

Butterflies

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Butterflies

by [GothicBarbie](#)

Summary

Jin and Tae try to keep the fact that they are hooking up a secret from everyone but they are sort of failing.

Notes

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

The thing about BTS is that the fans liked to speculate about ALL of them. Any variation of the band, really. It was natural. When a group of young boys were together 24/7, flirting and touching was bound to ensue and the fans were only human. But that's exactly what made everything so easy for Tae and Jin. They could flirt with each other and tease each other in public and no one would have a clue that behind the scenes they were secretly hooking up. Truth be told, it was probably more than that.

Maybe because they had been able to keep it a secret for so long, they started becoming more careless. Lately things had been much harder to hide. They were constantly touching, constantly staring, and constantly teasing... but no one really had a clue, including the other band members.

But it wasn't easy. Trying to hide things from everyone was taking its toll and they had nearly been caught multiple times.

The first time it happened they were almost caught by the fans.

It was almost midnight and most of the boys had gone to bed but Seokjin was up on his livestream, finally giving the fans what they wanted. He's saying hello to army and talking a bit of nonsense about something insignificant when Taehyung walks into the room, half naked. The only thing he's got on at the moment are these really short shorts that completely show off his smooth thighs and Seokjin automatically loses his train of thought and just *stares*, blinking quickly. Taehyung doesn't say a word, just stands in the doorway and looks seductively at Seokjin, right behind the computer screen so no one but Seokjin can see.

Then Seokjin suddenly remembers where they are and lets out a forced laugh, "Sorry Army, I thought I saw something..." Seokjin lies and forces a smile for the viewers, trying hard to mask his sudden arousal.

Seokjin attempts to get back to what he was saying but can't exactly remember where he was and he stumbles a bit with his words. He can see Taehyung out of the corner of his eye and he tries desperately hard not to look at him. But it's really no use and Seokjin tries to pick the conversation back up as his eyes drift behind the screen occasionally at Taehyung, who is now moving his hands slowly down his chest and stomach, only stopping once they reach the very top of shorts near the waist band.

Seokjin is extremely thankful that he's wearing baggy sweats and a loose sweatshirt because otherwise the fans may wonder why he's sporting a seriously large hard on right now.

He finally gives up when Taehyung actually dips his fingers into his shorts and starts palming himself, clearly trying to get a rise out of Seokjin. It works and Seokjin ends up telling the viewers, "hold on a minute" before hitting the pause button. He knows the fans will be upset but there's no way he's gonna allow Taehyung to continue this charade. He's playing with fire.

"Taehyung, what are you doing?!" Seokjin almost shouts from the edge of the bed, clearly frustrated. Now is not the time.

“What do you think I’m doing?” Taehyung asks cheekily, letting go of himself for a minute to look Seokjin right in the eyes, challenging him.

“I’m in the middle of a livestream!” Seokjin hopes to explain but Taehyung looks like he could honestly care less.

“So? Wouldn’t you rather be fucking your boyfriend?”

Seokjin has to pause for a quick minute. *Boyfriend?* That’s the first time Taehyung has ever called himself that and it does something funny to Seokjin’s heart. He doesn’t respond, knowing that he can’t lie and say “no” but he really is in the middle of a video and he doesn’t want to upset the fans either.

Then Taehyung is smirking again and slowly pulling the shorts and underwear down, exposing his very flushed and very hard cock.

All Seokjin can do is watch as Taehyung makes his way closer to the bed, pushing the computer aside a little ways so he can grab at Seokjin’s legs.

“Come on Jin-Hyung, I need you.” He drags out the word need and says it in this really pouty voice with an expression to match that always pushes Seokjin over the edge and he snaps, grabbing Taehyung by the waist and pushing him down on the bed. Seokjin scrambles so that he’s on top of Taehyung now and Taehyung has this particular pleased little smile on his face.

“Fine.” Seokjin says, grabbing at Taehyung’s arms and pinning them up over his head. “But this has to be really quick. And I’m only taking care of you right now, sex will have to wait till I’m finished with the video.”

Taehyung makes another pouty face with his lips but it’s soon removed once he feels Seokjin’s hand wrapping tightly around his dick.

Seokjin finally leans down and takes in Taehyung’s lips with his own, biting and sucking as he moves his hand up and down his erection. His left hand is still holding Taehyung’s and he can feel Taehyung’s grip tighten, fingers clasp together once Seokjin flicks his tongue into Tae’s mouth. Seokjin quickens the speed of his hand and Taehyung is making all of these amazing little noises, moaning and whimpering and Seokjin desperately wants to push inside of him now but he knows it’ll have to wait. Seokjin is moving a lot faster than he normally would, partly to get back to the stream, but also because he knows he can’t lay here pressed on top of Taehyung, untouched, without getting any release himself for too long.

