin. He’s one of a kind. I love him, Eomma. I love him more than I’ve ever loved anyone or anything... It’s like... I don’t know how to explain it.” Jungkook gestured with his hands helplessly, trying to express his inner thoughts.

“Like, his joy is yours, his achievements make you more proud than your own? Like... if something ever happened to him, you would just keel over and die too, because the thought of living without him is unthinkable?”

Even the words, as a mere idea sent a roll of goosebumps over his skin and made his mouth water with nausea. Oh god... if anything ever happened to his little one, he’d die. No. He’d murder whoever hurt him, and then he’d die.

“I can’t even consider that, Eomma.”

He felt gentle fingers card through his hair in a way that took him back to childhood as sensation added with his mother’s honeydew and jasmine scent drew him back to boyhood.

“It’s because you love him and more than that, you’ve bonded with him. You and your wolf have chosen him as your mate.”

Jungkook knew that was true. He knew that Jimin was his mate. He was the only Omega that Jungkook would ever accept again. No one else could ever compare with his vanilla baby. No one else would even be able to pull desire from him at this point. Nothing and no one felt sexual that wasn’t his pretty boy, and the idea of anyone else ever laying so much as a finger on his little one with sexual intent made him wild. Never. He’d never allow it. Jimin was his and he was Jimin’s. They belonged together only.

“I have chosen him. I want him to be mine. I want him to be my mate. I’m going to tell him how I feel, and I’m going to ask him to be my mate after his heat is over. I don’t want to put this pressure on him when he’s going through so much, but I already decided that he’s the only one for me. I can only hope that he feels the same.”

Iseul looked at his only son and there was so much love and pride in his eyes that Jungkook felt his own water at the depth in those dark irises.

“My beautiful son... my only baby, of course he will. You can’t see the way he looks at you when you’re not looking at him, but everyone else can see it. He looks at you like you like you are his

heaven and earth. Just the way you look at him when his eyes are elsewhere. I don't know what those other Omegas did or said to make you feel this way, but you are perfect. You are my son and you are loved. I've wanted to tell you that for years, but I was so scared to call you. I was afraid you wouldn't want to talk to me, and I let that fear pull us apart, but I never stopped caring, neither did your Appa. We loved you as much as we could from afar and now... you're here and I'll never let you get so far away from me again. I promise. No matter what happens in your life, you can always come here and you can tell your Eomma about it. I'll always be here for you."

Jungkook felt a fresh wave of emotion hit him and along with it came more tears. He pulled his mother into another hug, squeezing him tight, hugging him to his chest so hard that he could tell his Eomma couldn't even get a deep breath, but he was holding on just as strong.

"I'm so sorry, Eomma. I love you. I'm so sorry I broke your heart."

"My silly boy. We were both to blame. We should have reached out years ago. We were both foolish." The separated and Iseul wiped at his tears as he laughed softly. "Look at us, we're a mess."

"We are, but that's okay. I think we needed it."

The mother looked at his son and reached up to cup his strong jaw between his small hands. He looked into his son's face and gently swiped his thumbs over his cheeks.

"Wait right here. I've got something for you."

Jungkook nodded and watched his mother stand and quickly rush from the room, racing down the hall and out of sight. The Alpha took the chance to wipe his face and take a few deep breaths, shaking himself and trying to get his emotions under control. About a minute later, his mother came back and sat beside him. Jungkook watched as he opened a small ring box and offered it to Jungkook. Inside was a gold ring that housed an oval cut emerald, bordered on either side by three small diamonds. Jungkook knew well what it was and his hand shook as he reached forward and took it.

"That ring has been in this family for three generations, and has brought us all luck. I want you to give it to your Jimin, and someday he'll give it to your own child."

Jungkook looked at the ring in the small black box and felt all the weight of what it meant settle onto him, and he found it to be welcome, comforting. There was not the fear of settling down that he'd always felt before. Maybe it wasn't that he'd ever been afraid of settling down, but more that he knew that he wasn't with the right person, and the fear of being stuck in a loveless mating, just so he wouldn't be alone had been terrifying. He wasn't sure, but what he did know was that when he thought of a future of only Jimin for the rest of his life, it filled him with contentment and joy, not fear.

"Thank you, Eomma."

"Of course, my baby."

Jungkook looked into his mother's eyes, then back down at the open ring box in his hand, the jewels in the ring catching the light. He imagined getting on one knee and offering it to Jimin, along with his heart, his soul, his protection and care. Everything. He was ready to give his everything to one person. The only one he'd ever loved.

# Christmas

## Chapter Summary

Jimin and Jungkook celebrate Christmas Day before leaving for Jimin's impending heat.

## Chapter Notes

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Jimin and Jungkook spent their afternoons apart, Jimin with his family and best friend, and Jungkook with his mother, and after a while, his father as well. It was a needed bit of family time, even if they longed for their other half while they tried to focus on their own moments. But that evening they were inseparable. Jimin stationed himself in Jungkook's lap and cuddled up to his chest like a sleepy kitten, his small hands gently wrapped around Jungkook's arm, reassuring himself that his Alpha was there, and would not leave him.

Over the next two days as they celebrated Christmas Eve and then woke up Christmas morning, Jimin felt on edge. He could tell that his heat was close. The rioting cramps in his stomach were constant and only minimally eased by the painkillers now, and he tried to put on a brave face as much as he could, but it was clear that Jungkook could sense his state. That morning, he'd woken up in pain, slick pooling between his legs the moment he breathed in the scent of the strong chest beneath him. Coffee and dark chocolate. His favorite scent in the world. It was the scent of safety, pleasure and love.

He whimpered softly and scissored his legs beneath the covers, his whole body was on edge and he needed a release. Inside his belly was like a nest of snakes squeezing and cramping, his entrance throbbed with his heartbeat, feeling hot and uncomfortable. He couldn't wait any more. He needed this from his Alpha and he knew that Jungkook would understand. He slowly sat up, ignoring the cramping protests of his middle and quickly shed his panties and hoodie before gently rolling Jungkook onto his back. The Alpha groaned softly, but he had always been a deep sleeper. The Omega had enough experience to know that he would not wake so easily. He slowly pulled down the front of Jungkook's boxers and as soon as the Alpha's cock met the cool ambient air, it started to harden almost instantly, like his body knew what was coming.

Jimin leaned down and used his tongue to lick soft, wet stripes up the length, encouraging the organ to harden further until his Alpha was fully erect. Jimin didn't bother to stretch himself, he was in preheat and his body would accept Jungkook inside. He knew it would probably hurt a little, but compared to the pain rioting in his gut, it was nothing. He gingerly climbed on top of the Alpha, guiding his cock up between his cheeks so he could slide down onto him. His hole parted over the Alpha's cock and Jimin sighed softly as the cramping in his abdomen mostly eased, and as he started to slowly roll his hips, Jungkook gave a low groan and his eyes blinked open to look up

at him. Jimin's hands were braced on the Alpha's chest as he rolled his hips in little movements to not make too much noise.

"Alpha... " Jimin whimpered softly. "It hurts so bad... I just needed it to stop... I know you didn't want to have sex here... I'm sorry, but I need it..."

Jungkook looked up at his Omega whose eyes were teary and whose body was trembling as he rode him. He reached up and gently ran his hands over any skin he could reach, soothing and reassuring his little one that everything was okay. He knew that Jimin was on the verge of going into heat. His scent was stifflingly strong and his body was running hot. He could feel how feverish it was under his hands, and the Omega's slick, tight entrance was sweltering around his cock.

"Shh... it's okay, little one. Don't apologize." Jungkook husked out quietly. "Nngh... take what you need, Baby. It's okay."

Jimin gasped out a small, soft hiccup and continued his movements, rolling his hips. Around them, the house was quiet, and all that could be heard was their restrained, gasps and quiet breaths, along with the gentle creaking of the bed. Jungkook's hands found Jimin's hips and helped him to move. He could see immediately how much he was easing the Omega with this, and it still hurt him that he couldn't do this properly. He wanted to roll them over and fuck his pretty boy hard and deep until he was screaming and the bed was slamming against the wall. He wanted to give him orgasm after orgasm until he was exhausted and his little body went limp and weak, no longer plagued by the cramping pains of preheat. He just helped Jimin to move until the Omega gave a soft cry and his body started to twitch and shudder, his release shooting up Jungkook's abdomen and his own as his cock jerked and spilled his release.

Jungkook managed to hold off his own orgasm, even as the Omega's stifling heat clenched and massaged around him. He looked up at his pretty boy and could see the wetness of tears leaking from his eyes and the flush of his cheeks. He was so beautiful and also so upsetting. He could see in his expression, the drawn brows, the heaving chest and the lip pulled between his teeth that whatever relief he'd gotten was short lived. It was in that moment that he realized he'd finally reached the end of his rope. He couldn't stand seeing his little one hurting. He gently gripped Jimin's waist and rolled them over so he was on top, still inside the fluttering sheath of Jimin's body. He slowly rolled his hips and Jimin arched under him with a shaking breath. The Alpha wrapped his arms around him and buried his face in his neck, gently sucking on his sensitive scent gland as he slowly fucked him. After a moment he broke the seal of his lips to speak against his skin, slowing his hips until he was still.

"Let's leave tonight. Once we're done with Christmas. I feel like I'm going crazy. I need to take care of you properly. I'll bring you back here anytime you want, but please, Baby... I can't stand this anymore." The Alpha begged, voice full of emotion.

Jimin knew his heat was close. He'd thought it wouldn't hit until the day after next, but he was clearly less than a day from going into heat and he wanted to be alone with his Alpha. He loved his family and Taehyung too, who was practically a brother to him, but this was the time for him to be alone with Jungkook. He could see how this was affecting his Alpha. His pain and agitation were clear in his voice, it really was hurting him not to be able to give Jimin what he needed. The Omega reached up and cupped the side of his handsome face with his small hand, brushing his thumb over his cheekbone soothingly. It was funny how his discomfort seemed to bother Jungkook more than it did himself. Even with tears still drying on his cheeks, he could see that his Alpha felt his pain more intensely even than he felt it himself. He understood that though. If Jungkook were the one in pre-rut and Jimin had to watch over him, knowing he was in pain and unable to help... he'd go totally mental. It was easier sometimes to hurt yourself than to watch others hurting.

“Okay, Alpha. Let’s do it. I think my heat is closer than we thought anyway. I think that denying ourselves so much may have triggered it to come earlier.”

Jungkook’s eyes widened and he pulled back a little as his eyes scanned over him, as if looking for some physical sign of his heat starting. Jimin was endeared by his reaction and giggled softly, but Jungkook’s face was serious. He could already see the gears turning in Jungkook’s head as if he was calculating some difficult equation.

“How soon? Do we need to leave now?” The Alpha asked as his hands stroked over Jimin’s skin, his cock still inside Jimin’s body, keeping him cramping at bay.

“Don’t panic. It’s not here yet. I think I’ll go into heat maybe tonight or tomorrow. But we have time. Don’t worry, Alpha. I’m okay.”

Jimin tenderly wrapped his hand around the back of Jungkook’s neck and pulled him down into a kiss to distract him from his clearly racing thoughts. He pressed kiss after kiss against the Alpha’s lips, and after a few moments, he returned them. His hips started to shift again as he rolled his body over Jimin in a smooth wave, fucking him slow, but deep. It was enough to have the Omega whimpering and nibbling Jungkook’s bottom lip as his sensitive body accepted the most welcome intrusion of his Alpha’s cock.

“Oh... gods, Alpha... fuck... nnggh...”

“Shh... it’s okay, just relax, little one. Mmmn... just relax into it... That’s it. Good boy.” Jungkook praised as Jimin tried to follow his words, letting his body just... feel what was happening, accepting the Alpha inside and letting it both soothe and pleasure at once.

They were being quiet, but not silent, and for once, neither of them cared. This wasn’t just about pleasure anymore. This was about something deeper and more intense. Jimin needed this from him and he would not deny him what he needed. Jungkook knew they were making noise, but he was so far past giving a fuck that it wasn’t even in the rearview mirror. His orgasm was close already after holding off before, but he could already feel Jimin’s body clenching and starting to slowly tighten up, his slender form quivering below him as his pleasure began to crest again.

Jungkook felt so much love inside him in that moment that it was almost terrifying. The amount of money he would pay to save Jimin the tiniest inconvenience, the amount of pain he would suffer to save his Omega the slightest discomfort, the lengths he would go to in order to see his beautiful vanilla baby happy, content and at ease... it all slammed into him at once. He would do anything for him. There was no limit for him when it came to Jimin. Not anymore. Perhaps at the beginning he’d seen him as someone who he just “had fun” with, someone who was beautiful and sweet, but whose life was something separate from him. Of course, Jimin was still his own person, but over months they had known each other, his soul had opened and allowed Jimin inside, making the Omega part of him, and giving Jimin himself in return. They had started to weave and tangle together until he knew that if his little one was ever taken from him, it would rip him apart because he was a part of him now and if he left, he’d take parts of the Alpha with him.

He let some of that desperation bleed into him as he took his Omega, capturing his mouth and pouring his desperation into the kiss until they both fell over the precipice of their pleasure together, gasping into each other’s mouths and shuddering as Jungkook’s knot formed and stretched Jimin open, his cock kicking deep inside him and filling him with searing jets of cum. The Omega gripped his nails into Jungkook’s back and bit his lips to hold in the scream that wanted to pass his kiss-swollen mouth. He released the bite on his lips to gasp in a harsh breath, and as he let it out, he let out quiet words as he was knotted and filled. He locked his ankles together around Jungkook’s lower back and squeezed him with his trembling thighs.



“So good... Daddy... gods, it’s so good... nnggh... fuck...”

“That’s it, Baby... you’re doing so well. It’s almost time, yeah?” Jungkook moaned softly as Jimin’s body fluttered around his knot. “Just a few more hours and then you can sleep all the way to the house, and we’ll be all alone until your heat is over. Just me and you, little one.”

“Yeah? Just us?” Jimin whimpered softly, hands clutching his shoulders.

“That’s right, pretty boy.”

“Mmm... “ Jimin hummed with a soft smile. “I can’t wait to be alone with you.”

“Me too, little one.” Jungkook whispered back, dragging his lips over soft, pale skin.

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They cleaned up, organized all their things and re-packed their bags before they went downstairs. Jungkook kept his arm wrapped around Jimin tightly, holding him against his side. He was having a hard time letting any space between them at the moment. The Omega’s body was running hot and he could feel how feverish he was even through both layers of their clothes. Jimin didn’t seem to mind his overbearing hold though. On the contrary, his Omega was clinging onto his side like his life depended on it. His scent was thick and sweet, heavy in the air like a dense fog. He imagined anyone else’s scent being so heavy would make him feel sick, but the vanilla scent was always welcome to Jungkook. It was his favorite smell in the world, and he would never get tired of it.

“Good morning, dears! Oh... my... wow.” Dahee said as they came around the corner into the dining room to lay a gentle hand on Jimin’s forehead. “Your scent is getting really strong... Oh my, and you’re running hot. Are you feeling okay?”

Dahee fluttered around him like a concerned little bee, her long, silver-streaked blond hair up in a giant messy bun atop her head, a few tendrils hanging down that she kept blowing out of her face as she petted him and scented him, asking over and over if he was okay, if he needed anything. Jimin just laughed her off and kissed her forehead.

“I’m fine, Eomma. But I think your waffles are burning.”

“Oh no!” She squeaked and turned, dashing back into the kitchen.

“Hey, buttercup. You feeling okay this morning?” The deep voice of his father asked as he walked into the room.

“Yeah. Just a little tired. You know how it is.”

“Of course.” He leaned over and kissed the top of Jimin’s head before turning his attention to Jungkook. “How are you?”

Jungkook gave a little shrug and pulled Jimin closer. The honest answer was that he was impatient, frustrated and agitated at the fact that Jimin was so close to his heat and he wanted to get him alone, not even necessarily for sex, but just because he wanted him to rest and let his body prepare itself for the long, hard days that were coming soon. But he didn’t say any of that, though from Jinhwan’s expression, he’d clearly read it in him though Jungkook’s answer was non-committal.

“I’m alright.”

“Guessing you two are heading out a bit earlier than expected then?”

“Yeah, probably this afternoon so we can get to the house by evening.” Jungkook answered and rubbed the back of his neck with the hand that wasn’t holding Jimin against him. “Your hospitality while we’ve been here has been great, but…”

“Don’t worry. I get it.” He reached over and clapped Jungkook on the back reassuringly.

The action was one of those sort of Alpha shows of solidarity and Jimin smiled as he looked back and forth between the two Alpha’s on either side of him. His Appa had finally accepted Jungkook and Jimin couldn’t be happier. The two of them weren’t awkward anymore like they had been at the beginning of the two week visit. It was now… not exactly easy between them, but there was a mutual understanding there. Jimin was glad that they had managed to resolve their tension. Jimin reached a hand over and took his father’s big one in his own and squeezed giving him a small, grateful smile. A silent thank you.

“You two go relax. Breakfast will be ready in about fifteen minutes and Jin and Taehyung should arrive any time now.” Dahee called from the kitchen where she was ladling more batter into the waffle maker.

“I can help you, Eomma.” Jimin offered, but was waved off.

“No, no. I’ve got this. You just relax for a few. You must be exhausted.”

Christmas breakfast was a tradition in the Park household. They would all eat way too much food, then open gifts and feel miserable for the rest of the day after the heavy morning meal. It wasn’t a particularly exciting tradition, but it was something their family did since childhood and that made it special. For Jimin, food had always been the hallmark of a special occasion. He thought that might be the reason he’d decided to become a chef. He loved cooking because it reminded him of all his best memories. Being a young boy, his mother lifting him up, even though she was only a bit taller than him, so that he could pour out pancakes or add chocolate chips to cookies. Cooking was something he’d always loved, because it was interwoven so much with all his nearest and dearest memories. He recalled he and Jin making breakfast for his Eomma on mother’s day and completely destroying the kitchen, leaving the pair of them covered in flour that they’d tracked halfway across the house as they’d brought their mother messily made pancakes. Jimin reached up on his toes and kissed Jungkook’s jaw before pulling away from him with a small smile and heading into the kitchen.

“Don’t be ridiculous. You know I love to cook with you.” Jimin said as he hugged his mother from behind and scented the side of her face. “Just tell me what to do, Captain!”

Dahee laughed and turned to hug her son properly.

“Okay, kitty cat. Can you cut up the fruit?”

“Can do, and stop calling me kitty cat!”

Jin arrived not too long after that and the moment he walked into the kitchen, he went to Jimin, who was diligently cutting up strawberries and hugged him from behind, nosing at his blond hair and humming a soft, sympathetic sound.

“Aww… Minnie. Are you okay? You smell like your heat is close.”

Jimin turned his face and kissed his brother’s cheek.

“I’m alright. A little sore, a little clingy. You know how it goes.”

“Of course.” Jin squeezed him and leaned down to rest his chin on Jimin’s shoulder while he resumed cutting the fruit.

“Where did Appa and Jungkook go?” Jin asked.

“They went out back a few minutes ago. Should be back in soon.”

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Jungkook knew that Jinhwan wanted to talk to him, and he wanted to talk to the Alpha as well. So, when he asked if he would help him get wood for a fire, he’d willingly agreed, pulled on shoes and coats and followed him outside. The ground was covered in snow still, but they had a small, shelter over their modest little collection of firewood to keep the elements away from it. They were both quiet as they crunched across the yard toward the neatly stacked wood, but as they reached it, Jinhwan didn’t start grabbing wood. He turned and leaned a shoulder against the pole of the shelter over the firewood. He looked at Jungkook with an expression that he couldn’t quite define, like approval with a little regret maybe.

“You know I wasn’t exactly the biggest fan of you and Jimin’s relationship at first, and I’m sorry for that.” Jungkook opened his mouth to say something, but was stalled by a hand raised by the other Alpha. “Let me finish. I wasn’t exactly thrilled at first, but over the last two weeks, I’ve seen the way you treat my little buttercup. You take care of him and I believe that you wouldn’t hurt him. I really do believe that. He thinks the world of you, you know? He told me that even if things didn’t work out between you two, that he wanted me to work with you, because you’re a good man. But I need to know one thing.” Jinhwan looked at Jungkook deeply, assessing as he spoke his question. “Do you love him?”

Jungkook felt his stomach full of butterflies, but this was what he wanted. This conversation was exactly what he’d been hoping to find the time for before they left. He already knew the answer, but he paused a moment, letting his true feelings flood through him. Love. Yes, he loved his pretty boy, his little one, his sweet vanilla baby. He loved him more dearly than he would have thought possible. He loved his messy morning bedhead, his soft vanilla scent, the little smattering of freckles across his nose that he sometimes glimpsed in the early morning sun when Jimin was sleeping peacefully next to him. He adored every part of Jimin with all his heart. He looked into Jinhwan’s eyes as deeply and seriously as he could, trying to convey the truth in his words.

“Yes. I love him.” Jungkook said with conviction. “I could stand here and enumerate all his perfections, but perhaps another time. What matters now is that I love your son. More than anything. I actually was looking for a moment to speak with you too. I know this might seem sudden to you, but I’m planning to ask Jimin to be my mate. I’m going to wait until his heat is over and he’s had a bit to return to feeling normal, and then I’m going to ask him. I’ve seen how close your family is, and I know that if he says yes, that we’d become family too. Jimin wouldn’t have it any other way.” Jungkook said with a laugh as he reached into his coat pocket where the ring his mother had given him was still hidden. He opened it and showed it to Jinhwan. “This ring has been in my family for three generations, I’ll be the fourth. I want to offer this to Jimin and... I’d like your blessing.”

The elder looked back forth between Jungkook’s face and the ring in his hand for a few moments before he seemed to snap out of it and shake himself back to the present.

“Wow. Okay. I guess that answers my question.” He looked at Jungkook, assessing him for a few moments. “I’m sure you’ll understand, but I just want to make sure... Are you sure about this? Once you take that final step off the bridge it’s gone. There will be no going back. Are you sure you’re ready for that?”

“I am.”

Jungkook knew that maybe he was going a bit fast. There was no real reason for the rush, but the knowledge that his Omega wasn't properly and truly claimed was like an itch under his skin that he couldn't reach. He wanted Jimin to be his, and he wanted him to know how he felt. He would wait, if Jimin needed that, he'd wait forever for his little one. But he needed to do this. He'd already stepped off of that bridge, and it had crumbled behind him. There was no going back for Jungkook. He'd never love anyone the way he loved his little one. No one else would ever make him feel like this and he never wanted them to. His heart had been thoroughly claimed by his perfect Omega.

“In that case, you have my blessing. Though, the decision is ultimately Jimin's to make.”

“Thank you. I promise I'll be good to him.”

“I know.”

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“If I eat one more bite I'm going to pop like a balloon.” Jimin complained as Jungkook tried to coax him into eating more.

“You need your strength, Baby.” Jungkook turned on the soft doe eyes and poked Jimin's lips with the bite of waffle. “One more? For me?”

Jimin was weak and so he parted his lips and let himself be fed, but pushed his hand away when he tried it again. He really was sickeningly full and if he ate anything else he was going to hurl.

“I really can't eat anything else. Mercy. Please.” Jimin groaned dramatically and Jungkook laughed, but finally relented.

“Alright, little one. I'll stop.”

After everyone was done eating, Dahee started to clear the table, and Jimin stood at once to help, but he couldn't hold back a wince as he moved, grimacing and pressing a hand to his belly before taking a soothing breath and reaching for Jungkook and his plates. Before he could even take the plates from the table, he let out a surprised squeak as he was suddenly lifted into familiar strong arms.

“Oh no you don't!” Jungkook said as he carried him out to the living room.

“Hey! Put me down! I'm just gonna help Eomma clean up a bit.”

Jungkook gently deposited him on the couch and leaned down to kiss his pout before pulling back and tapping the end of his adorable button nose with a finger.

“Nope. You're going to relax and I will help your Eomma clean up.”

“Are you sure? I can do it. Really.”

“I know you can, Baby. I just want you to rest.”

Suddenly, Taehyung plopped down next to him and wrapped an arm around his shoulders. He gave Jungkook a wink and turned to his best friend with a little frown.

“Let Jungkook help clean up. You have to cuddle me more before you leave and I don't see you for another two years!”

“It’s not gonna be two years this time. I’ll come back more, I swear. You can come visit in Seoul too. You’d love it there.”

While Jimin was distracted by Taehyung, Jungkook snuck off to the kitchen to help Dahee with cleanup. He found her already working on dishes and he took up a place next to her to rinse and dry as she washed. They could hear Jimin and Taehyung talking with Jin, but it wasn’t clear what they were saying, the sound of the water and the TV in the living room drowning them out, but it was soothing to hear Jimin giggling and talking happily with his friend. She leaned over and nudged him with her shoulder before giving him an approving smile.

“You take good care of him, you know?” She said, tilting her head to look up at him.

“Thank you. I... actually wanted to ask you something.” Jungkook said quietly, looking around to make sure no one else was in earshot. He could still hear Jimin out in the living room with Taehyung.

“Hit me. What’s up?” Dahee said, handing the Alpha a platter that she’d just finished washing.

Jungkook leaned closer to her, and spoke quietly so that only she could hear.

“I... well, once Jimin’s heat has passed and things return to normal. I’m going to ask him to be my mate. I already spoke to Jinhwan, but I’d also like your blessing.”

Dahee froze completely for about four seconds before she pulled her hands out of the sink and raised them up over her head, doing a little dance as her mouth opened in a scream she was clearly holding back. She punched and kicked the air, having a silent little freakout, bouncing up and down, little hands balling into wet, suds-covered fists that shook as she screamed silently and then she was hugging Jungkook hard, still jumping up and down. The Alpha laughed and Dahee pulled back, reaching up to cup his jaw between her still wet hands and looked at him with a huge smile that made her eyes form into those familiar crescents, just like his little one.

“Of course. Of course. You have my blessing. Take care of my little kitty cat.”

“I promise.”

She hugged him again, squeezing tight and laying her head on his chest, the top of her enormous blond bun barely tickling him under the chin.

“You’ll be a good mate to him, Jungkook. I know it.”

“I will do my best to make him happy.”

“I know.”

The two of them finished up dishes while Dahee sniffled and tried to get herself under control. Jinhwan came back in from taking out the trash and when he saw his mate, he smiled as he walked over. He hugged her from behind as she washed a plate. He looked to Jungkook with a smile.

“You told her?”

“Yeah.”

Jinhwan turned his attention to his mate and kissed her temple.

“You okay, blossom?”

“Of course. I’m just emotional. My baby is growing up.”

“We raised him well. He’ll be just fine.”

They finished cleaning up the dishes and clearing everything away before heading out to the living room to open gifts. They all played rock paper scissors to see who would play “Santa” and hand out the gifts. It came down to Taehyung and Jinhwan and the elder won with rock against Tae’s scissors, making the Omega laugh and return to his place next to Jimin, who was currently sitting in Jungkook’s lap, the Alpha sitting cross-legged near the tree.

Dahee brought over the ancient santa hat that had definitely seen it’s better days, but that they had owned forever. The fuzz had worn off in patches and the ball on the end barely hung on by a single string. She slipped the hat onto her mate’s head and sat next to him as he began to pull out gifts and hand them around. Each person made a little stack of gifts as they moved through the packages, and by the time they were all handed out, each person had a small mound of gifts.

They took turns opening their gifts so that everyone could see what was being opened and Jinhwan went first. He opened his packages, a hand-knitted sweater from Jin, and in the little package marked as “From: Jimin and Jungkook” was a very nice wristwatch. The Omega watched his father open the box and look down at the contents with surprise. Jimin had splurged a bit on the gifts. He’d had approximately sixty five thousand dollars in his account, and he thought it was a good way to spend some of the money that he had never wanted from his Alpha, but he had to push that thought away. He’d liked picking out the expensive gifts for his family. He hadn’t told Jungkook what he was buying or else he was sure that the Alpha would have insisted on paying him back. The watch was Cartier, and had cost him almost three thousand dollars. It was the most expensive gift he’d bought, but he’d loved it the moment he saw it and thought his Appa deserved something nice.

“Buttercup... This is...”

“Do you like it?” Jimin asked, hesitantly.

“Of course! It’s wonderful, but this must have cost a fortune.”

“Don’t worry, Appa. I’m just happy that you like it.”

Jimin reached over and his father took his hand, squeezing gently. Once they released their hands, Jungkook pulled Jimin closer and kissed him softly on the cheek before whispering to him.

“You should have let me pay for that, Baby.” Jungkook said softly, so only Jimin could hear.

The Omega just laughed and turned to peck him on the lips and nuzzled his little button nose into his cheek.

“Don’t worry about it.”

Dahee went next, opening Jin’s gift for her, which was a handmade quilt that Jimin realized after recognizing some of the patterns on the squares, was made from pieces of he and Jin’s childhood clothes that he must have gotten from her at some point. Because her mouth fell open and she gaped at it.

“This is what you did with all those clothes?” She asked, tears already leaking from the corners of her eyes.

“I wanted you to have something of us. I know you get lonely without your pups, Eomma.”

Dahee pulled her eldest son into a strong hug and wept softly into his shoulder.

“I love it. Thank you, baby. It’s perfect.”

She was still sniffing and wiping her eyes as she pulled back and Jinhwan pulled her into his lap to squeeze and scent her as she hugged the quilt to her chest. Once she got herself back under some control, Jinhwan reached over and took the package from Jimin, handing it to her. She opened it and pulled out the long, thin jewelry box, flipping it open, she paused as she looked at the necklace inside. Jimin knew what she saw and as she pulled the dainty gold necklace from the case, she held it up and looked at the four stones at the center, a tiny line of familiar jewels, the birthstones of Jimin, Jin, Dahee and Jinhwan. She was still, looking at the necklace for about five seconds before she burst into tears again and Jinhwan had to comfort her again.

“My sons... you’re both so thoughtful...” She sniffled and gasped.

Jin opened his next, he got Jimin’s gift first, a prada backpack, navy blue. Jin exclaimed over it and traced his hands over it for a moment before leaning over to kiss Jimin’s cheek.

“Thank you, Minnie. I love it!”

Jin opened the gift from his parents and it was a buttery soft cashmere scarf and hat in a navy shade that was funnily enough similar to the backpack Jimin had bought him and would compliment his dark hair perfectly. Taehyung opened two gift cards to the book store and laughed, thanking Jin and Jimin’s parents as he smiled like a madman. Jimin knew his bestie loved reading more than anything, and he’d put the gift cards to use posthaste. Next he opened Jimin’s and as he pulled out the army green bomber jacket with emerald and red striped cuffs and collar, decorated with the Gucci logo he looked to Jimin with his mouth open in shock. Jimin just giggled and watched Tae’s wide eyes with satisfaction. Taehyung LOVED designer clothes. He’d forced Jimin up to watch Seoul Fashion Week with him for years as teens, and Jimin knew he’d always wanted a Gucci piece or himself.

“Minnie! Is this real?”

“Yep. Your very own Gucci jacket. Just like you always wanted.”

Taehyung attacked Jimin with a hug and peppered kisses over his face, while Jimin squirmed and laughed, Taehyung practically on top of him, even though he was already in Jungkook’s lap. The Alpha leaned back and watched with a laugh as Taehyung smothered his friend in affection.

He received an apron with his name embroidered on it from his parents, which had him misting up at the image of him wearing it once he graduated and opened his restaurant. Jimin burst into tears and he hugged it and then leaned across to hug his brother hard, toppling them over so he was laying on top of Jin as he hiccupped into his neck. Jin just squeezed him back.

“You can’t do this when I’m emotional!”

“How was I supposed to know that you were going into heat? You never call me!” Jin retorted, but laughed his squeaky laugh and hugged Jimin back where he was laying on top of him.

“I love you! I’ll put it to good use! Thank you so much Jinnie!”

“I love you, too baby brother.”

When he extracted himself from his brother and wormed his way back into Jungkook’s arms, he opened his parent’s gift. It was a cashmere scarf and hat, just like Jin’s except his was a soft pink

instead of navy. He touched the soft material and knew he'd wear them often, just to feel his parents' presence. There were days when he'd missed his Eomma and Appa so much, it was like a physical pain in his heart, and it was nice to think of having something to remind him all the time of their presence. Tears were still making wet trails down his cheeks and tangling his long lashes as he scooted across the floor and hugged both his parents, purring when they squeezed him back and scented him, whispering quiet reassurances and encouragements to him. As he opened the last package he was still sniffing and Jungkook had him wrapped up in his hold nosing over his skin to help calm him down. It was effective until he opened Taehyung's gift, a leather-bound blank recipe book with a set of fancy, colorful pens. He stared at them in his hands and started to cry again.

"Tae! Oh my god, it's perfect! Thank you!" He rolled out of Jungkook's lap once more to hug his friend and ended up mostly in Tae's lap while he sniffled and hugged him.

"You're welcome, Minnie. You're the best cook ever, so make sure to write lots of good recipes for me to force you to make for me."

"Of course! I will!"

Jungkook was last, and he only had one box. Jimin was back in his lap, and the Omega watched him open the box to reveal a red and white stocking. He pulled it out and the couple looked at it together. Dahee spoke, making them both look up at her from their study of the stocking.

"Now you have one all your own, Jungkook. I'll add your name to it for next year. Welcome to the family."

Jungkook looked at the parents of the love of his life. They were extending to him an offer to be a part of this amazing group of people and he was touched beyond measure at their kindness. He looked forward to years and years of Christmases like this with his little one and his family, only hopefully Jimin would be his mate, instead of his sugar baby.

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They bid farewell to everyone a little after noon. It was a teary goodbye, full of scenting and kisses on cheeks and foreheads. They renewed promises to keep in touch and to visit each other more often before they finally left. They briefly stopped by Jungkook's parents' house to say goodbye. It was no secret to anyone that Jimin's heat was close. His scent was so powerful and sweet that it was clear he was only hours away. They did stay for tea at least, and Iseul wrapped an arm around Jimin's shoulders and gently soothed him, asking if he was okay, offering to get him everything from painkillers to a heating pad and everything in between, but Jimin just smiled and rested his head on Iseul's shoulder and let himself be held.

Jimin had already decided that he liked Jungkook's parents a lot. Jongsoo and he had a special connection because of their chance meeting outside Cypher Tech, and he also felt something with Iseul, the way the older omega treated him made his heart feel so full. The way he always gave Jimin extra attention and affection, constantly thanking him for bringing his family back together, and waving off Jimin's attempts at denying that he'd done anything special, insisting it was all his doing that brought his son back into his life. The visit wasn't long, but it was pleasant, they had tea and chatted briefly, exchanging holiday wishes. Jimin allowed himself to be made much of for a short time and when the time came for them to leave, Iseul hugged him tight and spoke only to him.

"Thank you, Jimin. I'm more thankful than you can ever know."

"You're welcome. I'm just happy that you and Jungkook are happy."



Next it was Jungkook's turn to hug his Eomma. They scented each other and hugged for a long time. Jungkook didn't pull back, letting his Eomma decide how long he needed to be held. His smaller frame was shuddering gently and as they finally pulled apart, Jungkook found his mother crying. He wiped away his tears and kissed his forehead.

"I'll come back and see you, and you can call me whenever you want. It's not going to be like before. I swear. I love you, Eomma."

"I love you too, my baby. Maybe next Christmas we could spend it together properly?"

"Definitely, and more than that. We'll come back for more visits. I swear."

They hugged again and as Jungkook and Jimin left, his mother caught his sleeve and he looked back to see his Eomma's eyes on Jimin's back. He spoke softly as he nodded toward Jimin.

"Take good care of him, won't you?"

"I will. I promise."

"Goodbye, my baby."

Jungkook kissed the top of his mother's head one more time.

"It's not goodbye. It's a 'See you soon.'"

Iseul gave a soft, watery laugh. "See you soon."

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In the car, Jungkook gave Jimin more heat pain relievers and fetched a blanket from the back of the car to cover his little one in before they drove away, and within fifteen minutes, Jimin was fast asleep. Jungkook drove and occasionally looked over at his little one. It was already late afternoon, and they had a few hours in the car before they would get back to the house. Jungkook kept the music low and the heater blowing as well as the heated seat on for Jimin. He couldn't help but admire him, in those brief glances. The way his golden hair caught the light and reflected it, the soft appearance of his skin, the long lashes that rested against his cheeks. Jimin's round cheek was squished against the headrest, his lips extra pouty. He was so adorable as he occasionally shifted or mumbled in his sleep, but he didn't wake as the sun descended and the moon rose.

It was late when they arrived, and Jimin was still dead asleep when he parked in front of the house. Jungkook didn't want to wake him, so he carefully got out of the car and walked around to fetch his little one to carry him inside. Jimin seemed to rouse slightly as he was picked up and carried into the cold, but all he did was turn his face into Jungkook's neck and shiver before settling in his arms. The Alpha kissed the crown of his head and took him inside, managing to get the door open and inside without waking him, which was a challenge in and of itself. He knew Jimin was exhausted. He'd been pushing himself too hard for a pre-heat Omega. He hadn't gotten the rest and relaxation he needed, not to mention the sex.

Jungkook hated that he was so tired, but had to admit it felt good to carry him up the stairs and settle him in his nest. It gave a sense of satisfaction that he was finally giving Jimin the care he needed. He laid him out among the blankets and gently removed his shoes and leggings, leaving him in just his panties and hoodie. He covered him in several blankets and crept back out to gather their things from the car. By the time he got back, Jimin was whimpering softly in his sleep, moving around like a fussy pup, his hands searching through the blankets and Jungkook's heart thumped when he realized that his Omega was looking for HIM. He stripped down to his boxers

and climbed into the nest. He laid on his side and the moment those small, soft hands found his chest, the fussy whimpering stopped and turned to a small purr as he roused a bit and burrowed forward through the sea of blankets to curl up against Jungkook's body. He blinked up at him with heavy eyes.

