Prisoner to it all

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Prisoner to it all

by Rogue_Taeminbot

Summary

Everyone knows how rut is supposed to go: An alpha, growling happily into the neck of some purring, pliant thing, all sweat and strength and hunger, taking what he wants.

Except that isn't what Taemin's alpha wants at all

Notes

Author's note: I want to state for the record that this fic was provoked by Jongin posting that damned gimp-hood selfie on Instagram. Horrible boy, I will bite him.

Title is from Taemin's "Want".

See the end of the work for more notes

They’d been completely clueless, the night it had all started. Tiny puppies. But with the benefit of age and wisdom, Taemin realises that they must have sensed it, deep down. It can’t have been by complete chance that it had happened on the one night they’d schemed and plotted to have an excuse to stay super late in the practice room together. To sleep together. How cute.

Everyone said they were cute, Taemin and his beloved friend, his sweet lithe pretty friend Jongin, his friend who everyone knew was destined to present as the kind of omega people went to war over. His friend who he cared about more than anyone in the world, who he understood and trusted absolutely, who he couldn't do without. His Jongin.

They’d done actual training, because of course they had. Taemin’s solo debut had been looming; every waking moment was devoted to training. They’d danced until they were exhausted. Then they’d curled up, safe and hidden in the corner under a blanket Taemin had smuggled from his dorm.

The contact had been just barely not quite enough to soothe the terrible throbbing of dread Taemin suddenly felt. He couldn’t stop his mind from racing back and forth, again and again, looping hopelessly around the inevitable fact he couldn’t bear to live with. Some day soon, Jongin would present. Jongin would be claimed. And it wouldn’t be by Taemin. Taemin, cute and clever and wiry little beta that everyone knew he was, Taemin would lose him, to somebody else. He he’d never be enough. He wasn’t even brave enough to tell Jongin what he felt. He wasn't even brave enough to tell Jongin that he loved him.

He'd tangled himself in Jongin’s limbs, burrowed his face into Jongin’s shoulder, let himself be lulled by the smell of him, warm and lovely and perfect. Somehow, he’d slept.

Not for long. He'd woken suddenly, in the dark, moaning and feverish and desperate in a way he could never have imagined, every rational thought replaced with terrible aching need, desire so intense it felt like he was dying. Poor Jongin had been jolted into consciousness with Taemin clinging to him, incoherent. Too sleepy and lost to know what was wrong or what to do, he’d just held Taemin, stroked him, gentle, doing his best to mask his own panic and confusion, until. It had dawned.

“Taem. Hey, hey, Taem. It’s okay, it’s just.” A nervous pause, a note of incredulity. “You’re in heat.”

And Taemin had been the one to panic.

“Heat??”

No, that couldn’t be. He couldn’t. They couldn’t both. Oh no no no , he was crying. Couldn’t not. He was going to lose Jongin, for sure now. There was no way, no way, he was going to lose Jongin-

"Hey, Taem, come on, it's okay. Don't cry. It's okay, I'm here."

Jongin, his one tether to sanity. Taemin clung to him. He felt the way the presence of Jongin's body held him down, safe, so he couldn’t float away. Breathed Jongin's scent, velvety and intoxicating, filling him with comfort. Taemin wrapped himself around him, clawing at his shoulders, nuzzling against his throat. He heard Jongin groan. His voice, so deep, suddenly bore a very different set of harmonics, a sound Taemin had never heard before, a sound that made him shiver and whine and squirm.

Jongin spoke again, the same words, low and soft and full of wonder.

“You’re in heat.”

This time it had sounded like a promise.

The ecstasy in all that followed flowed as much from relief as from pleasure. Jongin was everything he needed.

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The next few days had been drama, of course. Management had thrown a fit.

Taemin’s heat wasn’t the real curveball. While it wasn’t ideal that their ace was dazed and scratched and unable to walk straight, right before a brutal line-up of debut shows, it was not entirely outside the realm of expected contingencies. It was manageable. At least the pair of them had somehow maintained the presence of mind not to leave any marks that would keep. And management were definitely not unhappy with the future commercial possibilities of Omega Taemin, sultry and beautiful object of desire.

That wasn’t the part which had really annoyed the company. The thing they really hadn’t banked on. They’d signed a graceful and gorgeous ballet dancer with a very obvious trajectory and now, damn it, surprise! The amount of re-working of image and concepts and group dynamics they were going to have to do for *Alpha* Kai.

