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**Law and Disorder**

by strangedesires

**Summary**

"You can hate me all you want, a lot of people do, believe it or not. But leave Yoongi alone, he," his words fall short, and his overall expression softens into something unnameable, "He's done a lot for me. More than any person has ever done for me."

(Or: Yoongi's an attorney, Jeongguk's a petty thief, and the two meet under questionable circumstances).

**Notes**

**warnings for future chapters:** graphic depictions of violence (I'm talking blood, in-depth talk about crime scene photos, descriptions of murder, but nothing too horrible), drug use, extensive use of strong language, domestic abuse (involving OCs), alcohol consumption, guns.

**disclaimer:** I don't know shit about the criminal justice system, I've just done the bare minimum amount of research. The justice system in this story doesn't pertain to any single country, more-so it involves snippets from the way its run in my own country, the U.S., and SK.

I've been sitting on this monster for months, months, and I finally feel like I'm at a good place with this story, so, I figured I can start churning out some chapters. Updates will be as regular as possible. Sit tight, and enjoy.
He's last in the office like he always is, pouring over paperwork, fuelling his body with caffeine and the occasional cigarette.

"Sorry I can't stay," Namjoon appears, tapping idly on the doorframe, completely void of sincerity, adding a dramatic sympathetic sigh for show, "I'm exhausted. If my eyes didn't feel like they were about to fall out of my head, I'd stick around, y'know, help you out with Daesuk's case."

"I heard you talking to Seokjin earlier," Yoongi says without inflection, without turning around in his chair. Namjoon's facade falls, his goofy smile vanishes. Turning to face him, pen twirling absently between his fingers, Yoongi smiles tightly, "What was it you said? Something about how you can't wait to fuck him senseless when you get home?"

It's something Yoongi enjoys, seeing the flush rise on Namjoon's cheeks as he awkwardly rearranges his tie, and over the years, it's something he's gotten remarkably good at doing.

Namjoon sighs, "Okay, so I have a date. You got me."

Yoongi grins, feeling triumphant as he winks cheekily at Namjoon, whose cheeks are still burning a bright, crimson red. He turns away from Namjoon again, frowning down at the scattered files across his desk, the words on the page suddenly starting to look like a foreign language to him. "Go enjoy yourself, Joon, I'll be fine."

He clicks his pen, begins circling words that he deems relevant, but Namjoon's lingering, leaning against the doorway with his arms folded.

Rolling his eyes to the high heavens, Yoongi drops his pen, and turns to find Namjoon watching him, his expression frustratingly unreadable.

"What?" he presses tightly, almost predicting Namjoon's next words.

"You should find someone, hyung. You're always here until the early hours, and no matter how often you say that you need to catch up on work, you and I both know that you're always 'caught up.'"

Yoongi rolls his tongue over his teeth; Namjoon's not wrong, if anything, he's ahead of his workload.

"Seokjin has a friend."

"Good. I'm glad Seokjin has a friend," Yoongi interjects, and Namjoon frowns, amusement tugging on the corners of his mouth.

"...Who I think you'd like," Namjoon finishes softly as Yoongi stares blankly at him, "I'm not going to force you to meet him, I'm merely suggesting that you should."

Steepling his fingers beneath his chin, Yoongi pretends that he's mulling over the idea, an idea that he'd already refused the second it'd left Namjoon's mouth. Every few months, it's the same old deal; Namjoon suggests a blind date, and Yoongi feels himself wither inside whilst Namjoon describes someone faceless as 'just his type.'

He returns to his sea of sheets, to the city lights shining in through his office's window, and waves Namjoon off. "I hope Seokjin's been a good boy for you," Yoongi calls after Namjoon when he...
finally makes his much-awaited exit. He sniggers to himself as he hears Namjoon shout from down the hall, "Stop eavesdropping on my phone-calls, hyung!"

By the time it nears 3am, when the cleaners have vacated the office and Yoongi's limbs feel heavy with exhaustion, he calls it quits.

The biting night air hits him the moment the big glass doors to the building open, and he hisses, pulling his scarf up over his mouth, wrapping his coat tighter around himself. There's never anyone around when he surfaces, save for a few people like himself, in their suits, and Yoongi wonders if he looks as drained as they do.

His train of thought is quickly interrupted as he turns a corner, and he retreats backwards abruptly, eyes peaking around the corner as he watches a figure press their gloved hands onto the windscreen of his car.

"His car. His BMW.

Flabbergasted, Yoongi's hands ball into fists at his sides.

"You fucking bastard," he whispers beneath his breath as he stands tall, and then, he's walking, fast, blood roaring in his ears and teeth gritting tightly. Before he knows it, he's got the person's hoodie bunched in his fists, he's pressed flush against the guy, slamming him against his car, growling, "You think you were gonna carjack my fucking car, huh? You fucking thought you were, you fucking asshole."

He sees red, he tastes copper, the guy hit him, but Yoongi returned the punch steadfastly, and Yoongi definitely hadn't punched right, because his knuckles throb with pain as he recoils. The guy falls back onto the hood of Yoongi's car, "Easy man," he hears as he flexes his fingers, and yeah, he definitely fucked up his hand, "Look, I'm sorry."

Yoongi spits blood onto the concrete, and as the red at the edges of his vision begins to fade, he frowns, chest heaving as he wipes his mouth with the back of his hand.

"You're just sorry you got caught," Yoongi spits, and amidst the fracas, the other's hood had fallen, he'd lost a glove, and a slight spike of regret strikes Yoongi when he realises just how young the guy looks. With big, brown doe eyes and teeth too big to be contained behind his lips, Yoongi remorsefully concludes that he's barely into his twenties. "How old are you, huh? Stealing cars isn't the way to make a living, kid."

Yoongi straightens up, fixing his skewed tie and dabbing lightly at the blood dripping from his burst bottom lip. "I know, I'm sorry," says his assailant, who even sounds like he has yet to make it through the various obstacles that Yoongi has faced in his lifetime.

"What's wrong with you," Yoongi grumbles, and curses loudly as he realises that his passenger side window is cracked and close to smashing into smithereens, all from him slamming this Goddamn guy against it.

"I've gotta make money somehow, man."

Yoongi shakes his head, "You're young. You can't make a career off of doing this shit."

"I know, Sir. I know."

He's surprised his assailant hasn't booked it yet, but he's even more surprised that he hasn't tried to rob him, given his less-than-stellar stamina in the moment.
Yoongi's handiwork is already making itself known on the other guy's face, whose eye has begun to swell, and from the looks of the way in which the guy's clutching his side, Yoongi dealt out some blows to his torso, too. Yoongi's not a cruel man, he's really not, he believes everyone deserves a chance, even this guy, who was five minutes away from pulling out of his parking space.

"You're not gonna call the cops, are you?" comes a timid question that makes Yoongi pause.

For some reason or another, Yoongi feels his heart twist.

He sounds so scared, so petrified of the thought of police involvement that Yoongi just has to force himself to sigh and say, "No."

Yoongi watches as relief washes over him, shoulders drooping and twisted countenance going slack. "Thank you," he breathes.

"Get off my car."

The guy jumps away from the vehicle, like he was just scalded by a flame, "Right. Sorry."

Eyeing him suspiciously, Yoongi puts the key in his door, only to pause when he realises that this kid is lingering.

He's watching Yoongi, is he trying to suss out where his wallet is, which pocket is it in? His left or right? Suddenly, niceties are forgotten as Yoongi turns, and the guy jolts in surprise, "Give me your name. I'm not going to press charges, but if the damage you've done is larger than it seems, then I wanna know who fucked up my car..." he dabs at the wetness on his bottom lip before grumbling in afterthought, "And face."

The guy laughs.

Yoongi scowls.

The guy's laughter quickly stops.

He clears his throat awkwardly, "Sorry... Uh, It's Jeongguk. Jeon Jeongguk."

Yoongi digs his phone out of his pocket, types the name into his notes, and nods, satisfied.

"Jeon Jeongguk, if I ever see you within an inch of my car ever again, I'm knocking you the fuck out."

Spooked, Jeongguk swallows, nods, "Understood."

The look on Namjoon’s face when he sees Yoongi the following night is one of shock, horror even.

Yoongi pointedly ignores his stare, instead choosing to focus his attention on Seokjin, of whom he offers a tight smile before acknowledging the man he’s just planted himself beside, who Yoongi presumes is his date for the night.

“Sorry I’m late,” Yoongi grumbles as he wriggles out of his suit jacket, “Traffic was awful,” he continues, and hesitates a glance in Namjoon’s direction to find him still staring, his brow furrowed.
and countenance twisted in contained exasperation.

His ‘date,’ coughs before angling himself to face Yoongi. He gets a look at the guy Namjoon’s been trying to sell him for weeks now, and fuck he hates the way Namjoon knows his taste so well. “Your face,” Ken begins, but Yoongi lifts a dismissive hand before offering what he aims to be a reassuring smile.

“‘You like it?’ Yoongi jests, smiling exaggeratedly as he poses, facetiously framing his face like he’s modelling for Vogue. Namjoon’s hands ball into fists on the table before he stands to loom over the table, and he seems like he’s mere seconds away from dragging Yoongi out of the booth by his ear.

“What happened?” Seokjin pipes up with genuine concern written across his brow as he reaches up to calmly guide Namjoon back down beside him.

“Whiskey on the rocks, thanks,” Yoongi gestures towards the waiter, who nods, but not without staring long at the bruises dotted across the right side of Yoongi’s face.

“Yoongi,” Namjoon forces out tightly, but Seokjin’s quick to intervene, leaning into Namjoon to whisper something in his ear. Harsh hisses are exchanged between the two as Yoongi sits awkwardly beside his date, hands steepled beneath his chin as he waits patiently for his poison to be delivered.

No sooner does the waiter place his drink on the coaster before Yoongi downs it, Adam’s apple bobbing as he gulps the liquor down, wincing as he slams the glass down on the table before lifting his head to find three pairs of eyes boring into his very soul.

He offers them all a smile. “Self-medication,” he murmurs, more to himself than to the others.

His date, whose name Yoongi forgets, shifts awkwardly beside him. “We thought you weren’t going to show,” Ken says, trying desperately to salvage the already-awful date, to break the tension that Yoongi has no one to thank but himself for creating.

Yoongi turns to the tall, dark and fucking handsome (Christ, Namjoon knows Yoongi too Goddamn well), man, throwing him a slanted grin, “Neither did I, pal.”

As Yoongi had anticipated, Seokjin’s friend does little for him. He’s easy on the eyes but lacking in stimulating conversation topics. Without the four glasses of whiskey he’d knocked back, Yoongi would’ve long been bored to tears by the Neuroscientist, whose most interesting facet appears to be the fact that he can yap on about every single boring topic imaginable.

The night ends in a blur, and Yoongi feels the radiation of controlled anger rising off of Namjoon. Already he’s dreading the moment when he gets Yoongi alone somewhere where he can complain about how Yoongi doesn’t even try to put himself out there.

“What the fuck happened to you?” Namjoon barks at Yoongi outside, away from Seokjin and Ken who chat happily to the waiter about how satisfactory the service was.

Swaying slightly, Yoongi shrugs, “Nothing you need to worry about, Joon-ah.”

Rolling his eyes, Namjoon turns his back on Yoongi, hands on his hips and teeth tight together as he sighs exasperatedly, “Ken is a nice guy, a really nice guy. He likes you.”

Yoongi’s brows raise, his mouth downturns, and he whistles, “Good to know,” he nods slowly, considering, and just as Namjoon is about to leave, Yoongi grabs his forearm. Namjoon’s eyes search his face, darting across the bruises and scrapes, “‘You think he’d be up for a quick fuck, hm?”
No strings attached kinda deal?"

He jerks his arm away from Yoongi’s grip. “You’re a mess,” he spits.

“How about you stop setting me up with guys who’s only redeeming quality is their massive fucking dick,” Yoongi counters, coincidentally, right when Ken and Seokjin immediately freeze in the doorway, door slowly clicking shut behind the pair.

“Oh,” Ken deadpans whilst Seokjin struggles to pick his jaw back up off of the pavement.

Namjoon hurries to Seokjin’s side, and Ken’s long forgotten as he stands awkwardly aside, eyes fixed on the ground before them, looking entirely out of his depth. “Maybe that’s what you need, Yoongi. A massive fucking cock to fuck some sense into you,” Namjoon attacks, and Yoongi feels like an angered dog with the hairs on the nape of its neck standing to attention.

It’s not how he planned the night to go. If anything, the least Yoongi had hoped for was a hook-up, because God knows it’s been a while, and as much as he hates to admit it, Namjoon’s not wrong about him needing some sense knocked into him.

But, he’d quite literally had some sense knocked into him the night before, all thanks to Jeongguk.

After begrudgingly exchanging numbers with Ken to keep Namjoon happy, and to prevent him from clotheslining Yoongi right there on the Main Street, the three of them turn right, and Yoongi stares after them before he himself turns left.

The night’s wind is bitter as he digs his hands deep into his pockets, gasping as a gust of wind blows his long coat billowing behind him.

Seoul’s nightlife is rarely dead, and tonight’s so exception as he weaves himself between people, stumbling over his feet slightly, his vision still blurry at the edges.

He stops to stare up at the neon lights on a billboard, and has to restrain himself from shoving a rude passerby who’d shouldered him out of the way. He swivels, eyes leaving the lights to land on the crowd, and he watches the hustle and bustle, the throng of people representing various walks of life. He watches as a couple lean close together, red-tipped noses touching and smiles soft as they generate their own warmth in the brisk air.

A third figure comes into Yoongi's focus, all dressed in black with their hood pulled low, and Yoongi frowns as their knees bend, as their hand reaches out for the pocket of the boyfriend. Belatedly, Yoongi realizes that he’s witnessing a pickpocket in action.

The girlfriend gets tugged further into her boyfriend’s embrace, and the hooded delinquent recoils quickly, shrinking away to join another hooded figure, and Yoongi’s eyes widen as he sees the face of the delinquent’s friend.

The face that’s black and blue, that’s angular but soft, the teeth that are big and flashy.

He’s walking before he’s aware of the reason why he’s walking towards the two.

Zipping his coat up, pulling his lapels up and over his face, Yoongi darts between the crowd, apologizing as he goes when he receives some noises of annoyance.

They don’t see him, they’re huddled together, discussing something in-depth when Yoongi taps on one of their shoulders, not Jeongguk’s, his friend’s, who lifts their head to frown in Yoongi’s face.
Yoongi smirks, lifts his wallet in front of his face, “Looking for this?”

It all happens so fast, Jeongguk’s soft, “Fuck,” his friend’s sudden hurry to get away, to run far away from Yoongi, but Jeongguk remains planted on the spot, staring in disbelief at Yoongi who’s staring after his friend, baffled.

“Uh,” Yoongi begins, slowly returning his wallet to his pocket as Jeongguk continues to stare, looking a lot like he’s just seen a ghost, “Sorry for scaring your friend.”

Jeongguk swallows before sighing heavily, his breath drifting before him like smoke. He shakes his head. “He thought you were a cop,” he explains, and Yoongi smirks.

“Then why didn’t you run?”

He can see Jeongguk’s injuries now, and there’s a small trace of pride in Yoongi’s chest when he realizes that Jeongguk’s face looks far worse than his currently does. Jeongguk shifts from his left foot to his right, eyes glancing around at anything but Yoongi, “Well, ‘cause I know you’re not a cop, don’t I?”

“I could’ve been lying to you.” Jeongguk freezes up, terror suddenly evident in his eyes at the prospect, and Yoongi’s sure he’s about to take flight before he hurries to correct himself, “But, I’m not. Don’t worry, kid.”

Jeongguk visibly relaxes, muscles that were once tense suddenly deflating as he tilts his head backwards to gaze up at the stars. From this angle, Yoongi sees some bruises littered across the underside of Jeongguk’s jaw, ones that he’s sure weren’t as a result of his lame punches. Unmistakable bruises that for some reason or another, makes Yoongi’s insides twist uncomfortably.

“Care to tell me what you and your friend were doing just now?” Yoongi pries, despite knowing fully well what Jeongguk and his friend were up to before he stumbled upon them.

Jeongguk shrugs, aiming for nonchalance, and Yoongi marvels at how bad of an actor he is.

“People-watching,” he offers lamely, and Yoongi can’t contain his sharp laugh.

“People-watching,” Yoongi repeats disbelievingly, “You’re out here in the cold watching shoppers. Nothing suspicious about that, kid, nothing at all.”

He’s taller than Yoongi remembered, and broader in the shoulders, not as scrawny as he’d pictured him to be. Not to say that he’d pictured Jeongguk in his brain after he’d so rudely smashed his windscreen.

It’s like a veil falls, like Jeongguk’s carefully fabricated people-mask vanishes as his posture straightens. Something shifts, either in his energy or his face, Yoongi can’t quite tell. His dark eyes level Yoongi boldly, “Don’t act dumb. You know what Taehyung and I were doing.”

Yoongi nods, pointing in the direction of the couple from earlier who have gone from bumping each other’s noses to eating each other’s faces, “Your friend, Taehyung, was about to steal from that couple.”

Jeongguk doesn’t even try to deny it.

Yoongi watches the way his demeanor fails to appear knocked, how his gaze grows impossibly darker, like he’s given up on pretending that he’s some innocent kid when really, he’s anything but. Jeongguk sighs, “Look, man, I said I wouldn’t go near your car again. Never said anything about
never doing anything bad again.”

His voice has taken on a deep lilt, a gruffness that has Yoongi suddenly standing tall, alert.

“You could get caught,” is all Yoongi can think to say, towards which Jeongguk scoffs, and Yoongi’s gaze drops to his wide flash of teeth.

“So? ‘You think I haven’t gotten caught before? This is how I make a living, by stealing others’ hard-earned money. In a perfect world, I wouldn’t have to do this, but here I am,” he outstretches his arms, and Yoongi’s gaze drops to his hoodie that reads ‘Enemies everywhere,’ in a barely eligible scrawl, “With an eagle eye and fingers that itch to steal.”

“That’s,” Yoongi pauses, frowns, “Awful, actually. Really awful. ‘You got a place to stay?’

The real Jeongguk is making himself known, and truthfully, this Jeongguk has Yoongi’s curiosity tickled. It’s like he’s bragging about his criminalist talents, like he’s proud of the fact that he survives off of others’ money. As someone with morals and a strive for independence, Yoongi can’t relate.