"Home?" Jimin slurred, clearly still mostly asleep.

"Yeah, little one. Rest now, Baby. You'll need it when your heat comes."

"Mm..." Jimin hummed as his eyes slid closed and he curled up against Jungkook's body, pressed to him as much as possible, his slender arms curled between them, he fell asleep once more.

# Heat

## Chapter Summary

Jimin goes into heat.

## Chapter Notes

Please enjoy!

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Jimin woke up feeling like an inferno had replaced all his internal organs. He was sweating, burning hot and deep in his belly it was like a hot knife had been plunged directly into him. He wanted to crawl out of his own skin that felt too tight. Between his legs was hot and sticky with slick, his entrance spasming and gushing slick so heavily that it had pushed the small plug out of his entrance, the item not made for heats, was not wide enough to stay in place from such intense spasms, the bulb of the thing narrow and squat. He could feel the glass object inside his panties, trapped in the confines. Jimin's eyes opened to darkness, and one thing was clear. His heat had begun.

He squirmed out of the arm that was holding him and struggled out of the sweater that was already damp with sweat, tossing it out of the nest before wiggling out of his panties, kicking them down by his feet, getting lost among the blankets, along with the plug. The cool air felt nice on his overheated skin, and he let himself enjoy that feeling for a few moments, closing his eyes and taking a few calming breaths, but as his belly cramped, he whined and pressed his hands against his flat abdomen, trying to staunch the white-hot coal of pain inside him. On instinct his legs opened, wanting Jungkook to take his place there, where he belonged. He heard and felt Jungkook shift in his sleep beside him, and suddenly his attention was on his Alpha. Jungkook was here. He could make the pain stop. The knowledge that his Alpha was nearby had the searing knife inside him twisting in his gut and he couldn't stop the soft, pathetic distress call that shivered out from his throat. Next to him, Jungkook jerked and gasped awake, and Jimin repeated the quiet sound, asking for help without words. He was certain he couldn't form any coherent statements in that moment.

Jungkook woke with a start, his entire body blooming with goosebumps as his stomach tensed and twisted. He was unsure what was happening for a moment, but as soon as he heard Jimin's distress call, he realized what must have woken him up. He felt his skin tighten, hair standing on end as the high, pleading note quivered through the air and into his ears. Before he could even tell his body what to do, he moved on instinct. The air was thick with the scent of vanilla, it was almost cloyingly sweet and he struggled to get a full breath to clear his head, but it was not possible, it didn't matter. All he knew was that Jimin needed him. His heat had begun. The small body next to him in the bed was radiating heat and he could feel it soaking into him, even though they weren't touching. He rolled over, on top of Jimin and slid his body between the Omega's open thighs.

"Your heat started, little one?" Jungkook husked, voice still rough from sleep.

Small hands tangled in his hair as Jimin released another distress call, this one louder, more intense. Jungkook didn't wait for an answer. He already knew anyway. He raised himself up on one arm and reached between them to remove Jimin's plug, but his hand was just met with slick, sticky skin, hot to the touch. He gently probed down to Jimin's entrance and as the tip of his longest finger brushed his rim, Jimin cried out a sound of painful need, even at the feather-light touch. The hands in his hair, tugged as Jimin arched and without any warning or preamble, he came. Ribbons of white cum shot up the Omega's belly and chest, only increasing the amount of his scent in the confines of the nest. He was trembling as he came down from his release and began letting out pained whimpers.

"F-fuck me, fuck me, fuck me..." Jimin repeated over and over as his hands moved to Jungkook's shoulders and his nails dug into the tawny skin of his back.

The Alpha didn't hesitate to acquiesce to his request. His cock was already rock hard, Jimin's heat pheromones keying him up and readying him for what was coming. He shoved his boxers down and off before he used his hand to line his cock up with Jimin's entrance. He pressed his hips forward, sliding inside with a grunt at the intense heat that surrounded his cock. Underneath him, Jimin's whimpers quieted and turned to soft gasps. They were sounds of relief, and they made a shiver crawl up Jungkook's spine. Yes, this was right. He needed to ease his pain. His body was nothing but a tool to serve his Omega for as long as his heat lasted, and he would not fail him. He would make sure that his precious little one was cared for to the best of his ability. He pushed his cock in deeper, making sure to be as gentle as he could, at least for now. Jimin was still coming down off his orgasm, and he knew he'd be sensitive at the moment.

He bottomed out and they both sighed simultaneously. Jungkook looked down at his little one and felt such a wave of tenderness sweep through him. In the dim of the night, he could only barely make out a few of his features, but his eyes drank them in and he swelled with love. Jimin's mouth was open, eyes closed, head thrown back. He was a picture of desperation below him. His small body, usually prone to being chilly, was feverish and hot, his satin skin slick with sweat that caught the diffuse light and made him shimmer in the darkness. Jungkook eased back and then pushed forward again, sliding deep into his pretty boy's willing body. He was so wet, that their skin meeting made a damp slap, but all Jungkook could focus on was the soft, pleased sound he'd made at the action.

"More, Alpha... More! Please..." Jimin begged, nails dragging down his back as Jimin's legs wrapped around the back of his thighs and pushed at him, encouraging him to move.

"Okay, little one. I've got you, Baby. Just relax. I'm gonna give you what you need."

Jungkook started to move, slowly at first, but he let Jimin's reactions guide him and he began to thrust harder, pushing in as deep as he could go, the wet smack of their skin slapping echoed through the quiet, mixing with Jimin's cries that were almost screams, mixtures of 'Yes!' and 'Fuck!' and 'Alpha!' all interspersed with unintelligible babbling.

Jimin had never felt anything as intense as Jungkook inside him as the pain in his stomach changed to tightness and pleasure. It felt good, but there was a hard edge to the feeling, like it was just on the precipice of tipping into pain. If Jungkook pulled out of him, he knew it would hurt again. His Alpha needed to stay inside him, to knot him and fill him with his cum. All he knew was that he needed to be full. He missed that feeling, the tight fullness of his belly as it swelled to accept the volume of his Alpha's seed. He needed it desperately and wanted nothing more than to feel that near painful stretch as he was filled to bursting. He just latched himself around the Alpha, wrapping his arms around his neck and his legs around his hips and held on for dear life as Jungkook fucked him hard and steady. It was perfect. His Alpha's cock fit inside him exquisitely,

stroking all his deep inner places.

His heat had never felt like this before. In the past, it was just days of pain and feeble attempts at curbing the worst of it through masturbation or medication. But this... this was everything. There was no pain, just him and his Alpha. His Jungkook. He'd spent all the years since his first heat had hit, alone. He'd never thought that anyone could make him better, but Jungkook was erasing the agony of the searing blade that sliced at his insides and turning it in the opposite direction. He held on for dear life as he was pressed down into the mattress by Jungkook's larger body, his powerful hips pistoning into him. It was the most unrelenting kind of pleasure, it felt like every nerve in his body was raw. Every touch, every breath, every caress was amplified, and the feel of the perfect, familiar length of Jungkook's cock stretching him open, fucking into him had his toes curling, back arching, hands digging into sweat-slick flesh as he came again.

The release rocketed through every cell of his body and made him feel like he was going to pass out from the sheer force of it. His hole clamped and massaged around the Alpha's intruding length and he felt the vibration of Jungkook's deep moan against his neck, where Jungkook's lips grazed his scent gland. Then, he felt it, the stretch of Jungkook's knot forming and then, the oh-so-welcome bursts of his Alpha's warm, creamy essence inside him. Jimin's entire body tightened again and one last shudder wracked him, another small jet of cum dribbling onto the already messy expanse of his belly.

The feeling of Jungkook's knot settled perfectly, and the warmth of the cum inside him lifted the veil of Jimin's heat briefly and he was able to get a deep breath. He focused up at Jungkook, who was above him, on his elbows. He could make out some of his features from the moonlight filtering through the window, and he slid his hands into the Alpha's thick, wavy hair and pulled him down into a kiss that was brief, but reassuring. When they parted, Jungkook bumped their noses and pressed their foreheads together.

"You okay, little one?"

"Perfect. Thank you... thank you for doing this."

Jungkook pulled back a little more and cupped the side of his face, looking down at him in the darkness.

"You don't have to thank me, Baby. This is not just some chore to be done. I'm grateful to be here with you. There isn't anywhere on earth I'd rather be." Jungkook whispered quietly, gently smoothing his thumb over Jimin's cheek.

"Nowhere? Even Disneyland?" Jimin asked, with a breathless laugh.

"Nowhere."

Jungkook kissed him again, and they spent a few minutes nuzzling and scenting as they waited for the Alpha's knot to go down. When it finally did, Jungkook gently eased out of his Omega and Jimin whimpered, as he felt a little rivulet of cum escaping his hole.

"One second, Baby. Let me get a plug." Jungkook was out of the nest and rummaging through suitcases in moments.

In his hands he held the largest plug that they had. He remembered buying it, the way Jimin had been examining the thing, trying to act nonchalant, and how he'd turned the tables on him, and how he'd slipped into his subspace. He recalled too, the way Jimin had come into his office in his pretty teal lingerie, the wide base of this very plug stretching him open and how he'd had to carry

him to bed and ease it out of him. Perhaps it was a bit big for everyday use, but it was perfect for heats. Almost as wide as his knot, he knew Jimin would feel better with it inside him. It had only taken him a few seconds to retrieve it, and as soon as he was back in the nest, he pushed Jimin's thighs open and pressed the cool glass into his hole with as much gentleness as he could. Once it was settled, Jimin let out a little sound of relief. He watched Jimin's hands caress his belly. There was no mound of fullness there yet, but the Omega seemed content.

"Baby?"

"Mm?"

"We need to get you something to eat while your heat has abated. You haven't eaten since breakfast, and you need your strength. I'll go make you something and be back soon, okay?"

Jimin whined at that and shook his head frantically, little hands scrambling to hold onto him.

"No! Don't leave me. What if the pain comes back?" Jimin asked, panic flooding his body.

Jungkook looked down at him and felt his gut twist as his sweet scent weakened and wilted.

"Okay, okay. Will you be okay to come with me? Can you leave your nest right now?"

Jimin considered that, and... yes. He could. As long as Jungkook was there, he'd be okay, even without his nest. Jungkook was like a human version of a nest, he brought Jimin untold comfort and ease. He nodded.

Jimin let himself be pulled to the edge of the bed and he watched Jungkook stumble into the dark bathroom. There was the sound of fumbling fingers as he looked for the lightswitch and then Jimin squinted at the light that hurt his sensitive eyes, but he didn't stop watching his Alpha, not wanting him out of his sight for even a moment. He studied his strong shoulders and divinely muscular ass and bit his lip at the show of his Alpha's virile, succulent body. He pressed his fingers against his tense belly and purred softly at the knowledge that this Alpha's seed was inside him, held there by the plug that he'd fitted in him. He felt so much love swelling his heart he was certain he'd burst apart with the force of his feelings. Jungkook... his perfect, handsome Daddy was here with him, caring for him through his heat. Inside him, his inner wolf was more active than usual since he was in heat, and his Omega continually pushed him to get up and go to him, not liking the distance between them. The Alpha should be touching them at ALL times, but Jimin quieted the feeling by observing that Jungkook was getting a washcloth to clean him with.

The Alpha returned and helped him to stand before easing a warm, wet cloth between his legs, up his thighs and between his cheeks, cleaning away the excess slick before wiping his belly, still streaked with his own cum. Jimin purred more as he was cleaned. The sight of the Alpha on his knees before him was so confirming. He felt so special and important, because Jeon Jungkook, the best Alpha, the most perfect man... was here, with him. He was just... Park Jimin, culinary student and twenty-one year old Omega. Before Jungkook, he'd had precious little in the way of sexual experience and been trying to support himself all alone and take care of everything by himself. He'd thought he didn't need anyone else, that he could do it all alone, and... yes, he'd done it, but there was an emptiness in him that now was full. He had wanted to be strong and independent, but Jungkook had shown him that allowing himself to be cared for was not a surrender of strength, but a show of trust, and that had taken more strength than all his years alone. Putting yourself into the power of someone else and trusting them to care for you was terrifying, and he was still terrified.

He was scared that this house of cards they'd been building together would come crashing down around him. He worried that what he felt wasn't returned. He worried that he'd be left heartbroken

and alone once Jungkook was ready to find a 'real' relationship. He wanted to cry out to him that he loved him, that he wanted to mate with him and stay by his side. He wanted to beg him to please, please let him stay forever and then promise that he'd be the best mate, the best Omega to him, that someday he'd carry his pups and give him a family. He wanted to beg for a lifetime full of hard, desperate nights and soft, tender mornings. He wanted to hear those three words from the only lips that he'd ever craved to hear say them. He wanted... love.

"All done." Jungkook said, startling Jimin out of his reverie.

"Oh... thank you."

Jungkook kissed his nose.

"It's nothing, pretty boy. What do you want to wear? Are you cold?"

Jimin did feel cold, the temperature of the room was frigid compared to his feverish skin.

"Yes."

"Let's go with the classic then, eh?" Jungkook said as he stepped over to the open suitcase on the floor and rummaged around to find his red hoodie and white, thigh-high socks. He turned and looked at him, face shadowed from the slanting light coming from the bathroom. "Panties?"

Jimin shook his head. He didn't want anything so constricting against his privates. The Alpha dressed him in the crimson hoodie and white socks, leaving him bare underneath. Jungkook pulled on clean boxers and then Jimin squeaked as he was picked up in strong arms. He just sighed and his soft, thrumming purr started again as he rested his head on Jungkook's shoulder and allowed himself to be carried down to the kitchen, the Alpha flicking on lights as they went.

Jungkook felt so complete with his Omega in his arms, purring and happy. He was so small and soft, so perfect. There was nothing he needed in that moment but to make sure that his pretty boy was comfortable and healthy. He wanted Jimin either, warm, cozy and sleeping, or else, under him, getting what his body needed from him. At the moment, he needed Jimin to eat. It wouldn't do for him to go hungry. He carried him into the kitchen and flicked on the lights, illuminating the space. He looked around for a place to set his little one, and frowned at the bar stools that were far too hard and uncomfortable. He gingerly set Jimin down on his feet and kissed his forehead. He looked down and met those wide, silver eyes that were so full of trust that he wanted to crush him in his arms and ask him to be his forever. He never wanted to let him leave his side. He settled for kissing his full lips lightly and gently pushing his wild nest of hair back from his face.

"Stay right here. I'll be back in one second."

"Okay."

Jimin watched as Jungkook walked out of the kitchen and started shifting his weight from foot to foot as soon as he was out of his sight. But it wasn't long lived. He heard a scraping and furrowed his brow as he looked toward the archway from the kitchen to the living room and after a moment Jungkook appeared, pulling along one of the squashy armchairs from the living room. He tugged it into the kitchen and into the space between the island and the counters opposite, so he'd have a clear view of Jungkook the whole time. The Omega felt tears welling up in his eyes and went to his Alpha instantly, hugging him and pressing his face into his chest. Jungkook just petted soft hands down his back for a moment before guiding Jimin to sit in the chair. Jimin curled up in the soft chair, and Jungkook pulled the bright yellow blanket off the back, wrapping it around him and tucking it firmly into place so that all of him that was visible outside the blanket was his head.

“There you go, little one. Nice and cozy. So, what do you want to eat?”

“Ooh... Do you know how to make Dragon Noodles?” Jimin asked, craving something that was both sweet, but also spicy.

“I do not, but with one of the best chefs in Korea to command me, I’m sure I can. So, what’s first?”

Jimin giggled and burrowed further into the chair in shy pleasure at being praised. He told Jungkook what to do, instructing him to brown the ground pork in a skillet and boil the noodles, then to mix up the simple but delicious sauce made from chili paste, soy sauce and brown sugar. Soon the kitchen was full of the delicious scent, but as Jimin’s stomach rumbled, another pain shot through him. He was mid-giggle at Jungkook, complaining about trying to mix noodles with a spatula when his giggle turned into a soft cry of pain, his hands going to his belly at once, pressing against it as the searing stab cut through him. Jungkook had the fire off and was crouched in front of him in an instant, hand reaching up to feel his forehead.

“Baby? Is it back already?”

“Y-yeah... sorry.” Jimin said, turning his face down into his blanket so only his gray eyes peeked over.

“Don’t be sorry, sweetheart. Come here, let me take you to the couch.”

Jimin looked at Jungkook and saw no impatience in him, nor any negative emotion, besides worry, which in the context of the moment was a positive one. He emerged from his hiding place in the blanket and shook his head, wincing and whimpering as another, more intense shot of pain rocked through his middle. He wiggled out of the yellow blanket and pushed Jungkook back. The Alpha looked a bit hurt for a moment, but Jimin stood and pulled him forward before using his hands to guide him to turn and sit in the armchair. Jimin pulled Jungkook’s boxers down and straddled him, pulling his own hoodie up, he reached behind himself with one hand, and between them with the other. He removed his plug and guided Jungkook’s cock into his entrance in one smooth transition. He set the plug on the counter with a trembling hand, which wasn’t really sanitary for the kitchen, but he didn’t care. All he had any mind for was the feel of the cock he was sinking down on.

“Alpha... oh, Alpha... mmnh... fuck...” Jimin whimpered as he started to bounce in his lap, unable to take it slow as the cramping eased and turned back to that tight, hard-edged pleasure.

Jungkook pushed his hair back from his face and kissed him soundly on the lips before his hands found the Omega’s hips and helped him to move.

“That’s it, little one... nnggh... You feel so good, Baby. So warm, so soft... So damned good, Minnie.”

Jimin’s hands tangled in Jungkook’s hair as a soft, needful whine left his lips. His body was alive with sensation and all he could focus on was how good it felt to have his Alpha inside him. But even more than that were the emotions inside him, cresting and crashing over him like powerful waves at the use of his name. His head fell back as he moaned, exposing his neck, and he pulled Jungkook forward, asking without words for the Alpha to kiss him there, and he was obliged instantly. Soft whimpers broke forth as Jungkook dragged lips over his skin, then tongue, and finally, teeth that scraped and nipped at him with just the right amount of pressure to sting, but not hurt. He rolled his hips, taking his pleasure and relief from his Alpha. It felt so good to be able to moan freely without worrying about being overheard and Jimin used that freedom to the fullest as he moaned and gasped out his bliss, letting Jungkook know in no uncertain terms how much he liked what was happening.



“Fuck... Alpha! Fuck! Yes... I missed this... missed your cock... nnggh... so fucking full, Daddy... so good...”

Jimin cried out a wild sound of pleasure as Jungkook sealed his mouth over his scent gland and sucked hard, mouth starting a rhythm of pulsing sucks, pulling up a mark over the spot. Jungkook was totally gone for his beautiful male in his lap. The last two weeks of watching his little one in pain had been hell for him, but now they were finally all alone, his pretty boy was in heat and Jungkook was finally able to give him what he needed without the veil of forced privacy. If the last two weeks were hell, then this was heaven. Jimin bouncing on his cock, his sounds of pleasure unrestrained and untamed, his smaller body so hot against him and the way he felt on Jungkook's erect member that was sheathed so exquisitely inside his searingly hot channel. Nothing was better than this.

The Alpha broke the seal of his lips on Jimin's neck as the Omega began to tighten around his invading member, pulling him along toward the edge of release with him as his hole began to spasm and clench, squeezing him. He felt the tingle of his knot beginning to form, and Jimin whined as he pushed down hard each time, so that the partly-inflated knot popped in and out of his hole, rushing them both faster and faster toward orgasm. Jungkook planted his feet and grabbed Jimin's hips, stilling him and making him whimper in question, but the sound turned to a shout as the Alpha slammed his hips upward, plunging his cock as deep and hard into Jimin's willing body as he could. He started a harsh pace that scooted the chair they were in backwards in little scoots until it met the wall and stopped moving.

Jungkook had no mind for anything except the Omega in his lap who was screaming with pleasure, eyes squeezed shut, mouth open in a series of desperate cries, little body going taut and shivery like a plucked bowstring. It took all his iron control not to cum before Jimin, but he refused. It only took a few more hard, deep thrusts before Jimin's body froze, muscles locked in place for a mere moment, and then hard flutterings overtook Jimin as he quaked and jerked, his cum splattered up Jungkook's belly and chest and the Alpha's knot formed fully, locking him into place as he came inside his Omega again, feeling a dark, Alpha satisfaction at how well his Omega took his seed, his body accepting his cum inside. He was a good Omega, perfect for breeding... but as his mind tried to wander down that path, he stopped it. Jimin was on birth control, and now was not the time to get his little one pregnant in any case, he hadn't even confessed his true feelings to him yet.

Jimin collapsed against Jungkook's body all at once, chest heaving, heart pounding as he tried to get enough oxygen. He was trembling, and he didn't care that he was getting his own cum on his sweater. By the end of his heat, he doubted there would be anything without cum or slick on it. It was an unavoidable reality of heats that he'd accepted long ago. He buried his face into Jungkook's neck and rubbed back and forth over his scent gland, getting more of the chocolate and coffee scent on him. The Alpha's scent wasn't nearly strong enough on his skin, and he wanted to be coated in it until he was drunk off the masculine aroma. His belly already felt a little swollen with the amount of cum inside him and he sighed against the skin he was nuzzling. Jungkook was such a powerful, virile Alpha and Jimin's wolf was focused on how well he'd fill him with pups, how their young would be strong and healthy from such an Alpha. Jimin tried not to focus on it, but his mind was flooded with thoughts of having Jungkook's pups. He knew it was his heat making him like that, and he parted his lips to bite softly over the Alpha's scent gland to keep from begging him to breed him. It was almost impossible to resist.

Jungkook held Jimin in his arms as the Omega came down from his orgasm and they waited for his knot to relax. He petted him gently and whispered soft praises and reassurances to him. His pretty boy was clearly soaking up the affection as he nosed into his neck and relaxed further into his hold with a quiet purr. Jungkook showered him in sweet but cheesy compliments until he was squirming happily and giggling into the place he hid against his neck. Jungkook told him how

pretty he was, how he glowed like the moon and how his skin was softer than the softest rose petals, how his lips were sweeter than the sweetest honey, how his voice was lovelier than the loveliest song.

“You’re my perfect little one, you know that, right?” Jungkook asked and Jimin nodded, but didn’t come out of hiding. “Baby? Can I look at you?” He tried to encourage him to sit back, but Jimin shook his head. “What’s wrong? Why don’t you want me to see you?” The Omega gently bit his neck again, chewing at him petulantly as he burrowed in further and Jungkook realized what he was feeling. “Are you feeling shy and embarrassed?” He nodded and hummed a soft ascent. “Don’t be, sweetheart. You trust your Alpha to take care of you, don’t you? Don’t you trust me to see your pretty face?”

Jimin knew his face was red as a tomato and his eyes were full of tears. Jungkook’s words, his soft reassurances and his warm, solid presence all had Jimin’s heart in an uproar. Jungkook always seemed to know just what he needed to hear. He always knew what Jimin was feeling somehow. His gentle encouragement finally coaxed him out of his hiding place. He sat back and looked down at Jungkook just as the first tears slipped down his cheeks. The Alpha reached up and used his thumbs to wipe away the salty trails from his skin.

“There’s my pretty boy.”

“G-good?” Jimin asked hesitantly as he curled his small hands against the Alpha’s bare chest.

“Of course, Minnie. Of course, you’re my good boy. Always.”

Jimin hiccupped, the sound a tiny noise in the silent room. He leaned forward and kissed the Alpha, letting himself be soothed by the slow, gentle kiss.

They took their time kissing and scenting until Jungkook’s knot released and the Alpha gingerly replaced his plug and cleaned him up with warm, wet paper towels before settling him back in his comfy spot. He spent a few moments cleaning himself up a bit and washing his hands. He turned the fire back on under the pan and finished up their meal. Jimin watched from his place on the chair and felt tears gather on his lower lashes. He was a mess of hormones and the way his Alpha was caring for him had his heart swelling with so much pride that he was with this Alpha, that Jungkook wanted HIM.

But... there was a small sadness in him, and a fear. He was afraid of Jungkook not feeling this the same way as he did. Did he feel this desperate well of emotion in his heart too? Did he feel this connection that melded them together? Did he feel the emptiness in his soul at the thought of them not being with one another anymore? He wanted to think that he must, but that small, self-deprecating part of him told him that someone like this would never really want him, that his perfect, handsome Daddy could do better, find someone prettier, richer, more interesting. He tried to push those feelings down into the bottle he normally kept them in, but he was too raw from his heat and he couldn’t stop the tears from falling as he watched Jungkook plate their dinner, one large portion to share, just like always.

Jungkook finished their food and garnished with sliced scallions and peanuts, just as Jimin had told him, feeling proud of the meal he’d made, satisfied that his Omega would eat something he’d made with his own hands. When he glanced over at the smaller male, still curled up in his comfy spot, his stomach clenched when he noticed tears rolling down his cheeks, his lower lip pulled between his teeth. He instantly went to him, kneeling down to get closer and not hover over him. He reached forward and wiped away the tears. His heart felt heavy as the scent of rain permeated through the strong smells of the recently cooked meal. Why was his little one so sad?

“Baby? What’s wrong? Did I hurt you?” Jungkook asked, touching him with as much gentle reverence as possible.

“Jungkook..?” Jimin sniffled, sounding like he had a cold.

“What is it, little one?”

“You... Y-you want me... right?”

That was as close as Jimin could come to asking the real question that laid heavy over his heart. The one he couldn’t bring himself to ask. ‘Do you love me?’

“Of course I want you. I’ll always want you, Minnie. Don’t ever doubt that.”

“Really?”

“Really.”

Jungkook watched Jimin sniffle and wipe his tears before giving him a watery smile that eased him a little, and when he spoke, the Alpha smiled too.

“Tell me I’m pretty.”

“You’re the prettiest.”

“And soft.”

“So soft. The softest ever.”

“And sexy.”

“The sexiest. The only Omega who deserves to be called sexy.”

Jimin beamed at him and his stomach dipped in that way it did when Jimin looked at him with joy in his expression. His best look.

“I’m hungry, Alpha. Feed me?”

Jungkook laughed, the sound low and gentle and leaned forward to kiss him, brushing his lips over Jimin’s full ones softly.

“Whatever you want, little one.”

Jungkook stood and Jimin scrambled up, moving closer as the Alpha stepped over to grab their food, chopsticks and two bottles of water from the refrigerator. Jimin followed along, his yellow blanket trailing along behind him as he half-limped after the Alpha.

“Baby, I can come back for you. Don’t push yourself, little one.”

“I can walk.” Jimin sassed, but still took more quick, little steps to get closer to him.

“For now.” Jungkook said with an obvious smirk in his voice.

Jimin was tempted to challenge him there, but he knew from experience that Jungkook had the ability to make him unable to walk, and he was certain that by morning, he’d be not much more than a loose pile of needful Omega, begging to be knotted again, filled and fulfilled, and by the end

of his heat, he'd be lucky to make it to the bathroom on his own. So he wisely kept his lips sealed and when Jungkook sat down, he squirmed into his lap with a sigh of pleasure, getting comfortable in the Alpha's space. Jungkook just kissed his temple and nuzzled into his messy blond hair. Jimin could feel the draw of breath as the Alpha tested his scent.

"Here, little one, can you hold this?" Jungkook asked, offering the plate.

Jimin took it and the Alpha used one arm to support the Omega's back, while the other deftly gathered noodles and offered them to his little one, who accepted the mouthful, slurping the noodles and moaning at the taste.

"Oh, Jungkookie, you did so good. These are amazing." Jimin groaned as he chewed, not caring about the fact that he was talking with his mouth full.

Jungkook swelled with pride at that. His Omega was pleased with the food he'd made him. He kissed his cheek and gathered another bite of noodles. Unlike the times when Jimin fed them, switching back and forth, Jungkook focused on getting Jimin to eat as much as possible and got him to eat over half the food before he started to push his hand away, moaning that he was full. Only then did Jungkook polish off what was left quickly and set the food aside. The noodles were spicy and sweet, and as he looked at his Omega, he noticed how his lips were red and a bit swollen from the chili sauce in the food and how he was taking inhaled through his mouth to cool the fire of the flavor. He grabbed a water and twisted the cap off, putting the opening to Jimin's lips and encouraging him to drink. He gave him the water, patiently bringing it to his mouth again and again until he'd polished off the whole bottle. Jungkook downed the second bottle himself and then set everything aside to be dealt with later so he could focus on his Omega.

"How do you feel, Baby? Are you feeling any pain?"

"Mm... not yet. But..." Jimin trailed off and nuzzled into his neck, slender form shivering in his hold.

"You're ready to go back to your nest?" Jungkook guessed and Jimin nodded.

"Yeah."

"Okay, pretty boy. Let's gather a few supplies and we'll head back upstairs."

"M'kay."

Jungkook scooped Jimin up in his arms and carried him to the kitchen, setting him back on his chair while he took a plastic bag and filled it with bottles of water, protein bars, candy and snacks that were clearly for Jimin, until it was full. He handed the bag to Jimin before picking him up and carrying him off toward the stairs. In moments, they were back in the bedroom and Jimin purred a loud, wild sound as he saw his nest. He wiggled out of Jungkook's hold, dropping the sack in his hands on the bottom corner of the bed in a hurry to rip off his clothes and get back in his piles of soft blankets and pillows.

Jungkook watched Jimin as he fought out of the hoodie and socks with impatience and crawled into his nest, purring loudly the whole time. His eyes took in Jimin's magnificent figure as he was fully exposed. He hadn't had much opportunity to really appreciate the effects Jimin's heat had wrought on his body, the little bit of extra padding around his hips, thighs and ass, had Jungkook panting. But as Jimin settled in among all his mounds of blankets and pillows, he looked at him with those big, glassy eyes and made grabby hands as a soft whine left his lips. He couldn't resist him like this, and so he slipped off his own boxers and followed into the nest. He knew that

Jimin's heat was just getting started. There would not be such long breaks again. Things were just ramping up, and by the time this was over, they would both be exhausted. So he laid down next to his little one and let him curl up against his chest as they waited for it to start again.

Jimin nosed back and forth over the muscular expanse of Jungkook's chest, breathing in the beloved scent of coffee, chocolate and dark, male essence. He purred, the steady thrum vibrating his chest and burrowed as close to Jungkook as possible, warming himself against the Alpha. For the moment it was peaceful, but he knew it wouldn't last. It never did during his heat. This initial wave was but a tiny splash, and was nothing to the impending tidal waves of unrestrained feral pain and need that were heading toward him. He could feel it building back up inside him, a tension coming to a crescendo deep in his core, a rubber band, ready to snap. His hands reflexively kneaded at the chest under him as pain slowly crept into his belly, tightness turning to pain slowly. Then unexpectedly a sharp convulsion wracked through his belly and he whined, the sound pathetic and pained. His hole clenched around the plug inside him. The hardness of the plug he could feel was keeping some of the need at bay, but it was the wrong hardness, it wasn't the warm, girthy length of his Alpha's cock and his body knew what it wanted.

Jungkook deduced Jimin's heat was ramping back up as the soft, kittenish kneading turned to nails scraping on his chest and a soft, pained whine left Jimin's lips. The accompanying surge of heat pheromones had Jungkook's cock hardening, filling in reaction to the strong pheromones that he knew would only get stronger. His inner Alpha perked up, ready to serve his mate... and as he thought that, his heart thudded. His mate. Yes. Jimin was his mate and he needed to relieve him, sate him with his body. He reached down and brushed Jimin's silken, blond hair back from his face and looked down at him in the diffuse light filtering from the bathroom, through the yellow canopy.

"It's back, little one?"

Jimin nodded and gasped as another shard of hot agony sliced through him, this time shooting downward toward his entrance, making him throb between his legs.

"Hurts... please. Hurts, Alpha..."

Jungkook moved instantly, rising up from the bed and up onto his knees before manhandling Jimin's body as gently as he could manage while trying to also be quick about it. He rolled him over onto his belly and pulled his hips up off the bed and Jimin arched his back, whimpering and pushing back against him as soon as he was positioned to present himself, chest still pressed to the bed. Jungkook smoothed one hand up the arch of Jimin's spine, admiring his curved back as the other hand found the base of the plug.

"That's it, Baby... Your Alpha's gonna give you what you need. Look how prettily you're presenting for me... So beautiful. Such a good boy. Are you ready for your Alpha to mount you, Omega?"

Jimin let out a sob of need and nodded frantically at the words as his plug was extracted with tender ease and replaced with the Alpha's cock that slid into him fully in one, deep slide.

"FUCK!" Jimin screamed, hands clawing at the sheets under him, as his entire body throbbed at once and he felt a little dribble of cum spurt from his leaking tip. His heat was starting, his real heat and the first tidal wave had hit. "OH GODS! Fuck me... ngh... fuck me hard, Alpha... please... mmnh... ah!"

Jungkook was not in control of his body fully at that moment. His Omega's word was law for as long as his heat lasted. He might be the Alpha, and he may even be the dominant partner, but for

now, he was a mere servant and Jimin was his perfect prince. He was here to give him what he needed and he'd push himself to his absolute limit to do so. This was his only job in the world, to make Jimin feel small, safe, satisfied. Anything and everything else could wait. He gripped Jimin's hips and started to move, pulling back and driving back into his Omega's willing body over and over as hard and deep as he could, not holding back a single centimeter of his cock, he pulled Jimin's hips back on each thrust and ground himself against his ass, swiveling his cock at the deepest point to stroke all his deep, inner places. Under him, Jimin screamed and moaned and begged all at once, an incomprehensible babble escaping his lips as he was fucked.

Jimin's entire body was a mix of pain and pleasure. It was like the two sensations were at war to determine which would be victorious, and so far, pleasure was the winner. Every deep press of Jungkook's plunging length into his aching body shot up his spine as tenderness bloomed sharp and bright in all his most tender places, his nipples hardened and tightened but felt swollen, his balls were throbbing steadily and the tip of his weeping cock stinging, even the coolness of the air too much against it, but the pain only heightened him on the wave he was riding, ready to crash down into the tide and be pulled under, but he wasn't scared. Jungkook would simply pull him to the surface again.

He felt so small under Jungkook, whose big hands and thick cock had him tingling in all the best ways. His Alpha battled back his pain and brought him the first relief he'd ever known during a heat. It was an eye opening experience and he was certain he'd never make it through another heat without this. The idea of returning to the long painful days and nights of his heats he'd endured before meeting his Alpha was unthinkable. This was the only way now, and he wanted to return this relief in kind. He wanted to serve Jungkook in his rut as well. That thought had him clenching up, tightening and spasming around the cock that was stretching him open so exquisitely. His Alpha would be glorious in rut and Jimin would ride him so well, take his cock and let him knot him and fill him with his cum until he hurt from it. His mind flooded with images and ideas of his Jungkook in rut, balls swollen and full, desperate to spill into him and that had his orgasm slamming into his gut like a sledgehammer, knocking all the air from his lungs as it left him on a shout.

Jungkook moaned as Jimin came, his body tightening and shuddering under him as his release wracked his body, but the Alpha didn't stop, couldn't stop. Jimin needed more, his Omega needed his knot, his cum. He needed to be FULL. He only moved faster, and he could tell that Jimin's heat dipped, but didn't break. He was whimpering in sensitivity, but his hips still shifted back against him in time with his rapidly increasing speed. He slammed into Jimin over and over, his hips meeting the Omega's lush ass with hard slaps of skin. He wrapped one arm under Jimin's chest and pulled the Omega up onto his knees so his back was pressed to Jungkook's front and the Alpha held him there, banded to his body with one strong arm as the other hand found his cock and started to stroke him in time with his thrusts, determined to pull another orgasm from him before he let himself be lost to pleasure. His mouth found Jimin's neck, biting and sucking harshly on the tender column. He easily found all the familiar sensitive spots and nipped at them. He knew his Omega's body and could play him like a well-tuned instrument, and he was the master musician, plucking the strings of his little one's pleasure and creating something beautiful.

Jungkook's body was prepared for this. He'd bonded with Jimin and his body had been readying itself for his Omega's heat over the past weeks. He'd been ignoring his own needs and comfort to try and focus on keeping Jimin comfortable, but it was almost a state of extremely watered down rut. Normally about three orgasms was all he could wring out in one night, but he felt like he could keep going as long as Jimin needed it. He knew that was partially the strong pheromones that were thick and heady in the air, but it was also his own body, desiring to serve his mate, provide for him and of course the biologically-driven need to breed him with his pups, even if that was impossible, his body didn't understand that distinction. He held Jimin in his embrace, fucking into his willing

body and stroking his cock simultaneously until he came again, head thrown back against the Alpha's shoulder, he shuddered and screamed out his pleasure, the shout turning to a whimper as the Alpha knotted. The whimper ceased and he let out a long moan as his cock kicked and jerked deep inside him, adding to the volume that stretched his inner walls and made his lower belly a little puffy roundness.

Jungkook released Jimin's flagging cock and gently rubbed the small swell of his tummy, a bit distended at the moment, though he knew it would only get bigger as his heat progressed and he took more and more of the Alpha's seed. He could feel Jimin's body, lax and weak in his hold in the aftermath of his orgasm. The arm that he had banded around his slender body was mostly holding him up, but as he stroked over his belly, Jimin purred, low and thready and Jungkook purred back, holding him for a few moments to let Jimin's orgasm run its course before he lowered them down together and settled them on their sides with his knot still locking them together. Jimin's hand curled around his wrist and led his larger palm back to his belly.

"Touch..." The Omega whispered, sounding hesitant and shy.

Jungkook acquiesced to the request and touched, keeping the contact gentle and loving.

"You're so beautiful like this, Jimin. My pretty, perfect Minnie."