Then Taehyung isn’t really kissing back because his orgasm is finally rising in his gut and he lifts his head a little to watch as Seokjin’s hand strokes him through it. Taehyung finally comes and it’s all over his chest and stomach and a little even manages to get on Seokjin’s sweatshirt, which he’ll have to change.

He’s not sure how he’s gonna explain that to the viewers, but he’ll just change into a t-shirt on or something and say he got hot.

He tries to push up but Taehyung is grabbing at his broad shoulders and pulling him back down on top of him so he can kiss him one last time.

“Thank you.” Taehyung says cheekily and closes his eyes, pretending to drift off to sleep. Seokjin thinks it won’t be so bad to let him stay there. As long as he is quiet. But he’ll have to move the camera so he’s out of view. Seokjin tries to sit up but when he does so his foot ends up hitting the cord of the laptop and it starts falling off the bed.

Seokjin lunges to grab it, but when he does so he accidentally hits the start button again and fear shoots through his body when he realizes that he’s back online. The computer is on the floor now and Seokjin quickly sits, making sure it’s facing away from sleeping Taehyung.

“Sorry about that you guys, computer fell off the bed, obviously.”

He explains to the viewers that he had to call his mom really quick and hopes they will understand his absence, but fear sweeps through him when he realizes that the computer easily could have gotten a quick flash of his prior indiscretion.

He answers a few questions and then says that he’s exhausted and that they have a busy day tomorrow (which isn’t actually true, surprisingly he has the day off) and logs off.

Immediately he plays the stream back.

It’s not too bad. As the camera fell a quick flash of Taehyung’s feet were shown at the foot of the bed but nothing else. It presumably looked weird to some people and they’d probably speculate over it for days but at least it wasn’t as bad as it could have been.

Seokjin shuts down his computer and finally gets back in bed to join his sleeping... boyfriend.

They would definitely need to be more careful from now on.

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The second time, they were almost caught by Hoseok and Jimin.

All seven of the boys were at the dorms together after a long night. After filming a recent Run BTS episode they were spending time together and watching back previous performance and video footage.

Taehyung is squished on the edge of the couch, next to Seokjin, playing with his hands discretely underneath a pillow when his phone buzzes. He checks to see that Seokjin has sent him a text that simply reads “you’re sexy.” Taehyung chuckles lightly to himself.

Seokjin is right next to him but it’s things like this that make Taehyung realize how much he actually cares about him. Suga gives him a funny look and then turns back to the tv and as Taehyung tries to think of a response to Jin he can see that his battery percent is at 8%. It’s still got some juice in it, but if he wants to secretly sext his boyfriend all night he’ll need to find that charger.

“Gotta pee” Taehyung lies as he stands from the couch and Seokjin immediately turns his head in Taehyung’s direction. He looks upset from the sudden loss of contact left between them and Taehyung can see him staring as he exits the room.

He plans to return quickly, but he has to find his charger first. The last place he remembers it being is in Hobi’s room, where he had been hanging out earlier. He scans the room as quickly as he can but he’s having a difficult time locating it. The room is a mess, the Hobi and Jimin really should clean up more, and Taehyung is about to give up when he finally spots it. He quickly grabs it and just as he’s about to leave he hears someone shuffling in the room behind him.

He turns his head to find that it’s Seokjin entering, shutting the door softly once he’s inside.

“Hey.” Taehyung says quietly, standing to face Seokjin. “I was just looking for my charger.” He holds his hand up to show Seokjin he’s found it.

But before Taehyung can continue speaking Seokjin’s lips are on his and he’s pulling Taehyung close to his body.

“I’ve wanted to do that all day” Seokjin whispers into the kiss, tightening his grip on Taehyung’s hips and pushing his tongue into Taehyung’s mouth.

Taehyung kisses back for a while but then realizes where they are and pulls away.

“Once everyone’s asleep you can do that all you want.” Taehyung smiles and he begins to walk out of the room but then Seokjin is grabbing his wrist forcefully and pulling him back.

“But, I don’t want to wait.” Seokjin says cheekily, resuming the kiss and Taehyung can’t manage to pull away. It’s not until Seokjin is walking them back towards the bed, causing Taehyung to drop his charger to the ground, that he is able to find his words.

“Come on Hyung, we can’t do this here.”

Not only are they not in their own room but the other boys are currently just down the hall and they must have all realized that the two have gone missing by now.