“Taehyung, myself and a few others have a small place downtown,” Jeongguk says, and Yoongi’s intrigued by the way in which Jeongguk's eyes dart around them, resting on someone beyond Yoongi’s shoulder before shifting to his left to stare at another unsuspecting bystander, “We’re never in one place for long. This time next month, I’ll be frequenting a whole new area.”

“Work for me,” Yoongi hears himself say, and not only is he taken aback by his sudden proposition, but Jeongguk is too, if the furrow between his brows is anything to go by. Yoongi shakes his head, stammering, “I mean, I can find you a job where I work. If you-If you want.”

Jeongguk quirks his brow, his lips tease upwards in a grin. Folding his arms, he looks down his nose at Yoongi, and suddenly, Yoongi feels like he’s being read by Jeongguk and his ‘eagle-eye.’

“Why are you helping me?” Jeongguk steps forward, voice low, “Have you forgotten that I was seconds away from riding off in your precious BMW?”

Yoongi sighs; he wishes he knew why the fuck he was helping this cocky kid. “No, I didn’t forget. I’m just, you know, feeling generous, that’s all.”

A smug grin is plastered across Jeongguk’s face, and if it were anyone else looking at him like that, Yoongi would have it gone in two seconds flat.

“I don’t even know your name.”

“It’s Yoongi.”

“Yoongi,” Jeongguk repeats, and steps closer, only this time, he screws up his face, “You stink,” he states plainly, the smell of whiskey undoubtedly burning his nose hairs.

Yoongi blows a raspberry in reply, “You don’t smell too great yourself, kid.”

Jeongguk’s judgmental look shifts to a wide smile, and with his arms still folded, stance still tall and sure, he nods, “Alright, Yoongi. I’ll think about it.”

And just like that, he turns on his heels and heads in the direction of where Taehyung made his speedy exit.
“Now, why do you care whether or not we have any cleaning jobs available?” Namjoon asks around the lip of his instant coffee cup the following day.

Yoongi had been met with a steely glare when he'd found Namjoon waiting for him in the lobby like he does every morning, and without the energy to argue with Namjoon so early, Yoongi had suffered through his visual disapproval.

Nursing a throbbing headache and an unsettled stomach courtesy of none other than Jack Daniels, Yoongi plays it off, “No reason,” he mumbles.

He's not ready to tell Namjoon about the criminal-turned-acquaintance he'd found on the streets of nighttime Seoul, because knowing Namjoon, he'd yell at Yoongi for being so reckless and ignorant of his own safety.

When their coffee cups are empty as they step out of the elevator and onto their office's floor, and the throb in Yoongi's temples has subsided, Namjoon greets their receptionist before following Yoongi into his office. "We're going out for drinks tonight-" Namjoon starts, and Yoongi immediately groans.

Breathing in deeply through his nose, eyes blinking closed and fingertips tapping on his desk as he digs down deep within himself to contain his rising frustration, Yoongi begins weakly, "Namjoon," he swivels around in his chair, jumping when his phone suddenly starts ringing. He glances at the caller ID, then back up at Namjoon, "We have work, can't this wait 'til the weekend?"

He's sensible, he knows when and when he shouldn't divulge in some nighttime activities, and he thought that Namjoon was the same. But ever since Seokjin came into the picture, suddenly Namjoon's found himself with a penchant for night-outs. "I invited Ken."

"Namjoon," Yoongi bites, brow furrowing deeper as his phone begins to ring again, "He's not interested."

"If he's not interested then explain to me why it was his idea that we all meet up again so soon."

Yoongi stops, narrowing his eyes at Namjoon who shrugs his shoulders, almost like he himself can't believe that Ken would want to see Yoongi again anytime soon. "Clearly he was flattered by the big dick comment," Yoongi grumbles, averting his attention to his phone which, once it starts ringing in the morning, doesn't stop until nightfall.

How he finds himself standing out in the strong wind at midnight for a third night in a row is beyond Yoongi. There's a niggling voice in the back of his head nagging at him about how he has this research to do and that paperwork to fill out, and it continues nattering on about how he's going to fall behind if he doesn't stop with these nightly rendezvous. That annoying voice is quickly quietened by Namjoon, and Seokjin, who envelops Yoongi in a warm hug.

Yoongi makes a face over Seokjin's shoulder, eyes jerking towards Seokjin, silently begging Namjoon to save him from the affection he so hates.

"Ken's free tonight," Seokjin whispers, so quietly so that only Yoongi can hear him over the noise of the blustering wind around them.

Biting his lip, Yoongi forces a smile, and nods gratefully towards Seokjin, suddenly feeling awkward
and dreading Ken's attendance.

He manages to fit in one whiskey on the rocks before his date for the night shows up, looking admittedly dashing in his dark suit. He's handsome, Yoongi won't deny it, but as someone who is rarely shallow, looks are a very small factor in Yoongi's attraction to others. Out of the few people that have latched themselves onto him, there's been only a handful who have matched Yoongi; he likes personalities, interesting characteristics, charisma and even a bit of goofiness here and there, tolerable goofiness, that is.

When Namjoon and Seokjin slip into their little bubble, Yoongi inwardly grimaces, because now he's forced to enter into conversation with Ken, who has yet to pique his interest even slightly. "What happened to your face, anyway?" Ken asks as he sets down his glass of Pinot Noir. Yoongi's eyes travel downwards to watch as his tongue darts out to collect the crimson remnants from his lips. Yoongi swirls his whiskey around in its glass, "Some punk tried to steal my car, but thankfully, I intercepted him just in time."

Ken's eyes widen, and out of reflex, Yoongi leans slightly away when he scoots closer, concern evident in Ken's dark eyes. "Did you get checked out?" he asks as Yoongi lets him gently run the back of his finger across his bruised cheek, "He beat you up pretty bad, Yoongi."

Suddenly defensive, Yoongi flinches away from his touch, "Not that bad. I'm alive, aren't I? You should see him, he's lucky I went easy on that pretty face of his," his voice softens, and he gazes distractedly ahead at nothing in particular.

Ken frowns, "What?"

Yoongi remembers himself, and he shakes his head quickly to gain some control. "Hm?" he questions innocently, nose in his glass and eyes watching Ken over its rim, "Besides," Yoongi pipes up, trying to break through the air of awkwardness, "The bruising makes me look rugged, tough. Don't you agree?"

His hand leaves his glass to disappear beneath the table, to rest on Ken's thigh, and Yoongi's fingers knead lightly as a devilish smile plays on his lips. He watches Ken, how his gaze shifts briefly to Namjoon and Seokjin who are, as always, too wrapped up in one another to give much thought to their surroundings. And then, he's inching closer to Yoongi, biting lightly on the inside of his lip when Yoongi's wandering hand explores higher, and Yoongi loves this, how when he puts his mind to it, he can easily make anyone squirm.

"Yeah," Ken agrees tightly, voice strained and tight as he tips his head down to whisper to Yoongi, "I'm not really in the mood for dinner."

Yoongi directs his grin towards the ground before meets Ken's dark gaze, "Neither am I."

He doesn't want them to go back to his place, it's as bad as a pigsty, if not worse. His bed squeaks too much from the smallest of movements, and he's been known to be rather vocal in the past, having received innumerable complaints from the neighbours when he was in his heyday when he brought home every pretty boy he set his eyes on.

"Yours?" Yoongi suggests, tracing light lines along Ken's thigh as he hears him sigh, and then watches him nod, already looking too far gone.

The hors d'oeuvres get delivered, and Yoongi stares down at the tiny snacks that he's never really understood (a tiny piece of salmon on a tiny piece of bread? Not even snack-worthy), and then,
before he knows why, he's standing, without Ken, and staring at Namjoon. "Cigarette break," Yoongi announces, and Namjoon's confused frown mimics Seokjin's; Yoongi rarely smokes when he's off the clock.

He keeps some on his person for times like these, when he's feeling stressed and he doesn't even know why. The nicotine helps to slow his heartbeat, if only for a couple of minutes. His lighter won't light up in the wind, and when it does light, the flame dances around, refusing to do anything but set his cigarette alight.

He's not even one puff in before a ruckus a few buildings down catches his attention, a cacophony of men shouting and a lone woman yelling.

With his eyesight the way it is, he can't see what's unfolding, and since his curiosity always gets the better of him, he walks towards the yelling, because Yoongi is careless, and sometimes, a bit stupid. His lit cigarette hangs loosely in his mouth when he nears, when he sees the figure huddled on the wet concrete, hands over his head and body curled up.

The cigarette falls, his lethargy suddenly dissipates, and he throws himself between the fracas, shouting words he doesn't even know in the face of a scruffy man. He panics when the stranger suddenly reaches for his pocket, and he jerks backwards, glancing downwards to find the figure still huddled, still shaking on the ground as this strange person shouts, "That's what you deserve you fucking thief."

After unceremoniously spitting over Yoongi's shoulder towards the huddled figure, Yoongi pushes him away, calmly saying, "It's over. Leave the kid alone."

The small crowd that had gathered disperses, and Yoongi glances around to make sure no-one's watching before he crouches down to rest a gentle hand on Jeongguk's side. "Hey," he says quietly so as not to spook him, "You're safe, I won't hurt you."

He recognises Yoongi's voice, and when he lifts his head, hurt, scared, teary eyes search Yoongi's face. One of his big, doe eyes is already starting to swell shut, and blood streams out of his nose as he unfolds himself, knowing that he's safe in Yoongi's hands, that he won't hurt him the way the stranger did.

"He kicked me pretty hard," Jeongguk says weakly, hiccuping and wincing as he clutches at his ribs, and Yoongi feels for him, he truly does.

"I think you need to go to the E.R.," Yoongi informs gently, his hand rubbing soothing circles along Jeongguk's side without his cognitive knowledge.

Jeongguk's eyes widen in panic, and then he's pushing himself up, and failing to stand on his weak legs as he falls back against the wall. He curses as his hand flies up to clutch his ribs, "I can't," Jeongguk groans, "I can't afford it."

Yoongi tries to help him by holding his hand, and Jeongguk clutches at him, leaning his weight onto Yoongi's palm through his own. "You clearly need to, Jeongguk," Yoongi insists quietly before demanding Jeongguk to look at him. Yoongi narrows his eyes as he inspects the damage, "Looks like he opened some of the healed cuts I'd dealt you," Yoongi comments, and Jeongguk's lips quirk in a small smile.

He all but drags Jeongguk to the hospital, forcing him into a taxi with his hands on Jeongguk's hips, guiding him smoothly into the backseat to lay down before he hops into the front.
The nurse regards them coldly when Yoongi taps his hand on the counter, drawing her attention as he instructs Jeongguk to wrap his arm around Yoongi's shoulders for support. He'd forgotten his own scrapes, his still black and blue cheek, and Yoongi can just tell that the nurse suspects foul play between the two.

The waiting room is quiet, much to Yoongi's surprise; the last time he'd been in the Emergency Room was when he was young and dumb, having slit his finger open on a broken bottle he himself had accidentally smashed against the wall. How had he accidentally smashed a bottle? To this day, he doesn't know.

Having only ever seen Jeongguk in darkness, beneath yellow-hued street lights and neon signs, in the unforgiving fluorescent light of the waiting room, he looks haggard. His complexion is pallid and his cheeks are gaunt, and overall, the kid looks like he hasn't a good night's sleep in months.

They sit in silence, Jeongguk quickly choosing sleep over having to withstand the throbbing pain in various parts of his body.

He whines when he fails to get comfortable, causing Yoongi to frown down at him from his slouched position in the uncomfortable chair to Jeongguk's right. Yoongi sighs heavily, and then sits forward to take off his beloved Balmain coat. After forming it into a small bundle, he nudges Jeongguk in his side. "Move," Yoongi huffs as Jeongguk scoots over, watching as Yoongi places the coat on the seat, "Lie down," Yoongi instructs gruffly, trying his utmost best to seem distracted, "We're going to be here for a while so you might as well get comfortable."

Jeongguk doesn't move for a moment, instead choosing to watch Yoongi quietly, who suddenly becomes very interested in a poster across the way.

He positions himself slowly, hissing when his sore bones move a certain way as he places his head up by Yoongi's lap, and Yoongi's coat works perfectly as a supplement for a comfy pillow. There's countless missed calls and text messages on Yoongi's phone, undoubtedly from either Namjoon or Seokjin, most definitely voicing either their concern or anger for his sudden disappearance.

Poor Ken, Yoongi thinks briefly; he didn't mean to leave him hanging like that.

"Why are you being so nice to me?" Jeongguk asks incredulously with a raspy edge to his voice.

Yoongi shoves his phone back into his pocket.

"I wasn't going to just leave you to die outside of McDonald's," Yoongi explains flippantly, smirking when Jeongguk giggles quietly.

"Really, though," Jeongguk pries further, and Yoongi wracks his brain for a reason as to why he decided that Jeongguk, the same Jeongguk who boxed him in the face, whose body hitting his windscreen caused it to smash, who scouted out a crowd of people before selecting his target as an unsuspecting couple, Jeongguk is the person he decides to be amiable towards. There's reasons why he unconsciously chose him, ones that right now, Yoongi doesn't necessarily want to think about.

Yoongi clears his throat, folds his hands in his lap. He breathes in, "I can tell you have a good heart," he pauses, trying to gauge Jeongguk's reaction, "That you don't necessarily want to be doing the things that you're doing, but in order to survive, you do them. Sure, you've done some fucked up stuff, I'm not turning a blind-eye, but deep down, I know you wish it didn't have to be this way."

Jeongguk tilts his head backwards, the crown of his head touching off of Yoongi's leg as Yoongi averts his attention downwards, to Jeongguk's upside down smile, "I think you have a good heart,
too, hyung."

That 'good heart' of Yoongi's, without his knowing why, flips.

Yoongi's patient passes out for a solid hour and a half, leaving Yoongi with the thing he dreads most; his thoughts. With the sound of Jeongguk snoring softly in his left ear and the typical cacophony in a hospital to his right, the buzz in Yoongi's brain becomes unbearable until sleep becomes the only remedy for the incessant noise.

He gets woken up by Jeongguk prodding him in the thigh, and as he cracks his eyes open, what he finds is Jeongguk sitting comfortably in a wheelchair with a male nurse standing patiently behind him, looking every bit as exhausted as Yoongi feels. "Wakey wakey," Jeongguk coos as Yoongi scowls at him, but his scowl quickly morphs into an amused grin when he spies Jeongguk's telling, glassy eyes. "They gave me," Jeongguk pauses, drowsily lifting his head to glance cautiously at the nurse above him before bending forward, holding his hand over his mouth to whisper, loudly, "Drugs."

"I can see that," Yoongi smirks, patting Jeongguk's shoulder as he tries desperately to contain his laughter when Jeongguk, looking scandalised, raises his eyebrows at him.

A chest Xray, a CT scan and a dozen stitches later, Yoongi's eyes burn with tiredness, his body feels like he's lugging around dead weight from ward to ward as he wheels Jeongguk from one specialist to the next. When the receptionist bids them farewell, Jeongguk's too loopy to be aware of Yoongi exchanging details, giving them his address for the bill to be delivered to.

Jeongguk passes out in the taxi, with his hand wrapped in its brace resting on his lap and his head on the window.

Maybe Yoongi reaches sideways once or twice to inspect the slow rise and fall of his chest.

"Come on, sleepy." Yoongi says softly as he helps a very lethargic Jeongguk out of the car, treating him delicately, like he's a revered heirloom or the likes, "You're going to have to walk for me for a bit, then you can go back to sleep, okay?"

After a soft grunt of drowsy affirmation, Yoongi, with Jeongguk tucked under his wing, walks.

He can't let him sleep on the sofa, not in the state that he's in, and at least if he wakes up in a bed he won't feel as disoriented as he would if he were to sleep on the sofa. So, Yoongi guides him to his bedroom, takes his shoes off for him and helps him out of his shirt before fetching some pyjama bottoms he thinks would fit Jeongguk. "I'll just be in the living room, alright, kid?" Yoongi crouches down to Jeongguk's level, knees creaking as he bends.

The fact that Yoongi wants to reach forward to brush Jeongguk's fallen hair out of his face takes him aback, forces him to stand, to turn.

"Yoongi," he hears, and pauses, his hand on the doorknob and one foot over the threshold.

Yoongi turns, squinting to make out Jeongguk in the small amount of light shining through the open door in the otherwise dark room. "Thank you," Jeongguk says after a moment, sounding fragile and tired, and Yoongi can't help but nod his silent acknowledgment.

Like the feeling he'd felt crouched low beside his bed, Yoongi ignores the feeling blooming in his chest as the door clicks shut behind him.

He hadn't anticipated having a bleary-eyed, ruffled-haired Jeongguk looming over him at cockcrow.
The sun's only barely starting to peak over the city's concrete horizon when Yoongi pushes himself up, wrapping his blanket tightly around his shoulders. "What's wrong?"

"The medication's wearing off," Jeongguk whines, voice rough with sleep, "I didn't realise where I was when I woke up..."

Yoongi smiles, eyes barely open as he clamber to his feet to go in search of Jeongguk's medication. "I guessed you wouldn't. But you're somewhere safe, just know that," Yoongi holds Jeongguk's heavy-lidded stare, his face relaxed and serious as Jeongguk stares back, body trembling slightly from the Yoongi's apartment's chill.

After placing three pills in Jeongguk's palm, Yoongi's gaze travels along his forearm, and fleetingly to his bare chest to find little goosebumps mottled across his skin. Making a noise of distaste, Yoongi removes his blanket from his shoulders, transferring it to Jeongguk's broad ones before he leaves to fetch another one, with which he crawls back onto the sofa to catch a few more hours of unsettled sleep as Jeongguk wordlessly returns to his bedroom.

"What?"

Yoongi sighs, kicks at the carpeted floor of Namjoon's office, "I saíd, I want to give this kid a job."

He knows he's in for it when Namjoon tosses his glasses aside, when his full attention is drawn Yoongi's way; no phone in hand, no computer in front of him, no distractions.

"Where did you even meet him?"

He's thought about how he'd tell people how they met, how he found himself befriending some hoodlum off of the street, and every way he's tried to make it seem less bizarre in his head, it's only ended up sounding more ridiculous. Does he tell them about the failed carjacking? About him making a mess of Jeongguk's face and vice versa? About him keeping this kid housed in his place for a week now?