For reasons that Jimin didn't want to probe too deep into, tears filled his eyes and he tried to blink them away, but a traitorous little sob burst from his mouth. As if that one crack was the catalyst, he released the flood of feelings that were inside him and he wept. It really wasn't fair that he should feel what he felt. It wasn't fair that he should have all these intense, desperate longing feelings for the Alpha who was curled up in his nest with him, spooning him from behind while his knot rested perfectly inside his body in a way that he knew no one else could ever replicate. Jungkook had ruined him for anyone else. No one else would ever replace him, no matter what happened, this Alpha would always be the love of his life.

"I-I'm sorry... I keep crying all over you..." Jimin hiccupped, unable to get control of himself. He felt pathetic for crying over this.

Jungkook was his sugar daddy, he was a sugar baby... and even if some, small hope had flared inside him, a louder part of him, amplified by the hormones and emotions of his pre-heat told him that he was delusional, that he was going to get his heart broken when Jungkook inevitably cast him aside.

"Shh... none of that now. It's okay, pretty baby. If you need to cry, then cry. I've got you."

Those words, so gently spoken, such tender promising things... and yet, that only made it harder. He stopped trying to control it and finally let his tears flow, his cries rip from his throat and he broke down. He wanted to ask Jungkook to love him, ask what he would have to do in order to stay by his side for the rest of his life, but he couldn't ask those things. It wasn't fair and it wasn't right. So, he let out his emotions through crying, until he was weak and his body was limp, eyes puffy and sore, face hot from his tears and he slowly quieted until everything was still and Jungkook's knot had long since relaxed, but he remained inside him, half-hard, keeping Jimin's fullness from escaping.

Jungkook hated hearing Jimin cry. The feel of his little body shaking with sobs was a hellish kind of torture. He wanted to know why he was so sad, wanted to help him feel better, but he didn't know if asking would make it worse. He just held him and scented what parts of him he could reach, trying to soothe away whatever was distressing him. His hands smoothed over soft, pale skin and he peppered kisses against his shoulders and nape. It was like having his heart slowly carved

from his chest, listening to Jimin sobbing like his heart was broken. Part of him wondered... could it be because of him? Could his little one be pining for his love as much as he was? Was there a possibility that Jimin felt this too? He wanted to ask, needed to know, but his need was nowhere near as important as Jimin's needs. His job was to help his Omega through his heat, and he wouldn't put pressure on him. He wouldn't try to make him make such an important, life-altering decision while he was in heat, it wasn't fair to him. But his wolf and his heart were calling out to him to squeeze him harder in his arms, and let the words that longed to burst forward out. 'I love you.' Those words stuck in his throat. He would wait. This was not about him.

He whined as his heat started to return, and his pheromones spiked again, filling the air with their thick, cloudy perfume. He felt the cock inside him react and start to harden. Jimin felt Jungkook pulling back, and expected him to thrust forward, but he didn't stop pulling back until he was outside Jimin's body. The Omega released a small distress cry, his entrance clenching up automatically to try and keep the cum inside him. His mind flooded with panic as he thought the Alpha was leaving, that he'd freaked him out with all his crying. Tears spilled over again as his fear wrapped around him like a clammy hand and he didn't even feel the hands rolling him onto his back and pushing his legs open. He was too absorbed in his panic and self-pity to observe his own body and surroundings until he felt the press of Jungkook's blunt cockhead pressing back inside him. He gasped and his eyes flew open to find the Alpha over him, between his legs.

Jungkook slid back inside his Omega and leaned down, to get closer to him. The scent of smoke was mixing with vanilla, and he needed to know what was wrong. He kissed his full, swollen lips softly and used his thumbs to wipe away the tears from his cheeks. He slowly shifted his hips to keep Jimin's heat at least minimally at bay as he kissed him tenderly and nuzzled at him, bumping their noses and scenting him. Comfort was important first, he needed his little one to feel safe, to keep him from being distressed, and he took as much time as he felt he could risk with Jimin's rapidly returning heat.

"Little one? What's wrong?"

Jimin's hands found Jungkook's shoulders then slid around to cup the back of his neck, holding him close. He looked up at him and two more tears leaked from the sides of his eyes as his hands trembled.

"I'm scared you're going to leave." Jimin whispered, his voice so quiet that Jungkook had to strain to hear, even from so close.

"I'm not going to leave, Baby. I swear I'd never leave you like this. You can trust me, Baby."

He wasn't understanding, Jimin could see that and he was so emotional that he couldn't put all his feelings into words. He couldn't find the right way to say it wasn't just today that he was afraid of. He was afraid of the future when Jungkook would leave and he'd be all alone. But instead, he pulled him down into a hard kiss before breaking it, keeping him close. He pushed their foreheads together.

"Promise me you'll never leave."

"I promise. I won't leave you, little one. You're mine."

"Yours." Jimin confirmed, hoping beyond hope that this was what he thought it was.

There was no more time for talking as Jimin's cramping came back in full force and Jungkook had to focus on taking care of him, easing his pain. They stayed in bed for hours, moving together. Jungkook took him over and over. A few times missionary so he could kiss him fiercely and scent



him, growling words of praise and affection straight into Jimin's mouth as it opened on screams. Other times, he took him from behind, letting him feel small and conquered as he was mounted by his Alpha and Jungkook took him, curving into a protective cave over Jimin's body, fucking into him like an animal as he growled and purred at once, teeth digging into the soft skin of Jimin's shoulder as his Omega cried out under him, body shivering and quaking. A few times Jimin used his thighs to roll them over so he could ride his Alpha to his own pace as he worked his cock with his hand adding to his overwhelming sensations.

As Jungkook pulled more and more pleasure from his body, dawn came and went, turned to the bright light of day that filtered through the yellow canopy and eventually faded to the orangey hues of dusk. They had short respites throughout his heat that were mostly spent dozing and trying to get rest before it ramped back up again. Jimin's body was filled over and over until he couldn't take any more and when Jungkook knotted, cum and slick were forced out in little rivulets even around his formed knot. It was the most painful pleasure that Jimin had ever felt in all his life, a confirming, ache in his belly that reassured him that he was full... more than full, he was bursting, his lower abdomen a hard swell that hurt to touch.

After the first few rounds they stopped trying to clean up afterwards and accepted that slick and cum were just going to be everywhere. They were both sticky and hot, sweating and sore from the prolonged physical exertion, and by the time Jimin's heat broke, just after dusk, they were both limp and exhausted to a point of immobility. Jungkook just managed to replace his plug inside him and flop over onto his back without collapsing on top of his Omega. After he caught his breath for a few minutes, he looked to his pretty boy and reached one hand over to palm the back of Jimin's head, fingers lacing through the fine golden strands.

"You okay, Baby?"

"Yeah. Tired. Want to sleep."

"Yeah. Me too, Baby. But your heat isn't over yet. I want to clean you up and get you a little something to eat before you sleep. Okay? I'm gonna go run us a bath. I'll be right there in the bathroom. I promise I'm not leaving."

Jimin was too tired to put up any pretense or try to be strong. He looked at Jungkook with heavy lids and flopped a hand over to grip his bicep.

"Will you talk to me while I can't see you?"

"Yeah, Baby. If that makes you feel better."

Jimin nodded and Jungkook rolled over to kiss him, his whole body protesting movement as he kissed him and then climbed out of the nest. He reached his arms up as high as they would go and raised up on his toes, several bones giving satisfying pops as he stretched out. He looked at Jimin for a moment and admired him. His Omega was a complete wreck. He was filthy, covered in cum and slick and sweat. His hair stuck out in every direction and his neck and shoulders were purple and blue from hickeys and bite marks. He lay sprawled open, no part of himself covered and he didn't seem abashed at all. He was comfortable being looked at and Jungkook loved to see the physical representation of his trust. He walked away and as soon as he was out of Jimin's sight he started to talk, telling him what he was doing, reassuring him that he was right there as he filled the tub and went to the linen closet in the hallway, pulling out an armful of clean blankets so he could remove the soiled ones from the nest and replace them. Finally, he appeared at the end of the bed to find Jimin with his eyes closed, fingers tracing the hard, roundness of his lower belly and purring gently. His eyes opened at the sudden silence and he smiled when he saw Jungkook.

“Alpha.” Jimin said, his lips pulling into a huge, happy grin.

“Hey, Baby. Let’s get you cleaned up so you can rest a while before your heat comes back.”

“Okay.”

Jimin tried to get up, but he was so full that the clench of his abdominal muscles hurt. He groaned and fell back against the bed. Jungkook pushed aside the canopy and reached in to pick him up.

“You don’t have to! I know you’re tired, Alpha!” Jimin squeaked as he was lifted in strong arms.

“Hush now, it’s fine. I’d carry you until my arms fell off.” Jungkook said with a smile as he carried Jimin into the bathroom.

The Alpha’s body was screaming at him from the exertion of carrying his Omega, but he didn’t care. He carried his little one into the bathroom and slipped him into the enormous tub of hot water whose tendrils of steam curled into the cool air, caressing the Alpha’s skin as he neared it. He settled Jimin in the water and kissed his forehead before straightening up. Jimin caught his wrist as he stepped back and the Omega’s brows drew down, a soft whine escaping his lips.

“Aren’t you going to wash me?” Jimin asked, silver eyes round and puffy lips pouting.

Jungkook smiled and reached down to brush Jimin’s hair back before cupping his face.

“Of course, Minnie. I’m just going to go get all the dirty pillows and blankets out of the nest and put in some new ones. I want you to have a nice, clean place to sleep. I’ll be right back.”

“Oh... thank you.”

“It’s nothing, pretty boy. You just relax for a few minutes.”

Jungkook left, and again he talked from the other room, telling Jimin what he was doing and just saying whatever came to his mind, praises and compliments, assurances that he’d be right there as soon as he put on new pillowcases and put everything in the hamper. Once all the dirtiest blankets were gone from the oval center of the nest, he replaced them with clean ones and got the bag of food and water from the end of the bed, setting out a selection of things for him to feed to his Omega once he was nice and clean. And finally, he went back into the bathroom to find Jimin resting peacefully in the warm bath, but as he appeared next to him, Jimin’s eyes opened and he smiled before scooting up and making a space for him to slide in, which he did gratefully.

The warm water soothed his aching muscles and he let his head fall back against the wall and just rested with Jimin leaned on his chest. His Omega was purring softly as Jungkook let his fingers skim over his belly under the water, touch feather light. He could sense that Jimin was close to sleep already, warm and content in the bath with him, but he wanted his Omega to be clean and fed, resting in his nest. It was hard to spur his body into action, because he too was close to sleep, but he tenderly washed them both, taking turns washing their hair and bodies, cleaning the evidence of the day’s activities off. Seeing his Omega with his glowing, pale skin and blond hair slicked back from his pretty face had him feeling satisfied. He was clean.

Jungkook got out first, drying off and not bothering to put on any clothes. There was no point, and he didn’t have any reason to be shy with his Minnie. The Omega was intimately familiar with all the parts of his body. He got a towel and rested it on the edge of the tub as he crouched down, his thighs protesting the move. He reached forward and pulled Jimin in for a soft kiss as his other hand dipped into the water to caress his belly.

“Okay, little one. You’re very, very full right now. We need to let a little pressure off so you can rest.”

“What?” Jimin said, eyes going wide as his hands moved protectively to his round tummy. “No!”

“Just enough so that you can get some rest.” Jungkook tried to reason, but Jimin shook his head frantically, sending droplets of water flying as wet strands fell into his eyes. His lip wobbled as tears filled his eyes. “Hey, hey... it’s alright. Calm down, Baby. Listen, to me now. Listen to your Alpha.”

“Alpha... I need it. Please don’t! Please...”

“Minnie, it’s okay. I’m not going to let it all out, I swear. But when you wake up, you’re going to need more. I don’t want to hurt you, I just want to make a little space for when the next wave comes.”

Jimin still looked pouty, but his eyes were looking into Jungkook searchingly.

“J-just... Just a little, okay?”

“I swear.”

“Okay.”

Jungkook started draining the tub and as it drained, Jimin hesitantly opened his legs that he’d clamped shut and let Jungkook reach down into the water to ease his plug out, a small stream of white escaping into the water, being pulled down toward the drain. Jimin started to whimper and his hands clawed at his arm, so Jungkook pushed the plug back inside. He could see that Jimin’s belly was a little less round.

“Alright, little one, that’s enough. Let’s get you dried off and back into your nest.”

Jimin nodded, lip trembling and tears leaking from his eyes. Jungkook pulled him out of the tub and set him on the edge before gently drying him with the soft towel, being particularly careful around his most tender places. The Omega’s hands were holding onto Jungkook’s shoulders for dear life and the Alpha felt bad that he’d had to take away some of his fullness, but he knew he’d made the right call. Jimin would wake up in more pain as his cramping returned if he was so full. So, Jungkook dried him off and kissed his cheeks and lips, assuring him that he’d fill him up again, telling him how pretty and special he was, how strong he was.

When he was dry, he picked him up again and carried him to the nest, where he sat him up against the mounds of pillows and climbed in beside him. Jimin crawled into his lap and curled up against his chest as soon as he was settled and Jungkook held him there and fed him several protein bars and coaxed a whole bottle of water into him before quickly eating three of the bars himself and downing two bottles of water. He held him in his embrace for a few minutes to let him digest, kissing and petting him, soothing him as much as possible. They settled down and Jimin curled up against him like he always did and Jungkook wrapped his arm around him.

“You did so well, Baby. Now get some rest. You’re going to need your strength when your heat comes back.”

Jimin was already almost asleep. He yawned cutely and gently kneaded the chest he was snuggled into, no longer to hold back the tide of sleep.

“Thank you, Alpha. I love you.” Jimin said and dropped instantly into sleep.

Jungkook's whole body flushed and he froze like a statue as his eyes went wide and he watched Jimin, whose body was still except for the rise and fall caused by his breathing. His little one had just told him... that he loved him. Had he meant it? There on the edge of sleep? Jungkook's eyes filled with tears. He was doing his best to care for his Omega, but he too was at the end of his emotional rope. He turned his face down into silken blond hair and silently cried, hoping that this was real. He gasped in soft breaths of vanilla as tears leaked from his eyes.

"I love you too, Jimin."

# An Offer You Can't Refuse

## Chapter Summary

Jimin and Jungkook reflect on their relationship. Danger looms over Jimin.

## Chapter Notes

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

Jimin had the best dream. In it, he'd told Jungkook he loved him and his Alpha had hugged him close and breathed in his scent from the top of his head and told him that he loved him too. He lay in the quiet as the searing, slicing pain began to curl through his abdomen, like he'd swallowed molten hot shards of glass and was now trying to digest them. He knew that his heat was back. He had no idea what time it was, but it was dark again. He could feel the strain in his muscles and joints from the previous exertions, but he imagined that Jungkook must be so much worse off than him. He'd been doing the lion's share of the work all through the powerful initial waves of his heat. He could tell that, even though it was painful now, it was quieting to a duller roar in his body than it had been the previous day. He knew that it would steadily decrease from here until it was gone.

Usually his first wave of heat lasted about two days, but having Jungkook with him seemed to have hurried things along. He was eternally grateful for that. He could feel that the Alpha's body was reacting to his pheromones, even in his sleep. Jimin groaned softly as he sat up and pushed Jungkook onto his back before climbing on top of him. Jungkook woke up as Jimin straddled him and the first thing out of his mouth had Jimin's heart full to the brim with emotion.

"Is it back, little one? Need help?" Jungkook grumbled, eyes barely cracked.

His hands found Jimin's hips and he could tell that he meant to roll them over, but Jimin stilled him with a light touch.

"Let me, Jungkook." He whispered and the Alpha nodded, letting his head fall back against his pillow, but he was still looking at him through his tired eyes.

Jimin performed the familiar swap of his plug for the Alpha's cock and as he slid down on him he sighed out a quiet moan of relief. The cramping turned to pleasure and relief as the Omega slowly began to ride him, at first he barely moved, but as his pleasure built, he moved harder, faster, slamming his hips down with slaps of skin on skin. Jungkook's hands were gripped on his waist, but Jimin took them and led them up his body to his chest, asking without words for the Alpha to touch him there. Jungkook seemed to understand and Jimin cried out as he felt fingers start to gently pinch his nipples and roll them tenderly. His pleasure amped up higher and higher until he finally came with a shudder and a curse. Jungkook, moved his hands back to his waist and bent his

knees up for leverage as he started to fuck up into Jimin's sensitive body until his knot formed and he came inside his Omega who promptly collapsed against his chest, squishing his cum between them, though neither cared.

"Sorry for the sudden wake up call." Jimin yawned into the Alpha's neck.

"I'm far from complaining, sweetness."

The rest of the day was spent in that manner, sleeping and waking to relieve Jimin's heat a dozen more times. At one point Jungkook forced them to both eat a few protein bars and Jimin let himself be fed sweets and candies from the bag that Jungkook had loaded up in the kitchen the night before. The sweets were amazing for sating his cravings and he was one exhausted, happy, and satisfied, purring mess of an Omega as he was cared for like a beloved mate by his Alpha.

Jungkook's only focus was on his perfect, vanilla baby. His comfort and needs to precedence over everything else. He woke when Jimin needed him and slept with the Omega protectively held in his arms. He did everything that he could to make him feel comfortable and safe. He fed him and praised him and held him, and when his little one's heat rose in him, he made love to him.

He realized that Jimin probably didn't remember saying he loved him, and that was okay. Though, hearing it from him with his own ears... it had confirmed in his heart that, whether Jimin realized consciously or not yet, there was something more between them and his pretty boy did feel more for him. He hadn't realized how much he wanted, no... needed to hear those words from him until the previous night. It had confirmed so much for him just to hear three words, unknowingly spoken on the edge of sleep. But when was anyone more honest than when they were exhausted and emotionally wrung out, as Jimin had been the night before?

Once he thought about it, he realized that they had left behind all pretense of sugar daddy and sugar baby long ago. He couldn't pinpoint the exact moment that they had moved from sex for money to... whatever this was, but it had been somewhere near the beginning. It felt like he'd known his little one for years, not a mere couple of months, but he truly had only known him for a little over two months. Those two months had changed his life for the better in so many ways. When he thought of the sleep deprived, sexually starved, emotionally caged man he'd been before he'd met his perfect Jimin, he didn't even recognize himself. Jimin had worked his way into his heart one small kindness at a time.

First, the sexual relief. Sure, perhaps he'd paid him, but he'd never doubted that Jimin enjoyed their sexual relationship, even the harder, darker parts of him were accepted with his little one so freely. When he needed him, Jimin was there and when he wanted to tie him up and use his body like his own personal playground, Jimin never turned him away. On the contrary, he'd invited it, courted that side of him. The beast. The part of him that had caused so many to turn their backs, to walk away without a backward glance. He couldn't express how much it meant to him, and he knew that no one else could ever understand the depth and purity of his feelings for his Omega. Perhaps it would seem like just... rough sex to some, they would see Jimin as helpless and him as the villain. His little one did not see him that way though. Jimin was his, and he was perfectly safe with him. His pretty boy knew that above all others. Jungkook would never abuse him and he knew that Jimin knew that, because all it took was a touch for him to still and turn to him, with that look of innocent question that could not be feigned.

Next, had come an unexpected need. The need to protect. It was something he hadn't even known he was lacking before Jimin came into his life. It was the wolf, the Alpha that wanted a mate, an Omega to have and keep. He was almost thirty and maybe his biological clock was ticking, but that didn't make sense, because he had never felt like this with anyone else. He was ready to settle

down with someone special. Someone who he could love and hold in the shelter of his arms at night. It made him feel so strong, so validated when his Omega was warm and happy, purring in his embrace as he slept. He remembered Jimin as he had been, his too thin clothes, his too shabby apartment, his too cold hands. He wanted to shield him from anything that would hurt him and give him anything that would please him. Jungkook would do anything for his Omega. He'd never felt like any of his previous partners were... his. But Jimin was his and he was Jimin's.

Care was something Jungkook had resolved that he'd never needed or wanted. Or perhaps it was simply that he'd never known it in any romantic relationship. But Jimin took care of him in ways that he would never have foreseen. It had started with his own little brand of aftercare, cleaning him from head to toe in the shower and laying with him in bed afterward, combing his fingers through his damp hair and whispering soft reassurances to him, scenting him and praising him as he fell asleep. It was a hundred little instances of things he'd never known he even wanted. Jimin pulling him into his nest to scent. Jimin allowing him to fuck into his willing body even after every possible orgasm had been pulled from him and he was so sensitive. Jimin sitting in his lap and feeding him from his hand. Jimin turning away a million dollar check without a second of hesitation. It made him feel like, for once he was enough, just as he was. He felt like he was accepted and that was the most startling and beautiful realization, to know that someone wanted you as you were, not for money or power or any other stupid reason.

Jimin had changed his life. He had never asked Jungkook to change, never insisted that he do anything he didn't want to. He had just... existed as he was, perfect and sweet and lovely and Jungkook had changed himself. At first it had been the changes at work, freeing himself up to spend more time with the Omega. When he'd seen Jimin, bleeding and crying in his shabby little apartment, falling apart in front of his eyes, he'd changed again. He'd changed his life, his routines to encourage Jimin into them, opening his home to him and unknowingly his heart as well. Jimin had done so much by just being himself, like reconnecting him with his parents, all out of sheer coincidence brought on by a random act of kindness. Jimin had not asked him to change, that was true. He'd made Jungkook want to be a better man for him, someone he deserved.

And of course... there was love. His pretty boy was the one who had worked away at the door inside him that had been rusted shut by the actions of past lovers and his own fear of rejection. The Omega had carefully and gently removed those fears until the door to his heart had burst open, eager and ready to accept him inside the lonely confines, ready to have someone who would not run away from him, or make unreasonable demands on him for things he could not give. He'd fallen in love with Jimin so naturally that he couldn't say when exactly it had happened. He'd realized it that morning in the kitchen when his little one had been singing and cooking pancakes, but he'd been in love long before that, just in denial. What mattered now was what he felt in this moment, the love and adoration that swelled in him were unfathomably deep.

"Nngh... Alpha?" Jimin groaned and turned his head to look at him.

"What is it, Baby?" Jungkook answered back in a voice husky with emotion.

"Sorry... 's back..." He slurred, half asleep. "Think it's the last time... feels close."

Jungkook didn't hesitate to take control of the situation. He pulled Jimin closer against him, the Omega's back to his front. It was the work of a few moments to have his plug out and his cock pressing inside him. The heat was banked now, a low burning fire, as opposed to the raging volcano that it had been. He moved inside Jimin in slow, languid thrusts. His little one must already be so sore and he didn't want to be too rough if he didn't have to. He took his time thrusting in and out of his softness as Jimin made quiet sounds of pleasure.

One of his arms was wrapped up under Jimin's side, his large hand spanning the Omega's chest, holding him in place, the other hand on his hip doing the same. But as Jimin began to whimper, needing more stimulation to reach his orgasm, Jungkook's hand on his chest moved to touch and pinch his swollen, sensitive nipples, making him cry out and throw his head back against his shoulder. The hand on his hip slid around to the front to gently take his cock in hand and move it in time with his slow, deep thrusts. Jungkook's body ached, his balls hurt from cumming so many times and he was exhausted. But all that mattered was Jimin's needs, and Jimin needed this from him.

The Omega's body was a map of hickeys, bite marks and bruises, all courtesy of Jungkook, but his neck and shoulders were the most ravaged, covered in various colors of healing bruises. He traced his lips over the abused skin and gently nipped and sucked here and there, pulling the pleasure from inside his Omega with gentle surety until finally Jimin came with a sound like a sob. Jungkook stuttered his hips into him a few more times and came one last time. His knot hurt to form and he groaned softly against Jimin's neck at the feeling. And just like that, Jimin's heat was over. He could sense that the final wave had passed. The pheromones emanating from his Omega ceased and Jimin went totally lax in his hold as he was knotted that final time.

Jimin didn't know what to feel. He was overwhelmed. His heat drained away and he was left tired, sore and completely emotionally vulnerable. He was a wreck of epic proportions and as he felt a single soft kiss against his nape, he couldn't contain himself anymore. He burst into wild sobs with the Alpha's knot still stretching him open. Strong arms wrapped around him and he felt the Alpha's nose and lips tracing over and over his skin, coffee and chocolate bloomed across his body and wrapped around him like the best, most welcome security blanket.

"That's it, little one. It's all over now. You're alright. Everything is okay, sweetheart. My perfect Jimin. My sweet little Minnie... Jungkook is here. You're safe."

Jungkook held him until he stopped crying. His knot relaxed and he gently replaced his plug before encouraging him to roll over to face him. When Jimin was turned toward him, Jungkook used a finger to tilt his chin up so that he was looking at him. He pressed a soft kiss to his lips and nudged Jimin's little button nose with his own before pulling back.

"Th... thank you, Jungkook."

"Anything for you, little one. How are you feeling?"

"Tired. Hungry. Sore. Sticky... Perfect."

Jungkook smiled at that and kissed him again.

"How about a nice hot bath, then I'll take you downstairs and cook you some real food, then we can sleep and I'll hold you as long as you want? We'll stay here a few more days and then head home. How's that sound?"

"Heavenly."

-----

Jimin walked into the apartment and felt like he hadn't been home in ages. It had been three weeks since they'd left and it felt good to be home. To him, this place with its modern black and gray color scheme and walls of windows felt like home. This was the place where his Alpha was, where his nest was. Down the hall was Jungkook's office, where he did his work, and through the archway from the living room was the kitchen where he cooked the meals he loved to feed to his



Alpha from his own hand. Through the first door in the hall was the bedroom, where Jungkook guided him through the most painful pleasure and the place where he would hold him and praise him as he fell asleep.

Within these walls, he'd found something he'd always been looking for without even realizing it. This was his safe place. Anywhere that Jungkook was, was a safe place. Jimin was strong and independent, there was no denying that. He'd lived all alone for years and years, doing everything on his own. There was a certain safety in that, he supposed. Knowing that you could count on yourself and he still could, but it was nice to have someone to fall back on when everything became too much. He'd kept himself safe by locking away the softer parts of himself. He'd become hyper controlling of his life in every aspect, and that had protected him. When he was with Jungkook though... he could loosen that control, and he could trust that he was safe, because his Alpha would never hurt him or allow him to be hurt. He could be the "soft kitty cat" that his family joked that he was. He could be Jungkook's little one.

This apartment, so soulless looking in its dark decor, was to Jimin the most comforting of all the places in the world. Here, he'd found sexual awakening and realized that he wasn't so strange after all. He'd found an Alpha who understood his needs, someone he could trust to take over for him and let him release his worries and fears. Jungkook didn't take his control from him, he accepted the control that Jimin handed over of his own free will. He'd earned Jimin's trust and so the Omega had no compunctions in letting Jungkook take over for him. It was honestly a relief. Jimin got off of letting go and Jungkook got off on taking his control and giving him the pleasure he could get from no one else.

He'd learned love here. He'd felt it in the way Jungkook bathed and soothed him after a particularly hard session. He'd felt it in the warm, giggly mornings when Jungkook would blow raspberries against his neck and slide his warm hands up under his shirt to touch his body while they were still laughing. He'd felt it in the nights that he'd nest here and there around the apartment and Jungkook would come home and slip off his suit jacket and let himself be drawn into the warm cocoon by Jimin's petulant, summoning hands. He'd felt it when Jungkook had bought him a new nest and watched over him as he nested. He'd felt it in every touch, every kiss, every long, long night of their bodies joined together.

He only realized that he'd been standing in the living room for a prolonged time when he felt strong arms wrap around him from behind and a chin rest on top of his shoulder. Jungkook.

"You okay, sweetheart."

"Mm-hm. It's good to be home."

"Sure is."

-----

That night, Jimin cooked dinner in the comfortable little outfit that Jungkook had picked out for him. The Alpha had stripped him down and helped him change into as soon as they were home. It felt good to be back in his usual comfy at-home clothes of a white hoodie, pink ice-cream cone printed panties and white and pink thigh high socks. He cooked dinner with a big, clingy Alpha attached to his back like they were magnetized, but he didn't mind. His 'no touching in the kitchen' rule had always been doomed to fail with an Alpha like his. He made chicken teriyaki with udon noodles and fed his Alpha from his lap before cozying up with him to watch a movie.

Ordinarily, this would be the part of the night where they fell into bed together, but they were both still a bit sore. He glanced down at his exposed thighs and the myriad of hickies there. He smiled

softly to himself as he recalled their origin. Once Jimin was cleaned up and out, he'd cried at the loss of his fullness, but he knew it was necessary. Jungkook had carried him to his nest that he'd cleaned up again and then disappeared between his legs to ease the pain in his abused entrance. He'd licked and tongued at him for almost an hour before he'd declared himself satisfied. Even with the long, gentle stimulation, the most Jimin had achieved was a semi. His body was wrung out. But neither was Jungkook hard. It was not about sex, but healing. He'd eaten him out and then covered him in fresh hickeys all over his thighs and on each one of his scenting spots before curling around him to sleep. He traced them with his fingertips as he relaxed against Jungkook's chest to doze and eventually got carried off to bed.

The following day, Jungkook went back to work. The Alpha worked late almost every night, and Jimin understood. He'd made his breakthrough, gotten through the holidays and now it was time to focus on his work for a while. Jimin didn't mind. He supported his dream. He knew all too well what it was like to pursue your passion and he never minded giving Jungkook time and space to get things done that were important to him. After a few days of lazing about, Jimin was going stir crazy, and decided to visit Jungkook at work, since Jackson and Mark weren't coming back to town for another two days. He'd gotten dressed in a soft white shirt and his navy coat with his favorite cream colored hat, scarf and gloves before heading up there.

The security guards greeted him as he entered and he returned it with a smile and wave before heading up to the sixteenth floor. He walked to Jungkook's office and hesitated outside the door as he realized his Alpha was busy. He and the familiar group of Alphas and Betas that he'd met before were sitting around a conference table, looking at a projector that was showing things that Jimin had no idea what the hell it was. It looked to him like something from a science fiction movie. He shifted his weight from foot to foot for a few moments before he decided that he'd best not interrupt them. Just as he turned to leave, a voice called his name.

"Jimin?" He turned to see that everyone was looking at him and felt his cheeks warm.

"I'm sorry. I didn't know you'd be busy. I'll just..." He pointed back toward the elevators, but Jungkook was already up and walking over to him.

When the Alpha reached him, he wrapped an arm around his waist and pulled him close for a kiss.

"What's up, Baby? You okay?"

"Yes, of course. I was just... bored. I thought I'd come see you, but you're busy, so it's okay."

From behind Jungkook Jimin could hear a voice full of laughter call out.

"Why don't you stay for lunch? It's supposed to arrive soon. We could all use a break, right Kook?"

The Alpha smiled as he looked at Jimin.

"Yeah, you should stay to eat. I haven't got to see you much the last few days and I almost don't even smell like vanilla anymore."

"Oh, a true travesty." Jimin said with a smile of his own, lifting up on his toes to scent his Alpha.

"It really is. So, come on in, little one."

Jungkook pulled Jimin into the room and the Omega waved at the semi-strangers who were watching them with cheshire cat grins that only widened when Jungkook pulled off his winter wear and guided him into his lap at the conference table. Jimin knew his face was red, but he didn't

mind sitting like this with Jungkook.

“So, Jimin... what do you do? Jungkook is a stingy brat and won't share any details about you at all.” Hoseok asked, leaning forward to lean his elbows on the table.

“I'm a culinary student. I'm hoping to open a restaurant after I graduate.”

“A chef. That's interesting. And how did you meet Jungkook?”

Just as Jimin was about to answer, the phone on the other end of the conference table beeped.

“Mr. Jeon, there is a food delivery here for the sixteenth floor.” A smooth female voice announced politely.

“Thank you. Have security escort them up.”

Conversation was left off briefly in the scramble to get food set out and plates and chopsticks for everyone, but before long they were all set up and Jimin didn't hesitate to do as he always did and feed his Alpha, picking out things he knew he liked and offering him little bites that he often chased with kisses and when Jimin fed himself, Jungkook nosed into his neck, bathing himself in Jimin's vanilla scent. They talked and answered questions about how they met and about themselves as a couple as well as Jimin individually. Jungkook let Jimin answer mostly, too intent on cuddling him and touching his soft skin.

“You two are so revolting.” BamBam said as he leaned his elbow on the table and put his chin in his hand. “I love it. We never get to tease Kook because he's Mr. Discretion, but this is everything I've ever wanted.”

Jungkook picked up a crumpled chopstick wrapper and threw it at BamBam.

“Brat. Why don't you worry about what we're eating for dinner, it's your turn to choose next time.”

Beside him Yugyeom groaned.

“Ugh... What I wouldn't do for a home cooked meal. I'm so sick of takeout.”

“Have you guys been eating takeout for all your meals?” Jimin asked with a gasp.

“Yeah, and it's gotten old real damn quick.”

“Why don't I make you guys dinner and bring it up here?” Jimin offered with a huge smile.

“You don't have to do that, Jimin. I'm sure you want to enjoy your vacation before you go back to school.” Eunwoo added kindly.

“No way! I came up here because I was so bored. I'd love to cook for you all.” Jimin looked to Jungkook and employed his ultimate weapon. The big, shining, pleading eyes. “Kookie?” Jimin asked cutely, lip puffing out.

Jungkook melted instantly.

“If that's what you want to do, then I'll give you my card.” Jungkook said pulling his wallet out and offering Jimin the black card.

Jimin clapped and snatched the card from his hand before kissing him hard on the mouth and

giggling as he jumped up and snatched up all his things. He rushed out of the office with a wave and a call of, “I’ll be back at dinnertime!”

As soon as they heard the elevator close, BamBam burst into laughter along with Yugyeom and Mingyu. Eunwoo and Hobi were more polite and tried to stifle their laughter behind their hands.

“Oh my god! You’re so fucking whipped!” BamBam practically screamed, which made Jungkook thankful that there was no one else on this floor.

“He gave you that pouty look and you just... gave in instantly. Oh my god... you’re in love! KooKoo is in love! I want to dance on tablespots and scream from the corners!”

“So...” Mingyu said, still bubbling with laughter. “When is the mating ceremony?”

“Soon if I have any say in the matter.” Jungkook said, which shut them all up and left them gaping.

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Jimin was over the moon as he drove to the grocery store near their house and loaded up a cart with enough groceries to make half a dozen dishes and side dishes. He also picked up as many insulated food carriers as they had and several big thermoses made for transporting soup. Disposable plates and chopsticks. He checked out and swiped Jungkook’s card with a smile before rushing home to get started. He happily spent his afternoon making enough food for an army, music playing in the background, he cooked jjajangmyeon, bulgogi and doenjang jjigae (which he put in the large thermoses). He made white rice and used some to make kimchi fried rice, as well as storing the remaining kimchi. He cooked up gamja jorim and spicy tofu. He chopped vegetables and prepared so much food that he had a hard time carrying it all down to the garage when time came to head back to the company. It was a feast.

It had taken him all afternoon, but he was proud of his handiwork, and as he struggled through the door, just at closing time, the guards offered to help him, but he waved them off as he headed for the elevators. He struggled his keycard out and scanned his pass to the 16th floor and leaned down to let the immense weight rest on the floor of the elevator while he was lifted upward.

Once he arrived, he carried everything back to Jungkook’s office where the group was still gathered. His arms were ready to give out, but he had a huge smile stretching his cheeks as he stepped into the doorway.

“Who’s hungry?”

In moments, his burden was being taken by helping hands, and as soon as he was free of the bags, Jungkook was there, pressing a kiss to his lips and smoothing a hand through his hair.

“Wow, Baby. You made a lot.”

“You are all working hard. I want you to have something to keep your energy up. Come on, let’s eat.”

Jimin helped set out all the containers and handed out plates and chopsticks to the group who all thanked him wholeheartedly before digging in. As they ate, they showered the Omega in compliments on the excellence of the food and his talent as a chef. Jimin shyly accepted their praise and encouraged them to eat more. They cleared a truly impressive amount of food and once everyone was sitting back in their seats Mingyu was the first to speak.

“I don’t know what black magic you had to use to get him to date you, but you are so undeserving,

Kook.”

“Hey! I’m a catch!” Jungkook defended with a laugh as Jimin gasped.

“No! No he isn’t! He’s the best. Really.”

“Have you tasted your cooking? No mere mortal deserves this.” Yugyeom said and got a round of agreeing noises.

Jimin laughed and bounced in Jungkook’s lap.

“I can cook dinner for you all again tomorrow, too!”

“Are you sure you want to do that, Baby? You don’t have to.”

“Shut the fuck up, Kook! You have a lifetime of amazing food to look forward to, let us bask in the reflected glory of your domestic bliss.” BamBam cut in.

“I’d love to! Do you all like italian?”

“Oh my god, you’re an actual angel.” Hoseok sighed, making Jimin giggle again and wiggle joyfully in Jungkook’s hold.

“He sure is.” Jungkook added in as he kissed Jimin’s cheek, making him preen at the attention.

-----

Jimin cooked dinners for the group of workers over the next days, supporting Jungkook as best he could from the sidelines. The Alpha hadn’t made it home before 10:00 PM a single night, and Jimin always greeted him warmly when he crawled into the nest to sleep, wrapping around him and scenting him on the edge of waking as he asked him how work had gone. Some days were good, and others were frustrating as they got stuck on this or that little issue. Sometimes Jimin was just a sympathetic ear, and other nights, he let the Alpha vent his frustrations through sex, allowing him to let go of the real world and focus on taking over for Jimin, falling into his domspace and forgetting about work and real life for a while and letting Jimin be the sole focus of his entire world.