“Shhhh.” Seokjin whispers, ducking his head and sucking on Taehyung’s neck. “They’re all falling asleep out there, they don’t even know I’m gone.”

Taehyung tries again to resist, this is definitely way too dangerous to pull off, but then Seokjin is looking at him with his sad puppy eyes and pushing him down on the bed and Taehyung forgets what he was planning to say.

“I missed you.” Seokjin breathes into his skin as he fumbles with the buttons on Taehyung’s shirt, unbuttoning the top few. Taehyung almost wants to ask what he means by that considering they see each other practically every day and spend almost every night together, but it’s still adorable, the idea that Seokjin misses him. It’s weirdly affectionate and Taehyung’s heart does a little jump when he realizes just how much he’s grown to care about

Seokjin. He'd pretty much do anything to please him, which explains why he's letting him seduce him on fucking Jimin's bed.

But the last time they were being this reckless Taehyung had to practically beg Seokjin to get him off, so Taehyung understands the thrill and he decides to make it all about Seokjin.

He startles Seokjin when he pushes up and rolls them over so that he's pinning him underneath his body and immediately pushes up Jin's shirt to get access to his chest. He trails sloppy kisses all the way down and the sound of Seokjin's moaning is making him hard in his own pants and he instinctively reaches down to palm himself through his own pants.

With this opposite hand he manages to work Seokjin's own fly open and gently pulls out his cock, pants still on.

Seokjin's hands move to Taehyung's shoulders, rubbing them softly and it urges Taehyung on. He finally places his mouth over the head of Seokjin's cock, licking around the crown and pulling the foreskin back gently with his lips.

He looks up at Seokjin to see the older boy staring down at him fondly, small smile forming, and his eyes widening to Taehyung's actions.

Taehyung takes Seokjin fully into his mouth, only releasing the hold on himself to grip the base of Seokjin's cock and move his hand in time with his lips.

Taehyung's saliva is mixing with Seokjin's pre-come and Taehyung can feel the wetness gathering between his fingertips and on his tongue. He's working Seokjin closer and closer to his orgasm and hums contently around him, brushing his tongue at the head each time he pulls off, just like how Seokjin likes.

"Fuck Taehyung..." Seokjin whimpers above him and Taehyung desperately wants to see him come but then he hears footsteps down the hall and he immediately pulls off, bracing his hands on the bed by Seokjin's waist.

"No, don't stop..." Seokjin whines, leaning up on his elbows to look right at Taehyung, but Taehyung is already jumping off the bed.

"Someone's coming!" Taehyung whispers and as quickly as he can he kneels on the floor, pretending to look for his phone charger. He can hear Seokjin shuffling around and presumably covering himself back up and then in the next second the door is opening and Hoseok and Jimin are bursting in. Jimin's humming something as he enters the room and when Taehyung looks up at him he can see his face is twisted in confusion.

Taehyung looks up to see Seokjin standing by the bed, pretending to mess with the pillows. Taehyung wonders if Hoseok or Jimin notice the flush on either of their faces, or that their clothes are wrinkled.

"What are you guys doin'?" Hoseok asks curiously, looking down at Taehyung and waiting for a response.

“Looking for my charger...” Taehyung says quickly, hoping that his voice doesn’t waver and that he sounds sincere.

“I was trying to help.” Seokjin lies and his face is so genuine, Taehyung almost believes it himself.

Then Taehyung manages to find where he actually did drop it from earlier and holds it up, faking surprise. “Found it!”

Neither Jimin nor Hoseok say anything, just look at one another and then back at Jin and Tae for a moment before Hoseok is shaking his head and telling them he wants to sleep. Jimin comments that most of the boys are heading to bed soon too.

Taehyung stands up from the floor slowly and follows Seokjin out, Jimin’s eyes lingering on Taehyung’s back as he exits.

Once Jimin shuts the door on them Seokjin is looking at Taehyung with a pout and Taehyung smiles at him weakly. Seokjin has managed to pull himself together and he doesn’t look too suspicious, minus the messy hair and red ears. Taehyung’s focus shifts downwards and even though it’s difficult to tell, he knows that Seokjin is still hard in his jeans. “We’ll take care of that soon, babe.” He laughs, patting Seokjin flirtatiously in the groin and then winking as he heads back to join the others.

Only then does he realize the top buttons on his shirt are still undone.

He can’t believe they were almost caught a second time and promises himself that he won’t be so reckless in the future.

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The third time they were almost caught by Jungkook.