He’d made it work though. By sheer discipline and determination, he made everything work.

He did let himself whine about it, sometimes, to Taemin and Taemin only. How it would have been easier, if he’d been the one who’d gone into heat. If he’d made Taemin into *his* alpha.

And Taemin would giggle, and purr into his ear:

“That would have been *boring*.”

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Things would never get boring, they made sure of that. They had exciting projects to work on.

Tonight, it's time for Taemin's favourite of them all.

They've had plenty of warning to clear their schedules of other, less important things. Jongin's rut has been building for days, the signs clear. He's been by turns surly and silly, annoyingly handsy, unreasonably energetic, loud and catty. Taemin's been getting no shortage of knowing and sympathetic looks around the building, how to you cope with him? God, how funny it would be if they knew. If they had any idea at all. None of them would ever recover.

Just when everyone was properly fed up with him, Jongin had done what he always does and disappeared into the gym for most of the day, lifting heavy things and putting them down again, looking happily at himself in the mirror, posting selfies of his muscles. At some point, briefly sated by praise and endorphins, he'd blundered his way to Taemin's house and flopped all over Taemin's bed, glassy-eyed and sweaty and rumbling and pawing at things, such as Taemin.

He's forgotten how to speak. All alphas get pretty inarticulate when they're this deep in. Jongin loses his words entirely. It's not supposed to matter. They're supposed to be physical beings, alphas, uncomplicated and honest, fuelled by powerful instinct. The way this is supposed to go, is, at some point once he's had a bit of a rest, once he's stripped off all his clothes and rolled around in Taemin's pheromones for long enough to feel restored, he'll let those instincts drive him. Simple.

Everyone knows how rut is supposed to go: An alpha, growling happily into the neck of some pretty, purring, pliant thing, all sweat and strength and hunger, taking what he wants.

But this is Jongin. This is *his* Jongin, the perfectionist. Legendarily poised and disciplined. Jongin's always demanded absolute mastery of his own body, his pre-rut clumsiness aside. To submit to mere instinct is the antithesis of what he wants. He wants to bring the wolf under his control. He wants to prove to himself just how deep that control goes. And Taemin wants to help him. Every time, Taemin helps him go deeper.

This means Taemin is not about to do the easy thing, to roll over and let himself be some pretty purring pliant thing, begging to be taken. Although he is pretty, and he is purring, and he is aware that he is saturating the air with the exquisite and extremely unsubtle scent of an omega aching to be filled. Any alpha on the planet would be drooling for him, rut or no rut. To take him, pin him, bite him. Like an animal.

But Jongin won't.

Jongin is whimpering.

He's trying so hard, bless him. He knows he should be silent, because Taemin's told him to be silent. He really is trying, poor thing. Taemin can't be too cruel to him. Not yet, anyway.

“Shh.” He lifts his fingertips away from Jongin’s blazing skin. It’s just for a moment, but he feels his alpha stiffen, his breath held, trembling from the strain of being still.

“That’s better.” He whispers it, fondly, his fingers brushing along the warm smooth line of Jongin’s arm, so light the touch is electric. The sweet-spicy scent of Jongin’s rut builds with every instant of contact. It’s the most delicious thing in the world.

Taemin breathes, and he looks, and he smiles.

His alpha, deep in rut, consumed with want, burning with the mindless urge to snarl and bite and fuck. But, he won’t. Because he’s *Taemin’s* alpha. He’s holding himself exactly the way he knows Taemin wants him, spread open across the bed, utterly and perfectly obedient. His back is arched, cheeks flushed, lips parted, eyes unfocused and gleaming wet, bright lines traced from the corners. His feet are pointed beautifully to emphasise the elegant line of his legs, his arms drawn up over his head to frame his impossibly beautiful face. Wrapped firmly around his throat is the thick dark line of his collar, his pulse twitching underneath it.