The Omega always smiled so sweetly at him as he offered his wrists for cuffing and his neck for collaring. He gave himself over to Jungkook and allowed himself to be guided through every kind of pleasure. It was exactly the release that Jungkook needed, and if possible he fell even more in love with his perfect vanilla baby. Even if he was on the verge of sleep, Jimin eased into his subspace and handed himself over with a willingness that belied the trust he held for him. Their days passed just like that as the time neared for Jimin to return to school and Jungkook’s designs neared their final stages.

It was a day like all his recent ones. Jimin went to the store to pick up groceries for that evening’s meal. Jungkook had said that he was sure they would have the final draft of the design ready that night so they could submit all their patents and get the ball rolling on product testing, marketing and once their manufacturer was up and running, production. Jimin was planning out his meal, today was going to be French cuisine, his favorite kind to make. Though he was sad that he couldn’t pair wine with it, since the guys had to work. He’d come to like them a lot as he got to know them better, eating meals that he cooked with them and listening to their banter and ribbing of each other. He liked how boyish Jungkook was with them, more playful and childlike than usual. Jimin was loading his groceries into his trunk when he heard his name from behind him, a call.

“Park Jimin?”

He turned and looked toward the source. Two Alphas, one medium height and slender with slicked back black hair, and one slightly larger and bulkier with a shaved head and bulging muscles, walked over toward him and Jimin’s hackles raised, pushing him into fight or flight mode. His inner wolf did not like the aura that the pair were exuding. Their black suits were crisp and by all appearances they looked like perfectly ordinary businessmen, but there was something that seemed a bit off. He couldn’t put his finger on it, but his wolf was hyper aware inside him and screaming that these two were a threat. Jimin closed his trunk and stepped away as he looked toward the cart return. His instincts told him to push the cart at the strangers and get in so he could drive away as fast as possible. There was danger here and he was the target. He subtly positioned his keys in his hand to use as a weapon if necessary, just like he’d been taught in self-defense class.

“Who are you?” Jimin asked, making sure to keep the tremble from his voice.

It was the smaller of the two that seemed to be in charge, and he spoke to him. He had an oily, unctuous voice that made him uneasy.

“We’re simply interested in you and your relationship with Jeon Jungkook.”

“Wh-what about it?” Jimin cursed himself internally for stammering and showing fear, but they were a lot bigger and stronger than him.

“We are what you would call, middle men. Someone wants something and we get sent to get it for them, and what we want, we think YOU can get for us.”

“I’m not interested in whatever you’re doing, so please leave me alone.” Jimin said and tried to push his cart toward the return.

The larger of the two, who appeared to be ‘the muscle’ stopped his cart with his hand.

“See, you haven’t even heard our offer. That’s a bit rude, isn’t it? You wouldn’t want to be rude and anger my friend here, would you?”

Jimin glanced at the hulking Alpha whose huge hands looked like they could wrap all the way around Jimin’s slender neck and touch fingers on the other side. He gulped, sudden fear racing up his spine and changing his scent, adding the tang of metal to it. The speaker seemed to sense his state and smiled at him cruelly.

“That’s much better.” He sneered at him.

“Who are you?” Jimin asked.

“Call me, Mr. A and you can call my friend here, Mr. B.” Jimin didn’t know what to do, he was terrified. This was like a scene out of some action drama and he didn’t know what was the right move, what would keep him from being hurt. He tried to remain calm. Panic would only make things worse. “As I was saying, I’m here to make you an offer.”

“What kind of offer?”

“The kind you can’t refuse.” He pulled a little plastic baggie out of his pocket with what looked like an external harddrive inside it. “My employer wants to pay you two million dollars, and all you have to do is plug this into Jeon Jungkook’s computer and wait five minutes, then remove it and call the number on the card inside the baggie and I’ll arrange to pick it up from you. Easy peasy for such a large sum, no?”

“I’m sorry... I’m not interested. I won’t betray Jungkook.” Jimin said firmly, trying to push his cart forward again.

“They all say that, but money and fear are great motivators. Think about it. Two million dollars... that’s a lot of money.”

“I don’t care how much money you offer me, my answer is no.”

“We found you once and we’ll come back and find you again. Or maybe we’ll find out who your friends are, your family.”

“Fuck you. Stay away from my family you lowlife bastards!” Jimin hissed.

A hand snatched out and wrapped around his neck. He was surprised it was the smaller Alpha. He pulled him closer and growled warningly, close to his face. Jimin was still scared, but now he was pissed as his air was cut off and his neck ached and throbbed from the harsh hold around it. They’d talked about his family, and that was so far beyond the line. He tried to struggle away, but the hand on his neck was too strong and it only hurt him worse to struggle. The baggie with the external drive in it was shoved into his jacket pocket with a harsh thrust.

“Now, listen up here you little bitch. Do what you’re told or we will be back for you, and next time you won’t just get a threat. Copy the files or you’ll pay.”

Jimin was more angry than he could ever remember being in all his life. Rage burst through him like pure lava, and he glared at the man whose hand was squeezing his neck so hard he was sure there would be a bruise in the shape of his hand. He was certain that they were expecting him to cower and beg. He was an Omega after all, and he was sure they did not expect him to be strong and stubborn, despite his fear. But fuck stereotypes. He was Park Jimin, Omega badass and these assholes would not threaten him into backing down.

“No.” Jimin wheezed.

He wasn’t expecting the hit, though he probably should have been and as a hard backhand made contact with his cheek, he released a shrieking distress call that was quickly cut off by the squeezing hand. Jimin glared at the Alpha as he felt blood leaking from a split lip and flooding the inside of his mouth. Jimin clenched his hand around the keys in his grip. He moved as fast and with as much force as he could. He jammed the keys upward and caught the Alpha holding him across one whole side of his face, causing blood to spurt from the gash that ran from his forehead down his cheek and to his jaw. His grip released and Jimin was splattered with blood. He shoved the first Alpha with as much force as he could into the second, causing them both to fall to the ground and he ran like hell, no time to get into his car, he bolted for the ramp that led out to the street.

Jimin heard shouting behind him, but he was only focused on getting away. Danger was behind him and there was only one safe place. He knew he looked insane, covered in blood, with more running down his chin and neck from his split lips and the cut inside his mouth that sent little flecks of blood flying and splattering against his chin and neck and even farther down on his cream-colored cashmere coat that Jungkook had bought him. He didn’t stop moving. He ran as fast and hard as he could toward the entrance to the subway and slammed his wallet that held his pass down on the reader, forcing his way through and he jumped onto the train that was in the station, doors open. He rushed inside and looked behind him, toward the stairs, but he could see no signs of pursuit as the doors slid closed with a chime.

## Chapter End Notes

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# Care

## Chapter Summary

Jimin finds his safe place and gets the care he needs.

## Chapter Notes

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

Jimin looked at the train info on the little lighted display to see what train he was on. He realized with relief that this was actually the very train he needed. He collapsed into a seat on the mostly empty train car. The other riders were either ignoring him completely or shooting looks at him like he might get up and attack them, which to be fair, made sense. He was after all covered in blood. He'd left his hat scarf and gloves in his car before heading into the grocery store. He tried to wipe off what he could with his hands, but he was pretty sure he was only making it worse and eventually gave up. He was only a few stops away from the station near Jungkook's office and he was desperate to get there. His knee was bouncing and his heart was still pitter-pattering wildly in his chest. His bloody fingers tapped against his knee as he waited to arrive at his stop.

His adrenaline was still burning through his system, but now that the danger had passed, he was shaky and the fear he'd tamped down was returning in full force, making him want for Jungkook. His Alpha was safe. The only safe place was with him. Inside him, Jimin's wolf was going wild, needing its Alpha to hold him and scent him until all the fear was gone. His Omega also demanded retribution against those who had hurt him and threatened his Alpha. It was unacceptable. He was already at the door before they even stopped and the second the doors were open, Jimin was shoving through the gap and racing out of the station and up onto the street again. He ran headlong to the Cypher Tech building and didn't stop to greet the guards. They called after him, but he ignored them. They were not Jungkook. He slapped the button to call the elevator and thanked the gods above that one was on the ground floor. He entered and scanned his pass for the 16th floor, zooming upward.

As soon as the doors opened, he stumbled out of the elevator and into the familiar surroundings of his Alpha's office area. The pale gray walls and black tile did nothing to assuage his fear and anxiety. Only Jungkook could be trusted, and he needed him now more than ever. His Alpha would know what to do, how to keep his family and friends safe.

"J-Jungkook?!" Jimin called out, his voice quiet, husky and weak from the abuse his throat had taken, and he called again, but his voice was barely there and as he tried to hold back his tears, his throat ached and he released a high, pleading note of distress. "Alpha..?" Jimin begged softly as he stumbled down the hallway toward Jungkook's office.

Familiar figures appeared in the doorways he passed, and he could vaguely hear them talking to

him, calling after him, but he had no mind for anything but getting to Jungkook. His ears felt like they were stuffed with cotton, his eyes tunneled in ahead of him, his mouth metallic with the taste of blood. His pain felt somehow dulled, probably by the residual adrenaline in his system. He weaved his way forward, staggering like a drunk, but he made it to Jungkook's office... only to find it empty. He let out a sob. Where was he? He needed to be HERE, right now. A hand came to rest on his shoulder and Jimin yelped and turned so fast that his spinning head almost made him lose his balance and topple over, but the same hand steadied him. He pulled away instinctively. It was Hoseok, and though he was not afraid of him, he wasn't Jungkook.

"Jimin... what happened to you?"

"I-I... need Jungkook.... Where is my Alpha?" Jimin asked, stepping back again, moving farther from the group of Alphas and Betas as he backed into Jungkook's office.

"He's upstairs." Hobi turned to address his coworkers, "Eunwoo, go call Jungkook down. Now."

Eunwoo raced off into the nearest office without a word and there was a short quiet where only his frantic voice could be heard, and then he was back.

"He's coming."

Jimin let out another little sob, but as BamBam stepped forward to reach out to him, he cringed back, retreating farther into Jungkook's space. They stood there, Jimin still steadily bleeding from his mouth as it ran down his chin and neck, soaking into the fabric of his shirt and coat as the others watched on helplessly. The elevator dinged an arrival and everyone looked down the hall as running footsteps approached and Jimin could not see from inside Jungkook's office, but he knew. His Alpha had come for him.

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When Jungkook woke that morning, he'd been in a very good mood. He'd surfaced from sleep to the feel of Jimin against his body as he silenced his alarm. The Omega rolled around in his embrace and nuzzled into his chest with a little huff at being woken up early. But as he carded his fingers through his messy blond hair, the Omega purred and turned into his touch, pleased with the attention.

"Morning, Baby."

"No."

"No?"

"No. I don't want it to be morning."

"Oh? Even if I were to..."

Jungkook trailed off as he pushed Jimin onto his back and slid down his body to part his legs and nuzzle at the soft cotton of his panties. Jimin sighed in quiet pleasure at the scent of coffee and dark chocolate that rose up his body. He reached a hand down and palmed the back of the Alpha's head, encouraging him with a soft moan.

"Oh... well, if you put it that way..."

Jungkook laughed at how easy his little one was to bring around. He would never get tired of these mornings with him. He spent a good, long while licking and sucking at his Omega's sweetness

before Jimin lost patience and pulled him up by the hair so he could roll them over and ride him into a quivering, morning orgasm before Jungkook had to shower and get ready to work. As he looked at the Omega tangled in the sheets, he realized that it was finally time. As soon as he was done with these late nights, he was going to take Jimin out for an obscenely expensive dinner date, confess his love and ask him to be his mate. He could wait no longer. He couldn't stand the sight of that smooth, unmarked neck that should be adorned with his bite mark, claiming him as his own.

His morning was spent in his office with his team, going over every detail of the design, needing it to be perfect for the patent filings. He knew that the full review would take all day and possibly into the night, but his team would be well with the normal delivery of amazing food, courtesy of his Omega. A little before lunch, his phone buzzed on the conference table and he looked to see a text from Yoongi.

Yoongi: Hey. Come see me in my office.

“Alright guys, I'm needed upstairs for a bit. Let's get out of this conference room for a bit, yeah?” Jungkook said as he stretched his arms up and twisted his body to pop his back.

“Oh thank the gods.” BamBam groaned from his chair. “If I have to look at these for five more minutes I'm going to lose my mind.”

Jungkook dismissed them to their own work for a while and headed up to see Yoongi. He walked through the familiar hallways of the top floor with a small smile. He recalled years of walking back and forth from his office, miserable and grumpy all the time. What a different man he'd been then. He knocked at Yoongi's door and entered when he called out.

“Kook, come on in.”

“What's up?” Jungkook asked as he settled in the chair across from his friend.

“Couple of things actually. Firstly, they've scheduled a trial date for the embezzling case. It's next month and our lawyers are confident that it will end favorably.”

“Great. One less thing to worry about.”

“Indeed. I was also wondering if you've seen the news? You're quite the sensation since our interview.”

“Oh? What does that mean?” Jungkook asked, raising a brow and folding his hands over his stomach as he relaxed into the chair, crossing his ankle over his knee.

“Well, there are two schools of thought on that. There are the actually informative articles that are speculating about this amazing new technology that you're going to reveal, then you've got the gossip rags talking about how 'Korea's most eligible bachelor' is finally taken. I think you really broke some hearts with that one.”

“So sad.” Jungkook said with a laugh.

“Speaking of your love life... why did I, your best friend have to hear about your plan to ask Jimin to mate with you, through Hobi?” Yoongi asked, looking offended.

“Ah... that.”

“Yes. That.”

“Well, I’ve been busy, but after spending the holidays together and his heat... Fuck, Yoongs... I’m in love with him.”

“You finally admitted it to yourself. Bravo. That Omega has had you wrapped around his finger since day one. Literally anyone who has ever seen you together could tell that you’re so fucking whipped.”

Jungkook would have denied it to anyone else, but this was Yoongi and he was his best friend who knew him better than anyone.

“Gods... I’m so fucking whipped.”

“Yeah, I’ve been telling you since-” Yoongi started, but was cut off as his phone beeped and Eunwoo’s frantic voice started to speak.

“Is Jungkook in there with you?”

“Yeah, Woo, I’m here. What’s up?”

“It’s Jimin... he just got here and fuck... Kook he’s crying and covered in blood. Get down here, he’s asking for you.”

In that moment, it felt like Jungkook’s world was flipped upside down. His Jimin... his little one... covered in blood... crying. His heart leapt into his throat and he was moving at once, up out of his seat and yanking open the door of Yoongi’s office with so much force he almost ripped the thing right off. Behind him he distantly heard Yoongi answering, but he was already running as fast as he could toward the elevators. There were footsteps behind him, but he didn’t care. He slapped the button for the elevator and started to pace back and forth in front of them, growling like a feral beast as the spicy scent of rage, mixed with the smoke of distress rolled off him in waves. Yoongi appeared beside him, but he didn’t acknowledge his presence at all, and his best friend seemed smart enough not to talk to him before he’d seen Jimin.

“What the fuck is taking so long?” Jungkook snarled as he paced. “Fuck it. I’m taking the stairs.”

“Kook. You’re fast, but the elevator is faster. That’s a lot of stairs. This will get you to Jimin sooner.”

Jungkook growled, but he didn’t head for the stairs. He paced back and forth, a steady growl rumbling from him until the doors opened and he slapped the button for sixteen. The thing chimed a negative to him and he growled, but Yoongi reached his badge forward and swiped it, hitting the button again and the doors closed. In his anger he’d forgotten security. There was nothing inside him but the overwhelming need to get to where Jimin was and make sure his Omega was okay. He paced again in the confines of the elevator, as it descended and the second that the doors parted, he was shoving his way through and running toward the little crowd at the end of the hallway. He could smell vanilla bean, smoke, metal and... blood.

His friends and coworkers moved out of his way instantly and then, he saw him. His little one, his perfect vanilla baby and his whole existence zeroed in on him. Blood was everywhere. His blond hair was a mess, streaks and splatters of gore seemed dried into it in places, his face looked like it had been sprayed with blood, his mouth was swollen on one side, and his whole face from the nose down was coated in streaks of blood. The whole front of his shirt and cream cashmere coat down to his chest were soaked in crimson from the still bleeding mouth. There were more splatters of blood on his coat and his hands were red. Tears trailed through the blood on his face and the instant that their eyes met, Jimin burst forward with a distress cry, more tears pouring from his eyes as he

dissolved into sobs.

The instant that Jimin saw Jungkook and his gray eyes met horror-struck chocolate ones, all his fragile strength disappeared. He'd been holding himself up by sheer force of will, but now that his Alpha was here, he finally fell apart. He couldn't stop the distress call that shivered from his aching throat hoarsely before the crying overtook him. His knees wobbled and gave out beneath him, but Jungkook was there before he could hit the floor. The Alpha swept him up into his arms and carried him farther into the office until he could sit on the little leather couch with Jimin in his hold, still sobbing wildly, the sounds less like sobs and more like husky squeaks as they tried to escape his abused throat.

"Baby... fuck... Baby... what the fuck? Who did this to you?" Jungkook asked in a shaky voice, close to tears himself. Jimin was too upset to talk, so Jungkook turned to the little crowd that had followed them into the office, but were keeping a bit of distance until Jungkook gave his permission to come closer. He spoke to them with more strength. "Eunwoo, call the police. Yoongi, lawyers. Hobi, get me a first aid kit. BamBam, get me some wet paper towels." He commanded.

Everyone ran off to do what they were told, except Yoongi who stepped forward. Jungkook growled at him warningly, gathering Jimin closer as he continued to sob into his neck.

"Kook, I know you want to clean him up and heal him, but we need to take pictures for the cops first and preferably a video of what he looks like now."

Jungkook snarled at him, baring his teeth like an animal, ready to attack.

"No."

"Jungkook, listen. The police are going to need-" Yoongi tried again, stepping closer, and Jungkook growled louder.

"Get. Away. From. Him."

"Alpha..." Jimin croaked quietly against his neck and Jungkook stilled, going quiet to listen to him, but Jimin seemed unable to speak.

"I'm sorry, little one. Are you okay? Did I scare you?"

"N-no... but Yoongi is right." He leaned back from Jungkook's neck and sniffled, looking at his Alpha. "Let him take my picture."

Jungkook looked deep into Jimin's eyes for a moment, then glanced to Yoongi and nodded. The other Alpha stepped forward and Jungkook watched every move he made with eagle eyed observation. Yoongi pulled out his cell phone and took several pictures of Jimin's bloody, abused face and a couple of videos, asking Jimin to turn his face to the sides. Jungkook hated every second of what was happening. He could feel Jimin shaking in his hold and he wanted to know who had done this so he could find them and rip their heads off with his bare hands.

As soon as Yoongi stepped away, BamBam was there, offering a stack of wet paper towels and Hobi set the first aid kit next to him. He heard Eunwoo say something about the police coming, but his focus was on Jimin, whose sobs had dissolved to quiet hiccups. He took a paper towel and gently started to wipe away the blood on his cheeks and chin. Now that the Omega was a little calmer, he started to speak, voice husky and thick.

"Jungkook... there were two men, they asked me to do something... spy on you. I told them no

and they got angry. You have to be careful!” Jimin insisted. He reached a hand into his pocket and pulled out the baggie with the device they'd given him and showed him. “They made me take this and said to put it in your computer. They threatened my friends and family... then they said they'd come back for me...”

Jimin gave a little hiccup of a surprise as Jungkook growled.

“They aren't coming anywhere near you ever again.”

Hobi stepped forward and pointed to the device in Jimin's hand.

“Can I see that?”

Jimin handed it over and the group gathered around it as Jungkook focused on cleaning the blood off of Jimin's face, being careful around his cuts. Jimin kept talking, even though his throat hurt and his mouth was a riot of pain, swollen on one side and cut on the inside.

“I was leaving the store and they came to me when I was putting away the groceries in the trunk. They knew my name and they said that they were interested in you and that I could get them what they wanted and they offered me money. They said their client would pay me two million dollars to plug that into your computer and let it do... whatever for five minutes and then I was supposed to call the number on the card when I was done. I told them no and... AH! Ow...ow... stop...” Jimin whimpered as Jungkook wiped his neck.

Jimin wrapped his small hand around Jungkook's wrist and pushed his hand away. The Alpha looked startled and he whined lowly at the reaction from his Omega pushing him away.

“One of them... he grabbed me by the neck... he kept choking me and I couldn't breathe... and then he hit me and I used my keys and cut his face before pushing him into the other one and I ran... Alpha... I was so scared...” Jimin curled into himself, as if ashamed to admit that he'd felt fear.

Jungkook's stomach was like a hollow pit of despair as he listened to what Jimin was saying. They'd hurt him over Jungkook's work. His mind replayed Yoongi's words about the speculation over his new product. If only he'd kept his big mouth shut in that interview, this never would have happened. He was certain that it was a rival company performing corporate espionage. Too bad that they were stupid enough to come after his little one. When he found out who did this, he was going to decimate every single thing that they had until they had nothing left and then let them rot in prison.

His hands were shaking as he raised the paper towel to wipe at Jimin's neck, needing to see what was hidden beneath the blood, even though he knew it was going to devastate him. Eunwoo stepped forward and gently stopped his wrist. He blinked and looked to the Beta who was kneeling on the floor next to them. Only then did he realize he was crying. He felt the wetness of his lashes, the warm drops that ran down his cheeks. He was not ashamed, but surprised. He felt so much in that moment it was almost like numbness, too much to process beyond his need to see what had happened to his Omega.

“Kook, here. Use this instead. You won't have to press as hard.”

He watched as Eunwoo took a dry paper towel and folded it into a neat square before pouring rubbing alcohol on it. Jungkook took it and gently wiped at Jimin's neck. Every wince, every small sound of pain sliced through him like a sword, piercing through his heart. But he was also murderously angry. Every inch of skin that he revealed held new horrors, whether it was a pained

whimper from Jimin's lips, or more of the rapidly forming bruises on the Omega's neck in the clear shape of a hand. Inside him, his wolf was howling for justice, for blood to repay that which had been spilled by their Omega. This was unbearable.

Jungkook cleared away as much of the blood as he could and what he revealed made his heart shatter and his blood turn to ice. A large, dark handprint around Jimin's neck. It was unmistakable, that's what it was. Everyone was frozen, a few of them made noises of anger or disgust. Jimin's fingers reached up and gently probed it, making him wince and Jungkook growled. The Omega looked at him and reached to touch his face, until he seemed to realize his hands were still covered in blood. He froze as he looked down at his red hands and his whole body trembled.

"Baby..?" Jungkook whispered as Jimin started to shake violently in his hold.

"Off... get it off!" Jimin whimpered as he started to scrub his hands on the front of his coat frantically, but that only made him realize how much blood was on his clothes.

Jimin stood from Jungkook's lap on shaking legs to struggle out of his coat and shirts that were splattered with blood. His keys fell out of his pocket and hit the floor with a slightly wet clink of metal on metal. He ripped at his clothes until he was only in his jeans and shoes, standing in the midst of the crowded office, chest heaving, half-naked. Jungkook stood and growled at the others, who respectfully turned their backs and moved farther away from the distressed Omega. He moved to stand between Jimin and the others, blocking him from their view and gently wrapping an arm around him.

"Shh... it's okay, little one."

"Alpha... get it off. I don't want his blood on me."

Jungkook reached for one of the wet cloths on the couch to wipe him clean, but before he could start to wipe the drying blood away, an unfamiliar voice from behind him stopped him.

"Don't!"

Jungkook instantly went back into hyper protective mode, ready to defend his Omega. He turned and saw a group of officers led by someone who was obviously a detective as he wasn't in uniform, but rather wearing black slacks and a white button up. He had a detective shield on his chest and a countenance of grim determination that gave the impression of a seasoned investigator. Jungkook was not really aware of any of that. His focus was on keeping Jimin safe, even from these officers and he had his Omega held against his body, his own back mostly to the room to shield him from harm and to conceal his partial nudity from view.

With Jungkook consumed with Jimin, Yoongi took the initiative to speak for him.

"Min Yoongi, co-owner of the company. These are some of our employees." He named them off before indicating to the pair behind them. "That's Jeon Jungkook the other owner and the Omega in his hold is Park Jimin, who was the victim of an attack."

"Detective Choi Siwon." He reached out and shook with Yoongi. "I'd like to talk to Mr. Park first and foremost, and get some swabs of his hands before you wipe them clean."

He stepped forward and Jungkook only squeezed Jimin closer, letting out a low, threatening growl.

"Jungkook, he needs to talk to Jimin." Yoongi said rationally.

"Only if Jimin wants it." He snarled back and then growled louder as he looked at the detective.

“Look away. He isn’t dressed.” The threat in his voice was clear.

“Where do you keep your spare suit? I know you have one here.” Yoongi replied, ignoring Jungkook’s threatening tone. Jungkook nodded toward the long cabinet in the corner. “Alright. I’ll get your spare shirt for Jimin and then you HAVE to let the detective talk to him. Alright?”

“Jimin? Is that alright with you?” The Alpha asked the Omega in his hold, voice changing to a soft, reassuring almost whisper.

“Yeah.” Jimin said with a nod.

Yoongi went to the cabinet where he retrieved the shirt and quickly handed it over to Jungkook, purposely keeping his gaze averted from Jimin. The Alpha snatched the shirt and helped his Omega into it, rolling the sleeves up to his elbows on the overlarge shirt. He petted Jimin’s blond hair and kissed his forehead, not wanting to touch his still busted lip. He hadn’t even been able to heal him yet and he was growing more agitated by the second with all the onlookers to his Omega’s distress and pain.

“Alright, Baby. They need to swab your hands. Is that alright?”

Jimin nodded and Jungkook maneuvered them back to the couch, positioning Jimin in his lap and giving the detective a nod. He came forward with an officer carrying a little case that he opened to reveal an array of little baggies and swabs, small evidence jars and labels. Jungkook watched the detective and officer like a hawk as they swabbed Jimin’s hands in several places and his Omega was quiet and still during the whole proceeding, so he matched his energy and held in the disgruntled noises he wanted to make each time Jimin’s hands were touched. He honestly didn’t want anyone near his little one in that moment, but his rational side told him that he needed to allow them to do this. Because the ones who hurt his Omega would pay and he would not get in the way, no matter how hard it was. When they were done, Jungkook grabbed wet paper towels and started to clean the Omega’s hands.

Jimin spoke, but he could tell it was aimed at the detective.

“There’s more blood on my coat and shirt. You can take those. And on my keys... I used it to cut his face. His blood must be on them.”

His voice was still hoarse and weak and Jungkook was aching at the knowledge that it wasn’t tears that had made his voice that way, but the dark handprint bruise. He could picture a hand there, squeezing Jimin’s neck and it awakened something dark inside him, the animal half of him howled at the despair of the image and he needed to heal his Omega.

He watched as they bagged the clothing and keys in evidence bags and a camera was produced. Jungkook growled at all the invasion that his Omega was enduring, but Jimin just leaned his forehead against him and whispered a soft, “It’s okay. Let them.” and that was all it took to get him to give in. They took pictures of Jimin’s face and neck, but when the detective told him to open his mouth, Jungkook actually snapped at him with his teeth like a dog, growling and squeezing Jimin harder, until the Omega gave a little wheeze from the tightness of the embrace and he loosened his hold. Jimin soothed him again and opened his mouth to let them see the cut inside from his teeth.

“Alright. Thank you, Mr. Park. Now, I just need to get your statement.”

“No.” Jungkook rumbled menacingly. “Everyone out.”

“Sir? We need to get his state-”



“Not until I heal him. And none of you are to watch. Get. Out.”

“Ah... I see. We'll wait outside until you're ready.”

Everyone left and Jungkook knew they were just outside the door, but he also knew that his office was soundproofed. The moment they were alone, he turned every ounce of his attention to the Omega in his hold, brushing his hair back and gently running the back of his knuckles over the unbruised side of his face and down his neck, caressing his scent gland with a feather soft touch.

“Jimin, are you okay?”

“Not really.” He whispered, turning his face to push into Jungkook's palm, but he whimpered when his swollen lip accidentally brushed the rough pad of Jungkook's thumb.

“Fuck... Baby, come here. Let me see inside your mouth.” Jungkook whispered and maneuvered Jimin to straddle him, so he could see his face more directly.

Jungkook took Jimin's chin in a gentle hold and encouraged him to open his mouth. The Omega did and Jungkook tenderly pushed his lip to the side to see the deep gashes inside his cheek and lip from his teeth cutting into it when he was struck. The Alpha whined in sympathy, not wasting any more time on words, he gathered saliva in his mouth. He turned his head and slid his tongue into Jimin's blood-filled mouth. The taste was both sweet and metallic, but all he could focus on was making sure not to hurt him more. He was as easy with his little one as he could be, sliding his tongue in and out of the small space between his teeth and cheek, licking away the blood and pushing his own healing saliva into Jimin's mouth until he could no longer feel the ragged tears of the edges of flesh. He finally pulled back and used a finger to push his lip aside and examine the spot. The wounds were sealed.

He examined the split lip and was irresistibly reminded of coming to Jimin's school and finding him in a similar state. At least then the one who had hit him was a spoiled, weak brat... but this was clearly the blow from a strong, controlled individual, experienced with violence. He pulled the puffy swollen lip into his mouth and sucked and laved his tongue over it with as much gentleness as he could. He took his time, not caring if the group outside the door had to wait all fucking night. He'd heal his Omega in his own time, and let him be soothed. When he finally pulled back and examined Jimin's pretty pout, there was still a bit of swelling on one side, but he looked much better.

Jungkook thought this was something that normally would have aroused him, healing his Omega. But this was no small cut from a kitchen knife or an accidental hurt. It was the deliberate abuse of someone who was after HIM. His stomach was tight, his heart aching as he looked at Jimin, still streaked and spattered here and there with blood. He hated it. He would give anything to take this from him, to carry it for him, but all he could do was comfort him... and get revenge.

“I will find out who did this to you. I will find out who sent them and I will burn to the ground everything that they hold dear. I promise you. I will avenge what has happened to you because of me, my Omega.”

Jimin's eyes filled with tears and he just wanted to be home, in their bed with Jungkook firmly wrapped around him. But as he heard those words, he shook his head.

“It was not your fault, Alpha. You didn't do anything wrong. They are the ones who hurt me.” Jimin reached up and smoothed soft fingertips over the furrowed brow and the stern frowning lips. “You healed me. I'm okay now. No one can hurt me if I'm with you.” Jimin husked, his throat still aching and it was hard to speak.

“I won’t let anyone hurt you again.” Jungkook promised. “Does it hurt anywhere else?”

“Just my throat, but I don’t think anything can be done there.”

Jungkook used his thumbs to tilt Jimin’s jaw upward so he could see his neck. He hissed in a breath through his teeth and let it out on a growl.

“I’m going to fucking kill the one who did this.”

Jimin felt the tears slip from the sides of his eyes and he turned his face back down to kiss Jungkook’s stern mouth. The Alpha wrapped his arms around him and held him in place until he pulled back. The Omega pressed their foreheads together.

“Alpha... Let’s let them back in. I want to get this done so we can go home. I wanna go to my nest.... Please.”

“Whatever you need, Baby.”

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Jungkook was so done with anyone and anything that wasn’t Jimin. The detective had taken Jimin’s statement and asked question after question of the small, vulnerable male that was curled in Jungkook’s lap. He’d seen the way that it had weighed on him and made him weary, until finally they were done and they’d been dismissed. Despite his protests, the police took the device that Jimin had been given. He knew that his team would be able to decipher it. He doubted the police could. If they truly thought it could break through Jungkook’s firewalls and defenses, it must have been made by someone extremely skilled. But he wasn’t in the mood to argue when his little one needed rest and privacy, so he allowed it. He’d handed over his spare key to Jimin’s car and asked Yoongi to take care of it, before scooping Jimin up in his embrace and leaving without so much as a backward glance at anyone. All that mattered was Jimin. His Omega wanted his nest, and by god he was going to get it.

He held Jimin’s hand in his as he drove them home. The small, soft hand in his, felt like it was all that was keeping him tethered to reality. On the outside, he was calm and reassuring, doing what he needed to in order to make Jimin comfortable, but inside he was a hurricane of emotions. He wanted to destroy something. He wanted to hunt down the one who had dared to harm his mate and rip their throat out with his teeth. He wanted to push aside the man and become the animal. The small, soft Omega in the seat next to him, curled with his knees to his chest as he was blasted with heating and soaking in the warmth of the heated seat, was still shivering. He knew that his little one was not cold. He was overwhelmed and sensitive in the aftermath of so much adrenaline and fear. He was vulnerable in that moment and that was the only thing keeping Jungkook in control. Jimin needed him to take care of him, to protect him while he was so raw and exposed. That was his only mission.

He parked in the underground garage, turning off the car and rushing around to pull Jimin into his arms. He knew his Omega could walk. He knew that Jimin was likely less freaked out even than he was. He did not carry him because he was helpless or weak. He carried him because seeing him covered in blood, neck bruised by the unforgiving hand of some stranger had the Alpha feeling weak and nauseous. He was carrying him because he needed Jimin to hold him to the surface of the earth. He needed the feel of his little vanilla baby in his arms, being held safely and securely in his hold. Because if Jimin so much as stubbed his toe at this point... Jungkook was going to burst into tears.

He managed to get Jimin into the elevator and through the door of the apartment. Once it was

closed behind him he leaned on it and let out a long sigh. Jimin nosed carefully into his neck and kissed his scent gland before pulling back. Jungkook turned his face down and kissed him on the lips before pushing off the door to carry Jimin into the bathroom. He set him on the counter and ran a hot bath for his little one. But he didn't want him to soak in the same water that washed off the blood, so he made it a bit hotter than he normally would, knowing it would cool and left the steaming tub full before stepping over to the shower. He pulled off his own suit quickly before pulling Jimin off the counter to stand so he could undress him as well.

Jimin allowed himself to be guided into the shower. He could feel himself beginning to slip into subspace. It had been a long time since he'd felt that part of himself coming out outside a sexual context. But he was beyond stressed. He'd just barely managed to level off after the hormonal mess of his heat and then the events of the day knocked all that progress to shambles in one fell swoop. He needed reassurance and care. Not... sexual care. He needed his Daddy to take over and guide him through whatever he thought needed to be done, washing, cleaning and then... he wanted cuddles and praise. He was desperate to just let go.

"Daddy..." Jimin mewled softly, the sound just a hoarse, shivering note in the quiet bathroom, with the only sounds the water cascading down over them.

"What is it, little one?"

"I... I don't want to think anymore. Can you... Will you take over?"

"Baby, I don't think this is the right time for sex."

Jimin shook his head, then winced and hiccupped a sound of pain as it hurt his neck. He reached his hands up and curled them against Jungkook's wet chest.

"Not sex... care. Will you care for me? I can't think anymore... I don't want to feel. Please... Daddy..."

Jungkook pulled Jimin against him more firmly and kissed the top of his head.

"Of course. I will care for you. I'll keep you safe. You can let go. Trust Daddy to take care of you now."

A great tension left Jimin's body and he sagged against the Alpha's chest, relieved. His Daddy had understood. He let everything slip away and let his whole universe zero in on the one Alpha he wanted, the only one who understood him. The only one who could be trusted like this. His perfect, handsome Daddy.

"Thank you, Daddy."

"Anything for you. Now, step under the water, let me clean you... good boy." Jungkook encouraged, as Jimin did exactly what he was told.

The Alpha carefully cleaned Jimin from head to toe, even using his own nail to get the blood out from under Jimin's. He cleaned his Omega until he was certain that all the blood was gone. Only then did he quickly wash himself. Jimin was quiet and allowed himself to be guided by Jungkook's hands and words. He just stared at him with wide, attentive eyes, ready to do anything he was told. Jungkook was gentle and slow with him, knowing he was sensitive. He turned off the water and led Jimin out of the shower and into the bath, where he could soak for a while. Jungkook got in behind him and held him in the warm water, letting Jimin melt back against him. He smoothed his hands over wet skin and spoke softly to him.

“You did so well today, Baby. You were so strong and brave. I’m so thankful you were able to get away. My pretty boy. My sweet Minnie. I’m so proud of you, little one. I’ll keep you safe now, Omega. Daddy’s here.”

Jimin purred at the praise and the reassurance. It felt good to hear Jungkook say he was proud of him, that he was strong. He knew he was tough and strong, but being threatened by those Alphas had terrified him. He was certain they were no strangers to violence and would follow through on every threat they made.

Of course, he realized in hindsight that he could have simply agreed to do as they wished and then told Jungkook. He would have saved himself some regrettably painful experiences, but when fight or flight mode had taken over, all rational thought had fled and it was only about getting away, getting safe, getting to his Alpha. Fear and anger were not the friends of clear thinking, but he didn’t think he could pretend to betray Jungkook, even as a lie. He would not have been convincing, because he was in love with him. His wolf had bonded to Jungkook, imprinted on him. When he saw his Alpha now, all he saw was safety, love and acceptance... and he thought that Jungkook felt the same. It had seemed that way during his heat at least, and he hoped he wasn’t reading into it too much.

Jimin told his mind to shut up. He wasn’t in the mood to think. He took a deep breath and relaxed again, moving consciously into his headspace. He allowed himself to just exist for a bit. He was safe. He was with Jungkook. There was no reason to fret for now. He had time to tell Jungkook about his feelings later. Now wasn’t right anyway. He was too emotional and overwhelmed. He needed to be in a rational headspace for that conversation, because if it didn’t go the way he hoped... he’d be crushed and in his current state, he wouldn’t be able to hold himself together. He just let out a long breath and encouraged Jungkook to tighten his hold around him.

They soaked in the bath for a long, quiet time, until Jimin finally turned his head and looked up at Jungkook.

“I want to go to my nest.”

“Sure, Baby.”

Jungkook got him out of the tub, dried him and kissed him all over his face, scenting his freshly washed skin before carrying him out and sitting him on the edge of the bed before fetching a navy blue hoodie and Jimin’s white and navy star and moon panties. He paused only long enough to throw on a pair of his own black boxer briefs and then dressed Jimin before scooping him up and taking him to his nest.