The boys were on set of their recent photo shoot and Seokjin was in a dressing room changing into one of the outfits management had provided. They were all wearing white for this shoot and Seokjin was just about to throw his shirt over his head when Taehyung shuffles into the room, familiar smirk on his face.

“I know that look...” Seokjin says quietly, fumbling with the shirt in his hands, “what are you up to?”

“Just sneaking in to see mr. worldwide handsome.” Taehyung smiles, crowding into Seokjin’s space and pinning him back against the dressing room corner.

“Come on,” Seokjin tries to speak as Taehyung kisses him, “these walls are paper thin.”

“Then we’ll be quiet.” Taehyung smiles, pulling away only to look right into Seokjin’s eyes. “Besides, you were so mean to me today, you owe me.”

“What?” Seokjin whispers, gripping at Taehyung’s hips and pulling him closer, “how was I mean?”

“You ignored me.” Taehyung says simply, pretending to pout, so Seokjin grips his face in his hands to kiss him harder.

“I’m sorry, but I think the boys are starting to get suspicious.”

“Uh huh.” Taehyung rolls his eyes and moves his hands lower to grab at the shirt in Seokjin’s hands, ripping it away from him and throwing it to the ground. Taehyung leans in to suck a love bite to Seokjin’s collar bone and Seokjin moans audibly at the feeling. He and Taehyung haven’t had a chance to really be alone all day and it’s been driving him insane.

Then he feels Taehyung’s hands ghosting above his jeans and when Taehyung begins unbuttoning them, Seokjin squirms a little bit, remembering where they are.

“Taehyungggg...” Seokjin draws out, not even sure what he’s about to say, but Taehyung is cutting him off, shoving the zipper of his pants down and leaning up to whisper into his ear.

“I want you to fuck me right now.”

Seokjin’s about to tell Taehyung no, not here. That they were only given ten minutes to change, that there’s absolutely no time and that it’s way too dangerous. But then Taehyung’s fingers are actually pushing into his pants, fisting around his cock, preparing him, and Seokjin can’t seem to find the words.

“We don’t have any lube...” Seokjin whispers quietly, it’s the only thing that could possibly stop this from happening, but then Taehyung is looking at him devilishly.

“Wanna try without?”

It’s something they’ve never done before and Seokjin would be lying if he said he’d never thought about it and even though he knows better, knows that here is probably not the proper place to do it, he can’t help himself. He just nods silently and reaches around to grip at Taehyung’s ass, lifting him up effortlessly and setting him on top of the counter.

“We have to go fast.” Seokjin says, grabbing the hem of Taehyung’s shirt as quickly as he possibly can and ripping it over his head.

He kisses slowly down Taehyung’s neck and chest, only stopping to lightly flick around one of Taehyung’s nipples with his tongue. He realizes that he’s going against his own words, probably taking way more time than necessary but Taehyung’s leaning back on the counter shirtless, looking way sexier than he should right now, and Seokjin needs to take advantage of that.

When his mouth finally finds his way down to Taehyung’s pants, he works them open slowly, pushing down his underwear and pulling out his cock gently as he glances up at Taehyung. His eyes are completely focused on Seokjin and it’s so sexy how he’s looking at him right now, his tongue seductively dragging over his bottom lip, that Seokjin feels the urge to lean back up and kiss him on the mouth again. Seokjin’s tongue works its way between Taehyung’s plump and slick lips and then Seokjin can see Taehyung’s arm shifting, hand moving to palm at himself.

Seokjin pulls away immediately, “Stop touching yourself” he snaps as he slaps Taehyung’s hand out of the way and replaces it with his own, “let me do that.”

He grabs Taehyung’s half hard cock in his hands and begins pumping slowly, working him to his full hardness. Taehyung lets himself fall backward, back hitting the mirror behind him.

As he strokes against Taehyung he leans down and pecks lightly against the top of his stomach, the lowest he can reach. Time feels like it’s moving so slowly and Seokjin can feel Taehyung’s hand threading through his hair, then playing gently with his ear lobes.

“Seokjin...” Taehyung says softly and Seokjin pulls away, looks up him quickly. “Come on.”

Seokjin laughs and then leans up to kiss him one more time, softly and slow to reassure him and just as he’s about to reach for his own pants he can hear Jungkook calling out from behind the door.

“Hey! Hyung, have you seen my phone?”

They barely have a chance to pull themselves together before Jungkook is storming in, fully dressed, make up already on, and he gives the both of them a funny look. He doesn’t even get a chance to ask what’s happening before Seokjin is cutting in, “We decided to switch shirts.”