"Doesn't matter," Yoongi says, hand waving off Namjoon's question, "What matters is that he needs a job. I have the power to give him a job."

Namjoon's eyebrows quirk at that, and he leans back in his swivel chair, a sly smirk stretching across his face.

"You have the power to give him a job?"

Yoongi deflates; if there's anything he loathes, it's Namjoon knocking his pride. "You," he corrects himself, "You have the power to give him that, Joon."

"What makes you think I'll do anything to help you after you abandoned Ken the other night?"

Yoongi sighs, aggravation rising as Jeongguk's job opportunity slips further and further away. "I told you, Namjoon, I had to leave!"

"Why!" he matches the level of Yoongi's voice.
"I just had to," Yoongi forces out through gritted teeth.

Namjoon frowns, lips pouting as he swivels himself from side to side, "Why?" he repeats, this time, more calmly.

Something dies within Yoongi as he sighs deeply, maybe it's his strength, or maybe it's something else. Either way, he's tired. "I heard shouting coming from down the street. Found a kid slumped on the ground with blood on his face and hands, no-one was doing anything to help him so I brought him to the hospital, stayed with him there for sixteen or so hours, and he's been staying at mine for a week now."

Namjoon's eyes widen at the last part. Having clearly not expected a tale of adventure, Namjoon remains quiet for a moment, processing Yoongi's words, "When you say 'kid'..."

"Nineteen. Almost twenty."

"Fuck," Namjoon mutters under his breath before shaking his head and glancing up at the ceiling. "Where are his parents? Why's he with you? What the fuck, Yoongi-"

"He doesn't have anyone, Joon," Yoongi interjects, countenance twisted in sympathy, "Not a single soul."

A brief image comes to the forefront of Yoongi's mind of Taehyung fleeing after he'd made his unexpected introduction, but the image is quickly forgotten when Yoongi realises that in the week since Jeongguk's been with Yoongi, he's made no effort to contact anyone.

"And how the hell can you trust him? You don't even know the guy!"

Yoongi freezes, and then, caves, shoulders drooping as he fixes his stare on the floor, "I've seen him around town. He..." he lifts his head, trying to decipher the emotions running through Namjoon's smart fucking brain, "He, uh, tried to steal my car. But, he didn't, and he hasn't done me wrong since."

"I'm sorry, what?"

Yoongi continues without pausing, "I also found him scoping out shoppers in Hongdae."

"I'm sorry, what?"

Yoongi wrings his hands nervously, teeth gnawing his lower lip as he begins the woeful process of kissing Jeongguk's job goodbye.

Namjoon, looking like he's going through a whirlwind of emotions, straightens himself in his seat.

He just sits there for a moment before he decides to come and stand in front of Yoongi.

"So, what you're telling me, hyung. he holds his finger in front of Yoongi's face, and his other index finger to his lips as, to himself, he makes sure that he's getting his facts straight, "What you're fucking telling me, is that you want me, Kim Namjoon, this firm's leading attorney, to hire a fucking criminal to clean the piss out of our toilets. Is that-is that right?"

Well, when he puts it that way... "Uhm," Yoongi swallows as Namjoon's intimidation threatens to kill him on the spot right there and then, "Yes, that's right."

"Right..." Namjoon nods, calmly, turns away, calmly, sits himself down in his chair, calmly.
Yoongi, feeling like he's wearing a massive cone on his head that says 'dunce,' wants nothing more than for a sinkhole to open up beneath him.

"Yoongi," Namjoon begins, his voice still in that cool, scary tone, "I love you. But right now, I want you to get the fuck out of my office."
things are starting to speed up a bit...

No sooner is his key in his apartment's door before he's hit by the bitter smell of burnt cooking.

He tears his coat off and chucks it onto a hanger, and he doesn't have the effort or care to pick it back up off of the floor where it slid off said hanger.

The sight of Jeongguk standing over the sink with his sleeves pulled up and his hands covered in suds is one he hadn't anticipated, nor did he expect the smell of delicious food hiding beneath the smell of burnt saucepans. "You know," Yoongi begins, then slams his mouth shut when a giggle threatens to escape past his lips when Jeongguk jolts, evidently unaware of Yoongi's return home, "I have a dishwasher."

He points dumbly to the black appliance tucked beneath the small island in his kitchen, towards which Jeongguk frowns at, lips tight in contemplation.

"I couldn't figure out how to use it," Jeongguk admits, suddenly sounding very bashful and embarrassed, "Nothing wrong with some old-fashioned hand-washin," he cheeps, and scrubs roughly at a pan with food burnt into its bottom. When Yoongi peers over his shoulder for further inspection, the charred remains are too black for Yoongi to decipher what it was before Jeongguk scalded it to death.

Belatedly, Yoongi notices that there's placemats set out on the island, and cutlery for two people. A bottle of red wine he's had in his fridge for months sits in the centre, condensation dripping down the green glass. As he loosens his tie from around his neck, Yoongi sits himself down slowly in one of the seats, palms laying flat on the marble countertop as he processes exactly what's happening here.

"I hope you've made me something edible."

Jeongguk turns, and there's some suds clinging to his black t-shirt, suds that Yoongi wants to stamp out.

He smiles wide at Yoongi as he deposits the sponge in the sink before running to fetch two plates out of the oven, initially forgetting an oven mitt and hissing when the first plate scalds him, and cursing when his injured hand prevents him from collecting the second. That's when Yoongi comes to his rescue, scrambling out of his seat to grab the oven mitt and remove the plates from the oven.

He's watched Jeongguk eat countless times since he's been staying with him. They have breakfast together, dinner together, and sometimes, Yoongi's even come home from work during the day to check up on Jeongguk and on his way home, has picked them both up some ramen. There's a sense of happiness within him when he watches Jeongguk eat, whether that be because he's happy he can keep him well-fed or because Jeongguk's cheeks look adorable with food stuffed into them, Yoongi isn't sure.
Jeongguk's concoction isn't anything special, just some noodles, pork and scallions chucked into a broth that surprisingly, tastes better than anything Yoongi's ever whipped up in.

"Edible, or not edible?" Jeongguk presses, remaining respectful as he waits for Yoongi to take the first bite of his meal.

Yoongi reaches for the wine bottle, and wordlessly pours himself a glass before pouring some out for Jeongguk.

Jeongguk's music selection plays softly through Yoongi's speakers as he raises his glass in Jeongguk's direction, smirking when he pinpoints the exact moment when Jeongguk's entire face lights up with pride. Their glasses clink, and Yoongi's chest twists, and twists some more when the wine's scarlet residue on Jeongguk's lips catches his attention, his tongue darting out to wet his own lips.

All he can do is smile sweetly, "More than edible. You did good, kid."

Jeongguk positively beams.

Neither have spoken much about their arrangement, about how long Jeongguk plans on staying with Yoongi, or about how he's going to reimburse him. Yoongi hasn't wanted to bring it up, hasn't wanted to destroy the comfortable peace between them, because it's nice having Jeongguk around, having someone to share his expensive, barely-furnished apartment with.

Yoongi's scared of doing anything that might disrupt their peace.

"Act normal. Normal is good, but not the kind of normal where you share an anecdote of your stealing days, got it?"

Jeongguk nods, eyes focused on the number climbing on the elevator, dreading it landing on floor eight.

"Sell yourself, tell him how eager you are to perform and impress," Yoongi pats himself down, smoothing out any creases in his non-ironed suit; he never has time for ironing these days. The elevator stops, and Yoongi turns to Jeongguk, countenance stern as he inhales slowly, "Namjoon can be an asshole sometimes-"

"Must be who you get it off," Jeongguk jests, and Yoongi gapes disbelievingly; he's sure got some fucking nerve.

"Alright, asshole," Yoongi says slowly, and Jeongguk's satisfied, wide, flashy smile makes Yoongi want to smile right back at him, "Just... Let me do most of the talking. Once he sees you and sees that you're not some beefed up druggie on the hunt for his next hit, he'll come around."

Yoongi, in his mind, adds And once he sees just how easy on the eyes you are, he'll surely come around.

Right when the elevator doors open, right as Yoongi's in the middle of rearranging his tie that he tied too tight, the doors open slowly to reveal Namjoon, whose gaze quickly flits to Jeongguk, who he stares at before fixing Yoongi a piercing glare.

"I was about to go get breakfast," Namjoon grumbles, ignoring Jeongguk as he pushes past Yoongi, but Yoongi's quick to push him back towards the office.

"Why did you bring him here?" Namjoon exclaims the minute his office door closes behind him.
Jeongguk stands awkwardly in the corner, stare fixed on the floor and hands wringing mercilessly, "Do you think me seeing him will sway me? Honestly Yoongi, as each day passes, I ask myself, what? What could Yoongi-hyung possibly throw at me now?"

"Namjoon," Yoongi sighs, glancing apologetically in Jeongguk's direction, "Come on."

"You rock up here, with this guy you beat up that you felt sorry for because he has a pretty face, asking me can I give him work?"

The 'pretty face' comment, of all things, is what brings Yoongi's anger bubbling to the surface, "I'm trying to be a good fucking person, Namjoon."

"Since when have you ever cared about being a 'good person'?" Namjoon pulls a face, one of immense disgust, "Last time I checked, you didn't give two fucks about anyone but yourself. Off-the-clock phone-calls from you were a luxury, text messages? A gift. Don't try me with the 'good person,' bullshit, hyung, because I can see right through you."

His blood feels like it's simmering, his ears are ringing, his surroundings, blurring around Namjoon, "Do you think I have other motives? What could I possibly be getting from this, Joon? Jeongguk was in need, and I was the only one within a ten mile radius that gave enough of a shit to help him get to a hospital."

Namjoon's frown disappears, face softening as he suddenly averts his attention towards Jeongguk. "Jeongguk's your name, huh?"

Yoongi's quickly forgotten as soon as Jeongguk lifts his head and levels Namjoon's stare. "Yeah, it is," Jeongguk replies coolly, posture straightening and hands locking behind his back.

Namjoon clicks his tongue, "Got yourself an attitude, kid."

There's many things Yoongi wants to do to Namjoon in that moment, many that would inevitably end in his imprisonment.

"Look," Jeongguk sighs, and it's like he's morphed into someone else. The Jeongguk before Namjoon is not the same, timid Jeongguk that Yoongi's grown so fond of, "You can hate me all you want, a lot of people do, believe it or not. But leave Yoongi alone, he," his words fall short, and his overall expression softens into something unnameable, "He's done a lot for me. More than any person has ever done for me."

Namjoon hasn't looked at Yoongi since Jeongguk opened his mouth, and really, Yoongi's glad, because he knows he's got a stupid look on his face, he knows he does.

Jeongguk's eyes fall shut briefly, and his next words leave his mouth in a soft, dreamy air, "He cares about me a lot, and I care about him."

No-one knows what to say; not Namjoon, not Yoongi, not Jeongguk. No-one.

Namjoon stands there with his hands on his hips, staring over Jeongguk's shoulder at nothing in particular as Yoongi does anything but look over in Jeongguk's direction.

It's Namjoon who eventually puts an end to the game of statues by clearing his throat and wordlessly sitting down in his chair, resuming his work like nothing happened. When Namjoon's attention is elsewhere is when Yoongi locks eyes with Jeongguk; his big, doe, beautiful dark eyes. Jeongguk's lips are parted, his breathing shallow and hands bunched into fists by his side.
"You can start tomorrow," Namjoon's voice slices through the tension like a knife, "Eight o'clock. Be here on time. Don't make me regret hiring you."

Yoongi needs to sit down. He needs to sit down.

Jeongguk's eyes don't leave Yoongi, not for one second as he breathes, "Thank you."

"Are you fucking him? Is that what this is? A Sugar Daddy type of deal?"

Yoongi whips his head around so fast that he's one knot away from giving himself whiplash.

"Namjoon," he hisses, whispering as he grabs Namjoon, pulling him further into the coffee room before hurrying over to the door and slamming it shut, "No, and no-no, what? How could you even think that?"

Namjoon shrugs innocently, "Perfectly plausible if you ask me. It's been what, ten months since you last got some? Men have cravings, hyung."

"Eleven," Yoongi corrects tightly, "Eleven months. And hey, fuck your 'cravings,' I'm not an animal, I can maintain my damn libido, Joon."

"You can't maintain something that's dead," Namjoon says sheepishly before loudly slurping from his coffee cup as Yoongi just stares at him, fuming.

"Why are you acting like I'm seventy-five?" Yoongi grumps, "And why are we even talking about my sex drive, fucking hell." He stirs his coffee quickly, spoon clattering against the walls of his mug as Namjoon leans against the wall, hands dug deep in his pockets and a funny expression on his face that Yoongi can't read at all.

"All I'm saying is that he's good-looking," Namjoon comments innocently as Yoongi's insides feel suddenly compacted, squished, twisted, fucking mangled, "And I saw something twinkling in those eyes of his when he was talking about you yesterday."

Namjoon's the type to add fuel to the fire, to take a simple concept and blow it out of proportion for mere personal entertainment purposes, so Yoongi takes his words with a grain of salt. Well, his mind does, anyway, his somersaulting heart doesn't look to be following in the calm direction of his mind.

He hasn't seen Jeongguk since they parted ways earlier that morning. After leaving him with a weathered cleaning lady, Yoongi had to fight hard to hide his amused smile when he'd wished Jeongguk good luck, rushing after Namjoon who stood waiting in the elevator, hammering the button to the eighth floor. Whether it was trepidation or boredom etched across Jeongguk's face before Yoongi had abandoned him, Yoongi knows fully well that his first day may be anything but smooth.

"He has big eyes. You probably just saw the reflexion of these fucking unforgiving light beams in them," Yoongi mumbles, gesturing up at the building's ancient light fittings.

Namjoon guffaws, exaggeratedly, "You're observant, Yoongi; a people reader. You're not a fucking
"I know I'm not a dumbass. That's you."

"Nice," Namjoon nods, lips downturned as he shoves an unknown piece of candy into his gob, making no effort to refute Yoongi's claim, "Tell you what. Bring him out on the town with Seokjin and I sometime this week. Do you think he's ever even been inside somewhere that doesn't reek of the abhorrent stench of piss and mildew?"

"If I bring him out with us, you and Seokjin will interrogate the poor kid," Yoongi defends weakly, "He's not like you two idiots who get off on the thought of each other's intelligence."

Namjoon rolls his eyes, "We won't talk about mundane shit, I promise. Take him out, hyung."

Yoongi's eyebrows raise, skeptical, "It's not a double date, though."

One corner of Namjoon's lips upturn, and Yoongi glowers at him, "Not a double date. Just some friends going out for dinner. A nice, relaxed way to get to know this criminal of yours."

Yoongi doesn't even bother to strike Namjoon for his pointed use of the word, 'criminal.'

"What do you mean you don't have a bank account?"

Jeongguk shifts awkwardly, palm rubbing along his forearm as Yoongi, who's up to his tonsils in his research on Daesuk's case, reclines back in his seat. "I've never needed one," Jeongguk explains weakly, almost shamefully, and Yoongi immediately wants for his shame to be gone.

"Never mind," Yoongi jumps up, shuffling over to his shelf to grab his cheque book, "It's fine, I'll pay you for your first week. I'll help you set one up sometime this week."

Jeongguk smiles, gratitude evident as he visibly relaxes, "Thanks, hyung."

It's been a week since Namjoon's proposition, and Yoongi's tried multiple times to ask Jeongguk out with them, but for some reason or another, every time he's been close, his stomach has flipped, his nerves have prevented the words from escaping past his lips. That's why, when Jeongguk's hand is on the door handle, and Yoongi's feeling relatively less live-wired than he usually is, the words come tumbling out of his mouth, "Namjoon invited us out to dinner."

Jeongguk turns, and a deep frown settles between his brows, "I thought Namjoon hated me."

Caught off guard, Yoongi's mouth drops open, but he catches himself, "Why would he hate you?"

"Our first meeting wasn't exactly all sunshine and daisies," Jeongguk murmurs, and Yoongi wants more than anything to envelop him in warmth.

"Namjoon's a fucking idiot sometimes, and that was one of those times," Yoongi explains, "He was cautious because of your background, Guk. You have to understand that."

Jeongguk pouts, contemplation written across his face as he shuffles from side to side, "Right... Because I do bad things."
Yoongi deflates, shoulders drooping and expression softening in response to Jeongguk's self-deprecation. "Doing bad things doesn't make you a bad person."

"Doesn't it?" Jeongguk responds instantly, tone sharp and accusatory towards himself, "I'm surprised you can overlook the shit I've done, I mean fuck Yoongi, if you hadn't intervened you wouldn't have the luxury of being able to drive home in your car after work tonight."

As Jeongguk's aggravation mounts, as his face pulls tight in frustration, Yoongi stands, and approaches Jeongguk slowly, "But I did intervene, and I found that the asshole stealing my car wasn't an asshole at all," he smiles tenderly, fondly, and the sudden dust of red blossoming across Jeongguk's cheeks has Yoongi's hands itching to reach forward, "Just a bit of an asshole," he finishes jocularly as Jeongguk breaks out into giggles, "Don't be so hard on yourself."

"I'll try."

Nodding, Yoongi doesn't know what to do as he stands before Jeongguk, who looks forlorn, his hand still wrapped in a brace, his face still dotted with bruises. The only thing he can think to do, is to pull Jeongguk into a hug, and it's awkward, it's weird, it's not what he himself thought he'd do, but then it's suddenly not awkward, or weird, it's nice, and warm, and Jeongguk's melting into Yoongi's arms, chin hooked over Yoongi's shoulder and palms rubbing smoothly along Yoongi's shoulder-blades.

"Thank you," Jeongguk whispers, so quietly, and he smells like flowers blooming Spring, like a Summer's evening, like everything wonderful in the world.

"Stop thanking me," Yoongi dismisses when he pulls away, feeling immediately empty, "You've thanked me enough. No more."

His nose crinkles as he makes a face, shoving his hands into his pockets, "Okay, hyung."

When the door closes behind Jeongguk, Yoongi wonders if he's the one who should've been doing the thanking.

One of his clients, an alleged killer, is not Yoongi's favourite person in the world.

He's the type of person who smiles wide and makes you feel like you're the most important person in the room, but he's also the type of person who could pounce on you in two seconds flat if you were to ever do him wrong. Which is why, when Yoongi's alone with him in the prison's conference room, he slips the guard a little something to decrease the possibility of him getting pummelled by his beefy client if things go South.