As soon as he was laying in the familiar piles of blankets and pillows, Jimin climbed on top of him. The Omega straddled him and laid his head on his chest, perching himself on top of him. Jungkook covered them with a thick blanket and gently soothed his Omega as much as he could. Jimin began to purr and he encouraged him with a deeper purr of his own. Soon, his little one was fast asleep. He knew he needed the rest, so he just held him.

Jungkook did not sleep. He was still too agitated and angry. Not at his Omega. Never at his Minnie. His mind was still fixated on that instant of rushing to the door of his office and seeing Jimin covered in blood. His stomach ached and his throat was tight. He’d never felt a sensation like that before, like he was going to die because someone else was hurt. His Omega... his mate. Jimin had been hurt and he hadn’t been there to protect him. He knew it was irrational to feel that way. Jimin was not some delicate flower who needed his constant supervision. He was a smart, capable and strong man. But he was still Jungkook’s Omega and him getting hurt felt like he’d been stabbed right in the heart. That handprint on Jimin’s neck had him wild with the need for revenge,

and he would have it. He'd find the person who hurt his little one and he'd burn their lives to the ground. He'd spend every last dollar he had to raze down any and all who would DARE to send thugs after his precious vanilla baby. They would pay a million-fold for every wince and tear his little one had suffered.

He only realized he was squeezing Jimin when the Omega stirred with a groan. He loosened his grip and Jimin nuzzled back into his chest with a soft sigh. He took a deep breath and blew it out. He needed to get himself under control. But for today, while he held his sleeping lover, he'd let his mind run wild with schemes and plots against those who had dared to harm his mate. He would rain down the fires of hell on them and nothing and no one was going to stop him, not the police, not his friends, family or even Jimin. He would never rest easy again until he knew beyond a shadow of a doubt that no one who had been a part of this heinous crime walked away scot free. They would pay for what they had done, and Jungkook would make sure of that.

## Chapter End Notes

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# Connecting

## Chapter Summary

Jungkook learns a bit about Jimin's attackers. Jimin gets visited by friends and the couple have private time.

## Chapter Notes

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Yoongi had already contacted their attorneys, who dispatched private detectives to begin looking into Jimin's attack, and after two days, Jungkook was agitated and frustrated that he hadn't heard a word of news from either the private eyes or the cops. Every time he looked at Jimin, all he saw was the handprint bruise on his neck, and his own failure. He needed to know who had done this to his little one. Desperately.

He'd spent hours each night licking and licking at Jimin's neck, trying to ease the bruise there, and help with his healing. He knew that he could only do so much for an injury like his, but he did everything he could. His Omega seemed to understand his feelings and allowed it without complaint. All that could soothe him these last days was his little one, gently carding his fingers through his hair while he attempted to speed the healing of his bruises. The day after the incident, Jimin hadn't been able to speak at all beyond a soft squeak, but now his voice was returning, though a bit huskier than normal.

Jungkook sat in his office, drumming his fingers on his desk and trying to work, but only succeeding in focusing on his Omega, who at that moment was home in his nest, safe and sound. Jimin was okay, he knew that, and he'd agreed to stay home until the perpetrators were caught. Jungkook had given him his card and told him to order anything he wanted or needed, to be delivered to the apartment. He'd even hired a few bodyguards to stand watch outside his apartment while he wasn't there. Just in case. He was taking no more risks with his Omega. Seeing Jimin hurt and bloodied had solidified everything into focus for him. Only Jimin mattered, and his safety was paramount.

When his phone beeped and Yoongi's voice made him startle and jerk out of his own thoughts.

"Kook, can you come up here? I've got Sejoon on the line and he's got news."

"Coming now!" Jungkook answered and he hopped up and strode quickly from his office.

Once he was in the elevator, he got a text. Suspecting it was from Yoongi, he pulled it out and looked. It was from Jimin. He opened it at once, gut twisting with worry and then easing.

Jimin: Hey Alpha. I hope you're having a good day at work. I'm feeling much better this morning after you healed me last night. The bruise is even lightening some. But I wanted to ask if you'd mind me having Mark and Jackson over today? I'm bored and lonely and I miss my friends.

Jungkook felt pride at those words. His Omega was feeling better after his healing. Good. That was good. He stepped off the elevator, but paused to quickly type back a response.

Jungkook: I'm so happy you're feeling better. I'll heal you again this evening and I don't mind you having your friends over. I'm sorry you can't go out with them right now. I'm about to meet with Yoongi to get some news. I'll let you know if I learn anything new.

Jungkook sent his message and slipped his phone back into his pocket before walking to Yoongi's office. Just before he went in, his phone dinged again, he looked and smiled at the message.

Jimin: Thank you, Alpha. I miss you.

Jungkook: I miss you too, pretty boy

The Alpha stored his phone and walked into Yoongi's office, closing the door behind him, before quickly settling into the seat across the desk, the intensity that had briefly drained away while talking to Jimin returning in full force. Yoongi didn't bother with his usual greetings and banter, knowing how important this was to him. He opened the call on speaker by tapping a few keys on his phone.

"Sejoon, I've got Jungkook here. What's going on?"

Jungkook leaned forward, elbows on knees, looking at the phone as if it were his last lifeline, needing ANY information on those who had hurt his precious Omega.

"I just heard back from the private detectives we hired. The police are keeping everything pretty hush, hush for now and won't talk to any of them. They were able to get a look at the security footage and I've got a copy of it, though, I warn you... it's not easy to watch. I know if that was my Hyejin... gods, I don't know."

"Send it to me." Jungkook said sternly.

"Are you sur-?"

"I'm sure. Send it." Jungkook snapped.

There was a short wait as Sejoon sent the file and when it arrived, Jungkook opened it on his phone. There was no sound, but he had a decent view of Jimin unloading groceries into the back of his car. Then he was approached by the men, he watched them talking, Jimin clearly trying to brush them off. It devolved into a short argument and then... Jungkook growled as he watched the Alpha grab Jimin by the neck. And then the hit across the face. Jimin's head snapped to the side. Jungkook felt every muscle in his body tense to the point that they were fluttering, his teeth clenched so hard they squeaked against each other. Then he watched as Jimin sliced the bastard's face with his key and shoved him into his friend before running out of frame. Jungkook felt immense pride swell inside him along with the despair. Jimin might be an Omega, slender, soft and beautiful, but he was also that same fiery, strong, resilient spirit that he fell in love with.

Jungkook blanked his phone after the video ended, still filled with both fury at those who had hurt Jimin and pride at how strong and smart his Omega was. He tapped his phone against one palm and tried to calm down. As if his Omega could read his mind, his phone dinged with a new message and he opened it when he saw it was Jimin.

Jimin: BTW... I know I can't wear a collar yet, but I'd like it if you could take over tonight. We haven't had sex since I got hurt. I miss you, Daddy.

His stomach was still tight and his nerves frazzled, but when he read his little one's words, he felt love fill him and a gentle calmness soothe some of his agitation. He wasn't falling into dom space, but it was similar to the easiness that he felt when in control of his Omega and his pleasure. It was like a reminder that Jimin was still okay, at home where he would be safe. He was still his perfect, vibrant, sweet, pliant vanilla baby, and he missed him too. More than he could say with mere words. Not just physical pleasure, which was amazing, but he missed the ease that Jimin gave him, the ability to shut off everything but that one part of himself that cared for nothing and no one but one, perfect Omega.

Jungkook: I miss you too, pretty boy. Tonight, I'll take care of you. Just like always.

Jungkook watched the three dots appear and disappear for a few moments then another message.

Jimin: Thank you, Daddy. I'll see you tonight.

Jungkook smiled down at his phone, but snapped back to attention when Yoongi cleared his throat. He slipped the cell into his pocket and focused back on the conversation.

"What do we know?" Yoongi asked.

"All we've been able to discover is this video with their faces. Our contacts at the precinct have told us that they may have the attackers ID'ed but we don't have confirmation yet. They also told us that their Cybercrime unit is struggling with that device they took. I'm trying to convince them to let you and your team take a look at it. You all have low-level government security clearance because you helped design that security program for the military a few years back, and it's not unheard of for the police to call in experts. So, I'm waiting to hear back on that. In the meantime, I'll try to get more info about these two suspects they apparently have in custody, though you might hear first since they'll probably need Jimin to identify them."

Jungkook rumbled out a low growl at the thought of his precious Minnie anywhere near those assholes ever again. Jimin was his and he didn't like it, but he also hated the idea of them getting away with their shit. He was torn, but he knew Jimin would be strong and he knew that he'd be there this time, in case anything happened. He'd make sure Jimin was safe.

"Tell them to get a fucking move on! I'm sick of hoarding my mate up in my apartment!"

Jungkook snapped, not realizing he'd said anything odd until Yoongi gaped at him. "What?"

"You just called Jimin your mate."

Jungkook blinked, realizing his slip and then simply shrugging.

"He is... or he will be once things settle down and I can finally ask him." Jungkook answered with a flippant tone, uncaring that they knew his feelings. He was not ashamed of them. "But do whatever you have to in order to get things moving."

"Ooooookay." Sejoon said, clearly holding himself back from what he wanted to say.

"What? Say it."

"Nothing. I'm just happy to see you happy. Jimin is a lucky Omega to have an Alpha who cares so much about him."



Jungkook smiled a bit, but knew that they were wrong. Jimin was not the lucky one. He was. He'd found the one person who was perfect for him, who had healed him in ways he couldn't imagine anyone else accomplishing. If Jimin was lucky to have him, then that too was Jimin's doing, because the Omega had been the one who had inspired him to change his life.

"Thanks."

"Don't feed the monster or I'll never stop hearing about how Jimin is so perfect and soft and has the tiniest hands ever and the prettiest eyes and the sweetest temper." Yoong answered back with an eye roll.

They all laughed together, which helped lighten the mood some, even if only a little.

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Jimin was bored beyond belief. He was mad all over again at those assholes who attacked him, not even because of his injuries, which were all healed except his neck, and that was well on the way to recovering thanks to his Alpha's diligent care. He was angry because he couldn't cook for Jungkook's team anymore. He did have the bodyguards, and Jungkook had said if he needed to go somewhere they would go with him, but he was still nervous with his attackers on the loose and whoever had hired them probably out for his blood. So, even if it was boring and he wished he could go out, he knew that Jungkook would be worried, and he didn't want to worry his Alpha any more than necessary.

He'd woken up and made a lavish breakfast, not eating even half of it and feeling bad for wasting food. So, he'd offered the rest to the guards, assuring them that it was okay for them to eat, since he was still at the apartment. He knew that as bodyguards, they were probably used to being treated like servants by the rich, fancy people they worked for. Jimin had met enough of the wealthy in his life to know that was true. Other than Jungkook, he'd never met a rich person he liked, but he knew Jungkook hadn't been born rich, so maybe that was why he was different than the Im Daeun's of the world who were so confident in their own importance that they failed to see how their choices affected others.

Once the kitchen was clean, Jimin was bored. He laid on the couch and watched TV for a while, until his phone dinged and he snatched it up like it was his last lifeline. He smiled broadly when he realized it was Mark. He giggled and kicked his feet, happy to hear from his friend for the first time in three weeks.

Mark: Hey, Min! Sorry we didn't call since we've been back, we both have been working extra shifts, but we're off today. You wanna hang out?

Did he ever. He was bored out of his mind and he just wanted to see his friends. But his situation right now wasn't ideal. He didn't want to go out, where he could get attacked again, and endanger the bodyguards Jungkook had hired. Maybe it was their job, but that didn't mean he was comfortable with someone else putting their life in danger over him.

Jimin: I can't go out right now. I'll tell you all about it later, but let me see if Jungkook minds you two coming here. If that's cool?

Mark: Sounds fun. Jackson will flip if we get to go there, you know he's your Alpha's #1 fanboy

Jimin laughed and switched contacts over to Jungkook, typing out a message to send him and using his greatest weapon, his cuteness.

Jimin: Hey Alpha. I hope you're having a good day at work. I'm feeling much better this morning after you healed me last night more. The bruise is even lightening some. But I wanted to ask if you'd mind me having Mark and Jackson over today? I'm bored and lonely and I miss my friends.

Jimin smirked at the message. You could practically FEEL the poutiness coming from it, and he knew Jungkook was weak to his pouting and cuteness. God, just thinking about his Alpha had his body getting warmer. His mind was curtailed from thoughts of how much he wished Jungkook was there to tie him up and let him spend his afternoon being pleased to the point of pain, and then beyond it.

Jungkook: I'm so happy you're feeling better. I'll heal you again this evening and I don't mind you having your friends over. I'm sorry you can't go out with them right now. I'm about to meet with Yoongi to get some news. I'll let you know if I learn anything new.

His Alpha was such a good caretaker and provider. Once all this was over, he really needed to tell him about his feelings. It was finally time. He was in love and he wanted Jungkook to tell him that he loved him too. He wanted to get mated and have his pups and stay with him forever.

Jimin: Thank you, Alpha. I miss you.

Jungkook: I miss you too, pretty boy

Jimin giggled and bit his lip, letting out a small whine as he read the words. Gods he loved it when Jungkook called him 'pretty boy' it was something that just warmed him and made him feel all squishy and pliant. He felt a little tingle in his lower belly as his cock twitched in interest at his thoughts, but he pushed them away. Now was not the time. But... maybe that evening. It had been DAYS since Jungkook had touched him. His bruised neck had restricted his talking and been painful the first day, but he was feeling much better now, his voice almost back to normal and only a slight pain when he swallowed. He shook himself out of distracting thoughts and went back to texting his friend.

Jimin: Jungkook says it's okay for you to come over. So head over when you're ready. I'll send you the address

Jimin: [Insert contact]

Mark: Cool! Do we need to bring anything?

Jimin: No. I don't think so.

Mark: I just told him and Jackson is dancing right now

Jimin laughed at that and threw his head back, easily able to picture his boisterous friend dancing like an idiot and being his usual self. He really missed them. They were his closest friends besides Taehyung, and he wasn't used to not seeing them for such long periods of time.

Jimin: Get it on video

Mark: Way ahead of you

Mark: Let me calm the toddler and we'll head over

Jimin: I'm telling Jackson you called him a toddler

Mark: Go ahead. He'll find a way to make it about us having pups. He's obsessed lately

Jimin aww-ed at that. He could totally picture Mark and Jackson as amazing, embarrassing parents

to a poor child who would be subject to their eccentric family and he was fond. Any child would be lucky to have such loving parents though. Jimin had never known anyone who loved each other the way that those two did. They were really soulmates.

Jimin: That's adorable

Mark: It actually is... he'd be a great Appa.

Jimin: Of course he would and you'd be a great Eomma

Mark: We aren't ready yet, but someday I hope we'll get there

Jimin: Hurry up and get here so I can hug you!

Mark: Aye aye captain!

Jimin set his phone aside with a laugh and got up off the couch to go get dressed for company. In the bedroom, he pulled a pair of black leggings out of the drawer to wear under his oversized red hoodie and just as he turned to leave, he stopped and turned back. His eyes found the drawer where all of his and Jungkook's toys were kept and he opened it to reveal the familiar plugs, vibrators, restraints and collars that filled the drawer. He traced soft fingertips over the white leather of the collar he remembered selecting, drawing out the gold letters. B...A...B...Y. His body warmed as countless memories of Jungkook using these items on him ran through his mind. He loved sex with Jungkook. He adored every moment of every encounter they had ever had. They were so perfectly balanced that to Jimin, it felt like they were made for each other.

He gently lifted the wide pink glass plug out of the drawer and looked at it. It was the very plug that Jungkook had used on him during his heat. He could never have imagined that a heat could feel like that. Normally he was an incoherent, sobbing mess, trying to sate his needs with his own hands and toys. In the past, it had been hard to go through those times alone, but now it would be hell. Now he knew what Jungkook could do for him, ease his body and turn agony to pleasure. His Alpha had made him feel so wanted and treasured during his heat. He'd never felt so pretty in his life than he had in those days of his cycle. Hair a mess, sweaty, covered in cum and slick and so full of his Alpha's seed that his belly was a round little mound below his belly button. But Jungkook had praised him and kissed him and called him pretty and soft and a hundred other things that had softened him and made him want to present his neck to be marked permanently.

Jimin traced soft fingertips over and over the glass of the plug, tracing it's contours and letting memory wash over him for a moment, feeling suddenly needy for his Alpha. He knew it had only been a few days since he'd had Jungkook the last time, but for them, that felt like an eternity. He'd been stressed and afraid, and he wanted Jungkook to take over for him. It would be nice to not have to worry or be afraid and just let his Daddy have all his control so he could release his grip on reality and fall into the roaring tides of pleasure and submission. He wanted the Alpha to be master of his whole universe and he wanted to allow him to have it. He shook his head and placed the plug back in the drawer. Maybe later.

But as he thought that, he felt even more needy. He shouldn't text Jungkook right now, he knew that. The Alpha was in a meeting. Would he be angry? Would he mind that Jimin was reaching out? He'd always told him to ask when he needed or wanted something... he was supposed to use his words. So, he pulled out his phone.

Jimin: BTW... I know I can't wear a collar yet, but I'd like it if you could take over tonight. We haven't had sex since I got hurt. I miss you, Daddy.

Jimin chewed his lip as he waited to see if the Alpha would respond. After a few moments, the three dots appeared at the bottom and his belly tensed. Would Jungkook tell him to stop? Would he be upset that he was texting him right now?

Jungkook: I miss you too, pretty boy. Tonight, I'll take care of you. Just like always.

His lips pulled into a smile and Jimin giggled and gave a little wiggle of happiness. His Daddy was so good to him. He loved him so much. He typed out a message, almost, almost adding an I love you to the end, but refraining.

Jimin: Thank you, Daddy. I'll see you tonight.

He got dressed and even brushed his messy hair, not bothering with makeup or real clothes. It was just Mark and Jackson. The couple had seen Jimin at his worst and his best, and they still wanted to be his friend. Mark was the one who checked up on him during his heats to make sure he was safe and okay, and Jimin had been their lifeline on schoolwork when the couple were out for one or the other of their cycles. He kept them audio recordings of the classes and thorough notes. It had been he who got Jackson the job at the diner they both worked at before it closed and Jimin had become a sugar baby. And it had been he who practically had to knock their heads together like coconuts to get them to admit their feelings back in their first year of university. They'd been through alot together.

Once he was more properly ready, he popped his head out the door to see the trio of big Alpha bodyguards outside and let them know that he was expecting company, and not to attack them when they arrived.

"Hey, I've got company coming over." Jimin pulled out his phone and showed the bodyguards a picture of the couple that he'd snapped during one of their shared classes. "So, they are safe."

"Yes sir." The one in charge said with a nod, face stony.

"And don't call me Sir. It's weird. I'm pretty sure you're all older than me, so just Jimin is fine!"

"Yes s... uh, Jimin." He said with a little smile that Jimin counted as a victory.

When the knock came on the door, Jimin skipped over to it and opened with a cry of joy when he saw Mark and Jackson on the other side. They almost bowled him over as they both tried to hug him at once. Jimin giggled and purred with happiness at seeing his two friends for the first time in so long. He tried to wrap his short arms around them both as the door clicked shut behind them. Jackson was the first to pull back and he was still smiling as he looked at him.

"Min, what's up with the trio of living statues outside?" Jackson asked.

"Oh. That. Yeah, I should explai-" Jimin began as he pulled away from Mark's embrace and he watched Jackson's face go from happy to hostile in a half second as the Alpha interrupted him.

"What the fuck happened to your neck?" The Alpha put a hand on his shoulder and looked around suspiciously. "Did Jungkook do this to you?"

"What? No!"

"Seriously, you can tell me. Was he choking you? I'll go get the police, I don't care what those goons out there do to me, I won't let him hurt you!"

"Jackson, no. Jungkook didn't hurt me. He'd never hurt me. Come in, I'll tell you everything."

Mark and Jackson shared a look and then followed Jimin further inside, both looking around the huge, luxurious apartment with awe clear on their faces. Jimin could relate to that, though he'd gotten used to the signs of Jungkook's massive wealth, he still got a shock of it sometimes when he realized how much money he actually had. Jungkook thought about things in millions and it was insane to him to imagine that his Alpha had spent so much of his money on him. He didn't think he'd ever get used to Jungkook's particular ways of dropping cash anytime he thought Jimin wanted anything. If he saw the Omega smiling at a commercial, you could bet your ass that he'd have whatever was in it by the next day. He'd recently had to curb Jungkook from trying to buy him a new car when he smiled at a sweet car commercial, having to reassure Jungkook he was happy about the father and son in the ad, not the car, and that he loved his current car very much. Jungkook wanted to spoil him, and he refused to be spoiled. That was their ongoing battle and Jimin had learned how to turn his attention elsewhere with puppy eyes and "accidental" seduction.

Jimin took a seat on one of the sofas and his friends sat with him. He instantly jumped into the whole tale, because Jackson was still looking wary and he wanted to assure the Alpha that Jungkook wouldn't hurt him, in fact it was quite the opposite. Jungkook had healed him and done everything in his power to keep him safe until the ones who had hurt him were caught. Once he was done, the couple still looked horrified.

"Min, what the hell? Those bastards deserve to be locked up for life! I can't believe they'd do that to you." Jackson growled, fists clenched.

"Are you okay, Minnie? That sounds like it must have been really scary." Mark added, shuddering at the thought.

"I'm okay now. It was scary, but that's why Jungkook hired the bodyguards to watch over me while he's at work and gave me his credit card to order anything I want, delivered to the apartment. It's weird, being sort of confined here, but I know he's doing everything he can to find them and keep me safe." Jimin waved a hand through the air, "But I don't want to focus on that, it's all I've been thinking about for the last few days. How about we cook something? The kitchen here is amazing."

The couple looked for a few moments like they wanted to pursue the subject farther, but Jimin just gave them a small smile and they seemed to understand that he really was okay.

"Yeah. Let's cook to get your mind off things." Mark replied.

If their reaction to the living room was awed, then the reaction in the kitchen was worshipful. They both flit here and there around the space, inspecting the double ovens and the gas range, and when Jimin opened the cabinets and showed them the top of the line pots and pans and the stand mixer, pasta maker and copious baking sheets and cake pans. Jimin laughed at their reactions that weren't much different than his own the first time he'd gotten to use the kitchen.

"Seriously Jimin, I'm about to steal your man." Jackson said as he inspected the expensive knife set in the dark wood block, pulling one out and inspecting it.

"I think Mark would have something to say about that." Jimin laughed.

Jimin looked to Mark and the other Omega gave him a small smile and a wink before gasping and morphing his face to look hurt.

"Jackson... how could you say that? Aren't you happy with me?"

"What? Baby, of course I am."

Jackson replaced the knife and went to his Omega at once, trying to pull him into his arms, but Mark resisted and turned his face away.

“I... but, I... Baby I was kidding! You know I’d never... I could never.”

Jimin’s shoulders shook with suppressed laughter as Mark looked back at his boyfriend and burst into giggles, finally breaking Jimin and making him laugh out loud.

“You are so easy.” Mark chided and leaned forward to kiss his Alpha. “I love you, Alpha.”

“DON’T DO THAT!” Jackson admonished, pulling Mark into his arms and scenting him. “You know I hate it when you do that!”

“I’m sorry. I know you’re a gullible baby. My bad.”

“I’m not a gullible baby.”

“Yes you are, and I love that about you.”

Mark kissed his Alpha again before looking at Jimin who was still smiling. He’d missed his friend’s ridiculous banter so much. The pair of them loved nothing more than teasing each other.

“So, let’s cook.” Jimin said, clapping his hands and reaching for his phone to start music playing.

“Let’s cook!” The couple chorused.

They spent their day cooking, even having more groceries delivered so they could make more complicated recipes. They made dozens of dishes of every nationality, filling the house with the aroma of cooked food. Jimin offered the guards more food each time they made something new. It was exactly what Jimin needed to unwind a little... well, besides sex with his Alpha, but that was for tonight. They cooked and sang and danced, Jackson showing off some impressive dance moves as he kneaded fresh dough to make pasta. Jimin and Mark whooped and danced along, laughing and joining in as Jackson slapped the ball of dough down on the counter and turned around to body roll. Jimin cackled and flicked parsley leaves at him while Mark went to join him.

Jimin turned back to the cutting board and just as he was about to start dicing again, he squeaked in surprise and almost dropped the knife in his hand when he spotted Jungkook leaning in the entryway to the kitchen, watching them with an amused look on his face. Jimin scrambled for the phone and stopped the music, making his friends realize something was up. They turned around and found Jungkook standing there and straightened, looking embarrassed to have been caught acting so foolishly in his kitchen. Jimin moved around the counter and went to his Alpha. The moment he was in reach, Jungkook snaked an arm around his waist and pulled him in for a hot kiss.

“Hey, little one. You look like you were having fun.”

“We were.” Jimin said, face warming as he looked over into the disaster area that was the kitchen. “Sorry for the mess.”

“You know I don’t mind. It smells amazing in here though and I’m pretty sure the bodyguards are heavily invested in your safety now. You quite won them over, pretty boy. They told me this is the best assignment they’ve ever had.”

Jimin giggled and lifted up to press another kiss to his lips.

“Let me introduce you to my friends.” Jimin pulled back and indicated to the couple. “This is Mark

and Jackson.”

Jungkook looked at the couple who were covered in flour and other ingredients, just like his Omega and he smiled at them. They had made his little one so happy. It had been torture to see the strain and worry on his Omega the last few days, his healing bruise and downturned lips. Seeing his pretty boy laughing, dancing and playing with his friends filled him with gratitude for the pair. He reached his hand out, offering it to the Omega first.

“You must be Mark, Jimin’s told me alot about you.” He switched to the Alpha. “And you’re Jackson, it’s nice to meet you.”

Jackson was obviously excited, and as discretion had never been one of his strong points, he blurted out, “Wow! I can’t believe I’m meeting you. I can’t believe you’re dating Jimin... I’m... wow. Your computers are amazing and I’m a huge fan of your products. I got to try one of your PC’s at a convention last year and wow. Amazing. You’re just so cool and you are literally dating one one my best friends. Sorry, for the word vomit I’m just freaking out a little.”

Jungkook smiled at him and glanced at the Omegas who were looking at Jackson with soft smiles.

“I think what my Alpha is trying to say is, it’s a pleasure to meet you too.” Mark answered with a smile and Jackson nodded vehemently as he wrapped an arm around his boyfriend.

“The pleasure is all mine. I’ll have to get you a PC, Jackson. What do you use it for, school, gaming, graphic design?”

“Oh, you don’t have to-” Jackson started but was cut off with a wave of Jungkook’s hand.

“I insist. I haven’t seen Jimin so happy since the attack. It’s no trouble at all.”

Jackson looked back and forth between Jungkook, Jimin and Mark before answering.

“Gaming mostly. I have a laptop I use for school stuff.”

“Sounds good. I’ll get some of the guys in assembly to put you together something and I’ll send it over tomorrow. I’m sure Jimin has your address.”

The look on the younger Alpha’s face was like he’d just won the lottery and his mouth opened and closed like a fish out of water, unable to form words.

“Oh my god.” Mark said with a giggle. “You made him speechless. I’ve never seen him speechless before.”

Jimin wrapped his arms around his Alpha and squeezed him. It warmed his heart that Jungkook was doing something so kind for his friend. He looked up at him and kissed the side of his neck.

“It’s no problem, really. Anyone who can cheer up my little one is in my good books. I’ll have to figure out something for you as well, Mark.” Jungkook laughed quietly, before kissing the top of Jimin’s head. “Now, I’m gonna go change out of this suit. I’ll be back.”

As soon as Jungkook was gone, Jimin’s friends were all over him. Jackson was jumping in place and practically vibrating as he stage whispered in a voice that probably carried through the house. Jimin laughed at him as he was jostled.

“Oh my god, he’s so cool!”

Jimin giggled at his friend's enthusiasm.

"He is pretty cool, isn't he?"

They went back to cooking, the music turned back on but a bit quieter this time. Soon, Jungkook came back into the kitchen in a white t-shirt and baggy, comfortable jeans. He wrapped himself around Jimin in his usual way, kissing his neck and nosing at him to refresh the chocolate and coffee scent on the Omega's skin.

"What are you making, little one?"

"We are making mushroom ravioli."

"From scratch?"

"Is there any other way?" Jimin asked with a giggle as Jungkook kissed his cheek and squeezed him.

"Of course not, with my own master chef in the house. Do you need anything from me?"

"Mm... Would you mind getting the bottle of wine I bought out of the wine fridge and opening it to let it breathe?"

"Of course."

Jungkook moved away to do as requested, opening the wine to let it breathe and then he took a seat across the counter from the Omega and watched the trio work. They were clearly used to working as a team and they took turns at the stove and the cutting board as they danced around each other easily. He'd never watched the process of making ravioli from scratch, but it was actually fascinating, Jackson rolled out pasta dough and Jimin mixed and cooked the filling while Mark worked on the sauce behind them at the stove. He noticed that the other pair were much like his little one when they cooked, just seeming to know what seasonings to add and what to do without consulting a recipe.

The atmosphere eased the longer he was there, and soon they were all talking more comfortably. Jungkook knew that his wealth and age were a bit intimidating to Jimin's friends, but he wanted them to feel welcome, because he wanted Jimin to feel like he could invite his friends here. It was his home too, and hopefully soon would be a permanent home for him once Jungkook finally asked him to be his mate. Jungkook liked Mark and Jackson, they were funny and reminded him of his own group of friends. They were clearly meant for each other and Jungkook thought that was sweet. He wondered if that's how people saw him and Jimin together. Did they have this chemistry? He liked to think that they did, or at least enough people had said they did. His little one was perfect for him and he'd do anything to be the perfect Alpha to his Baby.

They ate and drank wine, Jimin unabashedly claiming his usual spot on Jungkook's lap, to the Alpha's delight. He liked that Jimin wasn't embarrassed with their casual intimacy in front of his friends. Jungkook almost choked on his wine as Jackson gave his Omega a look of pleading and the Omega rolled his eyes and plopped into his lap with no grace.

"There you go, you big baby."

The Alpha just smiled and wrapped his arms around Mark with a very satisfied look. After eating, Jackson and Mark insisted on helping clean up the disastrous kitchen before leaving, since they both had work the next day. They saw them out and the moment the other couple were gone and the door closed, Jungkook pressed Jimin up against it and claimed his mouth in a searing kiss. He



parted the Omega's lips with his tongue and groaned at the perfection of his soft, sweet vanilla baby. He pulled back, gently nipping Jimin's lower lip as he moved away. Jimin seemed to want to follow his mouth, and he watched the Omega sway forward, eyes focused on his lips. Jungkook cupped his jaw and ran a thumb over the velvet skin of his cheek.

"I've missed you, Baby." Jungkook said, voice clearly indicating that he meant more than just since the morning.

"I missed you too, Daddy."

Jungkook's lips tugged up at the corner and he pressed another soft kiss to those plush, perfect lips. He could see the longing in him, the desire to be good so that the Alpha would praise him and take over for him, which Jungkook was dying to do.

"Do you want to be my good boy tonight?" Jungkook asked and Jimin nodded. The Alpha captured his jaw in his large, warm hand and gently squeezed those familiar pressure points, making the Omega gasp. "You know the rules, little one. Use your words."

"Yes, Daddy. I want to be good."

Jimin could already feel his body loosening in his skin, that familiar, ease of himself and all his worries and fears came over him and he was ready to be used however Jungkook saw fit.

"Sweet boy." Jungkook smiled as he brushed at a streak of flour on Jimin's cheek. "Now, I want you to go take a shower and then get nice and pretty for me. Can you do that?"

Jimin nodded again and giggled, bouncing slightly in his excitement, ready to please his Alpha by following his direction.

"Yes, Daddy."

"Good boy." Jungkook leaned down and kissed him again, smiling into it as Jimin gasped and arched into him before he broke it. "I'll put something pretty out on the bed for you. Don't stretch yourself or masturbate in the shower. Be a good boy for Daddy and wait for me. Can you do that?"

"Yes, Daddy."

"Good boy."

Jungkook stepped back and gently slid his hand around to the back of Jimin's nape, pulling him away from the door and guiding him through the apartment to the bedroom with that tender but dominant touch. He moved his hand down to Jimin's back and gave him a little push toward the bathroom. The Omega looked back at him and Jungkook nodded.

"Go on, pretty boy. I'll get you something to wear."

Jungkook watched Jimin head into the bathroom before turning and heading into the closet. He pulled open the drawer of Jimin's lingerie and looked through it, pulling a few things out and eyeing them before putting them back. He was in the mood for something very specific tonight and he finally found it. He pulled out the lingerie that he wanted, thigh highs, a pair of heels and a pair of cuffs, leaving off a collar for the time being. Jimin's neck was still bruised and he didn't want to hurt him. He took everything out and arranged it on the bed neatly before returning to the closet.

He smirked as he pulled open the drawer of sex toys. He ran his fingers over the selection and picked out what he wanted before carrying those out and arranging them next to the lingerie on the

bed. He knew he could have done this after Jimin was dressed, but he wanted the Omega to have a preview of what was coming, a little tease to get him worked up, thinking about what his Daddy was going to do with him... and Jungkook was going to do many things to him. He wanted to pull away all Jimin's stress until all he needed to think about was the pleasure he was receiving, the torturous bliss that was as agonizing as it was satisfying.

Once it was all arranged as he liked, he walked out of the room, leaving Jimin to get ready. He knew his pretty boy would come to him when he was finished. He went to his office and sat at his computer, opening up his programs and distracting himself from the throbbing of his cock and the push of his wolf that told him to go get in the shower with his mate and fuck him while he was all pretty and wet, skin slick as rivulets of water... dammit. He pinched his thigh and took a deep breath, refocusing on his computer. He could wait for Jimin to be ready. He knew what Jimin needed, and honestly he needed it too, even if part of him was interested in expediency, that didn't matter. What Jimin wanted and needed would always come first.

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Jimin washed himself thoroughly, scrubbing his skin and washing and conditioning his hair quickly before hopping out and drying off. He lotioned his whole body and wrapped the towel around his hips. He peeked out into the bedroom to find it empty. He walked quickly over to the bed and bit his lip at the display his Alpha had left for him. His lingerie was placed out neatly for him, and next to it were a variety of sex toys that had his ass clenching and his whole body warming with desire. He couldn't wait for everything his Alpha had planned for him. He snatched up his lingerie and heels before going back into the bathroom. Once inside he laid everything on the counter and started on his appearance.

He blow-dried his hair with his diffuser to make his blond waves more prominent before working a light serum into it, to make it soft and shiny. He used his straightener to fix little spots here and there, until it was perfectly messy. His makeup he kept light, knowing he'd end up needing a shower afterward anyway. He put on a bit of pinkish eyeshadow and glitter, emphasizing his innocence, which would go well with the lingerie. He exaggerated this outer eye with his liner, to make his eyes look bigger, lining part of the lower lash line and brushing on just the barest hint of mascara to darken his lashes and make them more prominent. His lips just got a coat of cherry chapstick and he finished by blushing his cheeks and nose to add to the sweet, innocent look. He hadn't used foundation, just powder, so his natural scattering of freckles were visible and he thought he looked cute, studying himself with a smile before turning to get dressed.

The lingerie was one that Jimin had always liked, but never worn. The thigh-highs were white, knitted of a thin material like socks, but the top several inches were lace with a little series of metal hoops, through which a baby pink ribbon was laced and tied in a pretty bow. The panties were also white, semi-transparent and ruffled with lace and decorated with more pink ribbon bows. They had a matching top, a little ruffly crop-length material that was see-through like the panties, and like the panties had little pink bows on them. The high heels were baby pink stilettos and he stepped into them with a shiver. He always felt sexiest in his high heels.

He eyed his reflection and one thing was highly out of place among the pink and white of his outfit and makeup... the dark bruise on his neck. Jimin bent and rifled through his little bag where he kept his jewelry and pulled out a long piece of thick white ribbon that he'd kept from a gift box some time ago. He tied it around his neck to cover the bruise. He couldn't wear a collar, but he could manage this, even if it was a little uncomfortable. He wanted to be pretty for his Daddy. He looked at himself in the mirror and felt so soft and pretty. He'd worn a lot of lingerie for Jungkook, but this was byfar the prettiest and most sweetly pure that he'd ever looked. He caressed his own soft skin for a moment before turning to go and get his Alpha, wanting his Daddy's touch and

attention on him.

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Jungkook was just typing in a string of coding when he was distracted by a soft, “Daddy?” from the doorway. His head turned instantly to see Jimin barely peeking around the corner of the doorway, one of his hands curled around the jamb. He gave his Omega a soft smile, endeared by his apparent shyness.

“Hey, little one. Are you ready?”

“Yes, Daddy.”

“Then why are you hiding, sweetness? Come out so I can see how pretty you are in the outfit I picked.”

Jimin stepped out and Jungkook felt like he couldn't breathe for a moment. He was... adorable and gorgeous and sensual and a hundred other words he couldn't come up with at the moment. His gaze raked over every inch of his pretty boy and the more he looked, the more there was to love. His skin was pale and velvety, the lingerie frilly and cute, but he could see the little bulge of a semi-hard cock there. Gods, he was in love with him.

“Is it... does it look okay?” Jimin asked, fiddling with a white ribbon tied at his neck.

The Alpha eyed the ribbon and wondered why he'd added it. As he watched him sneak a finger under it and make a little face, he instantly didn't like the ribbon being there. It was pretty, but Jimin was obviously uncomfortable. He turned his chair and crooked a finger at him.

“Come here, Baby.”