It’s the first thing that pops into his head and he realizes just how stupid it sounds but tries to play it off like it’s the most normal thing in the world.

Jungkook still isn’t saying anything, just looking at them curiously and then Taehyung hops off the counter, says something about seeing Jungkook’s phone out in the lobby and Jungkook retreats back the way he came.

Taehyung picks up Seokjin’s shirt from the floor and smiles gently at Seokjin but doesn’t dare say anything as he leaves the room, Seokjin following quickly behind him, Taehyung’s shirt now in hand.

He has to laugh to himself as he puts it on, it’s certainly meant for Taehyung, but it’s too late now and he turns to the mirror to adjust his hair before makes his way out into the studio.

He purposely stays on the opposite side of the room, away from Taehyung, deciding more than ever that they need to be more careful. Jungkook keeps giving him funny looks throughout the shoot and it’s making Seokjin wonder if he’s starting to figure things out or if he’d just being paranoid.

The last shoot of the afternoon has the boys gathered in a group, arms all around each other and cheesey smiles plastered on their faces. Seokjin’s got an arm on Namjoon’s lower back and he can feel when Taehyung’s hand sneaks around from the other side and gently places his hand over his own, slightly intertwining their fingers.

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The fourth time they were almost caught by Namjoon and Suga.

Taehyung's alone backstage eating when he feels a warm body snake in next to him at the table, legs pressing right up against his own. He doesn't even have to look up to know that it's Seokjin, he smells insanely good, just like the cologne that he always wears. Taehyung sets his food down and turns to look at his boyfriend, who's busy just staring at him with a huge grin on his face.

"How are you?" Seokjin asks and Taehyung has to chuckle. Seokjin's never this cordial. But then Seokjin's glancing downwards at his lap and Taehyung finally gets it, finally realizes what he's referring to.

"Fine." Taehyung says, shaking his head. Since they've started the tour their alone time has been cut ridiculously short and it's been a while since they've been able to be intimate together. "Going a little insane."

"Oh yeah?" Seokjin smirks, reaching in and punching Tae in the thigh gently with his fist, "You miss me that much huh?" he asks as he hits again.

"Ow!" Taehyung feigns hurt, grabbing Jin by the wrist to stop him.

"Oh, that didn't hurt, you baby." Seokjin says playfully, attempting it again before Taehyung grabs his wrist with his other hand and strengthens his hold.

"It did too, it's all bruised now." Taehyung whines, and looks down as he lets go of Jin's wrist and rubs at his leg. He knows there's no mark there but Taehyung is going to milk this.

Then Seokjin is crowding into his space and moving his face to Taehyung's ear. "You're just pretending it hurts so I will kiss it better later." He whispers.

And the way he says it, with a hint of a slur in his voice and a cocked eyebrow, it makes Taehyung realize how much he actually wants that right now.

"I will neither confirm nor deny."

Seokjin laughs loudly and then leans back in to whisper again, "Then I will... if you're a good boy."

Taehyung takes another bite of his meal, planning to ask Seokjin what exactly he means by good but he's too distracted by Seokjin's face right now. He's smiling so big that his eyes crinkle up and it's so adorable and Taehyung is ridiculously attracted to Seokjin in this moment.

"What are you so happy about?" Taehyung manages to get out, even if his mouth is full of food and Seokjin just laughs, bumping Taehyung's shoulder lightly with his own.

"I just got off the phone with my mom and it looks like I'll get to go home for a few weeks after the tour ends..."

Seokjin is still smiling and Taehyung can tell that he's really happy so he tries to plaster a smile on his own face.

“Oh, that’s great Jin-Hyung.”

He wonders if Seokjin can hear the disappointment in his voice. He knows that he did when he looks back at Seokjin to see he’s not smiling anymore.

“What’s wrong Tae?” Seokjin asks suddenly, shifting his body a little further in towards Taehyung, eyes questioning.

Taehyung sighs for a second, hesitating whether or not he should say something.

“Nothing, it’s stupid.” Taehyung says quietly, fidgeting a little with his food but not bothering to eat any more of it.

“Hey” Seokjin says firmly, quickly scanning the room to make sure that no one else is around, then he leans in and presses a quick kiss to Taehyung’s lips.

Taehyung’s a little caught off guard at the movement but it happens so fast that he barely has time to register. It’s not that strange, to get pecked on the lips by your secret lover, but it’s one that Seokjin’s never pulled before in such a public place and it makes the butterflies in Taehyung’s stomach only flutter that much more.

Seokjin’s looking at him so fondly and Taehyung decides to just say it, “It’s just… I’m gonna miss you.”