"On the night of the murder, recall it back to me, you were... ?"

Sighing, his client shifts, his handcuffs and shackles around his feet softly clanging as he stares up at the ceiling. "I was at home with my girlfriend. She wasn't feeling well, so I ran out to fetch her some pain medicine. That was at 20:00, and I would've returned home at around 20:20. I gave her the medicine, and then we sat down to watch a movie."

"What movie?"
The inmate's brow furrows, his frown lines deep-set and intimidating, "Does it matter what fucking movie?"

Pushing the point of his tongue into his cheek, Yoongi pops open the top button on his jacket before fixing his client a piercing glare, "What movie?" he repeats his question, this time punctuating the two words.

Busying himself with fiddling with the chain on his handcuffs, Yoongi's client rolls his eyes before breathing in deeply, "Snowpiercer."

Satisfied, Yoongi nods before leaning back in his chair. As he pushes his glasses back up onto the bridge of his nose, he glances down at his notes, "Mr. Lee, what kind of medicine did you pick up for your girlfriend?"

As he removes his glasses, Yoongi watches his client's composure take a knock, mainly in the way that he gapes blankly at Yoongi, a tell-tale sign of cluelessness. Yoongi clicks his fingers in the man's face, tutting loudly before gesturing for his client to continue. "Ibuprofen," he finally says, quietly, disbelievingly.

Yoongi has to keep himself from making his dissatisfaction known.

"Ibuprofen," Yoongi repeats, eyes narrowed, "Sounds better than methamphetamine, don't you agree?" he asks sheepishly.

"I don't know how I feel about lying, Yoongi," he sighs.

Yoongi scoffs, "Don't think of it as lying. Think of it as omitting incriminating information. Do you think the jury will believe a single word that comes out of your mouth the second you say the word 'methamphetamine' in the courtroom?"

"Well, I-

"They won't, Daesuk. They'll charge you for the murder of your ex-wife, and then they'll go after your druggie girlfriend."

Resigned, Daesuk sinks down into his chair, "I didn't kill her," he murmurs, sounding a lot like a child trying to convince themselves that they didn't do anything wrong.

It's not Yoongi's job to pick a side, to decide whether the man sitting before him is innocent or not. His job is to defend, to protect those who throw their money at him, begging to be absolved of their sins, of their wrongdoings. But sometimes, as much as Yoongi tries to fight for his clients, in the back of his mind, there's always that little voice that viciously whispers, 'Guilty.'

And when with Daesuk, that little voice plays ceaselessly in Yoongi's mind.

He hasn't suggested a plea bargain yet, not since Daesuk is adamant of his innocence.

The evidence indicating his guilt is all there, and there isn't a shred of innocence written across Daesuk's face.

So, for now, Yoongi's focuses on his alibi and on the overwhelming amount of forensic evidence that's going to be responsible for Daesuk's sentence.

He's busy studying crime scene photos when Jeongguk creeps into the apartment later than usual.
The handle moves slowly, the door clicks closed quietly, and Yoongi waits for Jeongguk to realise that there's no need for him to be quiet, because Yoongi's wide awake.

"Oh," Jeongguk startles when he turns the corner to find Yoongi hunched over the coffee table, staring down at the freshly printed photographs, "Hey."

Without looking at Jeongguk, Yoongi waves towards him in greeting.

He flings his backpack in the general direction of the corner before plonking down onto the armchair.

For once, he doesn't start mindlessly chattering like Yoongi dreaded he would, instead choosing to let Yoongi focus hard on every little minuscule detail of the gruesome photographs before him.

The photograph begins to blur as his attention wanes, as tiredness creeps into his bones, pulling him down further into the softness of the sofa. He tries to concentrate, to look past the fact that the photograph in his hand just looks like a blur of red; so so much red.

"Good day?" Jeongguk pipes up, and Yoongi's fingers itch to rip and tear at the photograph.

"Mm," Yoongi mumbles before chucking the photograph onto the table, "You're home late, what, did Namjoon order you to clean the floors with a toothbrush or something?"

He watches the curiosity in Jeongguk's eyes as they sweep over the array of papers littered across the coffee table. It doesn't take long for him to inch forward, to reach for some of the sheets of paper. "Nah, I finished hours ago," Jeongguk replies, sounding distracted as his eyes sweep over each sheet.

Yoongi frowns, "Oh?"

His tone draws Jeongguk's attention, "Yeah, I, uh, Tae... He wanted to see me."

There's something about how Jeongguk phrases himself, how he makes it sound like he's suddenly built a wall around himself that makes Yoongi's temper tick. "Taehyung," Yoongi states plainly, folding his hands in his lap, watching as Jeongguk's jaw drops open.

He waves the photograph in Yoongi's direction, eyebrows risen towards the sky and mouth as wide as can be.

"Horrible, I know," Yoongi says quietly, sadly, wincing as Jeongguk picks up another for discussion, the worst one, in Yoongi's opinion; it's of the victim's chest cavity, slit open, her wound trailing diagonally from her armpit to her bellybutton. "You shouldn't be looking at those," Yoongi chides quietly as a wave of empathy strikes him like lightning and propels him forward to snatch the photographs out of Jeongguk's hands.

"Sorry," Jeongguk mumbles when Yoongi's turned his back on him to return back to the mould of his backside in the sofa. The air has shifted in the room, and Jeongguk watches silently as Yoongi turns the most horrific of the photographs upside down. Jeongguk clears his throat, a feeble attempt to free them both of the tension swirling between them, "I went for some drinks with Tae. He wanted to see for himself that I was okay."

Yoongi pouts, "Does he not trust me?"

"He doesn't trust me," Jeongguk corrects as he shrugs himself out of his jacket.
There's a stain on his crisp, loose white shirt, one that Yoongi will for sure be the one to tackle on their next laundry day. His train of thought pertaining to all things laundry vanishes when his gaze lifts towards Jeongguk's eyes, only to stop halfway, to hone in on the juncture between Jeongguk's neck and shoulder, to stare sickly at the blossoming purple hues on his tanned skin.

"You went for drinks, is that what you said?" Yoongi asks without inflection, gaze still fixed on the red splotches; they're fresh.

Confused, Jeongguk's mouth shuts, teeth clicking together as he struggles to follow Yoongi's eyeline. He nods.

It's just a rash. Drinking can induce rashes, Yoongi's mind tells itself, it's happened to you in the past, it says, that time you necked five tequila shots and found yourself hunched over the toilet bowl, there was a rash on your chest, remember?

But Yoongi can't remember, no matter how much that voice tries to convince him, he can't remember that 'rash' having ever been on his skin.

The only time those marks were ever on his skin was after lips and teeth and tongue helped in the making of said marks.

Yoongi's heart sinks, "Drinks," he deadpans, voice sounding eerily cool, toneless. He stands, and stares down at his work, wondering why nausea is crashing over him, or why it feels like a tiny animal with tiny claws is trying to free itself from the muscled walls of his heart.

He's almost out of the room when he stops, when he turns around to say, as casually as day, "Hey, uh, there's a rash on your neck, you-uh... There's some hydrocortisone in the medicine cabinet. You should put that on it. Helps take the itch out."

Jeongguk, entirely confused, frowns.

He strokes over the area in question, over the red, purpley colours, and Yoongi's as close to experiencing Hell as he ever will be.

"That's," Jeongguk begins, babbling, searching for words, mouth open and awaiting flies before he continues, "That's not a rash, hyung."

All Yoongi can do is stare, stare and hide the fact that the tiny animal within his heart just pierced a hole in its wall.

"Okay," is all he says, all he can bring himself to say. The tiny animal doesn't feel so tiny anymore. He turns on his heels, and only when he's far down the hallway does he call, "Goodnight."

Yoongi can just about catch Jeongguk's returned, confused, 'Goodnight,' before his bedroom door clicks shut.

That night, as Yoongi's exhaustion overtakes him, draws him under, that tiny animal in his heart continues to claw, scratch, tear, rip.

Chapter End Notes

Ouch.
He coops himself up in his office the next day after leaving early in the morning for work, tiptoeing around as quietly as a mouse so as not to rouse Jeongguk from his slumber.

Usually, Jeongguk visits him frequently throughout the day, and *usually*, Yoongi has to forcibly guide Jeongguk out of his office just so he can *finally* get some work done.

But today, as the clock strikes six o'clock, Yoongi hasn't heard so much as a peep from Jeongguk; he hasn't seen him today at all.

When the big hand creeps near seven o'clock, Yoongi, unwillingly, files away his mountain of paperwork, dumps the remainder of his cold coffee down the sink in the lunch room, and switches off the lights in the office one by one as he passes them by, until he reaches his office to collect his coat and briefcase. The second he walks into his office, he's met by far more than he'd bargained for.

Jeongguk's there, leaning casually on his desk, hands dug deep in the pockets of his slacks, gaze immediately finding Yoongi when the door opens.

"You were going to leave without me, weren't you?" Jeongguk asks, and Yoongi pulls his face into a sour pout as he curses his luck.

Collecting his coat from its hanger, Yoongi inhales slowly, preparing himself, "I was just about to go looking for you."

"You were going to leave without me, weren't you?" Jeongguk asks, and Yoongi pulls his face into a sour pout as he curses his luck.

Collecting his coat from its hanger, Yoongi inhales slowly, preparing himself, "I was just about to go looking for you."

Lies come far too easily to Yoongi, sometimes.

Jeongguk stands, and Yoongi thanks the stars for his choice in clothing; a modest black turtle neck. "If you say so," Jeongguk mumbles as he glances over the objects adorning Yoongi's desk, which are everything but as exciting as Jeongguk's attention is making them seem.

"Is that what you're wearing to dinner?" Yoongi asks after a treacherous minute of silence stretches between them.

Jeongguk glances down at himself, pulls at the fabric circled around his neck, *pulls* Yoongi's attention to that area, "No."

"Well, hurry up and change your outfit then, will you?" he snaps, a bit too sharply, with a *bit* too much angry impatience. No sooner does the acidity leave his tongue before Yoongi catches himself, hand shooting up, palm facing Jeongguk in a surrendering manner, "Sorry, Guk... I'm sorry. Just... Go and change. Please."

The look on Jeongguk's face is one of complete and utter confusion, with a shred of aggravation hidden beneath his perplexed countenance. He leaves, pushing past Yoongi, and the impact of his shoulders hitting Yoongi's makes Yoongi's eyes fall shut, makes him want to reach into his pocket, pull out ten cigarettes, and smoke all ten of them in a Goddamn row.
It doesn't take long for Jeongguk to resurface, and when he does, Yoongi's jaw goes slack, his world threatening to tilt as Jeongguk, with a face like thunder, storms into the room with a dainty choker wrapped around his neck and a crisp white dress shirt draping off of his shoulders. It's hard for Yoongi to look away, to drag his focus away from the way in which Jeongguk's muscles are there for his eyes' taking, the fluorescent lights above them helping the skin beneath Jeongguk's shirt to become all the more visible.

"Before we go," Jeongguk begins, pointedly ignoring Yoongi's gawking as he wrings his hands nervously, "If I did anything to upset you, I'm sorry."

Yoongi's eyes find the marks. The stark purpled hues that had bloomed across Jeongguk's golden skin overnight. So much more visible. Not a rash at all.

"Jeongguk," Yoongi hears himself say softly, so softly and quietly. He takes a step forward as he throws his coat onto his shoulders, "I'm an asshole."

Jeongguk cocks his head to the side curiously, making no effort to disagree with Yoongi's statement.

"You didn't do anything," Yoongi insists as his eyes dart back and forth from Jeongguk's big, dark eyes to his tainted neck, "Of course you didn't."

If Jeongguk knows what has Yoongi's attention, he's not letting on, is instead choosing to remain oblivious. "Good," Jeongguk says, more to fill the silence than as a reply to Yoongi, "So, can we fucking go already? I'm starving."

When he makes a beeline for the door, Yoongi watches him go and remains rooted on the spot for a moment.

Then, he breathes in deeply; in through his nose and out through his mouth before doing a calm countdown from ten.

10, 9, 8, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2, 1...

"Jeongguk, do you drink wine?"

"Uh..."

"Red or white?" Seokjin interjects as he plucks the wine menu from Namjoon's fingertips.

Yoongi glances between the two annoyances sitting opposite him, and nudges Namjoon with the point of his shoe before throwing a warning frown his way.

"He'll have whatever I'm having," Yoongi forces a smile for the two, who exchange glances before Namjoon takes it upon himself to call over their waiter.

They're as overbearing as Yoongi predicted them to be, but thankfully, when Namjoon begins to pry into Jeongguk's backstory, Seokjin is the one to put his common sense to use and reign Namjoon back with a light hand on his bicep and a soft gaze in Jeongguk's direction; reassuring, welcoming.

"Yoongi here hasn't told us much about his new roommate," Seokjin says, loudly, so that everyone at the table and beyond can hear him.

With his cheeks full, Yoongi turns to Jeongguk, who looks very unsure of whether or not he likes mussels. Judging by his adorable but slight grimace when he brings the shell to his lips, Yoongi concludes that it's a hard 'no. "All I know about the kid is that he almost beat Yoongi to a pulp,"
Namjoon laughs, whilst the others... Don't.

"Great, Namjoon. Let's talk about how I almost got my teeth kicked in by the same kid I'm housing," Yoongi grumbles sarcastically as Namjoon knocks back a mussel.

Leaning across the table to draw Jeongguk's attention towards him, Seokjin sighs heavily, "Can you believe I have to put up with these two regularly?"

Jeongguk stifles a giggle, and Seokjin watches him fondly when he brings his napkin to his mouth to shyly hide his flash of teeth. Having already grown quiet, Yoongi and Namjoon watch the two respectively, "I can only handle Yoongi-hyung in small doses, so congratulations for putting up with both him and Namjoon-hyung for all of these years."

Yoongi and Namjoon exchange comical scandalised looks, "Well excuse you," Namjoon croons, making Jeongguk want to laugh harder.

When Seokjin has drawn Namjoon's attention, Yoongi elbows Jeongguk gently in his side, dipping his head to jokingly hiss, "You've got some nerve, kid, you know that?"

Jeongguk's smile as he playfully nudges back against Yoongi is one of the softest Yoongi's convinced he's ever seen grace Jeongguk's face.

By the time they reach dessert, and when all four have helped in the finishing of three bottles of Pinot Grigio, Yoongi's all but draped over Jeongguk.

Jeongguk doesn't seem to mind, not when the presence of Yoongi's hand on his thigh feels so comforting, so exhilarating. Seokjin's babbling on about his coworkers, about how they're all incompetent undergraduates who don't know how to properly handle a sample without contaminating it, and truthfully, Yoongi had clocked out two seconds into Seokjin's tangent.

His focus shifts to the body beside him, to the soft rise and fall of Jeongguk's chest, to the way in which his body shakes when Seokjin says something amusing, something that Yoongi hadn't caught, because his attention isn't on anyone but Jeongguk. It's on how it feels to have him so close, on the way he swears he hears a soft intake of breath by his ear when he smooths his palm across Jeongguk's thigh lightly, so lightly.

He stops for a moment to pretend that he's listening to Namjoon, who's speaking now. His lips are moving, Yoongi can see they are, but nothing's make sense to him, words sound scrambled, and his palm is moving more boldly, smoothing across Jeongguk's thigh in longer paths, and Jeongguk shifts when Yoongi's hand ascends upwards, farther than before.

"How does that happen?" Namjoon's voice suddenly slices through Yoongi's world, "I told her multiple times to remind me of my appointment, because I know how forgetful she can be. And yet there I am, at four o'clock, getting a phone-call about how Hoseok, across town, is waiting for me. I should fire her."

"You should," Seokjin nods, sounding every bit as uninterested in Namjoon as Yoongi feels.

"Mm," Jeongguk agrees tightly, and Yoongi freezes as he realises what he's doing, feels his shoulders tighten involuntarily, his very workings jam up. Just as he's about to make his escape, just as he's about to relieve Jeongguk of his leaning weight, Yoongi's loose hold on Jeongguk's thigh momentarily tightens when he feels Jeongguk's fingers wrap around his wrist.

A small gesture, a surreptitious gesture, a gesture that tells Yoongi, don't stop, don't be afraid, do it, I want you to do it.
Whilst Namjoon continues whining about how inept his personal assistant is, Yoongi reassumes his comfortable position against Jeongguk's side, only this time, he brings his free hand around the back of the plush leather sofa, across Jeongguk's shoulders. If Namjoon and Seokjin are taken aback by their dinner dates' sudden closeness, neither let on that they are, save for a few amused, wide-eyed glances from Seokjin intermittently.

Feeling loose and free from the wine, Yoongi allows himself to softly massage the muscle of Jeongguk's strong thigh, he allows himself to rub smooth circles over his clothed skin, and he revels in the way in which Jeongguk leans heavier against him; his way of encouraging Yoongi, of giving him incentive to continue.

"How long are you planning on staying with Yoongi?" Seokjin asks some time later when Jeongguk's dazed eyes try to bring his blurred surroundings into focus.

Biting the inside of his lip, Yoongi inches his hand upwards, up under the tails of Jeongguk's shirt, over the pocket of his slacks, sideways, until his fingers feel Jeongguk's zipper, and it takes all of Yoongi's might to not grasp it and pull. Jeongguk's breath hitches and he shifts slightly, and Yoongi's mouth runs dry when he strokes over Jeongguk through his trousers, when he feels what Jeongguk has to offer.

"How long?" Jeongguk repeats the question, and Yoongi's still lightly rubbing over him, feeling Jeongguk hardening beneath his deft fingers as each excruciating moment passes. "I, well, I'll stay for as long as Yoongi wants me, I guess," Jeongguk manages to strain out his words. His hand wraps around Yoongi's wrist again, this time as a warning, stop.

He stops. He steps out of his bubble, and peers at Seokjin and Namjoon through glassy eyes.

Yoongi coughs, clearing his throat that feels scratchy and dry. "There's no rush," he insists as Namjoon and Seokjin tear their eyes away from each other to focus on Yoongi. And then, he feels Jeongguk's hand along his thigh, smoothing down in one stroke to rest on Yoongi's knee, where he squeezes softly, "I wouldn't be opposed to him staying forever."

Namjoon frowns deeply at Yoongi, who's far too concerned with the pretty boy to his left to care about Namjoon's frown lines. "Forever is a long time," he remarks.