Jimin instantly walked forward, hips swaying in his heels in that familiar way. When the Omega stopped in front of him, he couldn't stop himself from touching. His hands went to Jimin's hips and smoothed up over his sides to his ribcage. The skin under his hands was soft and supple, the scent of his little one was strong and sweet, already aroused for him. He moved his hands back down to the Omega's hips before pulling him down into his lap to straddle him.

“You look beautiful, Baby... but this ribbon is bothering you. Why did you put it on?”

Jimin felt his face get pink as his hands came up to gently grasp the front of the Alpha's t-shirt.

“I can't wear a collar... and my neck is ugly right now.” Jimin whispered, not looking into his eyes.

Jungkook growled softly at that and Jimin looked up at him, startled. Jungkook's hands found the bow at the back of the Omega's neck and tenderly untied it, pulling it away and laying it across this desk. His hands went to Jimin's shoulders and the Alpha softly stroked his thumbs over the bruised flesh there.

“No part of you is ugly, Jimin. Even if you're scarred or bruised, you are always beautiful. And you don't need a collar to be mine. You already were when you were wearing leggings and covered in flour, and you still are, dressed in your lingerie.”

The Alpha leaned forward and kissed the bruised skin of Jimin's throat, dragging his lips back and forth over it and licking the skin, trying to encourage it to heal. He spent several long minutes worshipping the skin of his neck before pulling back. Jimin trembled in his lap and when he

looked into his face, he saw that his silvery eyes were blown wide, the gray just a faint rim around the edge. His vanilla baby was there in all his obedient, pliant glory, looking like the softest, sweetest thing he'd ever seen, and smelling twice as sugary. The hard press of Jimin's cock against his own had Jungkook feeling satisfied. He smiled and gave him a soft kiss.

"Now, tell me you look pretty for your Daddy."

Jimin's face was hot and he could already feel the hot tears in his eyes as he looked at the Alpha whose lap he was occupying. He was shivering and overwhelmed in his hold, but he was a good boy, and he did what he was told.

"I look pretty for you, Daddy."

"Good boy. How about we take this to the bedroom so I can make you feel good, huh, little one?"

"Yes... please."

Jungkook slid his hands up under Jimin's thighs and lifted him as he stood. Jimin wrapped his arms around his neck and clung to him as he was carried to the bedroom. Jungkook loved holding Jimin like this, when he was so pliant and deep in his sub space. He held him for a little longer, swaying back and forth and pressing kisses to his skin before finally setting him down on the edge of the bed. He looked down at his Omega and tipped his chin up so he could meet his wide, pretty eyes.

"You ready to get started, Baby?"

"Yes, Daddy."

"You remember the rules?"

"Use my words. If I need to stop, say stop. If I can't talk, snap my fingers or knock on something."

"That's my sweet baby. Now, go on and lay in the middle of the bed, hands over your head."

Jimin turned and crawled up the bed, laying in the center and positioning his hands up over his head, just like he was told. Jungkook watched how proud and pleased his Omega was and he wanted to coo at him. He was so pretty there, a stark difference between the black comforter under him and his pale form, clad in white and pink lingerie. Jungkook looked down at the little selection sitting on the edge of the bed. He took the handcuffs and climbed up onto the bed, wrapping the white cuff, covered in lace and ribbon around one wrist before looping the chain through the headboard and cuffing the other wrist. He gave them a little yank to test them and smirked at the soft, pleased noise that Jimin made.

Jimin's focus was only on his Alpha as he moved off the bed and walked around to the end of it. The Alpha studied him for a prolonged time and Jimin did his best to stay still. Jungkook pulled his shirt off and then pushed his pants and boxers down, leaving him in nothing but skin, making it Jimin's turn to feast on his Alpha with his eyes. He devoured him with his gaze, taking in his smooth, tawny flesh and the perfect, thick cock that jutted out from his hips, the tip flushed red and a little glossy. Jimin wanted it inside him. In his mouth, in his ass, wherever. He just needed his Alpha's cock and he was ready to beg for it if that was what he had to do.

"All your marks have faded, little one." Jungkook observed and Jimin glanced down at his own body, noticing that his hickeys had in fact gone from his skin. "I'll have to fix that tonight."

Jimin whimpered as he watched the Alpha take himself in hand and stroke his cock a few times. He didn't like it. He wanted Jungkook's pleasure to come from HIM, not from his own hand, but at

least the Alpha was looking at him while he stroked his cock.

“Tell me, little one, have you missed Daddy’s cock?” Jungkook practically purred as he stared at him and slowly worked the cock in his hand.

“Yes, Daddy. I missed it so much... want it inside me. Please. Use me.”

“Such a good, needy boy. Are you gonna be good while Daddy plays with you?”

“I will, I’ll be so good for you, Daddy. Please touch me.”

Jimin arched his back and squirmed, letting out a soft, needful whine.

“Of course, little one.”

Jungkook released his cock from his hand and slowly climbed up the bed, kissing and nipping at the Omega’s tender skin as he went, sucking up fresh marks making Jimin gasp and squirm at the little pleasures mixed with the pain of marks being sucked up and soft nips and of teeth, quickly soothed by this tongue.

By the time Jungkook made it to Jimin’s inner thighs, parting him open with his hands to access the sensitive flesh, the Omega was making a constant whimper on each exhale and his body was quaking softly. As his legs were spread, Jungkook breathed in the sweet scent of his Omega’s arousal, sweet and vanilla and oh-so-tempting. The thighs in his hold were twitching and quivering and he could see that the material of Jimin’s panties was wet. Jungkook didn’t stop in his mission to mark him, sealing his lips on the flesh of his inner thigh, he pulled up another hickey, then another, until the smooth, pale skin was littered with them and Jimin was making sounds closer to crying than sounds of pleasure.

Jimin was overwhelmed. He’d been needing this so much with all the stress and fear of the last days and having his Daddy touching him, marking him was wonderful, but so much less than he needed. He needed the Alpha to give him so much pleasure that he wouldn’t be able to think, until all he could focus on was whether it was closer to heaven or hell. But he was a good boy, he’d wait for what he wanted, because that’s what good boys did. He couldn’t hold in his sounds, thought he knew that Jungkook wouldn’t want that. The Alpha liked when he was vocal, so he let the pitiful begging whines pass his puffy lips as Jungkook moved over the rest of his body, sucking marks into his stomach and chest, his shoulders, arms and wrists, only avoiding his neck. By the time he was done, Jimin had tears leaking from the sides of his eyes and he couldn’t stop the plea from escaping his hoarse throat.

“Please... please, Daddy...”

Jungkook reached up and gently petted him, and like magic, those big, warm palms calmed him and brought him down from his almost panicked desperation. He was already so close to cumming, just from hickeys and scenting and he was in pain, needing Jungkook.

“Shh... that’s it. You’re being such a good boy for me, Baby. I think you deserve a reward. What do you think? Do you want Daddy to reward you?”

“Please, Daddy... touch me?” Jimin managed through his trembling, feverish arousal.

“Okay, little one. Daddy will touch you.”

One of those hot, perfect hands slid down between them and cupped his cock through his panties, and that was all it took for Jimin. He arched off the bed with a sound somewhere between a sob

and a scream as he came, hard cock kicking and jerking in the confines of his panties, making everything hot and sticky, but he was too focused on his pleasure.

“F-fuck! Daddy! Yes... nnggh... ah... please, please, please...” Jimin moaned and begged incoherently.

Jungkook let out a low purr of satisfaction as his sensitive Omega came apart from so little contact. Even after the months of time they had spent together, most of it in bed, Jimin was just as responsive to his touch as he had been that first night. Touching Jimin was addictive, heady and intoxicating. He knew that no one else could ever be so perfect. For him, there was only Jimin and he'd never, ever get tired of him. No one could replace him and no one would ever reach into his heart the way that his little one did. Because even now, watching him come apart under him from a simple touch, he felt so much more than arousal. He felt love swell inside him, and he was simultaneously endeared and fascinated by him as his eyes squeezed shut and his mouth opened in moans, body bowing up off the bed, wanting more contact, wanting to be touched. He was exquisite.

“That’s it, little one. Cum for me... good boy.” Jungkook purred, groping and massaging his hand over Jimin’s cock as the Omega climaxed, shooting his release into his panties.

He worked him through his orgasm and when he collapsed back onto the bed with a shuddering breath, Jungkook leaned down and kissed him softly, parting his lips and delving his tongue into Jimin’s mouth to kiss him. He broke the kiss to trail his lips down Jimin’s body, reversing his initial path. He sucked at his nipples through the transparent fabric of his sweet white lingerie top, making Jimin moan as he bit the hardened buds gently. When he reached his panties, he looked up his body as he licked over his softening cock through the fabric, tasting the salty tang of Jimin’s cum mixed with the slick that was thoroughly soaked into the panties.

“You’re quite a mess, sweetheart. All wet with slick and cum. Whatever am I going to do with you?”

Jimin hiccupped a little noise like need mixed with desperation.

“Please...”

“Please, what? You have to be specific, little one. Use your words.”

“M-more! Make me cum again, Daddy.... Please.”

“Such a needy baby. Okay, little one. Daddy will make you cum again. How many times do you think you can cum for me, huh? You already came once, do you think you can cum four more times for me tonight?”

Jimin was only half aware of what Jungkook was saying or what he was agreeing to, but he was far past the point of caring. Whatever his Alpha... his Daddy wanted, he'd do it. He'd cum over and over and over if that's what would please him. He'd get on his knees and suck him off until there were no orgasms left in his body. He'd arch his back and present for him if that's what he wanted. Anything.

“Whatever you want, Daddy. You can do whatever you want with me.”

“Good. Then open your legs for me, Baby, as wide as you can... that’s it.” Jungkook said as Jimin did what he was told, opening his legs and bending them up to give him as much access as possible.

Jungkook nosed at him for a few moments, taking in the scent of his slick and cum that only increased the transparency of his panties, hiding nothing from his gaze. He mouthed over his cock, and sucked at him through the fabric as his hand travelled over the bedspread and found what he was looking for, the small, bullet shaped vibrator. He brought it between Jimin's legs as he pulled back and pressed the little device to the leaking tip of Jimin's cock, still encased in the white panties. His thumb depressed the button and it buzzed to life, right against the sensitive crown of his cock, making him arch and scream out a sound of pained pleasure. Jungkook just watched as he squirmed and whined at the intensity, The Alpha moved it in little circles, tracing it around the ridge of the mushroom tip, then upward to circle the sensitive slit.

"Oh... gods, Daddy! Yes... fuck yes... nnggh... please." Jimin cried out, opening his legs just that little bit wider, offering himself as best he could.

"You're so desperate today, Minnie. Already so messy for me. I wonder if I can get you even messier."

Jungkook used one finger to push aside the panties between Jimin's legs to allow him to slide his longest finger inside his wet, clenching hole. He curled the digit and pressed against his prostate, the other hand still gently tracing the vibrator round and round his tip. The Omega cried out and let out a moan of pleasure as Jungkook's finger started a gentle surge and retreat, curling up against his prostate on each press inward. He took his time, keeping the pressure steady to let it build into a crescendo, until Jimin was clenching and fluttering around his finger and his cock twitched, on the verge of orgasm.

Just as he was about to cum, Jungkook stopped the movement of his finger and pulled the vibrator away, robbing him of the release that had been so, so close. Jimin's body tightened, hips curving upward, seeking something to grind against to push him over that edge, but there was nothing and he finally shuddered and let out a little sob as his pleasure was denied. One of the Alpha's hands smoothed gently up his belly as he made soft, shh-ing and cooing noises to soothe him, but after he'd caught his breath, the hand pulled back and with a soft click and a buzz, the vibrator returned to pressing against his cock that was now twice as sensitive as before. Jimin let out a low grunt at the intensity of the feeling, and as the buzzing toy was traced down his cock and nestled against his sack, pressing between his balls, the end of the vibrator against his perineum, he screamed and jolted.

A second finger was added alongside the first and the curled up against his prostate more insistently, pressing harder and moving faster, but as his climax neared, again he cut off his orgasm. Jimin's body was tingling, the pleasure in his cock and ass neared closer and closer to pain as he was refused another orgasm, and then another, two fingers moving to three that fucked into him with quick, squelching thrusts. He knew he was covered in slick and he could feel the dampness of the bedding under him as he got wetter and wetter, body begging for the release he needed, aching for his Alpha's cock. The pressure deep in his belly was monumental, and edging across the line of pleasure, but he knew that Jungkook could sense it in him, the way his moans turned to whimpers and the tears leaking from the corners of his eyes, and as he started to touch him again, he knew this was no tease. He fucked his fingers into him with purpose and the vibrator pressed right against his slit, through the soaked fabric of his panties.

It took only moments for his orgasm to overwhelm him and as he did, he felt that familiar torturous pressure and tension low in his belly as he clenched up to the point of pain, screaming as slick squirted from him, around the Alpha's intruding, plunging digits. He shrieked out a long, high note as pleasure warred in him like agony and his tight muscles fluttered and spasmed, limbs quivering and toes curling in his high heels. His eyes rolled back and he rode out his pleasure, not comprehending the praising words of the Alpha, but appreciating them nonetheless.

He couldn't have said how long the orgasm lasted, somewhere between five seconds and five hundred years, but by the time his body went limp, he was totally weak, body loose-limbed and pliant. His panties were so wet, and the air of the room was cooling them and making them uncomfortable. He tried to reach down to take them off, but as he pulled his hands, he recalled that he was bound to the headboard. His mind was clouded by lust and he was deep, deep in his subspace. He gasped out a little sob, unable to comprehend anything beyond the discomfort and the need to have it gone.

"P-panties... off... Daddy, panties off...." He managed, legs flopping weakly on either side of him where they were spread open.

"Okay, little one. I'll get them off. Just relax. Daddy's got you. Daddy will take care of you. You know that, right?"

"Yes... trust you, Daddy... help me."

"That's it." Jungkook said as he used his hands to close Jimin's legs so he could pull the panties down and off. They were absolutely soaked with slick and cum, and as he tossed them toward the hamper, they landed with a quiet, wet slap on the floor. He also removed the heels that were barely hanging on and tossed them away as well before smoothing his hands up Jimin's inner thighs.

"There you go, sweetheart. Better?"

"Nnng... yeah." Jimin husked, eyes closing.

"You okay, Baby?"

Jimin's eyes opened and he smiled at him with that hazy, half-drunk look that he sometimes got after a good orgasm and Jungkook felt his stomach swoop inside his belly.

"Yeah, I still want your cock, Daddy." Jimin answered, parting his legs again, displaying his nudity openly, unabashed by Jungkook's stare.

Jimin was glistening with wetness between his legs and on his lower pelvis, cum and slick made his soft pale skin shimmer in the low light of the bedroom, illuminated by the pale illumination of the lamps on the bedside tables. He was resplendent in his post-orgasm glow and Jungkook couldn't help but to touch him, to feel that velvet flesh under his hands and delight in the way his pretty boy reacted to his touch. His own cock was rock hard and throbbing, precum sliding from the slit and down the heated shaft, but first he wanted to push his little one further. He knew he could take more.

"You're doing so well, little one. You ready for Daddy to make you cum again? You've still got three more to go, sweetness."

"Mm-hm. Ready." Jimin's hips wiggled a little and Jungkook felt so fond of him.

Jungkook leaned over him until he could kiss him, his cock dragging between the slick cheeks of Jimin's ass, caressing over his hole in a tease of what he couldn't have. He took Jimin's mouth in a hard, dominating kiss. He plundered his mouth and slowly teased his cock over the Omega's entrance, occasionally catching it against his rim and making Jimin whimper into the kiss, clearly wanting to be fucked. Jungkook's kiss turned into him sucking on Jimin's tongue and lips, biting the swollen pout until his lips were red and puffy. He pulled back and looked down at his Omega, who was a beautiful mess under him.

"You look so pretty tonight, sweetheart. I can't wait to see how pretty you'll be when I'm done



with you.”

“Mn... Daddy, please... more.”

Jungkook leaned down and took Jimin’s lower lip between his teeth and tugged gently one last time before sitting back and reaching again to the side of the bed, where he grabbed a light pink silicone cockring. He took Jimin in his hand and stroked him with firm tugs to get him back to full hardness again before stretching the cockring and fixing it around his cock, under his balls to keep him hard and stop his erection from flagging.

“Now, let’s try something new, pretty boy.” Jungkook purred with a devilish grin.

Jungkook reached over and grabbed a few more items from the edge of the bed, pulling them closer. He picked up a purple vibrating dildo, repositioning himself to sit cross legged between Jimin’s open thighs, settling in to tease and play with his pretty boy. He disregarded his own desire for orgasm, too focused on his task.

He pushed the toy inside Jimin’s fluttering hole, making the Omega moan softly, then louder as he depressed the button on the end and turned on the vibration to the lowest setting. He left it inside him, buzzing gently as he reached for a soft, squishy, pink masturbator and a bottle of lubricant. He popped the cap with a thumb and drizzled it over Jimin’s hard cock, making him gasp as the cool liquid dripped over him. He poured a bit inside the little sleeve of the toy and closed it before setting it aside. He slid the soft masturbator down the length of Jimin’s cock, using his hand around the outside to add extra tightness as he worked it up and down steadily.

Jimin didn’t know what to do with all the sensations he was experiencing. His body was hot, but the skin still tightened with goosebumps, the stretch and vibration of the toy in his ass was already almost overwhelming, and the soft, toy that Jungkook worked over his cock was intense, It felt like it sucked and massaged all at once, the squishy material of it yielding to the penetration of his cock into it. He squeezed his eyes shut and threw his head back as his spine curved and his toes curled. He couldn’t control the sounds escaping his mouth as he was slammed with wave after wave of sensation. Drool escaped the side of his mouth, sliding down his cheek as he was overtaken with pleasure. The cockring kept his cock hard, but also made it even harder to reach his orgasm, prolonging the devastating erotic acts that his Daddy was performing. When he heard a little click and the vibrations inside him increased, his vision dimmed around the corners and he realized he’d forgotten to breathe. He gasped in a harsh breath and let it out on a cry, shuddering as his insides thrummed with the steady vibration and his cock throbbed with every stroke of the soft toy around his length. His body squirmed involuntarily as the pleasure turned to overstimulation and something like pain, but too soft around the edges, a little numb and a little fuzzy.

Jungkook took it all in with delight. His pretty boy was a show he could watch over and over forever, and when he was like this, begging and moaning and crying at his ministrations, it was more than satisfying, more than erotic, it pulled the animal part of him forward. It pleased the wolf, the dark inner awareness that was proud to have a mate so strong and resilient, but pliant to his touch. Jimin was the only Omega who could satisfy them, the man and the wolf. He could feel that part of him coming forward, pushing at his control and he could see the red glow of his irises casting a crimson hue over his Omega’s glistening body. When he met his gaze, he saw surprise there and after a few moments, blue met red and the room was purple around them as Jimin’s Omega came forward too.

The wolf had no patience for play, and he pulled the vibrator out of Jimin’s hole, making him whine softly. He tossed it away, ignoring the sound of it buzzing on the rug next to the bed as it hit the floor. He shifted onto his knees and thrust his cock into Jimin’s hot, searing wetness, bottoming

out in a single thrust and making the Omega cry out as he started up a hard, unrelenting rhythm with his hips. The masturbator was still around Jimin's cock, but as Jungkook gripped his hips and pulled them up off the bed for a better angle to pound deeper into him, the toy slipped off of him and tumbled onto the blankets below. All that existed in Jungkook's head was a single word, 'Mine.' He growled low and almost threatening as he watched his mate under him, bound to their bed, beautifully exposed to his hungry gaze. All thoughts of play and teasing fell away as he watched his Omega under him, moaning in little hiccups as he pounded unrelentingly into his delicate wetness.

"Mine."

Jimin hadn't known what to do when Jungkook's movements slowed and stopped, he opened his eyes and looked down his body into a pair of glowing, red eyes. Jungkook's wolf stared out at him, his face relaxed, but his eyes were animalistic, possessive and fierce. Jimin felt the stirrings of his own wolf as it pushed forward and burst through his barriers. He knew his eyes were glowing, and he could feel his wolf taking more control. Blue met red and their world was amethyst. The quick yank of the toy out of him was a shock, but it didn't hurt, and it was quickly replaced by the welcome length of Jungkook's cock. And then... there was no more room for thought as he was fucked hard and fast, skin slapping and bodies colliding. Jungkook held his hips up off the bed effortlessly and fucked into his body with brutal force. Jimin was in heaven. His Alpha was so strong and virile and the wolf was pleased that his mate was such a good Alpha. He took care of them and made them happy... and the way he fucked them, possessive and demanding and erotic. There was no one better than him.

"Yours Alpha... all yours. Only yours." Jimin answered between jolting moans.

Jungkook looked at his Omega and purred at the answer. Exactly what he wanted to hear. His Jimin was so pretty under him, and his lacy little outfit was perfect against his soft skin, but he wanted to see him. All of him. He dropped Jimin's hips back to the bed, but kept moving as his hand found the front of his top and wrapped around it, yanking hard, he tore it away from his pale skin with a loud rip of fabric, making Jimin gasp. The little intake of breath was followed by a purr of his own and he purred loudly and wildly as Jungkook curled himself forward to bite and suck at his nipples until they were sensitive and swollen, red from his attentions and only then pulling back to grip Jimin's hips and move harder.

"You take my cock well, Omega." Jungkook growled, watching the way Jimin's abdominal muscles tensed and released on each thrust.

"Ahn... Your cock is perfect, Alpha... mmn..." Jimin purred back.

The room felt hot and dizzy with the thickness of the scents clouding the air and both of them were dewed with perspiration that glistened over their bodies in a fine sheet. Jungkook couldn't look away from his mate, his Omega.

"I want to see you present for me, pretty wolf."

Jimin could not say no to that, because he wanted to present for his Alpha, let him see all his intimate flesh.

"Yes... ah... Alpha... Let me present for you."

Jungkook purred and fell forward onto his hands, then lowered to his elbows, their bodies pressing together, slick and sweltering. He nipped at those plush, swollen lips and down, over his chin.

“I want to knot you first and watch my cum run down your soft thighs before I fuck you full again.”

Jimin couldn't answer beyond a moan as the Alpha shifted and pushed right against his prostate in his new angle and he was gone to pleasure. His cock throbbed painfully, the cockring making him harder and more swollen than he normally would be and even more sensitive, so that the brushing of Jungkook's hard abdomen against it was almost painful. It was exactly what he needed as the Alpha's knot started to form and his hole stretched over it on each thrust and when he felt the Alpha's lips seal against his jaw, sucking a hickey up there, almost on his face, he was gone.

Cumming with the cockring on was painful, but it also felt so good. It was a release of pressure as he shot his seed up against his and Jungkook's bellies and afterward his cock didn't flag at all, the ring keeping him hard. The Alpha let out a sound like a roar of pleasure as he came, knot forming and pumping his seed into Jimin in hot, jerky bursts that felt so intense inside him. As their orgasms came down, they started to scent. They pressed their faces against each other, scenting and purring and nipping back and forth like playful pups as they waited for Jungkook's knot to relax. Their wolves refused to give up the hold they had on them, red eyes met with blue and in those moments, they were animals, not men.

When his knot deflated, Jungkook pulled out and stared down at his Mate with appreciation. He was beautiful. He sat back and watched Jimin's chest move up and down with his breaths. It was so satisfying to see his Omega there, so vibrantly alive and so devastatingly open to him. This pretty wolf was his now. No one would take him away. He had to keep him here, safe and loved, where he belonged. Jimin met his gaze without fear or hesitation and Jungkook let out a little yip of approval that made that pink flush increase over his skin.

“Present for me, Omega.” Jungkook commanded.

Jimin moved to do just that, and only then realized his hands were still bound. He yanked at them, but it was no use.

“Untie me, Alpha.”

Jungkook reached up and in his current state he had no patience for buckles and latches. He fumbled with them for a moment, then just gripped the chain in his fist and pulled as hard as he could. The thin wooden slat that the cuffs were looped through ripped off the headboard with a loud, ‘crack’. Jungkook grabbed it and tossed it away into the room somewhere with a clatter before pulling back and flipping Jimin over onto his front.

“Present for me, Omega.”

Jimin drew his knees up and lifted his hips, leaving his chest pressed to the bed. He arched his back as much as he could and gently rocked his hips side to side, an enticement. From behind him he heard the Alpha's low, rumbling purr and he tensed his ass a little, pushing the cum inside him out, feeling the wetness slide down his thighs and perineum, dripping down onto the bed below him with soft tip-taps as the drops hit the bedding. He let out a little keening chirrup, an animal sound of need as he spread his legs wider and pushed back into nothing.

“Mount me, Alpha... Take what's yours.”

Jungkook gripped his hips and pushed back inside with a low moan of pure, Alpha satisfaction. Even after all this time, his pretty boy was so tight and wet for him. He was perfect around his cock as his ass clenched and fluttered, enveloping his cock with soft warmth. He took him hard and fast, delighting in the sounds he was able to draw from his pretty wolf. His Omega was a delicate beauty, but he took cock like he was made for it, and perhaps he was... made for his cock. Only

his. He gripped harder and pulled the Omega back into every thrust, watching his perfect ass bounce against his hips on each plunging inward push.

Jimin was in heaven and hell all at once. The cock ring was keeping his cock hard and he could feel precum dripping from his slit, but he'd never felt so connected with his Omega as he did in that moment. The wolf was ecstatic at their Alpha's show of absolute dominance, and the Omega offered it's submission wholly to the powerful, commanding wolf that had earned his trust and submission. They belonged to this Alpha now. Only Jungkook could be allowed to mount him, to push into him and take that place that was only his, to fill him with his cock and his seed. This was right.

By the time they were close to their release again, they were both sweating and panting, bodies flushed and slick, their scents so thick in the air it was almost a physical barrier. Jungkook bent forward and pressed against Jimin's back, still thrusting steadily into him. He licked at the salty droplets of sweat on his nape, and Jimin clenched around him. He did it again and again, then sucked a hickey there as his Omega tightened around him more and more, his climax close, just as Jungkook's was.

The Alpha's eyes found the creamy skin of the side of Jimin's neck and saw the fluttering beat of his pulse there, just beneath the skin and his whole world zeroed in on that spot, the unmarked stretch of skin that tormented him. He felt his canines tingle and descend into his mouth, ready to strike, to bite his Omega and claim him for their own. He parted his lips, and just as he leaned forward to do just that, he spotted the edge of a purple bruise, just as Jimin reached his climax and tightened like a vise around him, pulling him into his own spiral of release. He turned his face and bit into a pillow instead, his teeth puncturing the thing and tearing through, making a hole that let a puff of cotton stuffing out. He grunted into the mouthful of fabric, hips stuttering as his knot formed and he came into Jimin's willing body.

After his second climax, Jungkook was able to regain control over his body and his wolf, pushing the Alpha back into the recesses of his mind. He spit out the mouthful of fabric and stuffing as his canines retracted and he turned his face back to kiss Jimin's neck, in apology for the unforgivable thing he'd almost just done. He'd damn near just given him a mating bite. He wished he could say it was his self control that held him back, but truly it was the bruise. His Omega was hurt and he didn't want to hurt him more. Fuck. He had to get himself in hand before he did something drastic. He took a deep breath and blew it out. A tinny whine from Jimin was what brought him back to himself and he smoothed a hand over his skin where he could touch.

"You okay, Baby?"

"Hurts, Daddy... nng... the cockring... get it off... please." Jimin whimpered in reply.

Jungkook sat back, careful not to pull on his knot that was still holding them together. He used his hands to lift Jimin until he was on his knees too, back to Jungkook's front. The Alpha carefully removed the cockring from Jimin's flushed, still-hard cock and the moment he was free, watery cum dribbled from his tip and he made a sound of relief.

"Thank you, Daddy." He sighed.

"You're welcome, little one. Are you okay?"

"Yeah..." Jimin said, hesitant for a moment, but too tired to hold back. "My Omega likes you a lot..."

"My Alpha likes you too, Baby. More than you know." Jungkook answered, thinking of the

overwhelming need to bite his neck and mark him.

Jungkook held Jimin against his body, just like that, supporting him there with his arms until his knot relaxed. He carried him to the bathroom and they bathed together, soaking in the warm water for a while until their fingers and toes pruned up and the water cooled. Jungkook showered his little one in all the praise and adoration that he deserved, save for the three words that he could not bring himself to say yet. Soon. Very, very soon he would.

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As they lay in bed, clean and sleepy, Jimin turned into Jungkook's side and giggled a little bubbling noise of giddiness.

“What's funny, little one?” Jungkook asked, smiling.

“You said you were going to make me cum four more times, but I only came three times.”

The Omega giggled again and wiggled closer to him, clearly enjoying him breaking his own rules. Jungkook smiled wider and gasped.

“Oh, now that is a direct challenge!” Jungkook said, pushing Jimin onto his back and disappearing under the covers.

“Ah! Daddy, what are you doing?!” Jimin laughed as his panties were pulled off and a raspberry was blown against his thigh, making him squirm and laugh out a cackle of mirth.

Jungkook pushed the covers away so he could look up at his smiling, bubbly Omega from between his legs.

“I can't break a promise now, can I?” He answered with a wide, wolfish grin.

Jimin laughed, free and joyous as he slipped a hand into Jungkook's damp, black hair and pushed him down between his legs.

“You're an insatiable wolf, Jungkook.”

“For you, little one I'll never be satisfied.”

## Chapter End Notes

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# See You This Evening

## Chapter Summary

The police catch the ones who tried to hurt Jimin, with the help of Jungkook and his team. Jungkook decides he's finally ready.

## Chapter Notes

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Jimin's morning was going great. He'd woken up to a very playful and aroused Alpha tracing lips down his spine, toward his ass, and he was currently riding him into a soft, slow morning orgasm... that is until his phone rang and pulled him out of the whirlpool of his release that he'd been just closing in on. He wanted to ignore it so badly and just keep going, but Jungkook's hands on his hips stopped him.

"God damn it... It might be important." Jungkook said, voice husky and deep from the early hour. The Alpha reached over and snatched the device before handing it to Jimin.

The Omega grumbled, but took it and answered, perhaps a bit more snippily than he would normally have, but it was early and his Alpha was currently balls deep inside him. He was not in the mood to be interrupted.

"Hello? Who is this?"

The voice on the other side of the line was familiar and as he listened, he realized who it was. It was the detective working on his case.

"Mr. Park, I'm sorry to call so early in the morning, but we've got two suspects in custody that we think are your attackers."

Jimin went cold and he looked into Jungkook's eyes, a small fear he hadn't even realized he had inside him, rearing its ugly head. Jungkook sat up and wrapped an arm around Jimin's waist. The look of fierce protectiveness on his face told Jimin that he'd heard. Jungkook took the phone from his shaking hand and put it on speaker.

"This is Jeon Jungkook. What's going on?" Jungkook said, voice deeper and more growly than usual.

"Mr. Jeon, hello. I was telling Mr. Park that we have two suspects in custody. We'll need him to come in this morning and identify them from a lineup."

Jungkook looked at his Omega who seemed to shake himself out of whatever place he'd gone in

his head and cleared his throat.

“Okay. What time do I need to be there?” Jimin replied.

“Could you come in early this morning? I know it’s short notice, but-”

“It’s fine. I’ll be there.” Jimin said, and Jungkook felt him tremble slightly.

“We’ll be there.” The Alpha corrected.

Jungkook took the phone, ended the call and wrapped his arms around the Omega in his lap. His cock had started to soften inside Jimin’s body as his mind was dragged away from the warm pleasure that their morning had started with. He kissed his Omega before pulling back far enough to study his face.

“You okay, Baby?”

Jimin shook himself out of his weird daze and looked into his Alpha’s dark eyes with a soft smile. He was okay. Jimin was strong and resilient. He simply hadn’t been prepared for that discussion, his mind torn between the succulent body between his thighs and trying to comprehend the fear and pain of his attack. But he was fine. As if to prove it to himself and Jungkook, he put his hands on the Alpha’s chest and pushed him to lay back down before rolling his hips a little, the motion causing Jungkook’s cock to thicken inside him and begin to harden once more. Jimin did want reassurance, but a very specific kind that always made him feel better.

“I’m perfectly fine, Alpha. Now... where were we?” Jimin purred, looking down at Jungkook with a small, mischievous smile. “Oh, right... I think right about... here.” Jimin said as he lifted his hips until just the very tip of the Alpha’s cock was in him before sliding back down slowly.

Jungkook gripped his hips and moaned at the feel of Jimin stimulating every inch of him, so slowly.

“Fuck... little one... We should-” Jungkook started but Jimin put his fingers on Jungkook’s lips.

“Shh... Not now... I want you to cum in me, and then put a plug inside me before we go... I need to be full of you. Can you do that for me, Alpha?”

Jungkook sat up, wrapped his arms around Jimin and rolled them over before kissing him and starting up a faster, deeper movement, taking his Omega with firm, sure strokes.

“I can definitely do that for you, sweetheart.”

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Jimin had never been inside a police station before and he found it to be really different from how they were portrayed on television. It seemed almost like any other government building he’d ever been in, besides how busy it was. It smelled like strong, industrial scent blocker, which had a plastic aroma. His boots squeaked on the tile floor and his mittened hand was encased in Jungkook’s larger one as they stepped inside with Sejoon on his Alpha’s other side, the attorney looking ready to earn his retainer. They entered a lobby and strode up to a long desk that was manned by an older Beta woman who gave off a strong no-nonsense vibe.

“How can I help you?” She asked, glancing up at them for a split second with an assessing gaze and then back down at her computer.

“We’re here to see Detective Choi. My name is Park Jimin. He’s expecting me.”

“Have a seat, I’ll let him know you’re here.” She answered, pointing to the hard plastic chairs in the small waiting area.

Jungkook guided his Omega to the seating area and removed his hat, scarf and gloves, holding onto them as they sat. He laced his fingers with Jimin’s and held the Omega’s hand in a gentle hold. His Omega was quiet, but he could tell that he was okay. He’d learned to read Jimin over the last months together and he knew how to tell when he was upset. But his scent was clear and his hand was steady. Jungkook gave the soft hand in his a squeeze and received one in return.

Next to them, Sejoon was also quiet, but after a few minutes, Detective Choi appeared from a door, before walking over to them, shaking each of their hands. The detective looked a bit careworn, his beard a few days overgrown and the signs of tiredness around his eyes. But he smiled reassuringly at Jimin as he asked how he was doing since his attack, which the Omega replied that he was okay.

“This way please. I have some officers setting up the lineup.”

The trio followed him back through the bullpen area where all the detective’s desks were set up and stacked with paperwork. Harried officers typed at computers and answered phones, spoke with people sat next to their desks. Jungkook wrapped an arm around his Omega and held him close to his side as they moved through the busy area and past a holding cell for suspects. They walked down a short hallway and into a bare room that housed only a single table. On the wall was a two-way mirror, that from their side looked like a window. On the other side were six men. Detective Choi waved them forward and Jungkook let Jimin walk forward, even as he wanted to protect him, he knew that his Omega was strong. But he stayed as close as he could, to offer support.

Jimin looked through the window and he spotted the two men who had attacked him easily among the others. The bigger one with the bulging muscles and bald head was second from the left and the smaller, oily-seeming one who had choked Jimin and hit him was all the way on the right. Jimin was glad to see that he had a scar on his face from his attack with the keys, even if it was healed.

Detective Choi pressed a button that Jimin realized was a recording device.

“For the record, can you state your full name?”

“Yes. My name is Park Jimin.”

“Please look through this window and tell me, do you recognize any of these men as the ones who attacked you?”

“Yes. Number two and number 6 are the ones who attacked me.” Jimin said and he felt a shaking hand slide around his waist.

The Omega looked back over his shoulder and saw his Alpha glaring through the window with so much pure hatred on his face that it felt like it should melt the glass under his fiery stare. Jimin laid his hand over the one on his side and the Alpha turned his attention to him instead, the look of hate melting away into a soft concern. He gave him a little smile and nod to show that he was okay and Jungkook nodded back.

The detective turned his face and spoke clearly and loudly into the device.

“Let the record show that Park Jimin has identified numbers two and six as his attackers.”



He pushed another button to end the recording and then they were being guided out of the room and into a conference type room. Jimin and Jungkook sat with Sejoon and the detective asked them to wait a few minutes. As soon as he was gone, Sejoon turned to them and spoke.

“Alright, Jimin you did great, and Jungkook, you held it together really well. I know that was hard for you. But from here, let me do my job. We are still trying to get them to let Jungkook and his team look at that device, so we need to tread very carefully.”

Jimin and Jungkook both agreed, and when the detective returned with a captain and an attorney, they were prepared to simply observe Sejoon in action. The lawyer was good at his job and he was prepared with legal precedents and arguments that overruled the other lawyer in the room as well as the police captain and detective. There was much legal jargon and technical terms thrown around, but in the end, Sejoon was victorious.

“We are as concerned with the validity of this case as you are, and we don’t want to allow any loopholes that the defendants could use to pull apart the case against them. But they were clearly hired by someone else to do what they did. We need to know, or else Jimin will be in more danger. We can all agree here that everything will be thoroughly recorded and documented each step of the way. Personnel from the police cybercrime task force will play witness to the entire process and shore up any doubts. We can even bring in an agreed upon third party to observe if that helps. The important thing is that we get the information and that everything is done properly to make the strongest case.”

It was agreed that they would allow the Cypher tech team to try to break the encryption to learn more about who’d tried to steal from Jungkook and ordered the attack against Jimin. Everything was scheduled for the day after next and after several hours of mostly listening to Sejoon go back and forth with the other three, they were able to leave.