He says it so quietly and he wonders if Seokjin even heard him. Hopes that he didn’t because even though it’s true and he shouldn’t be embarrassed to feel that way, their relationship is still in its early stages and he isn’t sure if he should be admitting something like that just yet.

Seokjin’s almost too quiet, which makes Taehyung worry even more but then when he turns to look at him Seokjin is just smiling at him again, his neck and ears a little bit redder than before.

“Well…” He begins, looking down and fidgeting himself, “would you wanna come with me?”

And then Taehyung has to smile because Seokjin’s actually asked him to come with him to his *home*, where his parents and siblings and old friends will be and it means so much, and Taehyung can tell by the look on Seokjin’s face that it means a lot to him too. Taehyung really wants to just lean in and smack a big kiss right on Seokjin’s lips (and then maybe pull him back into a dressing room, get his clothes off, and show him how much he really appreciates the gesture) and he might have just done it, but then Namjoon and Suga are waltzing over and sitting right across from them and Taehyung doesn’t even have a moment to answer the question.

Seokjin immediately shifts back over, creating space between the two of them, but Namjoon doesn’t seem to notice and asks them what’s going on and Seokjin immediately engages in conversation with him. Taehyung can barely keep up with what they are saying because his brain is overloaded with thoughts of Seokjin and the two of them spending time together

alone, with none of the boys around, and no cameras, no fans, just *them* and it finally clicks how much he's falling for Seokjin.

Then Taehyung can feel something brushing against the palm of his hand he looks down quickly to see that it's Seokjin hand, intertwining with his own. He sneaks a glance at Seokjin who isn't looking at him, just smiles and Taehyung knows that it's meant for him.

He and Seokjin are holding hands under the table and Seokjin is actually playing with his fingers and Namjoon and Suga are sitting right there. It's simple and probably nothing but it's exciting and Taehyung only realizes that he's not doing a very good job of hiding his happiness when Suga is calling out his name and looking at him suspiciously.

"What are you guys doing under there?"

Seokjin immediately drops his hand and playfully goes to ruffle his hair, "Oh you know, Taehyung's just being clingy."

Taehyung's thankful that Seokjin is so quick to cover things up, but he clearly didn't do a very good job because Namjoon is now looking between them with a very confused expression on his face.

"I'm gonna go find Jungkook, he stole my ipod earlier." Seokjin says, standing.

Taehyung tries to pretend that he's not disappointed, he really wanted to talk to Seokjin more about their plans after the tour but it'll have to wait, like it always does.

"Seokjin-Hyung!" Taehyung finds himself calling out before Seokjin makes it very far, and Seokjin turns around, looking at him curiously. Namjoon and Suga are both still staring at the two of them. "Yes." He says firmly, hoping that Seokjin understands what he means. That he wants to go home with him.

Seokjin's smile is the biggest he's ever seen it then, eyes crinkling, dimple in his cheek and Taehyung thinks that he's never looked more adorable.

He exits the room and Taehyung turns back to see Namjoon and Suga watching him carefully so he continues eating, tries his best to brush things off and act normal.

Suga lets out a quick laugh and then stands from the table and follows Seokjin out, muttering under his breath.

"I don't even want to know." Namjoon says to Taehyung, then continues eating.

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Later that night Taehyung manages to sneak his way into Seokjin's hotel room, hoping that the older boy is still awake. It's the first time that Taehyung's actually managed to get some alone time with him all week and they have a lot of things to discuss.

Seokjin's already in bed when Taehyung makes his way inside and even though it's dark, Seokjin knows exactly who it is, pushing the covers on his bed aside to allow room for

Taehyung.

“Hi.” Taehyung says sheepishly, as he slinks in next to Seokjin, cuddling right up into his side where he feels comfortable and nuzzling his face into the crook of Seokjin’s neck, taking in his scent.

“Hi.” Seokjin says back, almost too quiet and then Taehyung can feel Seokjin’s lips on his own, Seokjin’s fingers snaking up underneath his shirt and sinking into the skin above his lower back.

They stay like this for a while, just kissing lazily and holding onto one another, and it feels so comfortable, so natural, and neither of them wants to move. Taehyung could fall asleep right here.

But then Seokjin is shifting their bodies over so that he’s leaning over Taehyung and pulling his shirt up, plays with his nipple a little bit before leaning down and pulls it into his mouth, tongue flicking against the flesh lightly.

“How do you feel?” He asked quietly.

“Better now.” Taehyung chuckles, letting his fingers brush through Seokjin’s hair. Honestly he’s exhausted but Seokjin’s tongue brushing against his skin feels really nice.