He's so *good.*

Taemin’s working his way down, slowly, nuzzling, kissing, touching, enjoying. He’s started from where Jongin’s lovely hands are clasped around his own wrists, not so much holding himself back as clinging to himself, like he’ll drown in the flood of feeling if he lets go. Down, Taemin moves down. Down to pet his soft dark hair, wet with sweat. Skims down over the heat of his brow, over his panting lips, giving them only the lightest brush, across the line of his jaw and then down, down the cord of his neck, alive with the urgent rhythm of his pulse. Glides down, down over the broad golden expanse of his chest, narrowing to the tightness of his waist, down - and this is when Jongin forgets himself again, silly puppy, and whines, like Taemin is going to touch him *there* already, of course not. He’s got other things to do first, and he’s going to take his time doing them. He brushes down Jongin’s leg, strokes his feet, kisses them, licks them, worshiping every part of him. *His* alpha.

“So beautiful. All mine.”

He’s watching Jongin, as he says that, looking for the inevitable flash of heat on his cheeks, the twitch of his cock, still waiting to be touched, waiting for Taemin, because it’s his. All of this is his.

Jongin’s still now, eyes closed, breath light, heart fluttering. He’s letting himself relax, letting himself fall, trusting. Taemin kisses him, softly, slips his tongue inside, lets Jongin respond, hears him sigh as Taemin pulls away to whisper.

“So good.”

He strokes Jongin’s belly, the flawless plane of it, tracing little patterns across it, between the jut of his hips. Scrupulously avoiding the curve of his cock, arched just above, begging, dripping, aching to be touched. Taemin lets his hands and tongue and lips drift around it, almost but never quite moving closer. It's evil and he knows it, and it sends pleasure licking through him. He lets one hand slide between his own legs, dipping inside, coating his fingers in sweetness. Raises it, to let Jongin taste. His alpha groans and sucks his fingers down onto

the cushion of his tongue, carefully keeping his teeth behind his beautiful lips. So gentle. So good. Taemin tells him so. Then his smile, and his voice, curl with wickedness.

"So good, my pretty Jonginnie. I know what you want."

He brushes another kiss on the smooth skin of Jongin's waist.

"You want this pretty belly all filled up."

The way his breath catches and his cock jumps, at that.

"Mmm, look at you. You want it. I know you've been thinking about it. Reading. How to turn this rut into a heat."

Jongin's arched off the bed, straining, whines as Taemin's hand slips down, down -

"Shhh, be good. You're my alpha. I know what you want. You want me to leave you untouched, until you're so desperate, you'll open up for me. Ready for me."

With sudden speed, he's between Jongin's legs, gripping him by the ankles, lifting them, folding those long supple legs back over his body, leaving him desperately exposed. He keeps his hands where they are and lets himself revel in the pleasure of rocking his hips, pressing against his alpha's trembling entrance. His fingers squeeze harder, nails digging into flesh.

"You're so close to being ready. All you need is to be primed, with –"

He releases his hold with one hand, notes with a pleased little hum how Jongin takes his cue to hook one ankle around the other, to let Taemin keep him folded the way he wants him. So good. So ready. Ready for Taemin's fingers, now slick-wet, to tease against his rim, and then slip inside. Jongin's moaning now, panting, feverish, his body absorbing Taemin's essence. He squirms his hips against Taemin's hand, wanting more, more, which is absurd, he's so tight, but he's writhing like an omega in heat. So good, so good Taemin knows he can push deeper.

"You've been doing this without me, haven't you?" He curls his fingers, stroking, and is rewarded with a little high startled sound. "Naughty thing. You haven't been waiting for me. You've been slipping your own fingers inside, like the blushing little omega slut you always wanted to be." In and out, he starts to build a rhythm, feels Jongin's body shuddering with it. "Shhh, puppy, it's okay, I know. It's not enough, is it? You need me. I know. I love you. My alpha. You want me to make your dreams come true."

His silky whisper freezes the breath in Jongin's chest.

"My beautiful alpha, you want me to breed you."

That's it. That's the word he needed to say. For a moment he's left speechless by the sight of Jongin. His head's tipped so far back all Taemin can see is the magnificent sharp line of his jaw, the band of the collar stretched across his throat, he's gleaming with sweat, jewelled with little shining beads of it, his muscles so tight he's shaking, his cock drooling, untouched,

creamy drops spattered across his belly. God, he's so, so perfect. Taemin delights in it. He wants more.

"You want it, don't you? You want me to fuck you, and fill you up, make this pretty belly swell."

Jongin doesn’t so much shake his head as toss it, violently, like he’s trying to shake free from the thought, even as he fucks himself on Taemin’s fingers, his muscles fluttering.