With his mouth downturned pensively, Jeongguk shrugs nonchalantly, "I'm sure he'd make my forever worthwhile."

Yoongi, if not physically, mentally crumbles right before three pairs of eyes.

When it comes to the footing of the bill, when Yoongi and Namjoon are in attendance, a battle almost always unfolds.

"You paid last time. Just let me give them my damn money," Yoongi grouches. All he wants is to get out of there, and fast.

"Hyung, no. You paid last time, put your card back in your wallet. Consider it my treat."

"Why do you always have to be so insufferable?"

"Insufferable?" Namjoon's disbelieving expression makes Seokjin and Jeongguk want to both laugh in Namjoon's face, "If you call wanting to spoil your friends 'insufferable,' then you must really find every minuscule thing annoying."

Yoongi makes a face at Jeongguk, one of immaturity, mocking Namjoon. "Nope. Just you, Joon."
"Lovely," Namjoon replies immediately, tightly, before shoving Yoongi out of the queue at the register and towards Seokjin, who scrambles to catch Yoongi.

"I'll never understand what you see in him, hyung," Yoongi mumbles as Seokjin holds him upright by his elbows.

Jeongguk is quick to swoop in and pull Yoongi back onto his feet, and even the slightest of touches makes Yoongi's skin feel as if it's tingling, and makes him want nothing more than to be alone. Just himself and Jeongguk. Alone.

Seokjin smirks as he watches Namjoon walking towards them with nothing but softness in his eyes, "I'll never expect you to, Yoongi."

They share a taxi, and for his sanity's sake (and for the sake of the unbearable, boiling heat in the pit of his stomach), Yoongi sits upfront, abandoning Jeongguk, who pouts petulantly at Yoongi when he races towards the front of the car, calling, "Shotgun!"

They're first to be dropped off, and this time, Yoongi's adamant in his money being put to use tonight. After tipping the driver and telling Namjoon to not call him until ten o'clock the next morning because, "Contrary to popular belief, I do like you, and I want to save you the trauma that comes with dealing with me when I'm hungover," Yoongi, with Jeongguk close by his side, watches the car pull away, and with that, feels a sudden and stomach-churning spike of nerves hit him.

He feels his cheeks burn when Jeongguk's eyes find his, and Jeongguk's sweet, toothless smile only makes Yoongi's blush brighter.

It's a walk of silence, from the lobby, to the elevator, down the hall, to Yoongi's door.

His hands tremble as he pulls his keys from his pocket, as he unlocks the door, as he inwardly tells himself that everything's fine, nothing's even happening, it's fine.

Well, 'fine,' if Yoongi hadn't essentially felt Jeongguk up in the restaurant right under the burning gaze of Namjoon and Seokjin.

Jeongguk still hasn't spoken a single word since the taxi ride, and as Yoongi toes off his shoes and deposits his coat on the kitchen counter, he strains his hearing, listening out for Jeongguk's movements, trying to track them, to tell where he is without actually having to look around and find him with his eyes because there's something in the air. It's not tension, or maybe it is? Is it awkwardness? Or worse, anticipation?

His breath catches in his throat at the thought, and as he finally unglues his socked feet from the floor, he finds Jeongguk sitting on the sofa, already changed into his loungewear, paying Yoongi no mind whatsoever. He doesn't know what he'd expected, really, but Yoongi finds himself feeling more at ease, less wound-up as he rounds the island and tiptoes down the few steps into the living room.

He hovers awkwardly, unsure of whether to join Jeongguk or not, but his thoughts are quickly cut short by Jeongguk's tired, scratchy voice, "Tonight was nice."

Nice. Not how'd Yoongi describe it, but, "It was," Yoongi smiles weakly, forcedly, "You and Seokjin got on well."

He sits, not too far away from Jeongguk, but not too close, either.

Jeongguk has brushed the product out of his hair, and it hangs heavy over his eyes as he lifts his head.
to finally get a proper look at Yoongi and God, Yoongi hopes he doesn't detect just how utterly torn apart inside Yoongi feels right about now. "He's funny. We exchanged numbers," Jeongguk nods, turning his body to face Yoongi, "And Namjoon's fucking great once he gets one glass of wine down him."

The choker's gone from around his neck, his dress shirt's been replaced by an oversized, beat-up t-shirt and in his slacks' place there are chequered pyjama bottoms; he looks scruffy, soft, degaged. "I know, why do you think that whenever Joon and I go out we drink?" Yoongi jokes as realisation washes over Jeongguk, who shoots finger guns at Yoongi.

Yoongi feels too dressy, slouched on the couch in his half-unbuttoned shirt and slacks, and just when he's about to go and pull on something more comfortable, Jeongguk speaks, and his tone is different. It's cautious, quiet, "You looked really good tonight, hyung."

He doesn't look at Yoongi when he says it, but Yoongi freezes the second he does.

The apartment's silent, save for the soft whirring of appliances and the distinct sound of the city below them going to sleep; less noise from the traffic, no beeping horns, nothing. Yoongi glances down to watch Jeongguk's blunt fingernails scrape anxiously against his chequered pjs. "You scrub up well, kid," Yoongi tells him, voice quiet, sounding too loud for the silence around them.

A smile plays on Yoongi's lips when the sofa beneath them squeaks beneath Jeongguk's shifting weight when he angles himself towards Yoongi.

"Why do you always call me that?" Jeongguk asks quietly, a soft furrow forming between his brows, "'Kid.'"

Yoongi twiddles his thumbs in his lap, lips pouting pensively as he tries desperately to ignore the darkness in Jeongguk's big, doe-like, heavy-lidded eyes.

He shrugs. "Because you know I'm not a kid, hyung," Jeongguk says seriously as he stares Yoongi down, and Yoongi wants to squirm beneath his heavy stare.

"It just comes naturally, Guk. There's no real meaning to it," Yoongi explains, laughing breathily, anxiously, "Would you prefer if I called you something else?"

Jeongguk immediately shakes his head, hair shaking cutely before it falls back over his eyes, making him blink profusely. And that's when Yoongi find his attention drawn back to that Goddamn area, where he's found his mind wandering to all Goddamn day, imagining how he'd garnered those marks, how he'd sounded when said marks had been sucked into his skin...

"You keep looking at my hickey's," Jeongguk states, plain as day, and Yoongi can even fucking hear his pleased smile hidden in his words.

Yoongi plays it off, immediately looking shocked and appalled at the thought of him? Looking at Jeongguk's love bites? Never.

"They're hard to not look at," Yoongi points his finger towards the area in question, his cheeks feeling aflame, "Whoever did that went to fucking town on your neck," Yoongi sniggers, and then slams his mouth shut when Jeongguk raises his hand to stroke over his right clavicle, over his neck, over all of the little, and some big, marks.

"Taehyung," Jeongguk says, and the twist of jealousy in Yoongi's gut worries him. He hadn't gotten
a good look at this 'Taehyung,' before he'd legged it through the crowds of shoppers in Hongdae that day, but still, Yoongi can't stop himself from convincing himself that Taehyung, without a doubt, is probably equally if not more handsome than Jeongguk. Beauties search out beauties, after all. "He went easy on me. Usually, he doesn't confine his art to my neck."

Yoongi blows a raspberry as he slouches down further into the sofa, "'His art'? How pretentious."

"Everything's an art form to him. It's cute."

Yoongi snaps his attention in Jeongguk's direction when he hears Jeongguk's whimsical tone, and he wants to roll his eyes when catches the end of Jeongguk's fond, reminiscent smile. The mere thought of other marks like the ones on his neck littered across various other parts of Jeongguk's body has Yoongi slipping into a dream-like state as visions burst behind his eyelids, but not of Taehyung doing this to Jeongguk. Of him pressing his lips onto Jeongguk's skin.

"C'mon, hyung," Jeongguk suddenly bursts, cheesing wide as he jumps up onto the sofa, tucking his feet beneath him so that he's kneeling at Yoongi's side, "Why are you so uptight? We just use each other as a means of letting off some steam sometimes. It's not serious. Tae and I are just friends."

"With benefits?" Yoongi offers, and he wishes he didn't sound as miserable as he did, but he just can't fucking help it.

Jeongguk pouts, dissatisfied with Yoongi's tight tone. "Are you jealous?"

Affronted, Yoongi gapes at Jeongguk, "No."

Jeongguk raises his eyebrows, and he looks ridiculous, trying to hide his smile. Yoongi wants to pinch his cheeks. "You sure about that?"

"What's there to be jealous of, kid?" Yoongi drawls, sounding bored, and Jeongguk splutters at Yoongi's less-than-amused expression.

Jeongguk shrugs, and then he's scooting closer, and Yoongi's fingernails dig into his forearms from his arms' folded position when Jeongguk's face suddenly comes closer to his face than he'd expected. "Do you want your own hickeys?" he lilts, and Yoongi's heart-rate spikes dangerously.

Either his ears are deceiving him, or Yoongi's having a dream. Or a nightmare? One of the two. "Do I-what?"

He watches dazedly as Jeongguk's hand rests lightly on his shoulder.

What Yoongi perceives as realisation washes over Jeongguk's face, and he has to swallow and focus intently on what exactly is happening, because he could be reading this wrong. This could be a complete misunderstanding. "Or, should I ask if you want to give me some?" his breath wafts past Yoongi's air when he breathes, "Do you want to kiss my neck, hyung?"

Fuck. Fuck. "Fuck," Yoongi blurts, catching himself instantly as he pushes himself up from his slouched position, "What are you saying..."

"You know what I'm saying, Yoongi. Let's not waste time and act stupid out of politeness," the words come tumbling from Jeongguk's mouth, and Yoongi has to squint to watch his lips form the syllables, he has to listen hard to what Jeongguk's saying so he's sure that he's hearing correctly, "In the restaurant, you were draped all over me. You felt me."

"Jeongguk," Yoongi croaks, trying desperately to slow Jeongguk's tangent down for his brain to
properly process his words.

"That felt so nice. So fucking nice," he's so close to Yoongi, and Yoongi's so close to reaching out, to touching.

Out of the blue, to further Yoongi's short-circuiting, Jeongguk does the unthinkable, the unexpected, the sweetest thing.

He plants a quick kiss on Yoongi's cheek.

And Yoongi lifts his narrowed eyes to find Jeongguk watching him carefully.

"I was hard, wasn't I?" Jeongguk purrs, and then he's slowly lifting his leg over Yoongi's lap, he's sitting down on Yoongi's thighs, Yoongi's hands are on his hips and Yoongi's lips are parted as he nods, recalling Jeongguk's clothed cock beneath his fingertips. His hands rest lightly on Jeongguk's hips as Jeongguk bows to whisper in Yoongi's ear, "Do you think you could get me hard again?"

When he gently, gently circles his hips, that's when Yoongi's grip on Jeongguk's hips tighten, when his breath gets caught in his throat, when Yoongi tips his head back against the sofa, exposing his neck for Jeongguk to eagerly dip down and kiss.

Deep down, Yoongi's embarrassed by his gasps when he feels Jeongguk's sweet lips against his skin, and then there's his tongue, and when he latches onto a spot just above Yoongi's clavicle and licks, Yoongi can't help but lift his hips up hesitantly to meet Jeongguk's.

Jeongguk hums against Yoongi's skin and Yoongi answers by digging his teeth painfully hard into his lower lip.

"What are we doing?" Yoongi gasps when Jeongguk's fingers find their way into his hair to scrape across his scalp.

The slow roll of Jeongguk's hips has Yoongi's mind clouding, his senses overdriving. "Giving in," Jeongguk rasps in reply as he sits back on Yoongi's thighs for a moment, sitting tall and confident and fucking beautiful. Yoongi's attention gets drawn downwards when Jeongguk splays his palm across his stomach, and then his heavy stare finds Yoongi, holding Yoongi's gaze boldly as he begins to circle his hips slowly, taking his time, making each infinitesimal movement just as excruciatingly exquisite as the last.

The heat that's building at the base of Yoongi's spine is mounting, he feels like he's seconds away from being consumed by flames, when really, he's seconds away from...

"Jeongguk," he splutters, hands wrapping around Jeongguk's middle to halt him, and Yoongi sits forward, forcing Jeongguk to stumble backwards onto his feet. "Sorry, I just..." Yoongi grasps for words, for anything to fill the quiet around them that's only being broken by his voice and the sound of their mingled laboured breaths, "You.."

"Was it too much?" Jeongguk asks, and it's amazing to Yoongi, how sweetly innocent he is now, how fast he dropped the sultry, smouldering looks.

He looks hurt, anxious, like he was given the reins and pulled too hard on Yoongi's bit, kicked him too hard in his sides. According to Yoongi's cock, it was too much, it was too good too soon, but, according to Yoongi's brain and heart, it wasn't enough.

"Not too much, just," he sighs, embarrassment overcoming him as he averts his gaze, "It's been a while, y'know?"
He can't look at Jeongguk, not when this much shame is filling up inside of him.

"Oh," Jeongguk whispers, his realisation making Yoongi feel like he's stuck his face in a furnace, "Oh. Okay."

"Yeah," Yoongi scratches idly at the nape of his neck, and he wonders if his face looks as red if not redder than a tomato.

If he'd been scared of Jeongguk's judgment, no such words of judgment slip past Jeongguk's lips. Instead, he steps closer to Yoongi, and reaches forward to gently hold Yoongi's hand.

"We can take it slow," he says quietly, softly, and Yoongi is once again reminded of that tiny animal inhabiting his heart, "Would that be okay?"

He lifts his head to find Jeongguk's gentle eyes, his small smile, and mussed hair. He returns Jeongguk's smile, "Slow is good."

In his past, slow was never good. If he wanted something, he'd want it now. But with Jeongguk, for proper appreciation, Yoongi feels that slow is the best option.

When Jeongguk begins to inch forward, Yoongi watches in awe as he nears, as Jeongguk's eyes fall shut and then his follow suit.

It's a soft, chaste kiss, and Jeongguk's lips feel as soft as pillows, taste as sweet as honey. When they break apart, Yoongi can't bring himself to open his eyes, and he doesn't necessarily know why. Maybe it'll hurt too much to gaze upon beauty so soon, or maybe he's suddenly grown painfully shy in Jeongguk's overwhelmingly intoxicating presence.

A quiet giggle is what brings Yoongi back down to earth, and his surroundings blur into view.

Yoongi clears his throat, "We should go to bed, we need to be up pretty early."

Jeongguk nods his head, and Yoongi's heart skips several beats when he watches Jeongguk shyly bite back a smile as honey.

"You're right," he agrees as he rounds Yoongi.

Yoongi can hear him pause outside of the guest bedroom that's quickly lost its use. "Goodnight, hyung," he hears before the door closes.

Standing alone in the darkness of the living room, for some reason, Yoongi feels the need to pinch himself.

As he crawls into bed and pulls his duvet up over himself, he sighs, and smiles as he remembers how it looked as if the sun itself was shining within Jeongguk when Yoongi had said, 'Slow is good.'
Yoongi bustles into the office's large conference room, cooling coffee threatening to slip over the lip of his mug as he shoves the door closed with his hip.

He'd woken up late, so late, in fact, that even Jeongguk had managed to get his ass to work before Yoongi.

Through his drowsy eyes, upon realising that the clock was just about to hit 11:00, Yoongi had launched himself out of bed, stumbling once over his discarded shoes from the previous night before grabbing them and some clothes and scurrying into the kitchen in search of some breakfast to mend his aching head. Breakfast in the form of ibuprofen.

He slams his briefcase and folders of paperwork down onto the table before he lifts his bloodshot eyes to find Namjoon's uninterested gaze focused on his phone.

"You're late," he sighs, not even bothering to see just how shaken Yoongi is from the night before.

Yoongi clenches his jaw, "Thanks for stating the obvious, Joon."

"If it was anyone else-"

"I know, I know," Yoongi rolls his eyes, breathing in deeply to try and catch his breath from which he lost after running up multiple flights of stairs; the elevator would've been far too slow, "If it was anyone else, you'd have them out on the curb in a millisecond."

Namjoon smiles tightly at Yoongi, evidently proud of his knowledge of Namjoon's encyclopaedia of empty threats, "Exactly."

Yoongi hasn't had time to breathe, let alone think about last night's happenings. Once he's calmed himself and remembered just exactly what the fuck this meeting is about, the sudden recollection of the sensation of Jeongguk's soft lips on his skin has Yoongi needing immediately to pop open the top button of his shirt or else face imminent suffocation.

"About Daesuk," Yoongi begins, clearing his throat and neatly arranging his notes in front of him, "He's still proclaiming his innocence, telling me that he would never have done that to Hyemi, spewing bullshit at me." He bows forward, eyes narrowing as he tries to read his scrawl; he'd forgotten his glasses in his rush, "The prosecution will rip him to fucking shreds if he sticks with his sweeter than sweet story. His fingerprints were found on the door handle, on the bedroom locker, on her fucking body. Two single drops of his blood were found on the bathroom mat after his botched clean-up job. And to make matters worse, he wants to testify, and he can't lie for shit." He clicks his pen maniacally as he stares down at his notes, a habit that he's often been told off for in the courtroom.

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"We're just going straight into it?" Namjoon cuts in, making Yoongi stop clicking. He's frowning lightly at Yoongi with a look of incredulity etched across his features.

Yoongi shifts awkwardly in his seat, "I don't want to waste your time."

Namjoon immediately waves Yoongi's words off, "You'd never waste my time, hyung."

He's being too understanding, too... Nice. Namjoon's only ever this nice to Yoongi on one of two occasions; when they're both hammered and reminiscing on their University days, or when he's
assisting Yoongi in what he likes to call 'One on one time,' which, essentially, consists of Namjoon talking at Yoongi about any predicaments Yoongi may be facing in his life.

Yoongi’s stomach sinks when Namjoon rolls his chair closer, heels digging into the carpet as he stops in a stuttering halt beside Yoongi.

"What happened when you two went home last night?"

No lead up to it, no easing Yoongi into it slowly. Yoongi sinks down into his chair, hands squeezing lightly on the arms of the chair, "Joon."

"I saw Jeongguk earlier this morning. There was a spring in his step."

Yoongi gawks at Namjoon, mouth agape and chest feeling suddenly compressed, "And what has that got to do with me? The kid just had a good night."

Namjoon’s eyebrows rise, dubiety evident in the quirk of his lips, "That 'kid,' has never looked anything but miserable whilst on the clock. Hyung," Namjoon drops his voice, his hot, coffee breath hitting Yoongi's cheek as he says steadily, "He looked like a damn lovesick puppy."