“I can’t wait to take you home with me.” Seokjin mutters under his breath as he continues to kiss all along Taehyung’s chest, hands running up and down his sides in comfort.

“What are we gonna tell your parents?” Taehyung asks. They may find it odd that Seokjin is bringing a boy home with him, even if it is another of his band mates.

“It doesn’t matter, they love you.” Seokjin smiles up at him briefly before sitting up on his elbows, bringing his face right next to Taehyung’s ear and bracketing him in, “though, when I fuck you into my mattress you’re gonna have to learn to be quiet.”

Taehyung has to grin at that. He loves when Seokjin says things like that, things are a lot inappropriate and so incredibly forward. And he’s right because Taehyung’s known to be a little loud during sex.

Seokjin leans back against Tae’s side and rubs gently over Taehyung’s tummy as he stares up at him. Taehyung’s eyes have adjusted to the light a little and he can tell that Seokjin is thinking hard.

“What are you thinking about?” Taehyung whispers, fingers threading through Jin’s hair and Seokjin takes a breath, looks down for a moment before looking back at Taehyung.

“That I love you.”

He sounds a little hesitant, like he’s scared of Taehyung’s reaction but he has absolutely no reason to be. Taehyung’s been thinking the same thing for months now.

“You do?” Taehyung asks with a smile, needing to hear it again but Seokjin just nods, so Taehyung leans in to kiss him yet again, enjoys the feel of Seokjin’s tongue against his.

“Show me?”

“What?” Seokjin asks, slightly confused, and Taehyung grabs Jin’s hips and jerks Jin towards his own instinctively, letting Seokjin feel the erection that’s forming in his pants, making it clear what he wants.

“Show me how much you love me.” Taehyung says as firm as he can make it, and then Seokjin is frantically pulling away, attempting to reach for the condoms in the side drawer, but Taehyung pulls him back, keeps his grip tight on Seokjin’s arms. “Leave it.”

Seokjin looks at him then, a surprised expression on his face, “are you sure?.”

Taehyung nods his head, “you’re the only one I’ve been with” he replies, suddenly feeling extremely vulnerable. Seokjin looks pleased at the admission and then Tae lifts Seokjin’s hands, pulling his fingers into his mouth and sucking gently. He enjoys the salty taste of Seokjin’s skin against his tongue, lets his mouth pull them in even deeper, really getting them wet.

Taehyung releases them with a pop and then Seokjin’s fingers are sliding between their bodies, shoving down into Tae’s pants and finding his center.

Seokjin nudges lightly against his hole, not pushing in yet; the angle is a little off with their clothes still on and he can’t do much more than this. But he continues to prod gently and begins trailing kisses along Taehyung’s neck. After a while Taehyung can’t wait any longer and immediately grabs for the lube and works to get the both of them undressed and as soon as they are he’s back on the bed and waiting patiently underneath Jin.

Jin works the liquid over his fingers and finally manages to slip a finger into Tae’s warm and inviting body. Then a second finger follows and he can feel Taehyung shaking beneath him, his breath getting heavier with each passing minute.

“Just fuck me already.” Taehyung whines, knowing how desperate he probably sounds but Seokjin clearly doesn’t mind and moves his hands under Taehyung’s ass to lift him up, making this easier.

Seokjin’s cock is lined right up against his center and he’s pushing in so slowly, trying hard not to hurt Taehyung but Taehyung doesn’t even care. He wants to feel the pain, wants it to hurt. He wants to feel this tomorrow... remind himself that Seokjin is *his*. That Seokjin made him feel this way.

Seokjin gets deeper inside of him and leans forwards, chest flushed against Taehyung’s. Tae wraps his legs around Jin, pulling him in tighter. “Are you okay?” Jin asks and Taehyung nods, moving his hands to Seokjin’s hips and rocking into him gently, pushing him in even deeper. Seokjin moans at the movement.

When Seokjin finally really starts moving Taehyung is physically unable to contain his arousal, breathing heavy and moaning into Seokjin's ear as they rock together.

Seokjin lifts himself up from Taehyung slightly, his hand finally finding its way onto Taehyung's cock, which only intensifies the feeling and Taehyung's being so loud that Seokjin has to cover his mouth as they move.

Taehyung pulls away from his hand and mouths at Seokjin's neck instead, trying desperately to cover the sounds that are escaping from him but it's getting more and more difficult as Seokjin's thrusts get harder and faster.