On the way out, they passed the holding area where they got a brief glimpse of Alphas that Jimin had identified, but outside of exchanging glaring looks with Jungkook, they did not attempt to communicate. That was perfectly fine with Jimin. He had no interest in talking to them ever again. He knew it was early in the day, just a little before noon, but he felt exhausted. It was a lot of stress, coming here, dealing with this and doing his very best to put on his bravest face. He could feel Jungkook’s tension too in the stiffness of his body and the tightness of the arm around his waist that had him plastered to his side. His chocolate and coffee scent was also off, a little agitated and Jimin wished he could soothe him, but this was not the place for them to display affection. It was a police station and so he just allowed himself to be guided out into the reception area where his Alpha put his hat, scarf and gloves on him before pulling him outside without so much as a glance at Sejoon. Jimin looked back and gave a little wave and he could swear the smile on the Alpha’s face was a little too knowing.

Jungkook opened the passenger door and Jimin squeaked in surprise as he was picked up and set into the seat. Jungkook buckled him in and pressed a long, hard kiss to his lips that had the Omega melting into the leather under him, body going limp and relaxed at the kiss that was somehow both chaste and full of dominance. One of the Alpha’s warm hands cupped his jaw and he kissed him over and over, until Jimin whimpered and he finally pulled back. Jimin looked into his dark eyes and felt... seen by him. As if he could see past Jimin’s skin and bones and into his soul, his feelings and needs and desires. Jungkook truly knew him better than anyone else ever had, even Taehyung. Jungkook knew him in a way that Jimin hadn’t even known himself before he’d met the Alpha, and he hoped and wished that Jungkook could see the message in his eyes that he tried to communicate.

‘Please love me. I love you. I promise I’ll be yours. All you have to do is ask.’

Jungkook kissed him one last time before pulling back and closing the door. He walked around to the driver's side. He held Jimin's mittened hand again as he drove. Jimin watched him as the Alpha watched the road. He admired his profile, the strong nose, the soft lips, the elegant plane of his forehead. Damn, he knew he was gone if he was thinking about elegant foreheads, but he couldn't help it. He loved Jungkook. He was so in love with him that he didn't know what to do with himself. But he was still afraid. He was scared that he was reading too much into a situation that he was still new to, and seeing what he wanted to see, rather than what was. He wanted Jungkook to love him. He wanted the Alpha to claim him and he wanted to be his forever... but one little voice in his head told him that he was just a sugar baby, a plaything... a toy to distract himself with. It said that even if Jungkook cared about his well being and liked their sex life, that did not mean he wanted to mate with him, or be with him forever. He tried to ignore that negative whisper in the corner of his mind, but it was there, whether he liked it or not.

The Alpha turned on the heater and seatwarmers and let Jimin get nice and warm as they travelled back across a slushy city, the snow a little melty. Once they arrived at the apartment building and parked, Jungkook paused and looked over at his Omega, assessing him. He seemed a little down and he reached over to trace soft fingers over his cheek and jaw. Silver eyes met his and the little smile he gave was probably supposed to be reassuring, but it did the opposite. Jungkook could see the stress and exhaustion in his little one and suddenly he felt protective. He wanted to get Jimin into the apartment and shelter and shield him from everyone who wasn't him, until he was smiling and purring like his little kitten.

"Let's go up, Baby."

Jimin just nodded, and Jungkook got out first, jogging around to let Jimin out of his side. In the elevator, he pushed him up against the wall, but he didn't kiss him this time, he just caged him there with his larger body and scented him across his face and neck. It actually did make Jimin feel a little better. Just as he relaxed enough to let out a little purr, they arrived on their floor and he was being pulled out of the elevator and dragged to the apartment door. He followed willingly, obediently letting himself be guided into the apartment, where Jungkook knelt and removed his boots, before kicking off his own shoes. His hat, gloves, scarf and coat were all removed and hung up and Jimin just quietly allowed the Alpha to do as he pleased, watching as he shrugged off his own coat and then reached for him again to pull him farther into the apartment.

He'd been expecting to be pulled to Jungkook's room, but was pleased when he was taken to his room, to his nest. The moment he saw it, he let out a whimpering little purr and tears filled his eyes. He looked at Jungkook and raised his arms in a silent request to be stripped. He was quickly obliged as the Alpha stripped him down to his navy and white moon and star panties. Jimin returned the treatment, pushing off the Alpha's suit jacket and removing his tie and shirt. Letting the expensive items flutter to the floor, more concerned with his Alpha's nearness and wanting to feel his skin against him as he was held. Once they were both just in their underwear, Jimin pulled the Alpha into the nest, curling up against his chest instantly and letting out a soft purr when Jungkook covered them with a blanket and then wrapped his arms around the Omega.

"Thank you, Jungkook. For everything."

"It's okay, little one. Just get some rest. I'll be here when you wake up."

"Alpha?" Jimin whispered, looking at him with those round, needy eyes that Jungkook could never resist.

"What is it, sweetheart?"

"Will you scent me more?"

“Of course.”

Jungkook pushed Jimin onto his back and gave him a thorough scenting, until he was coated so heavily in his scent that his vanilla one was almost unrecognizable beneath his own. He held Jimin as he fell asleep and watched his serene face as his breaths evened and slowed. He felt somewhat calm for the first time since Jimin’s phone had rung that morning. He had his Omega in his arms, safe in his nest in their shared home. His mind was full of worries, fears that someone could try to hurt his Baby again, fears that he was going to somehow lose the only thing in his life that made him feel loved, fears that when he offered his heart to Jimin that he’d reject it, just like everyone else did. But he hushed those fears by watching Jimin’s serene countenance and his chest, rising and falling with his sleeping breaths. His mind whirled for a little longer, but the soft warmth of his little one against him and the culmination of stresses over the last days caught up with him and he too fell asleep.

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The phone on Jungkook’s desk beeped and the voice of the receptionist rang through his office.

“Mr. Jeon, the police are here to see you.”

“Thank you. Please have security bring them up to my office.”

Jungkook looked around his already crowded office. All the tables full of equipment and parts had been pushed to the walls and two long tables were set up in the center. In the middle was a computer that his team had put together the day before. It was built with the best components and blank except for the programs they would need to break the encryption. At the conference table across the room, his entire team sat, waiting quietly and talking lowly amongst themselves. On the other side of his office, Yoongi and Sejoon were on the leather sofa that took up a corner. But most importantly, in his lap was his little one sitting calmly with his head rested against his shoulder. He sat up and looked at him after the page, and the already tense atmosphere thickened until it was thicker than the air in the room. The anticipation was high.

Jungkook gently rubbed a hand up and down Jimin’s back and spoke to him in a quiet voice that didn’t carry to the others.

“You okay, Baby?”

“Yeah. You?” Jimin asked, turning to look more properly at him, cupping his jaw with a small hand.

“Of course. I’m just impatient to get this over with. It’s gonna take a while though and be pretty boring for you. Are you sure you want to stay?”

“I’m sure.”

As it turned out, Jungkook was right. Hacking was nowhere near as exciting as it seemed in the movies. The police came and there was a lot of talk about computer equipment and specs that Jimin did not really understand, but he just quietly observed from his place in Jungkook’s office chair, where he curled up to watch the proceedings. His Alpha was right in the mix of everything, and Jimin saw his business side for the first time. He was commanding and intelligent, clearly a good leader. Jimin was impressed by him as everyone, even the police cybercrime team seemed to defer to him. Jimin’s wolf was pleased that their Alpha was such a natural leader and pointed out that he’d be a good father figure to their future pups, to which he had to shush his wolf’s inner voice and push his Omega away.

Whatever he felt or thought... he was still a sugar baby. His wolf did not understand that. It was a human concept. His wolf only cared that it had connected with Jungkook's Alpha, to the animal part of him, that was all the evidence that mattered. But the human half was worried that he might be putting too much faith in something that could very well blow up in his face. He'd put so much of himself in Jungkook's care, that he worried what he'd do if it did all go awry. He just quieted his worrisome mind and watched Jungkook work, taking his turn at the computer every once in a while, and watching closely, making suggestions as other members of his team did their parts, all while being recorded and explaining each step to the camera and the police officers that were in attendance.

Jimin just drew his knees up to his chest and wrapped his arms around his legs, resting his chin on his knee and watched. He'd known Jungkook was smart, and that he was good with computers, but it was incredible to watch him work. Knowing something and seeing it in reality were two very different things and he wondered what an Alpha like this saw in him. Was he just a plaything? Was he just some weak Omega who needed protecting? Did the Alpha feel this connection between them that Jimin felt? Did Jungkook love him, or was he playing himself the fool for hoping?

Jungkook was focused on his task with laser intensity, but he could feel the presence of his Omega behind him, and it drove him on. It was a reminder of why this was so important, not that he'd forgotten, but it was motivating all the same. He had to find out who had hurt him. He never wanted to see his Omega hurt again. Jimin was strong and smart and that had saved him this time, because those Alphas had not expected the fiery spirit inside Jimin. They had not prepared to do battle with him. They'd expected him to whimper and plead and do whatever he was told. But Jimin was no coward and he was not one to do what he was told (well, at least not outside the bedroom). Jimin was as stubborn and tenacious as he was beautiful, and he knew that he was okay.

Yesterday in Jimin's nest, he'd held his sleeping Omega and felt the rise and fall of his chest as he slept peacefully. When they'd come awake, Jimin had been smiling and happy, purring in his arms and smelling so sweetly of vanilla. When he'd rolled them over so Jimin was laying on top of him, the Omega had giggled and then kissed him over and over before nosing and pressing against his face and neck, scenting him. Those were the moments that lived in his heart now. Of course the sex was great and the drama of things like the Seoul Arts Gala were satisfying, but for him those quiet, soft mornings in his bed when he'd squeeze Jimin against his body and blow raspberries into his neck until he was just a wiggling, giggling mess, and those moments when Jimin was nothing but his perfect, happy and content little kitten were the most important. He would do anything to see that everyday, and he'd give his soul to never again see his Omega as he had that day, covered in blood, crying, trembling and terrified. He'd kill anyone who ever tried to hurt him again.

The programming on the device was quite ingenious, and if this were any other circumstance, he probably would have tried to hire whoever had programmed it. When it was plugged in, it immediately routed around the firewalls and security on the computer and started to copy the files from the computer onto the drive. The way it worked was fascinating and it revealed a hole in the security of his software that he made a note to shore up as soon as possible. It took hours of careful, incremental work to break through the encryption and into the raw data on the drive. His team and the cybercrime officers all had a hand in getting there, but when it finally broke through, they were able to get enough data to determine a source... and it was finally revealed.

"Gaon Tech?" Yugyeom asked softly, interpreting the data just as Jungkook would have.

"Gaon fucking Tech." Jungkook hissed through his teeth, jaw tight. "Get Namjoon down here. Now."

Yoongi was moving before anyone else, headed toward the door.

“I’ll get him.”

Yoongi’s usually serene scent was icy and sharp with anger and as he walked out, no one dared to try and stop him. Jungkook was agitated. His heart told him that Namjoon couldn’t have anything to do with this, but there was still a chance that he’d done something so stupid as to put the future of his company in the hands of someone who would betray him... again. He’d been betrayed by his employees once too often. His manufacturer, his accountant, his receptionist... how could he trust anyone anymore? Namjoon had always seemed competent and eager for the job and he’d done nothing but good since he’d arrived. Those were facts, but he was still too full of mistrust, having been wronged once too often. He paced back and forth like a caged lion, agitation tightening his skin and making him want to break something. But as he turned to pace another length, he drew up short when Jimin stepped in his path. Only then did he realize he was growling. He cut off the sound and focused on the slender blond in front of him. He walked closer and wrapped his arms around his waist, laying his head on his chest and holding him. Jungkook felt the tension leave his body as his nose was filled with vanilla and the feel of his Omega against him.

Jimin had a vague idea of what was going on. He remembered Jungkook telling him that he’d hired the new CEO from a competitor, Gaon Tech. And he’d heard the talk as the team seemed to make some sort of breakthrough and revealed that Gaon Tech were the ones out to steal Jungkook’s work. He knew that Jungkook had been betrayed by his employees recently, and that must still feel like a raw wound being poked with a sharp stick as what could be another devastating blow to his trust. But Jimin could see too that it didn’t mean that he was guilty of conspiring. He had more distance and they’d known less likely coincidences than this. He set his chin on his Alpha’s chest and looked up at him.

“Jungkook, just hear him out. He might not have done anything wrong.”

“If... I hired him and he did this... then everything is my fault...” Jungkook said so softly that only Jimin could hear.

Jimin released his hug and reached up to cup Jungkook’s jaw in firm hands, guiding him to look into his face.

“Bullshit. None of this was your fault. And I’m fine. Everything is fine.” Jimin raised up on his tip toes and pressed a kiss to his lips. “You don’t have to take responsibility for what other people do. You can’t protect me from everything.”

Jungkook growled softly and wrapped Jimin up in his embrace, squeezing him tight to his body.

“Watch me.”

Yoongi arrived with Namjoon shortly after than and the moment the other Alpha entered the office, Jungkook tried to push Jimin behind him. The Omega refused to be moved and stayed by his side. Namjoon seemed to sense the atmosphere as he entered the room.

“What’s going on?” He asked, looking to Jungkook.

“Did you have anything to do with this?”

“To do with what?”

The other Alpha was clearly confused and his posture was tense and wary. Jungkook wanted to snap at him, to take out some of the anger inside him somewhere, but as he felt a small, cool hand slide into his and lace their fingers together, he calmed. His voice was still tense and more harsh

than usual, but it was a miracle he wasn't shouting.

“Gaon Tech are the ones who set up the attack against Jimin.” Jungkook stated through gritted teeth. “Were you involved?”

“No!” Namjoon exclaimed, looking shocked. “I swear, I had no idea. I came here before you even announced it. How could I have known? If I wanted to do damage to your company, I could have done much more as the CEO. I left Gaon Tech for a reason, and honestly I'm not surprised that they'd try something like this. Their stocks are plummeting and they are desperately trying to keep from going under, except this time I'm not there to save their asses.”

There was logic in that, Jungkook could admit. His mind took that information and rolled it around, testing it and looking for any flaws in it. They had approached Namjoon, not the other way around. They'd hired him before anyone knew Jungkook was even stepping down, and before anyone at the company had even known about his project. He'd jumped to conclusions before he'd even had time to properly assess the situation or think about it. He'd been betrayed once too often and he'd just assumed it was another. He let out a long breath and felt the smaller hand in his squeeze. He squeezed back and looked at Namjoon.

“Alright. You're right. Sorry. I'm just...”

“Don't apologize. I get it. But... I've got some contacts there still. Is there anything I can do to help?”

“Actually, yes.” Detective Choi stepped forward.

The Detective had been staying off to the side as everyone worked, but now it was time for the police work, he was back in his element.

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Four days later, Jimin was just putting the finishing touches on a pretty black forest cake when he damn near jumped out of his skin at the sound of the door banging open and running footsteps. On instinct, he turned and grabbed the biggest knife out of the cutting block before whirling back and holding it in a defensive stance. Jungkook came around the corner into the kitchen, breath a little fast and shoes still on, not having paused to remove them in the doorway.

“Jungkook! You nearly scared me to death!” Jimin admonished, lowering his knife.

Jungkook ignored the twinge in his gut as he saw Jimin holding the knife like a weapon. It hurt to see him so afraid and jumpy, but he tabled those feelings for later as he smiled like a madman and went to his Omega. He took the knife from his hands and set it aside before he pulled him out of the kitchen and into the living room. Jungkook turned on the tv and went to a video streaming app on the smart TV, selecting the top trending video.

It loaded for a moment, then on the screen was a shot of eight older men in crisp suits being led to police cars, all around them cameras flashed and reporters yelled questions. At the bottom of the screen in large white letters it read, ‘Breaking: Gaon Tech Board of Directors Arrested’. The screen changed to a female anchor behind a desk in a newsroom.

“Today, in a shocking turn of events, the entire board of directors at Gaon Tech have been arrested. The charge? Corporate espionage and accessory to assault. This comes in the wake of their record lows in stock prices. The police have not revealed more at this time, but we will keep you informed as this story develops.”

The video ended and Jungkook flipped off the TV before turning to Jimin who was smiling just as wide as him now.

“They got them?” Jimin asked.

“They got them.”

Jimin laughed and jumped into the Alpha’s arms, wrapping his legs around his trim waist and kissing him, still giggling as he parted his lips and their tongues moved together. He was happy that the ones who had tried to hurt him and steal his Alpha’s hard work were caught. They were safe. He dragged his lips down to the Alpha’s neck as Jungkook carried him off toward the bedroom. He was so happy it felt like he was going to burst. It was over and things could finally go back to normal. No more bodyguards or looking over his shoulder everywhere he went. It would be back to normal. He had a week before he went back to school and he was looking forward to the return to normalcy. Of days spent learning and cooking, of coming home and nesting, waiting for his Alpha to come home to him and be pulled into his makeshift nests for cuddles and sex and long, tender kissing sessions.

Before Jungkook could set him on the bed, Jimin wiggled out of his arms and lowered himself to his knees, looking up at his Alpha with need as his hands slid up his muscular thighs and to his belt.

“My throat feels better, Daddy and there’s something I’ve been dying to do.” Jimin husked quietly, purring when a big, warm hand slid into his hair.

“Poor baby, you’ve been wanting it that much?”

Jungkook pulled Jimin forward by the hair, pushing his still-clothed cock against the Omega’s lips and chin, making him whimper and moan, his lips opening to caress him with tongue and teeth through the layers between them.

“Yes...”

“Take what you need then, Baby.”

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Jungkook woke up with his alarm and as he cut it off, his attention was pulled to the Omega curled up beside him, sleeping serenely and gently purring. He smiled on the verge of waking up and thought that he’d gladly wake up just like this every day for the rest of his life. He glanced out the wall of windows at the city below and the peach glow of the morning sky, the clouds red and pink and something felt... right. He realized that it was finally time. Today was the day. He was going to ask his pretty boy to stop being his sugar baby and to be his mate. It was finally time for him to admit his feelings and tell his little one that he loved him.

He looked back at Jimin and admired him up close. His soft skin, his long lashes, the little button nose that he could recall the exact feel of pressing against his chest, where he hid when he was feeling shy. He studied the shape of his eyebrows and the golden blond strands of the hair that fell into his face, the plush lips that were slightly pouting because of the way his cheek was squished against the hand he was sleeping on. Everything about him was perfect, including the light smattering of freckles across his nose and cheeks and itty-bitty faded scar high on his forehead that he assumed was from some childhood misadventure.

He wanted to touch him, but he didn’t want to wake him. He wanted him to get his rest, so he

slipped out of bed quietly and went to get ready for the day. He dressed in a black suit with a white button up, but when he went to select a tie, he saw the flash of pink from his ties and he couldn't resist. He pulled out the pale pink tie. The memory of that night he'd tied Jimin up the first time, with this very tie, played through his head and he turned his collar up to slide it into place and tie it, hoping it held some of the magic of that night in it and that it would bring him luck. Just as he was about to leave, his phone chimed with an alert and he pulled it out to see a reminder banner across the top of the screen.

'Pay Jimin'

He looked at it for a moment and then smiled. It seemed right that today of all days would be the last time he paid Jimin to be his sugar baby. He found his checkbook and smiled as he wrote out a check for two million dollars, the same amount that those bastards had tried to pay him. It somehow felt like a little inside joke, and he chuckled as he tore it neaty from the perforated edge. He grabbed a leaf of stationery from his office and wrote a note to go with it.

*"Good morning little one,*

*"You were sleeping too peacefully to wake you this morning, so I let you rest. It's that time again already. I already know you will try to turn me away, but you are worth it. So please accept. I think this should be enough to start your restaurant when that time comes.*

*"I'll see you this evening,*

*"Jungkook"*

The Alpha left the items on the counter, where Jimin would find them when he awoke before walking out the door.

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Jungkook was nervous as he rode the elevator up to the apartment. In his pocket, he had the ring that his mother had given him, and in his arms, an enormous vase of pink roses. He'd spent the lion's share of his day sitting at his desk, staring at the open ring box and going over and over the lines that he wanted to say to his Omega. He'd practiced his speech and he was ready... or at least as close as he'd ever get.

His heart was beating so hard and fast in his chest that it had his hands trembling as he tried to unlock the door. He entered the apartment and the first thing he noticed was that it was dark inside. He flipped on the entry lights. The second thing he noticed was the lingering scent of rain... had his little one been crying? Was he sick? He didn't bother to take off his shoes and coat, just walking into the apartment as worry had his heart racing for an entirely new reason. He flipped on the lights in the kitchen, where he could smell the rain even more strongly. His nose led him to the same place on the counter where he'd left his note and check this morning. He saw that the check was still there, but torn up into pieces and next to it was the same page of stationery he'd written his note on.

He picked the paper up with a trembling hand, and as he started to read, the vase in his other arm slipped from his grasp and shattered on the floor, just as his heart shattered inside his chest. He paid no mind to the water spreading across the floor or the pieces of glass that were everywhere. His eyes were locked on the note. The handwriting was wavery and here and there were little blurred spots where clearly tears had fallen on the page, which explained the scent of rain. Tears filled his own eyes and he realized how badly he'd fucked up.



*“Jungkook,*

*“I’m so sorry that I’m doing this but I don’t know what else to do. I can’t pretend anymore. It hurts too much. I can’t keep taking your money and acting like it doesn’t kill me every time. I can’t be your sugar baby anymore, because my heart hurts, it hurts so bad that I feel like I’m dying.*

*“I’m so sorry.*

*“I’m sorry I couldn’t be what you need me to be. I’m sorry I couldn’t be stronger. I’m sorry I fell in love with you. I’m sorry I ruined everything.*

*“Thank you for everything you’ve done for me. I wish I could repay all your kindness, but I’ll always cherish what we had. You’ll always be my first and best love and I’ll always love you.*

*“Goodbye.*

*“Jimin”*

## Chapter End Notes

Please leave a comment.

# Love

## Chapter Summary

Jungkook finds Jimin.

## Chapter Notes

Alright guys, this is the end of our journey. There will be one more chapter after this, which will be a bit of an epilogue. But this is the end to our main storyline. It's been wonderful to write this story and share it with you. I can't believe all the wonderful support that I've received for this fic and I can't thank you all enough for that.

Please enjoy.

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

Jimin woke up alone, but that wasn't so unusual. Sometimes Jungkook would let him sleep when he left for work. In a way, he was looking forward to going back to school, because he would get up with his Alpha and spend the morning with him, drinking coffee and getting ready for work. Those domestic times were his favorite, when it felt like Jungkook was really his and they were just two mates, separating for the day until they got home and fell back into each other's arms. He rolled over into Jungkook's spot and buried his face in his pillow to inhale his heady scent, putting off getting out of bed for as long as he could, but eventually the pressure in his bladder forced him out of bed.

He used the bathroom and brushed his teeth before shuffling out to the kitchen in his hoodie and socks, yawning and ready for coffee. He didn't spot the items on the counter immediately, his eyes barely open as he made coffee and then drank it while leaning against the counter. It was after his first cup of coffee, when he was feeling more human that he finally saw them. Some warning sense in him had his stomach tightening and his hands trembling as he set aside his coffee, clattering it against the marble countertop.

Jimin stepped over to the two pieces of paper on the counter and looked down at them. It was déjà vu as he looked at those two, seemingly harmless items and inside him, a dark, hollow emptiness opened up, like a black hole in the center of his body that sucked away every bit of happiness that he'd dared to feel. That hollow ache in his gut had tears in his eyes already as he reached a trembling hand forward and picked up the note. As he read it, the first tear fell, hitting the paper with a quiet 'tap'.

"Good morning little one,

"You were sleeping too peacefully to wake you this morning, so I let you rest. It's that time again already. I already know you will try to turn me away, but you are worth it. So please accept. I think this should be enough to start your restaurant when that time comes.

"I'll see you this evening,

“Jungkook”

Jimin’s heart ached like he had a puncture straight through his chest. He re-read the note over and over and there was one line that stuck like a thorn in his throat as he swallowed down a sob.

“I think this should be enough to start your restaurant when that time comes.”

Why did that sound like Jungkook wouldn’t be there? Was he just reading more into it than he should? But after everything that had happened... all the progress they had made toward closeness... It felt like Jungkook was returning that formal distance of sugar daddy and sugar baby. He set the note down on the counter and picked up the check, reading the number as the first harsh sob burst from him like a shout, making his throat ache and his stomach clench.

Two million dollars.

The same amount that he’d been offered by the Alphas who had attacked him. It felt like he was being paid off or... rewarded for loyalty? Of course he was loyal to Jungkook. He loved him. But this was a stark reminder that no matter how much he might love him... he was just a sugar baby. He was an employee, paid for sex and comfort and he’d somehow allowed himself to forget that fact. He’d let the kisses and touches woo him into a sense of false security and he’d stupidly fallen in love.

He’d known from the beginning that Jungkook was not looking for a romantic relationship, and at the time, neither had he been. But so much had changed since then and he realized that just because he’d changed his mind, didn’t mean that Jungkook had. And that was fair. He was the one who had broken their arrangement. Jimin was the one who had fallen in love. But how could he not? How could he keep from falling, when the Alpha took such good care of him? When he treated him so gently when he needed it, and so roughly when he needed it? How was he supposed to stop from falling for his perfect, handsome Daddy?

Before he’d even made a conscious decision, he was tearing the check up and his hands were full of paper scraps. He looked down at his hands in horror. What had he just done? But the Omega knew that there was no way he could accept the money. Last time had almost been too much to bear, and now that he’d recognized and accepted his true feelings, he couldn’t do it. It was too far. It was this time. He couldn’t turn the other cheek and pretend this wasn’t happening. And more than that, he couldn’t stand the idea of hearing Jungkook tell him that he didn’t love him back. It would be one blow too many after so much emotional upheaval. His heat and then the attack and all the aftermath of that, dealing with the police... it was a bridge too far and he could not turn back.

Jimin knew that he’d been falling and yet, he’d let it happen. Falling in love with Jungkook had been like falling asleep, promising himself that it was just a short nap, but before he knew it, he’d fallen into a dream, a beautiful dream full of all the things he’d ever wanted from love. But now he was woken from that slumber and all he had left were the memories of past pleasures, soft touches and adoring words. It was a dream he knew he’d never return to, and that was the worst thing of all. He thought about that old quote, “It’s better to have loved and lost than to never have loved at all,” Jimin felt the truth of those words, he wouldn’t trade his memories of his love, even if it would take this pain from him. He’d carry them in his heart, and someday he hoped he’d be able to let the breeze of time blow away the remaining ashes of the ember that glowed in his chest. Was there a length of time that could cool this fire? Jimin didn’t know, but he hoped that, like all things, maybe time would heal it.

He placed the handful of check scraps on the counter as sobs burst from him like gunfire, harsh and painful. His tears were hot in his eyes and his throat ached with the effort to suppress his emotion, but it was all for naught. Tears fell and cries pushed from between his lips as he grabbed a pen and

wrote out his goodbye letter, hands shaking so badly that it made his writing uneven and messy. The paper was dotted all over with his tears, smearing the ink in places and leaving little spots. He wrote his letter through his sobs, blinking tears out of his eyes to see. When he was done, he set it there, next to the check. The soft tap of the pen being set next to it was like the clock striking midnight. It was time for his carriage to return to being a pumpkin. The fantasy was over. Everything... was over.

Jimin walked through the house to his room and pulled out his suitcase, opening it and throwing handfuls of his things in there. He only took what was his, leaving all the things that Jungkook had bought for him. The Omega stuffed it full of his old, raggedy clothes before pulling off the hoodie and socks replacing them with his old jeans that were missing the knees and the flannel he'd worn on he and Jungkook's first date. He pulled on socks and shoved his feet into his torn up white converse before pulling on his coat that was still too thin for the cold weather.

Tears ran from his eyes and his face felt hot. He took only the necessities and found that most of his things fit in the suitcase easily. There was only one thing from his nest that he took, the ancient yellow teddy bear with it's berribboned neck. He squeezed it to his chest for a moment and his knees wobbled and gave out under him. He crashed painfully to the floor and curled forward until his forehead touched the floor. He put the bear to his face and let out a long, agonized scream that was muffled by the fluff of the toy.

He didn't know how long he stayed there and cried, but by the time he regained his feet, his throat hurt and his stomach ached and his eyes burned. A horrible headache was jackhammering at his temples, and he knew that he was far from being done crying. Did his body have enough tears in it to expel all the sadness inside him? He wiped his face and picked up his suitcase and backpack that contained his laptop and school things and walked out of the room.

In the entryway, he left his keys on the console table, only taking one key with him. He locked the door from the inside before leaving and let it close behind him. The thud and click felt like a death toll ringing behind him.

In the elevator, Jimin leaned against the wall and wiped his face with his sleeve as memories of Jungkook pushing him up against the wall and kissing him played through his head and he gasped in a short, painful breath. When the doors opened to the lobby, he exited and walked through quickly, not wanting any conversation. The cold air hit him and it felt like it sliced right through his thin clothes as he burst out the door and into the light sprinkle of snow that was falling. With one, long look back, he turned and started to walk toward the nearest bus stop.

Jimin didn't want to go home to his parents, and he didn't want to go to Mark and Jackson's. No one knew the truth of his and Jungkook's relationship, and no one ever would, at least not from his lips. He just needed somewhere to hide out and clear his head. Because the logical part of his brain knew that he'd have to see Jungkook again at some point, whether that was to sign over the deed to the car, or to get the rest of his meager belongings, and he was not ready. He needed a safe place, and he had one. There was the loud voice in him that said going to the house that Jungkook had given him... the place where they'd spend his heat together was not a good plan, but it was all he had.

He took the train to another part of the city where he could catch one of the high speed rail trains and purchased a ticket. As he sat waiting for his train, he pulled out his phone and turned it off. He didn't want to talk to anyone. He knew he looked like a madman sitting there in his too thin clothes, crying like a fool in the middle of a train station, but he couldn't stop. His head throbbed and his whole body felt exhausted already. He finally stopped crying around the time his train arrived and he boarded. He stored his luggage and took his seat, leaning his head against the

window he watched the station disappear and the snowy landscape pass by the train. The trip took less than an hour on the high-speed rail, which he spent between crying and watching the world outside zoom by.

At the station, he got his things and left, catching a cab outside. He gave them the address to the house and rode quietly in the back, knowing he was putting off the scent of rain, but unable to stop it. They arrived at the house and Jimin paid the driver before getting out and crunching his way up snowy stairs to the front door. He hesitated at unlocking and opening it, not knowing if he could handle going inside, but he had no choice. He put the key in the lock and turned. It gave a little click and he grabbed the handle that was as icy as the cold despair in his chest. He turned the knob and pushed it open. The house was dim inside, the only light coming in through the windows, and it was cold. He walked inside and dropped his suitcase before kicking off his shoes and struggling out of his coat, letting it fall to the floor.

His mind was full of memories as he walked farther in. He saw the sunflower painting on the far wall, the sofa that he'd pushed Jungkook onto and had his way with him after he'd told him that he'd bought the house for him. He moved inside farther and saw the TV against the wall, hiccupping a sob that was almost a laugh as he remembered setting Jungkook up there for his 'Christmas gift'. He ran his hand along the back of the recliner that he'd sat in while Jungkook cooked for him during his heat. The tears wouldn't stop, but he didn't want them to. If he couldn't let off some of this pressure in some way he would be consumed by it.

He walked up to the painting and wrapped his arms around himself as he stared at it. It was beautiful in its messiness, and in a way he felt, he was just like this painting. He was not the polished, put-together Omega that Jungkook deserved, like those beautiful, professional paintings. He was a messy, heavy handed sunflower, scrawled in the hand of inexperience. He was a culinary student who just loved to cook and nest. He ate peanut butter from the jar and drank milk straight from the carton. He was young and he didn't have his life figured out yet. Jungkook deserved a mature, confident, elegant Omega who he could take to fancy parties and wouldn't end up slapping other guests. He stood there for a long, silent time and just looked at the painting as the night that Jungkook bought it, ran through his head. He remembered the way it had felt to be on his arm with many others looking on jealously and he remembered what it felt like to be kissed under the mistletoe.

After a while, he turned and walked away, heading upstairs. The moment he walked into the bedroom and saw his nest, the sobs returned. This was the place where his Alpha had served his heat. Inside him, his wolf was in the throes of agony. Berating him, wanting to know why they had left their Alpha. It didn't make it any easier that the chocolate and coffee scent was still strong here. But even as it hurt, it also helped. Perhaps it was a bit like an addiction. He needed to wean himself off before he could let go. He crawled, fully clothed into the nest and found the first pillow that held the scent of his Alpha... no. Not his Alpha. He had never been his. He was just... Jungkook. An Alpha... a stranger who he might someday pass on the street, but who knew all his deepest, darkest secrets. He pressed his face into it and took a deep breath, letting it out on a wail of despair.

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Jungkook felt like he was going to throw up as his mouth watered and his body flushed with heat. Oh gods... his little one was out there somewhere, hurting and alone. His body was frozen, but his mind was working a thousand miles a minute. He had his phone out and in his hand, dialing Jimin before he realized that he'd moved. But as he held it to his ear, it went straight to voicemail. His heart ached as the message picked up and he heard the short recorded message... his Omega, the only voice worth hearing.

“This is Jimin. Leave a message and I’ll call you back.”

“Baby!?! Where are you? Please call me. Please, Baby I’m so sorry. I love you too. Please let me know you’re safe! Don’t do this... Please...” Jungkook sobbed into the phone before the message beeped, letting him know the message time had been reached.

Tears were running down his cheeks as he turned and walked through the apartment, toward the room with Jimin’s nest. When he opened the door, the scent of rain was strong, and as he stepped inside, he saw that the closet was empty and the drawers were open, and bare. The nest seemed untouched, but he did notice the lack of the ragged yellow bear that Jimin had once asked him to scent for him.

Inside, his heart was hammering and he felt like he couldn’t breathe, like there was a band around his chest, keeping him from taking deep breaths, squeezing tighter and tighter. Inside him, his wolf was wild, thrashing around as it too realized that it’s mate was gone. They didn’t know where he was. He could be dead on the side of the road somewhere. That thought had the band tightening until his breaths came in short, painful gasps. Where could he be? Where would he go? His mind was too muddled with panic to think straight, but he moved anyway. He headed to the entryway, not knowing where he was going, but needing to move or he was going to go insane.

He jogged through the empty apartment, to the entryway and he saw there on the console table something he’d missed on his way in. Jimin’s keys. He picked them up and held them in his hand, looking at them with despair. His apartment key and his car key... fuck, he was out in the world and he didn’t even have his car, which meant he’d taken public transport. His mind whirled with the possibilities of what could happen to a vulnerable Omega, travelling alone. He remembered Jimin’s bruised hand from their first meeting and his anxiety spiked further. But as he looked at the keys, he noticed that one key was missing.

Oh. Of course. His little one needed a safe place. Had he not bought him a house, so that he’d always have a safe, warm place to go? He gripped the keys in his hand and was out the door and hitting the elevator button before it even closed behind him. He knew where he was and he would go to him and he’d make this right, no matter what it took.

In the elevator, his eyes found that blank stretch of wall that he’d so often pushed Jimin up against to kiss him, to slide a thigh between his Omega’s legs and rile him up. Only now that he was gone, did Jungkook realize what a stupid jackass he’d been. Their relationship had never been equal. Jimin had always held less power, because he was the sugar baby, and he could be dismissed with nothing but a word from him. He’d never looked at it that way, because he was rich and his money was just something that he had. He’d wanted to share it with Jimin, because he wanted the Omega to have nice things, things he deserved. To him, writing out the two million dollar check had felt like a joke because he had more. He had plenty of money and he’d known he was coming home to ask a question that would make that irrelevant. He wanted to share all he had with his perfect, vanilla baby. But he thought how that must have looked to him, how he must have felt in that moment, and it hurt to think he’d so carelessly done something that had made his Omega suffer.

In his car, he didn’t turn on the radio. He let the silence weigh on him as he drove toward the only place he wanted to be, where Jimin was. Part of him wanted to speed, to drive like a madman to get to him faster, but he didn’t. He drove carefully, not because he was even worried about his own safety, but because he refused to die in some stupid car accident and leave Jimin thinking that he had never loved him. The streets were already dark and the further he drove, night fell like a deep blue blanket over the world, and he just drove, silently berating himself for his failings.

In his mind, he thought about all his relationships and how much they had damaged him, how

much Jimin had done to alleviate that pain. He remembered the unfeeling, workaholic zombie he'd been when he first met Jimin, and he ached. His last "relationship" had turned him off the idea of love for so long. It had been the final straw that broke him when he'd had the door to his heart slammed in his face that final time, rejecting him for who and what he was. It wasn't all one person though, it was a long line of failure that had finally broken him and made him into the shell of the man he'd been when he met Jimin. But as he thought of his perfect, beautiful, little one he felt nothing but love and adoration for him.

He thought of all his pretty boy had done to open his heart, how he'd accepted him for all that he was, how he had walked through the door that led into Jungkook's deepest inner places and made a comfortable, soft place there, just like the nests he loved to make so dearly.

Every relationship, if you could even call them that, had taken things from him. He'd been reeling from the pain of the separation from his parents and trying to heal that through some new connection, but they had broken him in ways that he still felt to this day. Each of them, a line of faces and names he'd rather forget, were pretty and elegant and all those other things that people of their 'station' in life were supposed to be, but he was always left cold. He'd turned spiteful and distant in the end.

Even in relationships, his sex life had been almost non-existent, and on the rare occasion that he shared any intimate interactions, he'd struggled to orgasm or even stay hard as one after another, they found flaws. They complained about his body, his roughness and his scent getting on them. They didn't like how he touched them, or when they did, it was still... expected. He was always the one to suffer in silence, just there to pleasure them and keep his own needs to himself. The constant admonitions at Jungkook about his deficiencies had torn his confidence down, and he'd never forget the last words that had been thrown at him when Jungkook had finally grown too sick of his last ex's behavior and broken it off, the look of arrogant amusement on his face still haunted him.