Enough. He's ready. Taemin takes a moment to make sure he's lined up, lets his slick-coated fingers guide him in, lets himself indulge for an instant of overwhelming bliss. Jongin cries out, and Taemin knows some of the tears shining in his alpha’s eyes are tears of pain, he's not made for this, but still he stays where Taemin wants him. He's so good. Taemin releases his grip, lets those long graceful legs rest on his shoulder, reaches down to curl his hands gently around Jongin's narrow waist, lefts them drift higher, to his chest, cupping the subtle swells of muscle there.

"Shhhh-h-hhh, pretty thing. It's okay." And it is, Jongin's rocking against him, wanting more, and Taemin simply has to give it to him, he isn't made of stone. "You'll look so beautiful, all sleek and round and glowing, and everyone in the world will look at you and know what I’ve done." Jongin’s so close, it’s in his breathing, silent and ragged. He’s clawing at his own wrists, his cock pulsing and dripping onto his belly, Taemin has to take pity on him soon, has to take pity on himself, he’s so hot and so wet he can’t bear it, he needs -

Not yet. He can push a little deeper. He has one more nice idea to plant.

"You know this isn’t enough, right?" There's a teasing edge in his voice, sharper than anything before. "You know I’ll need another alpha - " and that's it. Jongin growls. It’s savage and completely involuntary and so fucking cute, and it won't do at all. Taemin hisses at him, pinches at his nipples, cruelly, and the threatening sound chokes off.

"I’ll have to muzzle you, won’t I? Silly puppy." He needs to be taught a lesson. Taemin pinches, twists, until Jongin sobs. But he still doesn't move. Taemin leans down low, close to him, to whisper.

"Maybe I should make it easier for you. Maybe I should hood you, so you can’t see him. Can’t smell him. But you'll know, you'll know he’s watching. Another alpha, watching me fuck you. Watching you being fucked, and filled."

Jongin’s out of his mind, he truly is, and it's glorious to watch. His head lolls, his eyes squeezed shut, tears and drool staining Taemin’s sheets, his body throbbing around Taemin so tight he has to fight to hold himself back, he can’t, not yet, he's not done yet –

"He’ll watch, and when I’m done, I’ll call for him." Moving with sudden force, Taemin seizes his wrists, and pins them by his head, and meets no resistance. Perfect. "I’ll hold you, while he knots you." He’s purring now, his lips brushing against Jongin’s ear. He can feel Jongin shaking. "All covered and sheathed so it’s just my seed he knots deep inside you, where it can take." God, he has to stop this, he can't stand it any more. He shifts his hold to Jongin’s knees, pushing them down to his shoulders, roughly. Grinds in deep. Licks a long

hot line up Jongin’s throat. His alpha is whining with every breath, thin and fragile and ragged. Finally, finally his stillness breaks. He draws his arms over his face, buries his teeth in the flesh at the base of his own thumb, hard enough to break the skin. Taemin can smell the sharp tang of blood, cutting through the scent of the cum that’s dripping onto his belly, he's almost but not quite there -

Enough. Taemin slips out. His alpha makes some broken sound, clawing at him, lips trembling with unformed pleas, lets his legs fall as Taemin straddles him, thrusting his hips upwards, gasping as Taemin pauses above him, poised astride Jongin’s waist. He can't wait a single second longer or he'll die.

“Please!“

Taemin slides down onto him in one move, and Jongin yells. Taemin doesn't care, doesn’t want his silence any more, just wants him, rides him, his mind wiped blank by the sensation, finally abandoning himself to the urges of his own body. Suddenly Jongin’s hands are on him, pulling him down, strong arms wrapped around him, engulfing him. His mouth hunts for Taemin’s, and Taemin has to give him this, has to. Has to kiss him. He tastes like sweat and slick and blood and desperation. Jongin’s crushing him against his own body, kissing him, devouring him, moaning into Taemin’s mouth as he swells and shudders and spills and spills and spills.

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Jongin’s holding him, cradling him as he flops, boneless, still trapped on his alpha's knot. Jongin's holding him, and adoring him. Licking him, sniffing him, kissing him. Can't stop. It's so much. He's so much.

“Jonginnie. You’re so cute when you’re like this.”

A low rumble, happy and satisfied.

“You love me.”

And that's it. That is, in the end, all either of them could want.

End Notes

They’re adorable, you guys ❤

Say hi on the sky app @ rogue_taeminbot

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!