Taehyung's having a hard time containing his emotions. He nibbles softly against Seokjin's shoulder, whose hand feels amazing wrapped around him, pumping in time with their thrusts. Now even Seokjin is getting loud as he gets closer and closer to his release.

Taehyung attempts to lock eyes with him but Seokjin is completely lost in the moment, his lids squeezed shut tightly and sweat dripping from his forehead. It's only then that Taehyung realizes he hasn't yet said it.

"I love you too." Taehyung breathes out against Seokjin's skin, and it's the perfect time because only moments later Seokjin is collapsing his weight on top of Taehyung, face buried in his neck, pushing hard and finally spilling his orgasm inside of him. Seokjin's still jerking his hips a little, grips onto Taehyung's hair as he finishes.

Taehyung just rubs his back gently, tries to help calm him as he comes down from his high and then he's pulling out of Taehyung. Taehyung can feel the wetness between them, soreness immediately hitting his body, and he's still painfully hard.

Then Seokjin is moving downwards, pressing sloppy kisses all over his chest, then stomach and hips, grips at Tae's dick with his hands and pumps a few times before taking Taehyung into his mouth. He teases for a few seconds, flicks his tongue all around the head before finally just taking him all the way down.

Taehyung's already so sensitive that it doesn't take long to finish him off, and soon he's coming too. Right down Seokjin's throat.

Seokjin can feel Taehyung's fluid splash into his mouth and he catches every drop of it, swallowing deeply and continuing to lick the rest of what he missed up with his tongue.

They just lie together afterwards in the comfortable silence, neither having say a word.

Taehyung's always the first to fall asleep and Seokjin lays in bed, just listening to him breathe. He can't believe his luck, getting someone so perfect like Taehyung to fall in love with him. It all just happened so quickly and naturally and he can't stop the automatic smile from creeping up his face.

It's only when Taehyung moves beside him, snakes his arms even tighter around Seokjin's waist that he realizes he's not actually asleep. He finds Taehyung's hand in the dark and laces their fingers together, rubbing softly against the soft pad of skin in his palm.

Soon the tour will be over and he'll get to spend every night with him, just like this one. He's not sure that he can wait.

Seokjin's eyes are growing heavier and he can feel himself starting to drift off but he's woken by the sound of a key card slotting through the door and it makes the panic in Seokjin's gut shoot up.

There's absolutely no time to do anything, he's in bed with Taehyung, naked, and someone's walking through the door and turning on the lights, and there's no way he will be able to explain this.

Except it's worse, because it's not just one person, it's five people. They are busting in and startling both Seokjin and Taehyung to sit up in bed, covers gripped tightly around their bodies.

Neither of them say a word... really, what is there to say? And they are faced with Namjoon, Suga, Jimin, Jungkook and Hoseok just staring at them intently.

Seokjin isn't sure what kind of reaction he expected, but it's certainly different from this. None of them even look that shocked, or concerned. Hoseok's barely making eye contact with them, Namjoon's hanging behind from the others looking somewhat uncomfortable, Jungkook and Jimin are standing close together and staring between Tae and Jin, big smiles on their faces, and Suga is off to the side, arms crossed. Frankly, he looks bored.

Seokjin doesn't speak, just turns to look at Taehyung and waits for a reaction but his boyfriend looks just as surprised and the silence in the room is starting to become unbearable.

Finally, Jungkook speaks slowly. "Do you think you can maybe keep it down?"

"We're trying to watch a film." Jimin says right after, almost too calm and then they're both exiting the room, smiles on their faces. "Sorry." Namjoon mutters before following behind the others. Hoseok doesn't say anything, just smiles curtly as he exits, leaving Suga behind. Seokjin isn't sure what's going on.

No one seemed to really care about Seokjin or Taehyung or what they are all witnessing in this exact moment and Seokjin and Taehyung aren't sure if they should be thankful or worried about it. And they still have Suga to deal with.

"We can explain..." Seokjin tries to say, but then Suga is just shaking his head, holding a hand up to cut him off.

"No need, thank you. Everyone already knows about you two."

Seokjin looks at Taehyung again then and he still looks as surprised as before, shifting a little in bed uncomfortably.

"Just thought I'd let you know." Suga shakes his head, laughing to himself as he leaves the room, entirely too pleased to inform them of this fact.

“By the way...” He says, popping his head back into the door frame one last time. “You’ve never been all that discreet.”

The door clicks softly shut. It’s quiet for a brief second, while both of them think about what this could mean.

But then Taehyung is laughing, harder than he’s ever laughed before and Seokjin can’t help but join in, pulling Taehyung softly back against him.

The final time they were caught, everyone already knew.

End Notes

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