"I'm surprised you'd let an Omega who's willing to deal with you slip away, but it's your loss I guess. It's not like I loved you or something. Who could ever love you? You're like an animal. Fine with me. I'll find someone else to escort me around parties, and who can actually behave like an Alpha in the bedroom."

That had been followed by a long, self-loathing depression. He'd worked on his body, gaining more muscle and definition, until he had the perfect six-pack abs and muscled arms that everyone seemed to want, but inside he'd been scared, hurt and overwhelmed by his own feelings of inadequacy. He realized belatedly that the dynamic with Jimin, having him as his sugar baby had been what he needed to open him up. He'd felt a sense of control over the situation, but it had been Jimin himself that had truly opened the hard shell that he'd been hiding in. Unknowingly, his little one had reached down into the soft, hurt part of him, and cradled the little boy in the man's body, helping him to realize that he was good enough. Jimin had made him feel for the first time in so, so long that he deserved love that he was... worthy of being loved.

Jimin had shown his love in little ways. It was in those times after a long day when he was exhausted and weak, when Jimin would wash him in the shower and then lay in bed with him, scenting him and whispering little reassurances. It was in those times that he'd card his fingers through his hair and tell him what a good Alpha he was, that he was strong and smart and made him feel safe. It was in those soft, happy mornings when Jimin would climb on top of him and kiss him so softly and those nights when he would let go and give over everything to him, letting Jungkook take the control he desired. Every little act now held significance and each one landed on his shoulders like a boulder, adding to the guilt he felt.

His eyes were swollen and tired from crying by the time he pulled up outside the house. His anxiety only increased as he looked at the place. It was totally dark, no lights on inside or outside. Could his little one have gone somewhere else? He got out of the car and felt relief flood him as he spotted small footsteps in the snowy steps up to the house. He walked forward and pulled out his own keys as he got to the door, but it was already unlocked. He wanted to scold Jimin for leaving the door unlocked. Anyone could have come in and attacked him, but his mind was too busy trying to battle back his wolf that was dying to take over and force him to run inside, to bound through the house and find their mate.

He opened the door and felt more relief as he spotted Jimin's shoes, but frowning when he realized that they were the old converse, not his warm winter boots. Then, ahead of him on the floor, Jimin's old coat that was too thin for this weather. The inside of the house was freezing cold and he felt new tears gather in his eyes as he closed and locked the door behind him. His shoes were left by the door and he took the ring from his pocket before his coat was dropped on top of Jimin's. The whole place smelled like vanilla and rain. His baby must truly be upset. He followed the scent and found his way to the stairs. As he stood at the base of the staircase, he could hear crying echoing down to him and his heart throbbed painfully in his chest. He gripped the ring box tighter in his hand. It was time to make things right.

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Jimin must have fallen asleep at some point as he'd cried himself into unconsciousness. He dreamed of Jungkook laying next to him in a warm bed on a beautiful morning, pulling him into his arms and kissing him and laughing as he nuzzled over his cheeks and neck, covering him with his scent. He woke crying. It was dark outside, and he didn't care. He grabbed a new pillow to cuddle and breathe in the scent of and cry into. It felt like he shouldn't have any more tears and he could feel the ache of his eyes as they struggled to produce the salty droplets that soaked into the soft pillow.

When would the pain stop? He didn't know how long he could take this. How long before he'd run to Jungkook and beg to be taken back into his embrace, desperate for anything to make it stop hurting? The house was cold and so was the inside of his chest. He felt like his heart was coated in ice. He shivered and trembled in the freezing room, but he didn't have the energy to even pull his covers over him. His ears pounded with rushing blood and his nose was stuffy from crying, so he neither heard approaching footsteps, nor smelled the change in the air.

As Jungkook walked into the room, he slammed into the scent of rain... a sadness so deep and devastating that it was like walking through a mist of it as he entered the room. By the pale moonlight shining through the wall of windows, he could see Jimin's feet, barely poking out of the end of the canopy. His heart soared and sank at once, making it feel like it lurched in his chest. He'd found him... but what a state to find him in. The sounds he was making were the pure, desperate mourning calls of a broken heart. Great, heaving, gulping sobs mixed with whimpering distress calls that shivered up his spine and made his own tears run heavier.

His feet carried him to the end of the bed, and the visual was even worse than the sounds and scent. Jimin was there, curled in on himself, shivering and sobbing into a pillow as his whole body heaved with his cries. Jungkook's throat ached and his mouth felt thick as he opened his lips and barely managed to croak out a single word.

"Baby?"

Jimin started at the sound of someone talking and looked to the end of the bed. There, softly lit from one side was Jungkook. He couldn't stop the sound that burst from him, distress and anguish



and joy all at once.

“No, no, no... you’re not supposed to be here...” Jimin pulled the pillow over his head and hid from him. “Please don’t. Please don’t look at me...”

Jungkook hiccupped and reached forward to lay his hand on Jimin’s foot, but hesitated.

“Jimin, please listen to me. I lo-”

“DON’T! Please don’t...” Jimin sobbed. “Don’t say something you don’t mean, just to make me feel better.”

“Baby, please...” Jungkook croaked.

Jimin shoved the pillow away and sat up, roughly wiping at his eyes and sniffing, trying to appear more okay than he was. He looked at Jungkook and forced the word out of his mouth.

“I’m fine, Jungkook... or I will be.” Jimin whispered, sounding like he had a head cold. “Don’t feel guilty, it’s not your fault...”

Watching his Omega trying so hard to be strong, trying to comfort him, when he was the one hurting so terribly, brought a wild sound of pain from between his lips and he could no longer stand it. He shoved the ring box in his pocket and climbed into the nest. He went to his little one, unable to stay away any longer. Crawling forward, he straddled his legs and took his face into his hands, tilting it up to look at him. In the pale, diffuse light, he could make out the wetness of his lashes, tangled and clumped together and the evidence of tear tracks down his soft cheeks.

“It IS my fault.” Jungkook said, staring down into those wide, questioning eyes. “Because I shouldn’t have been such a coward, and told you I loved you a long time ago.”

Jimin felt fresh tears fall over his bottom lashes as he stared up at Jungkook, who was still holding his face and looking down at him with pain in those dark eyes. His words struck against his heart and cracked the ice around it. He could see that his Alpha had been crying. Yes. HIS Alpha. No matter what, no matter how hard he tried to deny it, Jungkook was and always would be his Alpha. Seeing him there, feeling those hot hands against his cold skin and seeing the pain that he felt, reflected in the eyes of the man he loved.

“What... are you saying?” Jimin asked, looking up into Jungkook’s eyes and feeling the tiniest blossom of hope take root in his chest.

“I love you. I’m so in love with you. I’m sorry I made you cry. I’m sorry I hurt you. Please don’t leave. Give me another chance and I swear I’ll be-”

Jimin cut him off as he reached up and wrapped a hand around the back of his neck and pulled him down into a kiss. It was just a press of lips, but it was enough. He pulled back and their eyes met again. Jimin’s icy heart melted and the cold in his chest was replaced by warmth, the warmth of his Alpha’s love. Jungkook loved him. That knowledge washed over him and his heart swelled and he smiled as more tears fell, but this time, they were happy.

“I love you too.”

“I’m so sorry, Baby. I know I fucked up. I’m so sorr-”

Jimin kissed him again.

“Stop apologizing.”

“Never. Fuck... you don’t know how fucking scared I was when I got home and you were gone...” The Alpha took Jimin’s face back in his hands and looked at him with dire seriousness. “Don’t ever do that again! Do you know what could have happened..? God, I’m still going crazy... Don’t leave without telling me. Don’t disappear... Don’t ever put yourself in danger because of me.”

Jungkook rained kisses down on his lips, trying to alleviate some of his own slowly dispersing dread. Jimin was safe. He was here and he was safe... and he loved him too. They were in love.

“I’m sorry.” Jimin said and Jungkook kissed him again.

“And don’t apologize for things that aren’t your fault. I’m the one who-”

Jimin stopped him with fingers on his lips.

“Shh... That’s enough. Just kiss me you idiot.” Jimin said, laughing through his tears.

That was not an order he could refuse, so he kissed him. He pulled Jimin to him and turned his body so he fell on his back, atop the piles of pillows and he took Jimin with him, so that the Omega was laid on top of him. The kiss was salty with tears, but it was sweeter than any they had ever shared. Jungkook’s arms around the Omega crushed him against his body, as if he were trying to absorb him into himself. He couldn’t allow even a centimeter of space between them. Jungkook took Jimin’s mouth with desperation, claiming him and conquering him all at once, and his Omega allowed himself to be overtaken, responding just the way he always did, with soft pleasure and easy compliance to his dominating mouth.

The Alpha could feel the ring box pressing into his thigh from the weight of Jimin’s body on top of him, like a reminder that it was there. He wondered for a moment if this was the right time, but inevitably decided that he’d fucked up once by putting off the important conversations and confessions. He wouldn’t do it again. He’d thoroughly learned his lesson. His Omega was stronger than you would think and more in love with him than anyone had reason to be. Jungkook knew now, the depth of Jimin’s feelings. He’d felt them in the letter and the empty drawers. He’d smelled the despair and sadness in the scent of rain. He’d heard it in the sounds of his weeping as he’d ascended the stairs. He’d seen it in the tears he’d shed and the wet, tangled lashes that framed those startlingly beautiful gray eyes. And he tasted it in the salt of the tears on his tongue.

No more running. No more hiding. It was time to be honest. He would make up for the lack of romance another time. He broke the kiss and bumped his nose with him as they shared gasping breaths. Their foreheads rested together and Jungkook took one more moment to savor the slight weight of Jimin on top of him before he spoke.

“I need to ask you something, little one.”

“What?” Jimin replied breathlessly, not wanting any more interruptions. He and his wolf were both desperate to get their Alpha naked and gasping in pleasure underneath him as he rode him into unconsciousness while hearing him say that he loved him over and over and over again.

Jungkook rolled them back over and pulled away, pausing when Jimin whined and scrambled to hold onto him, panicking at his leaving. Jungkook just smoothed his blond hair back and kissed his lips.

“It’s okay. Trust me.”

And Jimin did trust him, so he let go. The Alpha slipped from the nest and there were a few

footsteps. The lights turned on and then there were more footsteps before Jungkook appeared at the end of the bed again. Jimin gasped as his ankles were grabbed and he was pulled to the end of the bed like he weighed nothing. The move was somehow incredibly hot, but as Jungkook knelt, he got a good look at him and he was a mess. His eyes were bloodshot and puffy, his lips red and swollen from biting them, his hair a mess of spikes and tangles, like he'd run his hands through it over and over, gripping and pulling at the strands in turmoil. His tie was loose and hanging off-kilter, the top few buttons of his shirt undone. His suit was creased and untidy. Jimin knew he was probably a hundred times worse.

Jungkook looked at his little one and wanted to cry all over again as he saw his splotchy, red face that was somehow still the most beautiful he'd ever seen, even with the tear tracks and puffy eyes and lips. It was the outfit that hurt the most. The faded black and white flannel that he'd worn on their first "date" and a pair of his old, hole-ridden jeans. His heart felt like it was bruised from all the abuse it had taken today, the shocks and pain and the relief and happiness as he realized his love was returned. It was too much, but he would bear anything for his perfect, vanilla baby. He took Jimin's hand and kissed his knuckles before he began to speak.

"Jimin, god... Jimin... I don't even know what to say. I had this all planned out and now I'm just relieved that you're here and that you're safe. I don't know if this is the right time, but I'm tired of waiting and thinking I know the best and what needs to be said and done. I trust you, wholeheartedly and I know you're strong enough to take on the world, so I'll trust you now to be honest."

Jimin looked at the Alpha kneeling before him and his heart sped in his chest as his mind finally caught up with the situation and he felt his eyes widen. There was no way that he was about to do what he thought he was going to do.

"Jungkook, what are you-" But it was Jimin's turn to be silenced by a kiss.

"Just listen to what I have to say and answer me honestly. No matter what you say, I'll always be here, I'll always love you and I promise, I'm not going anywhere."

"O-okay." Jimin whispered, voice unable to rise any higher than that.

Jungkook kissed his hand again and held it as he started to speak.

"When I met you, I was lost. I had no pleasure in anything. I didn't even realize how empty my life was until you filled it up, first with pleasure... something I'd never had before you. I don't know how to explain how much it meant to me that you accepted me... that you liked the things I did with you. Then you gave me support and care, things I didn't even know I needed. I'd gotten so used to being the one who gave and gave and never received anything in return. I guess, it felt like that was how it was supposed to be. I'm the Alpha, I shouldn't need to be coddled like a child... but when you cared for me, it felt good. You made me feel like I mattered and that was so foreign to me.

"Unknowingly, I'd opened myself to you, something I'd tried to do before, and always been rejected. You looked into my soul... and for the first time ever, I wasn't found wanting by a partner. When I was with you, I was happy and when I saw you hurting, it was so painful that I wished I could take it from you and carry it myself. I was already in love by the time I realized it... But then you had your heat, and our trip and then everything that happened afterward all got in the way and it felt like it wouldn't be fair for me to foist all of those feelings off on you when you were suffering already. I don't ever want you to feel like you owe me anything.

"You are the most beautiful and wonderful person I've ever met. I could spend days talking about

how perfect and sweet you are and how I love everything from your messy morning hair to your tiny hands and even your adorable little bubble toes. I love the way you laugh and the way you smile. I love the feeling I get when you look at me with joy and I wonder what on earth I could ever have done to deserve you. I love how strong you are, how determined and I love the passion in your eyes when you talk about your dreams and your future... a future I want to share with you. I love you. I will always love you and I swear I'll always put you above all others, even above myself. I'll try my best to be a good Alpha to you." Jungkook released his hand to reach into his pocket and pull out the ring box, opening it and showing Jimin the ring with its emerald and diamond setting. "This ring has been in my family for three generations. I'd like us to be the fourth... Will you accept this and me and be my mate?"

Jimin's heart felt like it was in his throat and he had more tears leaking from the sides of his eyes. His mind whirled with the words that Jungkook had just spoken, and he was perilously close to fainting from shock. To go from the idea that he was going to be alone forever... that his Alpha didn't love him back, to being asked to be his mate was a stark change for such a short period of time, but he knew. He knew that there was only one answer to give. His mind turned over the words that he'd said, and as always, he found himself feeling hostile toward Jungkook's exes. How dare they hurt the most perfect Alpha? How dare they make him feel inadequate? Jimin reached forward and laid a hand right over Jungkook's scent gland, an intimate, gentle touch as he looked into his eyes.

"Jungkook, you're strong and you are the smartest person I've ever met. You make me feel safe and small in a way I always craved, but never thought I'd find. No one will ever take care of me the way you do. There is nothing wrong with you. You are perfect, just the way you are. Before I met you, I thought there must be something wrong with me... I wondered why I wasn't like other Omegas. I didn't want the things that the other Omegas did. It was only after meeting you that I realized that it was okay to have those desires, because I had you to guide me through it. I'd been focused for so long on just being strong, and that is a part of me, but I was so intent on hiding my true self behind walls and shields and masks, that I didn't even know who I truly was inside. You allowed me to let down all those defenses one at a time until you saw me... not the carefully crafted persona, but who I really was and you made me feel beautiful.

"I know we started out in a weird way, with the whole... sugar baby thing, but once I met you, I didn't even want your money. I wanted YOU. I wanted what we had together to be real... I did my best to hide how much it hurt to think that was just a toy, just some... plaything that could be tossed aside when you got tired of me, and I was scared. I was scared that I was falling for someone who wouldn't want me back, who couldn't return my feelings, and yet... I fell. I fell for you every time you touched me and kissed me and every little act of kindness. I fell for the you who came home to me and let me pull him into my nest to kiss me until my lips hurt. I fell for the you that walked into my class and paraded yourself like a show, just to stop people from spreading rumors. I fell for the you who caught me when the strings that held all my fragile strength together snapped and I fell apart into your arms. I fell for every late night and every early morning.

"You are my perfect, handsome Daddy and I will never stop caring about you. To all those who came before me, I'll prove to you that they were nothing. I've said it before, but I'll say it again: anyone who can't see what you have to offer is a moron, and anyone who couldn't take what you have to give was a weak bitch. I love you, Jeon Jungkook and I would be honored to be your mate."

Jungkook kissed him hard and they were both crying like the lovestruck fools that they were. The Alpha pulled back and took the ring from the box to slip it onto Jimin's finger. They were both trembling so much that it took several tries to get it in place, but once it was on the Omega's small finger, he kissed him again, this time without the intent to stop. He rose to a crouch without breaking the kiss and grabbed Jimin under his thighs, pulling him into his body before getting into

the bed, walking forward on his knees until they fell lightly into the piles of pillows and blankets. Jungkook trailed his mouth down from Jimin's mouth to his jaw and down farther to his neck that was thankfully healed now, nothing but pale skin where a bruise had once been. He attacked the expanse with his lips and teeth, sucking and biting before licking the sting away.

Jimin buried his hands in Jungkook's hair and wrapped his legs around his waist, the cold of the room no longer bothering him with the heat of his Alpha's body on top of him. He could feel the cool metal of the ring on his finger. Its weight was unfamiliar there, but he thought he could definitely get used to it. He liked that Jungkook had given him something personal, rather than some gaudy monstrosity of a diamond, though... he knew that all too soon, he'd probably be batting him away from buying him one. His mind couldn't focus on the problems of diamonds and rings for too long though, when that distracting mouth was all over his neck. He pulled the Alpha's hair until he retreated from his place there with a soft whine, like a chastised puppy, and when he looked into his eyes, he was truly a puppy with his big dark eyes and pout. Jimin felt so much love and fondness grow inside him as he looked into the face of his first and only love.

"Say it again." Jimin demanded, voice soft but needful.

"Say what again?"

Jimin pulled him closer to his face so that the tips of their noses were almost touching.

"Tell me that you love me."

Jungkook's eyes took on understanding and the pout disappeared. He smiled.

"I love you."

"Again."

The Alpha kissed his lips and moved back to his neck, kissing him there once more.

"I love you." He spoke against his sensitive skin.

"Again."

"I love you. I love you. I'm in love with you, Jimin."

Jimin's hands found the Alpha's shoulders and he pushed at his suit jacket impatiently until it was off and started on the pink necktie, pulling it until it came loose. Jungkook's hands fumbled with the buttons on the front of the Omega's shirt as they kissed and scented wildly. All the pent up emotions had finally been released, and they were crashing over them, pulling them into the tumbling, whirling tides of passion. Jimin moaned as his shirt was pulled open and big, warm hands spanned his body, touching his cool flesh and leaving goosebumps in their wake.

"Jungkook... fuck, Alpha... I love you... Please..." Jimin cried out, arching his body into that hot touch.

Any restraint or decorum were gone from Jimin. He was ready to beg, to cry and plead and take what he needed. Jungkook's touch had him wild for more, and he didn't want to wait. He could feel the wolf inside him, feral and hungry for their mate's body, pushing him onward and fuelling his desperation. He had no patience for the buttons of his Alpha's shirt. He gripped the fabric and ripped it open, sending buttons flying and allowing him access to the hard, warm plane of muscle that he was desperate to touch, to feel against his own skin. The aggressive move had Jungkook growling into his mouth as they kissed with abandon, the Alpha pushing forward harder, hand

moving down to cup Jimin through the fabric of his jeans and underwear. The Omega keened at the intimate touch, the roar of emotions had his body hyper sensitive, and more aware than usual of how incredibly hot Jungkook's body was.

“Minnie... I need you, Baby... Need to be inside you, little one.”

“Yes! Take me. Alpha, please...”

Jungkook pulled back enough to hook his fingers in Jimin's jeans and yank them down, not bothering with the button and zipper. The Omega whined as his flushed cock met the cool air of the room, but was too distracted by trying to get his pants off the rest of the way to pay it much mind. Once he was free of his bottoms, his Alpha's searing mouth met the skin of his abdomen and he cried out as that perfect, sweltering mouth dragged downward, nipping and sucking and kissing in turns as he pushed Jimin's legs open. His spine arched and his hands buried themselves in Jungkook's thick, black hair, crying out as the Alpha took his cock into his mouth. He bobbed his head slowly, and Jimin looked down and throbbed as he met the Alpha's eyes. Jungkook stared up at him with heat and desire in the onyx pools of his blown pupils, the thin iris around the edge subtly hinted with a red glow.

Jungkook released the Omega from his lips, and his cock fell against his flat belly with a gentle 'smack'. He licked his way down the shaft, toward his sac, where he took a few moments to caress him and nose at him, scenting him there, in his most tender, vulnerable places. It was a claim, a show of possession as he scented him first over his balls, then up the length of his pale cock and his inner thighs. His wolf was wild inside him, still reeling from the panic of it's Omega being gone. All it wanted was to scent and pleasure it's mate until he'd never dare to leave again. He could feel Jimin trembling under him, and the quiet noises of pleasure he was making as he sucked marks into his inner thighs and whispered against his pale, soft skin how much he loved him over and over again before he made his way down farther toward that sweet, wet place he was dying to be.

Once his lips and tongue met with Jimin's entrance, he lost all semblance of control over himself. He growled low and husky as his hands gripped harshly into the pliant flesh of his thighs, pushing his legs as wide as they could go as he buried himself in his Omega's sweetness, licking and sucking at the tender, pink place that he alone could touch, that only he could taste, that only he could enter and give his mate the pleasure he needed. Jimin's hands palmed the back of his head and pushed him in deeper. He growled his approval at that, adoring the fact that his Omega wanted this, wanted him. He kissed him there, taking indecent liberties with his tongue as he pushed it in and out, sucking and swallowing down the sweet vanilla of his Omega's slick between gasping breaths.

Jimin was in heaven as his Alpha ate him out like a man possessed. He purred and growled against him as his mouth worked its magic on him. He could feel the man and the wolf in him as he took him with his lips and tongue. The man was the gentle kisses and long, laving tongue. The wolf was the vibrating growl, harsh sucks and thrusting tongue. It was the perfect combination of hard and soft and Jimin could already feel his orgasm coming. But he didn't want that. He wanted to cum with his Alpha buried deep inside him. There would be many more nights where he could let his mate have his way between his legs, but tonight, he needed that most personal connection, feeling Jungkook sink deep inside him as they shared kisses and breaths. His hands went from pushing him harder against him, to pulling him away by the silken strands of his hair.

“Alpha... Alpha, stop.”

Jungkook pulled back and looked up at him with question, mouth and chin shining with the

evidence of Jimin's arousal. His hands went from gripping to soothing in an instant.

"What is it, Baby? You alright?" Jungkook asked, voice thick but laced with concern.

"Yes. I'm perfect... come here, Alpha." Jimin guided him up by the hands in his hair until they could kiss.

The kiss tasted like his slick, sugar and vanilla mixed with the taste of Jungkook's mouth. His hands slid down his shoulders and sides and found Jungkook's hips. Grabbing them, he hooked his feet behind the Alpha's thighs. He tugged his legs forward and turned them with his hold on his hips, flipping their positions so Jungkook was on his back and he was straddling him from above. The Omega could feel the approval of his wolf inside him, pushing him to take what he needed from their Alpha. Jungkook purred below him and smoothed his hands up Jimin's hips, sliding them up, under the shirt that still hung open on his slender body.

Jungkook had never seen this part of his Omega before, and he was fascinated. Jimin was looking down at him and he could see the faint blue glow that emanated from his eyes, evidence that his wolf was aware inside him, but not so bright to show it had taken over. He knew the battle Jimin was having inside, because he too could feel it. His inner Alpha wanted out, wanted at their mate. Small, nimble fingers worked at his belt and he groaned at the subtle brushes against his throbbing cock. Once his slacks were open, Jimin tugged them down, just enough to free him, and then he took him in his small hand and led him to his entrance. Jungkook's hands on his hips tried to stop him, because he wasn't prepared, but Jimin seemed unbothered as he lined him up with his entrance and lowered his body, parting himself open on the Alpha's cock with a soft whimper. The Alpha sat up so he could kiss his Omega as he took him into his constricting, throbbing heat and started to roll his hips. Their mouths met and Jimin's hands found their way back into his hair, holding him into the kiss as he rode him in short, bouncing rolls of his undulating hips.

Kissing turned to gasping and moaning into each other's mouths, noses brushing and red and blue glowing eyes meeting. Whispered, panting words of love and devotion were passed back and forth between lips as their bodies joined perfectly, coming together like they were always meant to be. Alpha and Omega, two halves of one complete soul.

Jungkook could see the blue in his Omega's eyes increasing, the wolf pushing for more control, and inside him, his own animal half responded. Those beautiful, glowing cerulean eyes moved down and focusing on his neck, lips parting and tongue just peeking past the bottom lip, licking over the seam of his mouth as he stared, eyes transfixed. The Alpha felt pure fire lick up his spine at that look, the very one he knew he'd been wearing only days ago when he'd almost bitten his Omega. He wanted it. He wanted to feel those pretty white teeth sink into his flesh and mark him permanently, so his Omega could never doubt again who the Alpha belonged to. He turned his head and tilted his neck, offering Jimin the opportunity to bite him if he wanted it.

Jimin's entire world zeroed in on his Alpha's neck, and the little thrum of a pulse he could see below the skin. That unmarked flesh bothered him. Jungkook was HIS Alpha and everyone needed to know it. He saw him tilt his head... an offering. Jimin's mouth watered and his canines punched down into his mouth so hard that they nicked his lower lip, causing a little droplet of blood to trail down his chin. Jimin paid it no mind, the little sting of pain was nothing. He could feel his heartbeats synchronizing to the one he could see thrumming in the Alpha's neck and before he could think better of it, he leaned forward and found the place he wanted with his lips, just over his scent gland and high up enough it would be visible even above his suit collars. His Alpha's scent was so strong it was almost a taste as he parted his lips on a breath and then he struck, sinking his teeth deeply into the Alpha's neck. Blood flooded his mouth as he felt his Alpha jerk underneath him and the stretch of the Alpha's knot forming inside him, jets of hot cum flooded

into him, as a mouthful of warm blood filled his mouth and he swallowed several mouthfuls before pulling back enough to lick at the wound and stop the bleeding.

Jungkook's entire body was surging with heat as the pain in his neck took the lion's share of his attention, the soft tongue that was lapping at the fresh wound, sealing it, healing him. His cock, locked inside his mate by his knot had stopped cumming, but the pleasure had not gone. The erection sheathed in that perfect heat still jerked and trembled as shocks of pleasure ran up the length in the aftermath of his mating, like a never ending orgasm. His mind, cloudy with bliss was still aware enough to appreciate his Omega as he sat back. Bloody trails ran from his mouth, down his chin and neck, and those vibrant blue eyes still glowed. Jungkook's Alpha surged forward, taking the last of his control as Jimin closed his eyes and turned his head to offer his neck in turn.

One of his hands came up and cupped the side of Jimin's neck, pulling him forward as he leaned in and traced his mouth over the smooth, unmarked column of soft skin. His canines extended and he traced them over Jimin's slender neck, choosing a spot to mark. Jimin shivered in his hold and then, he bit, hard, teeth puncturing through the skin and muscle, he sunk a deep, permanent bite into the skin, and as he bit, Jimin's body arched into him, and he clenched around his formed knot, warm spurts of cum shot up between their bodies as Jimin's orgasm overtook him and he cried out a sound of pain and pleasure all at once. Jungkook purred and groaned into the bite as his sensitive cock was massaged by Jimin's fluttering channel as the Omega was overtaken by his climax and fell apart in the Alpha's hold. After a few moments, he released the clench of his jaw and retracted his teeth from his mate's neck. The blood in his mouth was sweet and a bit metallic and he gently licked over and over the wound he'd left behind, letting his saliva slow and stop the bleeding.

When he pulled back, he looked at the ragged wound in the side of Jimin's neck and purred in satisfaction that his mate was now marked. They met in a kiss that tasted like blood and vanilla. Lips clashed and tongues met and they both held onto each other in the maelstrom of emotions and instincts and deeper, more intense connections formed between them. It was something both tangible and not. It was that connection that poems and songs talked about, but that could never be fully understood until you felt it yourself. Their hearts beat as one and what once had been separate, was now joined. Their souls touched, and from that point, a little thread of connection was created, one that time, nor distance, nor the cruel fingers of death could ever erase. It was as permanent as the very earth beneath their feet and the stars in the sky. Never again would they truly be apart, because no matter how far they went, that connection would never break and they were connected, soul to soul, heart to heart. Forever.

It was tradition to wait until after the mating ceremony, but Jimin and Jungkook had never been traditional anyways. Nothing from their first meeting to their current moment was expected. The hallmarks of their love were defined by their passion and the intensity with which they threw themselves into that fiery, magnetic connection between them. Theirs was a strange and beautiful love, the kind magical connection whose power fools would run from, but they had run toward, ready to throw themselves into the flames. The way they fell together, into each other was destined, like nature had carved them to fit into each other's little dips and curves, the way that sparks flew at the touch of their fingertips and the press of their lips.

Jimin pulled back from the kiss and looked into the eyes of his... mate. He smiled as tears fell over his lower lashes and trailed down his cheeks.

"I love you."

The Alpha reached up and wiped away his tears with his thumbs, returning the smile and showing his bunny teeth as tears fell from his own eyes.



“I love you.” Jungkook said in a soft whisper, and in that quiet voice there were the roar of a million unsaid proclamations, the promises of the life that they would have together, and the assurance that never again would he be left in the cold.

## Chapter End Notes

Thank you for reading.

# Happily Ever After

## Chapter Summary

Four Years Later.

## Chapter Notes

Please enjoy.

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

### Four Years Later

Jungkook sat in his office, typing away on his computer and doing equations on a notepad off to the side. He was currently working on the next big tech innovation and he was starting to get close to his answer. He could just feel it. But as he heard a soft clearing of a throat, he looked up and found a very welcome sight. He hadn't even heard his mate arrive home, but there he was, standing in the doorway in nothing but a pale silvery-gray nightgown, trimmed in delicate lace, that was barely long enough to cover him to the top of his thighs.

The Alpha turned his chair toward his mate and looked at him. No matter how the time passed, his little one was still the most beautiful thing he'd ever seen. He was currently looking particularly resplendent as his heat was nearing again, as was Jungkook's rut. Slowly, their breeding cycles had begun to come into sync with each other, and he was looking forward to the impending days of pleasure. His eyes scanned him from the tips of his toes to the top of his effortlessly messy blond head, appreciating everything in between.

"I thought you wouldn't be home until late tonight, little one." Jungkook purred as he crooked a finger to summon his Omega closer so he could touch him. Jimin came willingly and allowed himself to be pulled into the Alpha's lap, so he was straddling him, his nightie riding up and exposing the panties underneath. "Not that I'm complaining."

"Well, I'm trying to let Myungsoon prove herself. I hired her to be my new head chef and I can't always be there to watch her. So, call this a test run."

Jimin's restaurant, Vanilla, had gained popularity rapidly when he'd opened it up almost three years ago, and the Omega, who had once lived on Jungkook's beneficence, now had a little fortune of his own. Six months ago, he'd had his first cookbook published and the audiences were scrambling for more. He'd already been a minor celebrity after the news of their mating broke to the general public and he'd had a few appearances on TV over the last couple of years, even one that Jungkook had participated in, as it was a couples-themed competition show. They had won, and according to everyone, their relationship was, "goals AF". It had been a lot of fun, though Jungkook knew he preferred to hide away in the kitchen of his restaurant and let his cooking do the talking for him. His little vanilla baby was still shy and sweet underneath his bravado, and Jungkook was still the only one who knew him as he truly was.

“Mm... and what are your plans with all this suddenly acquired free time, now that you have a head chef?” Jungkook asked lasciviously, palms sliding up Jimin’s pale thighs and around to grope his lush ass, squeezing it in his hands.

Jimin put a finger to his lips and screwed up his face like he was thinking deeply, but the corners of his mouth quirked up.

“Well, I’ve been thinking a lot recently that I’d like to spend some time with my amazingly supportive Alpha, who I’ve been neglecting for my restaurant the past few years.”

“Oh?” Jungkook said, gripping his ass tighter and pulling him against his already hard cock.

It seemed that time had only increased the fire of desire inside him where his little one was concerned. His Omega had spent many late nights working at his restaurant and Jungkook had done the same with his company. But even with the stresses of their careers and the long hours spent apart, they always found a little time for each other and the arms of their mate were always there to fall into when everything got to be too much. Time had proven that they belonged together, and even when they argued and bickered and disagreed, they always took as much pleasure in making up afterward.

“Oh yes, I think he deserves something extra special.” Jimin whispered leaning close and giving him a soft kiss. “Our anniversary is coming up after all.”

“You always give the best gifts.” Jungkook said as he nosed down his mate’s neck to find his mating mark.

Jimin laughed at that. It had become somewhat of a joke and a tradition for him to give his mate stripteases, lapdances or other sexy private shows as gifts. Jimin reasoned that it was hard to shop for a billionaire, and Jungkook reassured him that there was nothing he’d rather have. Christmas had just passed and his last gift had been to handcuff Jungkook to their bed and make him watch as he touched himself. His Alpha had gotten so riled up that his wolf had come out and Jimin had to untie him early because he was certain that he was about to snap one of the posts off their bed.

“I was thinking of something... a little different.”

Jimin tilted his head back and let out a soft sound of pleasure as his mate started to suck up hickeys there, then whimpering as those hot lips were pulled away from his tingling skin.

“What were you thinking then, my love?”

It took a few seconds for Jimin’s mind to come back to reality, but he shook himself out of it and looked to his mate with a smile. Jungkook still had that same effect on him even after the years they’d been together. When his mate touched him, it was like being drunk on lust and sensation, and time had only increased the trust and understanding between them. He kissed him again and sat back to look into Jungkook’s eyes, hands on either side of his neck, thumb brushing over his mating mark.

“I was thinking it’s time we moved.”

“Moved? Do you not like the apartment anymore?” Jungkook asked and Jimin shook his head and laughed.

“Of course I do, even if you insisted on putting the sex swing in the living room where anyone can see it.” Jimin answered with another laugh.

“Hey, I take it down for company, and the other rooms aren’t big enough for me to have my way with you properly.” The Alpha pouted back, increasing Jimin’s giggling until he fell forward and rested his forehead against his shoulder.

“You do take it down for company, but almost everyone I know has seen it by this point since guests come over unannounced and I swear Mark wouldn’t talk to me for a week after Jackson saw it and got one for their place. Anyway... I was saying that I think it’s time we move somewhere a bit... bigger... maybe with a few more bedrooms.”

“Why? You want your own office?” Jungkook asked and Jimin snorted at his Alpha’s obliviousness.

Jimin reached for the Alpha’s hand and placed it on his flat belly, against the silk of his nightgown.

“I think it’s time that we start a family, Alpha.”

Jungkook’s eyes went wide and he looked down at his hand that Jimin was holding against his belly, then back up to his eyes, then again to the hand, over and over for about thirty seconds before his face broke into a wide, boyish grin and his fingers pressed harder against the flat plane of his belly.

“Really? You’re ready?”

Jimin knew that Jungkook had been wanting to start having pups for a while now, but with their hectic schedules, and Jimin getting his restaurant off the ground, they hadn’t had the time they would need to devote to their children. But, they were both reaching a point where they could have more home life.

“Yes. I think it’s the perfect time. Tae and Yoongi already have the twins and another on the way, Jin and Namjoon have Sooyi and he’s pregnant again already, even Mark and Jackson have their two... I’m ready... and besides, I think my Eomma is going to start throwing punches if you don’t get me pregnant soon. You saw her at Christmas, dropping hints.”

“Putting a tiny stocking up that says “Little Jeon” on it is not a hint, she’s gonna start protesting outside the building soon with a bullhorn, I think.”

“So...” Jimin said, a little nervously. “What do you think?”

“I think your heat can’t get here soon enough, little one.”

Jungkook tried to bury his face back in his Omega’s neck, but Jimin pulled back and slipped out of his lap, making him groan at the loss of his mate on top of him. Jimin stepped back and caressed over the silk of his little gown, right over his belly as he looked at his Alpha.

“I think I’ll be pretty when I’m pregnant for you, Daddy.” Jimin whispered, as he slid his touch up to the shoulders of his negligee and pushed the straps off. “But I think we might need to practice if you’re going to put a pup in me.”

The gown fluttered to the floor as Jimin straightened his arms and he was left in just his gray silk panties.

“You can’t just move out of range of me touching you and then say things like that.” Jungkook growled as his eyes devoured his mate.

“Oh? What are you gonna do, spank me?” Jimin sassed as he stepped backward toward the door.

“You’ll have to catch me first.”

Jimin turned and dashed from the room, and within a moment, Jungkook was after him. He chased him down the hall and into the bedroom where he caught him up in his arms and tossed him onto the bed, where he landed with a bounce and a giggle.

“You are being a very naughty boy today.” Jungkook admonished with a grin as he reached for his belt buckle.

Jimin stretched his body out, reaching his arms up over his head and arching his back, accentuating the exquisite line of his body.

“I’m still your good boy.”

Jungkook pulled off his clothes and prowled up his mate’s body, until he hovered over him.

“Well then, what does my good boy want tonight?”

Jimin tilted his head back and let out a long breath as he went lax and pliant under him, eyes falling closed.

“You can do whatever you want with me, Daddy.”

Jungkook smiled at that. His little one often said that to him. He’d told him that on the night of their mating ceremony as they laid in the massive bed of a honeymoon suite, he’d done just as he did now, displaying his neck and relaxing into his Alpha’s control. So many times over the years he’d said those words, “You can do whatever you want with me.” So, Jungkook took care of him and he loved him, because in the end, that was all he’d ever wanted to do with his perfect, vanilla baby.

## Chapter End Notes

And they lived happily ever after.

The end.

## End Notes

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