What does that even mean? says the voice in Yoongi's head, but Yoongi's heart, for once, with its tiny animal at ease, feels light, airy, calm.

No wild thumping, no deathly palpitations. Just, calm.

The softness in Namjoon's gaze makes Yoongi want to claw his face off. "Did you really think you were being subtle last night? At one point I was convinced that you'd have that kid bent over the table before the main course was even served."

"Okay," Yoongi raises his hands, palms facing Namjoon as he pulls a face of discomfort, "Okay."

"I can't remember the last time you looked at someone the way you look at him."

"Why are we doing this when I've only had one cup of coffee, Joon? Why?"

"Why are you trying to avoid talking about him?" Namjoon counters, fast as lightning, "I don't get it. You're clearly fond of him."

Yoongi gnaws absently on the inside of his cheek, "You know me, always running away from my feelings and shit."

"Well, stop running."

"How?" Yoongi retorts, tone sharp and filled with what can only be described as distaste, "It's all I've ever done."

He hasn't had much experience in the realm of dating, not so much out of coincidence, more out of his own personal preference. Permanence isn't his most favourite thing in the world, especially not permanence when it comes to being tied to another person. Out of all of the late nights and early mornings he's spent in the company of someone, there's never been that one person who Yoongi's found himself drawn to.

"It's normal to be scared," Namjoon soothes, and Yoongi eyes the door, wondering how quickly he could bolt towards it without Namjoon dragging him back into the room, "But don't let your nerves rule you. Don't let Jeongguk slip through your fingers."
It's funny, how they can be screaming at each other one minute, then talking candidly and introspectively the next. Yoongi finds himself biting back an amused smirk when Namjoon glances up at the clock overlooking the large mahogany desk that Yoongi has oftentimes found himself staring at. "So, what happened when you got home? Don't try and tell me that you both just called it a night because I'm not blind, Yoongi."

Yoongi sucks in a deep breath before releasing it slowly, and he has to dig down deep within himself to muster up the energy needed to lay himself bare before Namjoon, who's always so annoyingly pensive when it comes to Yoongi and his qualms. "We talked. Jeongguk suggested we take things slow, and I said that I'd like that very much," Yoongi mutters, trying to avoid Namjoon's eye.

"Is 'talked,' a keyword for 'fucked'?” he grins, and Yoongi's quick to strike him sorely on his bicep in a scolding manner. "Hyung, ow," Namjoon whines, rubbing the stinging part of his arm.

"You're so annoying," Yoongi grouches before he smoothly readjusts his tie.

All Namjoon does is grin smugly. "I'm surprised. I thought the kid would have jumped you the second he had you away from prying eyes," Namjoon winks, and Yoongi feels warmth spread across his cheeks as he flexes his fingers slowly in his lap, "But, hey, slow? And it's the kid who suggested you try something out? Damn, Yoongi, you're really letting him take the reins." He reaches forward to pinch at Yoongi's bony thighs, and snickers when Yoongi swats his attacking fingers away, "I always thought that you were the one with the upper-hand."

"Stop looking at me like that," Yoongi pouts, averting his gaze from Namjoon's sickeningly adoring smirk, "I'm hungover enough as it is, I don't need your gooey admiration tipping me over the edge."

"It's cute," Namjoon insists through his smirk.

Yoongi pouts harder, nose scrunching and eyes narrowing as he murmurs, "I need a trashcan."

"When are you going to trial?" Jeongguk asks that afternoon on his lunch break. He reeks of garlic and soy sauce clings to the corners of his mouth when he scoots his chair closer to Yoongi at his desk. Yoongi's own food remains untouched to his left; he rarely finds time to eat when he's approaching trial. Jeongguk shoves some noodles into his mouth, and upon realising that not a single noodle has been touched in Yoongi's takeout box, grunts. "Eat, hyung," he quips around his mouthful of food.

Making a noise of refusal, Jeongguk frowns deeply at the side of Yoongi's face.

"How are you supposed to concentrate without any energy?" he grabs the takeout from in front of Yoongi, who sighs in annoyance when a lone piece of scallion falls onto his notes. "I'll eat it all," Jeongguk warns as he stirs the noodles around with his chopsticks, "You sure you don't want any?"

He'd hoped that Yoongi's selfishness would drive him to retrieve his lunch from Jeongguk's hands, but all Yoongi does is wave Jeongguk his approval.

Jeongguk's lower lip protrudes in a sulky pout. Determined, Jeongguk heaps a load of noodles onto his chopsticks, and brings the takeout box to Yoongi's chin, before ordering through a stifled giggle, "Open up, hyung."

"Jeongguk."

"Hyung."

"If I knew you were going to be this boisterous I would've-" his words are cut off by Jeongguk
unceremoniously shoving the noodles against Yoongi's lips, and Yoongi has no choice but to open up and choke around his food, hand banging on his chest and Jeongguk's hand slapping his back. The cacophony of Yoongi's spluttering, his chest being pounded and back being slapped makes for a rather interesting set of sounds.

"See? Not that hard, is it?" Jeongguk chortles, tears threatening to spill from the corners of his eyes as a result of his giggle fit.

"You're trying to kill me," Yoongi croaks, throat raw as he reaches forward to rip a tissue from his dispenser, "Not even a day into this and you're already trying to kill me."

Jeongguk's eyebrows quirk, "A day into 'this,'" he repeats, a smile playing on his lips when he notices Yoongi's gaze flicker to the window in front of them. To put Yoongi at ease, Jeongguk lets his head fall gently onto Yoongi's shoulder, brings his hand to splay gently across the softness of Yoongi's stomach, and the gesture itself makes Yoongi's breath hitch.

It's hard to get your work done when you've got a very beautiful boy snoozing on your shoulder, and it's even harder to get your work done when said boy insists on rubbing soft circles against your stomach. Yoongi tries to focus on his notes; Prosecution will have a field day with the forensic evidence, they'll hone in on Daesuk's abusive past, laying on the table all of the injustices he's done to women in the past, Daesuk's bound to be found guilty, proclaiming innocence is futile, get in contact with Hoseok and negotiate a plea bargain...

His focus drifts the further he gets in his notes, the lighter Jeongguk's touch feels on his stomach, the lower his hand travels until his fingers come to rest on Yoongi's belt.

"Mmm-Kook," Yoongi interrupts, rearranging himself in his seat, forcing Jeongguk's hand to fall and his head to lift off of Yoongi's shoulder, "This is nice and all, but I really need to get some work done. Trial is a week away and I haven't even properly outlined my approach."

Looking dazed from his speedy snooze, Jeongguk blinks blankly at Yoongi. "You work so hard," he says, sounding like he'd just made the observation.

Yoongi can't help but smile at Jeongguk's sleepy blinks, "It might look like I do, but really, this job just requires twenty-four hour attention."

Having accepted the fact that Yoongi's attention needs to be elsewhere, Jeongguk collects his empty takeout box and Yoongi's full one before heading towards the door.

He lingers in the doorway for a moment, and Yoongi swivels around in his chair to face him. "Forgetting anything?" he grins, and it doesn't take Jeongguk much more than a second to close the distance between them and plant a big, wet kiss on Yoongi's lips. "That's not what I meant, but," Yoongi laughs, wiping his mouth with the back of his hand out of embarrassment.

Jeongguk beams, "There's plenty more where that came from," he promises, and Yoongi's looking him dead in the eye as his register drops, as he mews, "And I think that you'll deserve something special once you've gotten all your work done, hyung."

Intrigued, Yoongi finds his gaze fixated on the shine on Jeongguk's bottom lip, "Well, I guess I'll have to get it done fast, then," he replies lowly.

He watches as Jeongguk nods, as what can only be described as a devilish smile stretches across his face, as he exits.

The moment the door softly clicks shut, Yoongi reaches for his glass of water, downs it, shoves on
his glasses, and gets down to business.

He finds Jeongguk cocooned in his duvet when he finally gets home after midnight, and the television casts a cold blue glow over the living room when he chucks his briefcase onto the coffee table. "You don't need to wait up for me," Yoongi mumbles, voice sounding scratchy from hours without use.

After removing his coat, Yoongi digs around in its pockets, pulling out his pack of cigarettes and his lighter from his slacks' pocket.

"I know I don't 'need' to," Jeongguk replies, watching Yoongi place the cigarette between his lips before he heads towards his small balcony's door. "I want to," he calls after Yoongi when the chill of midnight creeps into his bones whilst he gazes out at the surrounding city.

As he flicks the lighter to life, Yoongi smiles to himself as the cigarette begins to burn.

Jeongguk appears beside him, duvet discarded on the sofa, his sleepwear not warm enough to be out in the wind. "You'll catch your death," Yoongi chides gently, smoke drifting before him as its effects cast a relaxed sensation over him. He feels Jeongguk's tentative hands rest on his hips, feels his front press firmly against his back, and Yoongi takes another heavy drag when Jeongguk props his chin on his shoulder.

"I don't care," Jeongguk sighs, eyes falling closed as his hands on Yoongi's hips sneak around to wrap around his waist. He rocks from one foot to the other, gently swaying them as Yoongi continues to make work of his cigarette. The closer he gets to its butt, the harder his heart pounds in his chest; it's like a countdown. "Can I have some?" Jeongguk pipes up suddenly, and Yoongi frowns.

"You don't smoke," Yoongi states, though he doesn't know if that's entirely true.

It's halfway finished when Jeongguk reaches forward to pluck it from Yoongi's fingertips, and with his now free hand, Yoongi reaches back to softly ruffle Jeongguk's hair as he feels his chest expand and then watches the smoke pour into the night sky before them. "Sometimes I do," he says as he returns the cigarette to Yoongi.

"Well, you shouldn't," Yoongi scolds, and Jeongguk nuzzles his face in against Yoongi's neck to hide his grin.

When there, Yoongi's teeth clamp down when he feels Jeongguk's hot breath just below his ear, and when he takes another drag and feels the wetness of Jeongguk's tongue on his skin, with his free hand, Yoongi places his hand over Jeongguk's on his abdomen. He begins to kiss and lick, and the noises are all in Yoongi's right ear, and they're all making his knees feel like they could easily buckle any second now.

"Did you have a good day?" Jeongguk hums against Yoongi's skin between kisses.

Yoongi doesn't even try to hide the breathy sound that slips from his lips when Jeongguk takes his earlobe between his teeth. Ash is collecting on his cigarette, it's almost out, but he needs one more drag, just one to give him strength for what's happening, for what Jeongguk's doing to him. "It was okay," Yoongi whispers, smoke leaving his lips in the same breath. He stamps out the cigarette on
the balcony's railing, and hisses lowly when Jeongguk's hips begin to lightly move against him.

"Just 'okay'?" he can hear the pout in Jeongguk's words, the faux disappointment.

There's things he wants to say, things that his pride is telling him not to say, like *You're what made it okay, and Without you, it would've been horrible*. But, he restrains himself, he gets distracted by Jeongguk's wandering hands, by Jeongguk's hips, by Jeongguk's lips and soft sounds slipping from said lips as he leaves his marks on Yoongi's skin.

Jeongguk grips him by his shoulders, and in his daze, Yoongi feels himself being turned, sees Jeongguk come into view, feels like he's looking at the world's beauty in one form.

There's a small distance between them, and Yoongi so very badly wishes to close it. It's so tiny, he could be pressed flush against Jeongguk by now, just inch forward, just a little bit. "Well," Jeongguk begins, tone deep, wisps of hair softly blowing in the breeze as he grasps Yoongi's hand, as he pulls him back towards the light shining through the door of the apartment, "Hopefully your night will be much better."

With that, Yoongi succumbs, he takes what he wants, what Jeongguk wants him to take. He locks lips with Jeongguk and returns Jeongguk's own low moan as he takes control, as the balcony door slams shut after he directs their tangled limbs towards the sofa. In their hurry, he'd knocked his shin off of the coffee table, Jeongguk's knee had dug sorely into his stomach, Jeongguk's teeth had been a bit too rough with his bottom lip, but the pain is distant, it's painless, all he feels is exhilaration, the wild thump of his heart in his chest and the familiar, sweet warmth in the deep pit of his stomach.

His hands find Jeongguk's narrow hips, his fingertips dig deep into his skin and Jeongguk's whine pours into Yoongi's mouth as he grinds down against him, sending shockwaves up Yoongi's entire body. He chases after the feeling, slides his hands down Jeongguk's waist to rest on his ass, to dig deep into his flesh, to guide Jeongguk's slow but wonderful movements. Jeongguk presses his cheek against Yoongi's as he pulls away for air, as he pants and curses at the empty air.

It's all so fast, so intense, Yoongi feels as if he's in a frenzy when Jeongguk reaches down to tear his shirt out of his slacks, and as he in-turn sneaks his hand up Jeongguk's battered t-shirt to feel the hotness of Jeongguk's skin. His other hand slips beneath the material too, and both travel up the plane of Jeongguk's back, fingertips dipping into its indentation, feeling his shoulder blades cut his hands as he reaches forward to bury his face in against Jeongguk's breast.

Words are hard. Yoongi feels like his tongue is tied, like he's suddenly forgotten what muscles are needed to speak, but Jeongguk, he remembers, "I want to help you relax," he gasps as he circles his hips, and he's hard, just like Yoongi is, "I want-I want..." he babbles as Yoongi pulls his t-shirt over his head, watching in awe as Jeongguk's mussed hair sticks up in every which way. "I want you," he chokes out, finally, whimpering softly when Yoongi's tongue circles his left nipple, when his lips wrap around the small nub and suck, *"I fucking want you,*" Jeongguk growls with much more acerbity on his tongue, as if the thought alone makes him feel untamed.

Yoongi presses kisses onto his skin, nipping in a few places, licking in whatever places he'd nipped too hard, moaning in-between each action as Jeongguk's words continue to flow. His hips move with much more fervour, and Yoongi tastes the saltiness of sweat on Jeongguk's skin as his hardness grows more and more uncomfortable in the constraints of his slacks. "You've been so good to me," Jeongguk whimpers, just as Yoongi's hand trails from his neck and downwards, to reach his clothed, neglected cock which Yoongi palms with a gentle gasp, "*Hyung,* please."

It's different when they're in their own quarters, when eyes aren't watching them. Yoongi doesn't have to police himself, he doesn't have to keep his touches light and tentative, he can do what
Jeongguk asks of him, anything that Jeongguk asks of him. He strokes Jeongguk's length gently through his loose pyjama bottoms (a pair that Yoongi had bought eons ago that had turned out to be too large for him), watching his hand work smoothly along its prominent form.

_Slow_, Yoongi thinks, This is slow?

"Please," he hears Jeongguk say again, desperation evident in his tone, in his hips' rough grinding, seeking the friction he so desperately craves.

"I don't know what you want," Yoongi panics, and for some reason, the haziness around his vision's edges is dispersing, his clarity is coming crashing back in waves, and _God_, he doesn't know what even he himself wants.

Jeongguk's hips immediately halt, and Yoongi gazes up at him, staring deeply into his heavy-lidded, blown-wide eyes. There's goosebumps on Jeongguk's skin, Yoongi realises belatedly. "You," Jeongguk answers simply as he bends to press a kiss to the damp hair hanging over Yoongi's forehead, "I want you, now, more than I've ever wanted anyone before."

Yoongi's brows quirk, a flattered smile threatening to slip through his neutral facade, "Specifically," Yoongi lowers his voice as he becomes bashful, "What is it that you want?"

He sits back on Yoongi's thighs, hands resting on his own thighs as he regards Yoongi quietly. He can see the cogs working in Jeongguk's mind, the way his eyes dart across Yoongi's face, searching for nothing in particular. When Jeongguk smirks, Yoongi lifts his hands up to smooth softly across Jeongguk's sides. He breathes in deeply, and exhales slowly, "Whatever you want, I want. But, if we're being specific," his front teeth peek out to dig lightly into his lower lip as he contemplates before continuing, "All I've wanted for a while now is for you to fuck me."

"Oh," Yoongi, dumbstruck, responds reflexively, and his hands stop smoothing along Jeongguk's sides. He wonders how long constitutes 'a while.'

"I want to thank you for everything you've done for me by being the best fuck you've ever had," he's not looking at Yoongi, is instead intently focused on a spot on Yoongi's chest, "I want to be able to help you to wind down after a long day, I want you to feel relaxed and happy, I want to kiss you in the morning and be repulsed by your morning breath."

Yoongi guffaws, "That took a turn."

Jeongguk smiles bashfully, "Your morning breath is pretty bad, hyung."

"Yours isn't much better, kid," he reaches up to gently knock Jeongguk's chin with his knuckle, and watches in ridiculous adoration when Jeongguk bites back a shy smile. The mood's long gone, but Yoongi isn't mad, and neither is Jeongguk, not when Yoongi pulls him down onto his chest and rearranges them both on the couch so that half of Jeongguk's weight is on Yoongi's chest, his head tucked right beneath Yoongi's chin. "Kiss me tomorrow morning and one of your wishes will be granted," Yoongi jests when a comfortable silence settles.

Jeongguk pinches his side playfully, causing Yoongi to yelp in surprise.

Yoongi almost predicted what Jeongguk was to say next.

"What about my other 'wishes,' hyung?"

Feeling bold, bolder than he's ever felt before, Yoongi kisses the top of Jeongguk's head, and with ease, assures, "I'll fuck you soon enough, baby."
The jarring sound of the judge slamming the gavel against the sound block is what snaps Yoongi out of his waking reverie, and he props his chin on his hand as he watches the judge miserably fail to get his court back in order after Daesuk's family screamed something about, 'Lies, filthy lies!'

Yoongi rolls his eyes; science never lies.

When an officer intervenes in the fracas behind Yoongi and Daesuk, Yoongi remains blank, dully watching as the judge's blood pressure rises before his very eyes.

What Yoongi had feared is confirmed when, after a few minutes pass and after relative calmness settles, the judge sighs, "Given the environment of today's session, I feel that it's best to call it a day. I will ask the family of the defendant to be more respectful tomorrow when court starts at 10am. Court is now adjourned." He brings down the gavel, signalling the real end, and Yoongi sinks down lower into his seat.

"Fucking bastard," he curses quietly beneath his breath; the longer a trial is drawn out, in Yoongi's experience, the worse his stress gets.

"We were only getting started," Daesuk says, sounding perplexed, oblivious to the reason as to why he was sitting in his chair for all of ten minutes.

Yoongi reclines in his seat. He watches the officers cuff Daesuk as he sighs, "Yeah, and if your disruptive family had some Goddamn manners I'd be standing up there fighting for your fucking life. Talk to them and get them in order, for Christ's sake," Yoongi shoves his notes into his folder, trying to distract himself from the fact that his blood is dangerously over boiling point.

"Give them a break," Daesuk mumbles, eyes downcast as an officer clicks his shackles into position on his ankles, "Their son and brother's up for murder."

Yoongi's quick to snap his head up to bore daggers into Daesuk, "I fucking know he is, I'm the one who has to vouch for said fucking son. Had they gotten any louder they would've been charged with contempt of court so trust me, Daesuk, the reason I'm being an asshole right now is because I don't want anymore Goddamn Lees behind bars."

He's cranky, and he shouldn't be, he has no reason to be when he'd been woken up so smoothly by Jeongguk, with a mug of coffee in his hand and a sleepy smile on his face. There's just something about the judicial environment that has Yoongi constantly teetering over the edge, whether it's because of the proper image he has to uphold or the pressure he puts himself under, to strive for his clients' best outcome, Yoongi really isn't sure.

He watches Daesuk be led away, and with him being one of the last to leave, Yoongi sits for a moment, massaging his temples, trying to calm himself down.
The only cure for his mounting nerves is a nap, which he typically catches in his office, and which Yoongi looks forward to whilst he stares blankly at his reflection in the elevator's shiny doors as he climbs floor after floor. When the doors open, and when Yoongi's eyes land on the back of someone's familiarly-shaped head, Yoongi wonders how painful would it be if he were to punch the elevator's steel walls.

*Some peace and quiet, Yoongi thinks, that's all I want.*

He turns, and Yoongi has to concentrate hard to make the muscles in his face pull his lips into a tight smile.

"Ah, Yoongi! We didn't get to speak earlier, sorry I had to rush, Joon wanted to meet for lunch."

"Y'know, a simple 'hello,' would've been nice. We don't need to live up to the stereotypical depiction of there being beef between prosecution and defence," Yoongi gets straight to the point, leaving no room for boring, pointless small talk. Yoongi gestures for him to follow him down into his office, and calls back at the receptionist to, "Tell anyone who calls that I'm not available."

"How's the case going?" he asks, tone jocular, and Yoongi scoffs.

"Hoseok," he warns, "We're not discussing this. We're friends right now, Hobi and Yoongi, not Mr. Min and Mr. Jung."

Hoseok smirks, "It still sounds so weird when you call me that."

Stripping off his suit jacket, Yoongi invites Hoseok to sit on the small sofa in the corner of his office.

"Let me say one thing before we put it to bed," Hoseok inches forward, unbuttoning his suit jacket and steepling his fingers pensively beneath his chin, "I'm sorry for not letting the plea bargain fly. Looking at the evidence and his past, I couldn't be lenient, hyung. I know you're pushing manslaughter, but that bastard fully intended on killing Hyemi."

Twisting his neck slightly, when Yoongi hears that satisfying *pop*! sound of his bones clicking, he breathes in deeply, "Daesuk's more or less accepted his fate. He's not as stupid as he was when we began this whole fucking ordeal, he realises that his biological footprints were plastered all over the scene. Don't worry about it," Yoongi pauses, and manages to hold back his smile when he adds, *"Mr. Jung."

"Stop," Hoseok interrupts, smiling amusedly. "Enough murder talk," he claps, finally signalling an end to the appearances they have to upkeep for work.

The difference is stark when they're both off the clock, Yoongi's much more lethargic, less snappy, and Hoseok's more playful, less serious.

"I haven't seen you in almost three months," Yoongi frowns, feeling a little bit hurt by the realisation that they hadn't chilled on his couch in weeks.

Hoseok shrugs, "What do you want me to tell you? I've been up to my tonsils. I'm lucky if I get four hours of sleep. I'm not gonna complain because y'know, work is work, money is money, but I think I need a night to just let loose, y'know?"

Nodding, Yoongi smiles, completely relating to him.

"Fill me in on what's been happening in Château de Jung. Is, uh, is... Is he still around?" Yoongi scratches idly at the nape of his neck, trying to hide the fact that he can't remember the name of the
last guy Hoseok was hooking up with.

Narrowing his eyes, Hoseok stares at Yoongi, "Haechan," Hoseok offers flatly, and the imaginary bulb hovering above the crown of Yoongi's head belatedly switches to life.

"Right. Him," Yoongi mutters, absently picking lint off of his slacks.

Hoseok shakes his head, "Nah, he was just a fling, nothing more, nothing less."

He waits for it, the 'And what about you?' question, he waits for it and he's ready to wax poetic about Jeongguk when the man himself comes bustling into Yoongi's office unannounced.

Hoseok jolts when the handle turns, and Jeongguk, with his backpack on his back, halts abruptly when his eyes land on Hoseok.

He glances between the two, and Yoongi wants to pull him towards him, to rid him of his wide, confused gaze.

"Sorry for interrupting," Jeongguk mutters, turning to make his exit but Yoongi, feeling like a live-wire, makes a noise of objection.

He clears his throat, "You're not interrupting anything," he assures gently, and gestures for Jeongguk to enter back into his office.

Hoseok eyes the two of them, especially Jeongguk, who looks like a deer in headlights, caught off guard and lost. "Who's this?" Hoseok pipes up, his trademark grin wide and welcoming as he crosses his legs. Yoongi's gaze flits from the two, from Jeongguk's perplexed countenance, to Hoseok's amused one; he knows, or, he's got an inkling as to what's going on.

Jeongguk looks to Yoongi, as if seeking permission to speak, and Yoongi wants to face palm when Hoseok's laughter echoes through the air. "You don't need his go ahead, do you?"

Forcing a shy smile, Jeongguk shakes his head, "Sorry, no, I don't. I'm Jeongguk," he extends his hand out for Hoseok to take, which he squeezes earnestly, and flashes Jeongguk his brightest most infectious smile. Yoongi remembers the days when that very smile would win him over no matter the situation, no matter the request.

"Jeongguk," Hoseok repeats as he pats the place next to him, inviting Jeongguk to sit, "And tell me, what are you to Yoongi-hyung?"

Again, Jeongguk looks to Yoongi, and Yoongi, with his arms folded, waves his hand towards Jeongguk, gesturing for him to continue, that it's okay.

"I," he begins, pausing, hesitant to continue as Hoseok sits patiently, small smile on his face, "I just work here."

He says it right as he's looking at Yoongi, and Yoongi's soft expression falls, his arms unfold as he glances at Hoseok, who looks like he did not expect for Jeongguk to say that. Technically speaking, he was just Yoongi's colleague, well, a different level of colleague than Namjoon, anyway. "You're too young to be an attorney," Hoseok states, looking Jeongguk up and down, inspecing his youth, "Far too young."

Jeongguk shakes his head quickly, "No, I mean, I'm a cleaner. Yoongi gave me the job."

If Hoseok was lost before, he's definitely lost now as he shoots Yoongi a look, one that silently asks
"Yoongi to explain what the hell is happening. "Yoongi gave you the job?" he questions before pouting pensively.

As Jeongguk stands awkwardly and stiff to his left, and Hoseok sits in a state of confusion with a thousand questions on his lips, Yoongi sighs heavily before shoving Jeongguk towards the sofa, which he falls clumsily onto, and narrowly avoiding falling onto Hoseok.

"Enough of the bullshit, yes, Jeongguk works here but he's," Yoongi stops, checks that Hoseok's paying attention, and of course he is, his gaze is burning holes right through Yoongi, "We are kind of, uh, we're..."

"Going slow," Jeongguk offers with a helping smile.

Nodding graciously towards Jeongguk, Yoongi levels Hoseok, "What he said."

Hoseok reacts just as Yoongi had expected him to react.

As a man who never does anything casually, Hoseok pulls out the theatrics, his face lights up, his full shining set of teeth come on show for Yoongi and Jeongguk to see, and then he bounces onto his feet, pulling Jeongguk up with him. "Why didn't you fucking say so!" he exclaims as he holds Jeongguk at arms length by his shoulders, examining him closely before making what Yoongi presumes is an excited noise of approval. Hoseok then grasps Jeongguk's hand and twirls him around, and Yoongi hides his face in embarrassment when Hoseok omits a pleased, "Wow!"

Yoongi watches Jeongguk lightly scratch his nose to mask his escaped giggle when Hoseok continues to talk at him, saying things like, "Our Yoongi got himself a stunner," and, much less kind, "How the fuck did Yoongi-hyung, of all people, nab someone as handsome as you, Mr. Jeongguk?"

"Thank you, Hoseok, really," Yoongi interjects, tone flat and expression unimpressed, and Hoseok ignores him entirely.

"What age are you, kid?" Hoseok asks carefully, and Yoongi wants to flick him; he can hear the way Hoseok's bracing himself for the worst.

Jeongguk smirks, "Wow, you and Yoongi really are alike, huh?"

Hoseok frowns, cocks his head to the side, quietly questioning.

"'Kid,'" Jeongguk and Yoongi explain in unison, and they glance shyly at one another when Hoseok laughs loudly.

"That's cute," he smiles, patting Yoongi hard on his back and pulling Jeongguk closer, tucking him underneath his arm.

"He's nineteen," Yoongi asserts, "And currently staying with me. There's more to it, but I've ran out of cigarettes and I've only had one coffee today, so the rest can wait for another day."

Hoseok's fine in small doses, but as time progresses, his buoyant attitude begins to grate on Yoongi, and now, as he shares anecdotes of their University days, Yoongi's chin slips off of its propped position on his hand as he hears the same story Hoseok tells every new acquaintance.

"Joon had this guy over, a real handsome dude with longish raven hair, y'know the kind that was in at the time, and then I come home with this guy, he was kinda quiet, but y'know, adorably quiet, the type whose shyness dies the second they're behind closed doors," Hoseok elbows Jeongguk playfully, and Yoongi bites back a laugh when he sees Jeongguk's rosy red cheeks and drowsy, far-
away eyes, "Anyway, I'm on the sofa with him, doing my thing, and Joon's guy comes out of the bedroom. Without my knowing why, my lap's suddenly empty, my guy's launching himself towards Joon's guy, and I'm here sitting on the sofa wondering why the hell my dick isn't getting sucked, and why the hell my guy and Joon's guy are exchanging increasingly heated words."

"This is going somewhere, right, Hoseok?" Yoongi interjects, sounding bored, pouting at Jeongguk when Hoseok hisses at him to, 'Shush.'

"Turns out, these two schmucks were best friends, like, Yoongi-and-I-level friends. My guy had a thing for Joon for months and he was only using me as a way to get to him, but Joon's guy got there before him, without telling his best friend. The two were having a full-on screaming match in our dorm, and if I remember correctly, some property was damaged amidst the match. But, whilst all of this was happening, whilst Joon had a vice grip on his guy's waist and whilst I had my asshole of a guy's hands pinned above him against the wall, Yoongi comes moseying in, not a care in the damn world, doesn't even blink an eye at me, or my guy, or half-naked Joon, or half-naked Joon's guy, collects a carton of orange juice from the refrigerator, and asks, whilst we're all panting heavily, 'Something going on?'

Hoseok dissolves into laughter, and despite his thousand mile star during the storytelling, Jeongguk finds himself laughing, more at Hoseok's laughter than the story itself.

Yoongi nods, "I remember that. I just wanted my damn orange juice," he pouts, suddenly petulant after being made fun of.

After wiping his tears, Hoseok sighs, "Moral of the story, my sweet Jeongguk, is that this man," Hoseok jabs his thumb in Yoongi's direction, "He might seem like he's high maintenance, but really, small comforts is what keeps him happy. Deep down, he's a softie, and he doesn't care for drama and shit like that, he likes normalcy, routine. That day, he mightn't have gotten involved in the fight, but when push comes to shove, I don't doubt for one second that he could knock someone's lights out."

Smiling knowingly, and looking like he's holding himself back from telling the story of him and Yoongi's first encounter, Jeongguk ducks his head.

He looks right at Yoongi as he says, "Oh, I'm sure he could, Hoseok."

"Why? Why would he intentionally kill his ex-wife, that same ex-wife who birthed his first child? Sure, the two had a rough past, what with the both of them resorting to violence when arguments went sour, but that doesn't mean that the Mr. Lee sat down one day with a pen and paper and outlined just exactly how he'd go about murdering his estranged wife," Yoongi paces across the floor, envisioning his notes in his mind, remembering each infinitesimal detail as the stares of a couple dozen people strike him from every angle.

It's week three of trial, and in those three weeks, Yoongi's consumed approximately 63 cups of coffee, smoked in or around 92 cigarettes, and slept a measly 63 hours.

"On the night of the murder, after spending some time with his girlfriend and picking up some ibuprofen for her migraine, Mr. Lee went to visit Hyemi's house. He wanted to discuss child support with her, about possibly lessening the amount he owed because bills were beginning to pile up. After Hyemi refused, Mr. Lee became angry, and he has since said that he can recall her saying something
along the lines of him being a horrible father, though the language was more colourful, I'm sure. Mr. Lee took great offense to that, so he acted out, but not before Hyemi launched towards him, and in doing so, scratched the left side of Mr. Lee's face. This can be confirmed by photographic evidence," he gestures towards the projector, "And also by traces of Mr. Lee's DNA that was found embedded beneath Hyemi's fingertips."

Hoseok shoots out of his seat, "Objection."

Frowning, Yoongi faces the judge, palms outstretched and eyebrows raised as he innocently waits for the judge's expected, "Overruled. Continue, Mr. Min."

Fuming, Hoseok sinks back down into his seat.

"I'm sure prosecution was about to intervene and argue that Mr. Lee's DNA was under Hyemi's fingernails as a result of self-defence, but forensic analysis exemplified that the amount of DNA collected was just too plentiful for it to be as a corollary of self-defence," one side of his lips upturns in a smug smirk when he passes Hoseok during his stroll across the floor, hands behind his back and chest pushed out. This is when Yoongi's at his most confident, if not inwardly, outwardly.

Afterwards, and after a tense exchange with Hoseok, during which Yoongi found himself being reprimanded for, 'Being too fucking cocky,' what Yoongi finds waiting for him at the bottom of the courthouse's stone steps is a face that sticks out like a sore thumb amongst the suited crowd.

"You here to walk me home?" Yoongi drawls as he lugs his tired limbs down the last few steps to Jeongguk who's watching him, his hands deep in his pockets and hood pulled over his head. He doesn't stop to talk, and smiles down at the ground when Jeongguk falls in step alongside him.

"Walking alone in the dark attracts some dangerous people, hyung."

Yoongi smirks when Jeongguk softly nudges him. "You'd know, wouldn't you?" Yoongi lilts.

Grinning, Jeongguk draws his lower lip between his teeth, and then, Yoongi feels his hand brush against his, feels his fingers open up Yoongi's hand so he can entwine their fingers together. "I thought we could get some food, go to one of my old haunts," Jeongguk suggests, and Yoongi squeezes his hand tightly, a surreptitious gesture to let Jeongguk know that he thinks that would be a lovely idea.

It's a far cry from the restaurants and clubs him and Namjoon frequent, what with its location being down an alleyway and up a rickety fire escape. As they ascend the steel staircase, Yoongi gazes up at the yellow, dimly lit word 'Solas,' and once inside, the place has a sort of charm to it, with its dusty multicoloured fairy lights trailing from the ceiling and its decade-old posters dotted its walls. All walks of life sit around the tables, and Yoongi doesn't feel as out of his depth as he'd expected to feel.

They sit in the corner, on some beat-up plush chairs with the patio doors opened to their right, bringing in the night air and scent of smoke into the establishment.

"What do you think?" Jeongguk inquires as he sits back to watch Yoongi take in his surroundings, and he just has to smile at how different Yoongi is to the other characters around them, with his expensive suit that most of the people in the place probably couldn't afford, "It's nothing special, but I've made a lot of memories in this place," Jeongguk trails off, and Yoongi watches as his expression slowly falls, as, he presumes, old memories come rushing to the forefront of Jeongguk's mind.

Yoongi smiles politely at the waitress who brings him a tall glass of beer. "Nonsense, Guk. It's
lovely, cosy," Yoongi insists as he takes a long-awaited sip of his cold brew.

Jeongguk orders them his typical dish, which Yoongi doesn't catch the name of, but which looks like any other regular bowl of ramen. The difference in this dish, however, is the taste. "Fuck, this is good," Yoongi blows at the steam rising off of his noodles before shoving them into his mouth, hissing when the spices hit his tastebuds.

"A day of court must make you hungry," Jeongguk comments, watching with satisfaction when Yoongi shoves every last morsel into his mouth. "Speaking of court," Jeongguk pauses, takes a sip from his beer, "Can I sit in on trial one day? I wanna see what it's like to be an observer rather than a perpetrator, and maybe, just maybe I wanna see you hold down a courtroom," he winks cheekily at Yoongi, who responds by rolling his eyes and sighing heavily.

"If you're in the gallery, you'll distract me," Yoongi frowns, concentrating deeply on wrapping as many noodles as possible around his chopsticks.

"But you wouldn't be facing the gallery," Jeongguk defends, "I'll sit at the back. You won't even see me."

"I'll know you're there, though. Your presence is enough to make me skittish."

Jeongguk cocks his head to the side, curiosity tickled, "Are you saying I make you nervous?" he asks with a cheshire grin, and Yoongi gapes at him.

"No."

Jeongguk's brows raise upwards, "Are you sure? Because that's what it sounds like you're saying."

Opening his mouth to speak, Yoongi closes it immediately, then opens it again, and closes it again. "No," he insists, affronted, "It's just," Yoongi shifts in his seat, trying desperately to avoid Jeongguk's piercing, unmoving gaze, "I'll put myself under too much damn pressure by wanting to perform better if you're there. I'll wanna be a show off, y'know."

He pays no mind to Jeongguk for a moment or two, instead focuses his attention on finishing his food, and when he does finally look up, Jeongguk's looking at him with something dark in his eyes. "That's sexy," he informs, and Yoongi instantly stops chewing, "Really sexy."

Frozen, Yoongi loudly swallows down his mouthful of food.

Clearing his throat, Yoongi drops his chopsticks into his bowl, "Cockiness gets you going? Noted."

Jeongguk slouches back into his chair, body language loose and relaxed, open, and Yoongi feels something dangerous stirring inside of him.

When their waitress passes by them, Jeongguk's lazy gaze follows her, and then he's looking at Yoongi with what can only be describe as hunger written across his face.

"Get the cheque, hyung," he orders lowly, and Yoongi, almost instantly, raises his hand to beckon their waitress over.

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He can't even take one breath when they're over the threshold, because Jeongguk's on him before
Yoongi can even unbutton his coat.

His briefcase falls to the floor, forgotten when Jeongguk all but shoves Yoongi up against the door once it closes.

"I've needed you all day," Jeongguk rasps against Yoongi's lips, and Yoongi returns a soft sigh, his eyes fluttering closed when Jeongguk part his lips with the point of his tongue, "It's boring when you're not in the office," he continues, and upon noticing that Yoongi's fumbling fingers are struggling to undo his coat, assists him by easily popping open each button.

Yoongi takes it upon himself to guide them towards his bedroom, a place where Jeongguk rarely is, and one where Yoongi feels he needs to be. He pushes Yoongi's coat off of his shoulders, and then pulls his hoodie off over his head, tugging his t-shirt underneath with it. When his eyes land on Jeongguk's bare skin, Yoongi pouts, and Jeongguk smirks as he sits himself down on Yoongi's bed.

"'You not gonna help me?" Yoongi grouches as he kicks off his shoes, cursing as his sore feet impact the wooden floor.

Making himself comfortable, Jeongguk shakes his head. "Nope. I wanna watch," he cheeps, and Yoongi feels the redness bloom across his cheeks and down his neck as he casts his gaze downwards and slowly, slowly continues to unbutton his shirt. Once it's open, and once it falls off of his shoulders and onto the ground, Yoongi grasps his undershirt, hesitating before he finally musters up enough courage to pull it up and over his head.

A wave of vulnerability washes over Yoongi when he glances towards Jeongguk, who's watching him very carefully. He's much more golden than Yoongi, who leans toward the paler side of tanned, and much more trim, and Yoongi curses all of those times he'd treated himself to one too many pastries. Where Jeongguk's toned, Yoongi's soft. As if sensing Yoongi's thought process, Jeongguk moves to the very edge of the bed, and holds Yoongi's gaze as he says, quietly, almost shyly, "You're very beautiful, Yoongi."

His heart's tiny animal decides to make itself known by jumping around excitedly, by squealing and running around in hyperactive circles.

Feeling bashful, Yoongi wraps his hands around himself, hugging himself, "Says you," he counters with a small smile.

Gazing at him softly, Jeongguk gestures him over, "C'mere, hyung."

Feeling brazen, Yoongi's mouth pulls into a questioning pout, "What happened to 'I wanna watch you'?"

In a poor attempt to hide his laugh behind his hand, Jeongguk bites back his grin, and Yoongi catches the swirling darkness in Jeongguk's eyes, the way his lids have grown heavier, how he's absently worrying his bottom lip as he looks Yoongi up and down, not even bothering to hide the fact that he's checking Yoongi out.

"I'm impatient, that's what happened, now come here."

Doing what he's told, Yoongi plants his feet in front of Jeongguk. The atmosphere shifts right when Jeongguk inches forward, eyes focused up at Yoongi, checking for his reaction when he plants the lightest of kisses above his navel. Seeming pleased by Yoongi's response (by his soft gasp, by his hand coming up to thread through Jeongguk's hair), Jeongguk continues delivering kisses unto Yoongi's stomach, hands smoothing up along his thighs, fingertips dipping into his pockets and
tugging downwards, teasing, smirking as he whispers against Yoongi's skin, "I want these off."

With a slight waver in his voice, Yoongi husks, "Take them off, then."

Grinning with his bottom lip caught between his teeth, Jeongguk shakes his head, and Yoongi's head tips back when, without warning, Jeongguk smooths over the bulge of his cock with his hand before bringing his mouth forward to press one little kiss onto his length. "I'll take them off soon," Jeongguk promises huskily, and when Yoongi lifts his head to gaze down at him through hazy eyes, he sharply inhales.

Jeongguk mouths along his cock, wetting Yoongi's slacks, the noise of his teeth dragging against the material ringing in Yoongi's ears as his fingers in Jeongguk's hair go slack.

When Yoongi's as hard as he could possibly be, and when he feels blissed out and dizzy, he uses Jeongguk's hair to pull him away. A noise of displeasure bursts from Jeongguk, but Yoongi's quick to dip down and kiss away his frustration, tongue circling around Jeongguk's and teeth tugging roughly at his lower lip. "I wanna blow you," Jeongguk gasps between kisses, moaning when Yoongi reaches down between Jeongguk's legs to palm over his hardening cock.

Yoongi's more than happy to oblige, to give Jeongguk what he wants as he returns to his standing position, where Jeongguk plants his hands on Yoongi's ass and pulls him forward, smiling when Yoongi lets out a surprised squeak. He makes quick work of Yoongi's fly, and releases a soft, "Mmm," when he yanks Yoongi's slacks and boxers down around his thighs.

He has to grip Jeongguk's hair tightly, especially when he holds Yoongi's stare right as he presses a sweet kiss to the head of his cock, smiling whilst doing so. If he'd been holding back in volume before, Yoongi's definitely not holding back now as he growls, "Fuck," when Jeongguk takes the head of his cock into his mouth, tongue swirling slowly around it, driving Yoongi closer and closer to the edge. Any slight amount of attention to his cock is almost too much.

When his fingers reflexively pull Jeongguk's hair a bit too hard, Jeongguk squeaks around his cock before gently slapping Yoongi's hip. He comes up for air, gasping in air as he pouts up at Yoongi, "Too hard."

With rosy cheeks, Yoongi gulps, trying to compose himself. "Sorry," he breathes, and brings the back of his hand up to softly caress the side of Jeongguk's face.

Jeongguk's dark expression takes Yoongi aback, and he can't help but laugh breathily. "Don't be sorry," he wraps his hand around Yoongi's cock, smiling out of pride when Yoongi's eyes immediately slam shut. Stroking slowly, flicking his wrist the way he likes to with himself, he mewls, "I like it a bit rough."

They both stare at each other for a moment, their lips parted, eyes blown-wide with lust, but, their stare is rudely broken by knocking at the front door.

Or rather, banging.

Yoongi groans loudly, "Who the fuck is that?"

He doesn't want Jeongguk to get up, to leave his cock hanging hard outside of his trousers, but he does, and he throws an apologetic look Yoongi's way before sighing, "Do you want to get it or will I?"

They both jolt when the banging picks up again, and Yoongi can just feel his blood beginning to simmer as he rearranges his dick uncomfortably beneath his belt before zipping up his trousers and
collecting his shirt from the floor. After pulling on his shirt and not bothering to do up the buttons, he waves Jeongguk away. "I'll answer it. If it's Namjoon, I wanna be the one to have the pleasure of slamming the door in his face."

But that pleasure never comes, because when Yoongi opens the door, it's not Namjoon, or Seokjin, or even Hoseok waiting on his doorstep.

"Do I know you?" Yoongi's brow furrows suspiciously as the stranger glances maniacally to his left and right.

"Uh," he starts, and then, Yoongi's eyes widens, his heart sinks, his tiny animal runs to hide in a corner when he catches sight of something on the stranger's shirt, something terrifying, something crimson in colour; blood, "You don't, but I know you."

"Who the fuck are you?" Yoongi chokes out tightly, his very core running cold when he catches sight of the stranger's hands, crimson everywhere, blood, everywhere. His grip on the door tightens, knuckles turning white, he wants to slam it in the guy's face, but he's frozen, he can't move, his entire body feels like it's stuck in cement.

"Listen, just let me in, Yoongi. You need-You need to let me in." With horror, Yoongi realises that tears are streaking the guy's cheeks, there's terror in his wide eyes, and somehow, Yoongi feels like he's looking in the face of a young, scared kid, not the face of what looks to be a twenty-something-year-old, "Please let me in."

"How do you know my name?" Yoongi asks, tone flat, emotionless, spooked. He can hear Jeongguk cautiously calling his name from the bedroom, but he can't look away, not for even a second, because what if something happens, something bad.

His visitor stares at Yoongi, and his tears are still flowing when Yoongi watches his expression suddenly go slack when he sees something beyond Yoongi's shoulder.

"Tae?"

His tiny animal awakens, leaps out of its corner, drags its nails down painfully along the walls of his heart.

"Tae-Taehyung," Yoongi stammers, arm falling from its hold on the door and limp by his side, and he sees it now, he should've recognised him, he should've recognised that profile from anywhere.

He's barely registering his surroundings when Jeongguk cries out, when he pushes Yoongi aside to catch Taehyung before he collapses.

"Tae, Tae?" Jeongguk cries, hands on Taehyung's slack face.

Yoongi closes the door when Jeongguk manages to get Taehyung to his feet, guiding him towards the sofa, where he curls up into a ball, and proceeds to sob uncontrollably.

He stands, feeling like he's watching what's happening from above, like he's not really in the room listening to Taehyung's heart-wrenching sobs.

Just like that, he's not Yoongi anymore.

As he watches Jeongguk comfort Taehyung, as he stares long at the dried blood on his hands and clothes, he's not Yoongi anymore.
He's 'Mr. Min.'
"It's 4am," Namjoon's voice cracks from the other line, "Can't this wait?"

Yoongi paces across his balcony, his third cigarette stuck between his lips and body shivering from a mixture of nerves and chill.

"I've got a bloodied kid sitting on my sofa crying his fucking eyes out, Joon, no this can't fucking wait."

There's a long pause on the other end before Yoongi hears rustling, and then the sound of Namjoon likely rousing Seokjin from his slumber.

"I'll be there in twenty minutes."

When he surfaces, Jeongguk has managed to persuade Taehyung to take off his shoes and cuddle up beside him on the sofa, and the sight of Jeongguk soothingly stroking Taehyung's hair with a far-away look in his eyes makes Yoongi's heart twang. He'd decided it was best for him to take the backseat, to let Jeongguk comfort his clearly-traumatised friend. An explanation for his state can wait.

His tears have stopped flowing, his hiccups coming intermittently, and when Jeongguk locks eyes with Yoongi, with his hand rubbing circles across Taehyung's back, he mouths something to Yoongi, something that he can't quite make out. Narrowing his eyes, Yoongi focuses on the syllables that his lips form as he repeats himself, but it's no use.

Gently, Jeongguk shifts, causing Taehyung to lift his head from its place on Jeongguk's chest. He offers Taehyung an apologetic smile, "Tae, I need to talk to Yoongi for a minute."

Taehyung's gaze instantly flits to Yoongi, and his eyes are empty. Yoongi can't help but feel like prey that's been caught lurking in the woods over the barrel of a rifle. As he holds Taehyung's stare, only then does he realise that there's something off about his eyes, they're bloodshot, blown-wide, red-rimmed and teary, but there's just something else there that Yoongi can't quite put his finger on.

Closing the door to Yoongi's bedroom gently behind him, Jeongguk omits a long sigh. His hands are on his hips when he turns to face Yoongi, his expression stern as he says, "He's high." Yoongi doesn't speak, instead lets Jeongguk continue, "I don't know what's happened, if someone's hurt him, or, or..."

"Jeongguk."

"What if he's hurt someone, Yoongi? His hands were battered," the panic in his voice is rising, Yoongi can hear his breathing becoming erratic, "Tae would never hurt anyone."

"Hey," Yoongi coos softly, reaching out to take a now-trembling Jeongguk into his arms. Jeongguk tucks his face in against Yoongi's neck, and Yoongi can feel his hot, sharp intakes of breath against his skin as he strokes the back of his head, trying to calm him down, "We don't know what happened, and I know he's a mess right now, but we need to find out what's going on, okay?" He pauses, and Jeongguk lifts his head, his nose milimetres from Yoongi's when Yoongi warns, "Whatever has happened, we mustn't panic him. React neutrally. Do you know what he might have
taken?"

Jeongguk shakes his head quickly. "Tae was never one to dabble in drugs," he swallows audibly, "That was me."

They both startle when there's three successive knocks on the front door, and Jeongguk's initial response is to throw Yoongi a panicked look. "It's Namjoon," Yoongi says quickly, and Yoongi sees the way Jeongguk wants to roll his eyes, how he's stopping himself from doing so.

Namjoon's a sight for sore eyes in his beanie, baggy pyjama bottoms and oversized hoodie, a far cry from the Namjoon that Yoongi sees in the office on a daily basis. He pulls Namjoon aside the second he steps over the threshold, "He's in a bad way, Joon, and whilst I've called you for support, I don't necessarily want your opinions on the matter, whatever the matter is." His finger wags in Namjoon's face, and Namjoon dodges it, trying to peak down into the living room where he sees Taehyung curled up on the couch. His expression drops the second he lays eyes on Taehyung.


Seeing a strange man come into play initially startles Taehyung, but Jeongguk is quick to scoop him up into his arms and hush him into silence. "This is Yoongi's friend, Namjoon. 'You wanna say hi to him, Tae? He's just here to help you, okay?' It's like speaking to a frightened child, not a fully grown man with someone's, or, his own blood embedded beneath his fingernails.

"Namjoon," Taehyung repeats quietly, and Namjoon offers him a warm smile when Taehyung nods in greeting, "Hi, Namjoon."

"Can you tell me where it hurts?" Namjoon asks, his somber, authoritative tendencies coming into action.

Sniffling, Taehyung shakes his head, but then pauses, and hesitates. Yoongi watches Jeongguk out of the corner of his eye, how he's leaning forward, elbows on his knees, listening intently to Namjoon and Taehyung's exchange. "My wrist," Taehyung says, lifting it up to examine, and then his non-injured hand lifts to caress the back of his head, "My head," he adds.

"We need to get you cleaned up," Namjoon eyes Yoongi, and Yoongi nods before he hurries off to grab some towels and a basin of hot water.

Jeongguk wipes the blood off of Taehyung's hands in silence before gently asking Taehyung if he can take off his bloodied shirt, which he does, but not without exclaiming softly in pain when he bends his wrist a certain way. There's harsh bruises already blooming on his deep, golden skin, spanning from his armpit to his waist, yellow, blue and purple in colour. Namjoon and Yoongi remain quiet when Jeongguk spots the bruises, when his fingers lightly trace over them, horror etched across his brow as he asks, quietly, "Who did this to you?"

He shrugs. Jeongguk clenches his jaw, anger quickly beginning to burn up inside of him. "Do I know them?" he asks again, and this time, his voice is low, dark.

"I didn't even know him," Taehyung counters, and Yoongi and Namjoon exchange glances; him.

Jeongguk forces himself to remain calm, to pry further, to search after more hints, "Where did it happen?"

"The grounds of the abandoned warehouse," Taehyung mumbles, so quietly that the three others in the room have to strain their ears to hear. He bows his head when Jeongguk finishes cleaning the
majority of the blood off, curling in on himself, and Yoongi and Namjoon stand still on the other side of the coffee table, watching him with heavy hearts when soft cries shake his thin frame. He sniffs loudly before throwing his head up, and he stares right at Yoongi, right into his eyes, and Yoongi's heart stops when Taehyung cries, "I saw him kill him."

Jeongguk, Namjoon and Yoongi's mouths fall open, their eyes dart between each other maniacally.

Taehyung hugs his knees, and his tears are replaced by wretched hiccups.

Namjoon leans towards Yoongi, "Looks like we've thrown ourselves right, smack, bang into a case."

Namjoon busies himself by offering to make them all some coffee just as the sky's darkness begins to lighten, and Yoongi accepts the mug graciously, as does Jeongguk, it's only Taehyung who eyes the drink before throwing a questioning look towards Jeongguk.

"What?" Jeongguk frowns, laughing lightly when Taehyung inspects the mug's contents suspiciously, "Namjoon didn't spike it, if that's what you're worried about." He says it softly, almost sadly, like it pains him to see Taehyung like this, overtaken by drugs. Yoongi watches Taehyung's twisted countenance when he sips the drink cautiously, and his expression goes blank when he realises that it is, in fact, just coffee.

"Thank you," he mutters, and Namjoon nods in acknowledgment.

The details that Taehyung recalls from the nights' events are worse than Yoongi had imagined. Taehyung's gaze is fixed straight ahead on the wall opposite them as he tells his story, his tone cold, neutral, blank, "We were just there to hang out. Someone gave me some pills, so, stupidly, I took them. I didn't know what they were, but they fucked me up," he sighs as he bows forward, elbows on his knees and stare now directed towards the floor, "I was there with Yoonsung..."

Jeongguk moves closer to Taehyung when his voice breaks, when his head falls back on his shoulders.

"I don't know what happened," Taehyung booms angrily, "This group of guys came out of nowhere asking for some coke, and Yoonsung was trying to tell them that he didn't have any, but they just wouldn't fucking listen."

"Can you remember what they looked like?" Namjoon interjects, face stern and focused, a face that Yoongi's all too familiar with.

Taehyung lifts his head to gaze brokenly up at Namjoon. He shakes his head, "It was dark. My mind was fuzzled."

"How many of them were there?" Yoongi joins, stepping forward, arms folded.

Sighing in annoyance, Taehyung throws his hands up, evidently aggravated, "I don't know. Some of the guys retreated but this one dude just stood on the spot, staring down at Yoonsung, and before I fucking know it, I'm grabbing this fucker, trying to get him off of Yoonsung. He kept shouting, 'I know you're lying, I know you're lying,' and then..." he trails off, swallowing audibly, perspiration dripping from his brow as he bites down hard on his lower lip, willing away his tears of anger.
"Go on, Tae," Jeongguk encourages quietly, resting a reassuring hand on Taehyung's thigh.

"I heard something like a thump, like, this shluck sound, and then, Yoongsung wails and then I hear the sound again, and that's when I realised that he was stabbing him," Taehyung covers his mouth, his complexion paling as more details come to light, "I threw myself at him. I didn't give a fuck if he'd go for me next, I just wanted him to stop, he just kept on going."

"Jesus Christ," Yoongi breathes, face slack with disbelief as Namjoon massages the bridge of his nose, as Jeongguk gazes at Taehyung with what can only be described as devastation in his eyes.

"There might be CCTV footage," Namjoon contemplates out loud.

"Wait," Taehyung gulps, hands balling into fists as he averts his attention towards Jeongguk, "There's more."

All three of them go still, Taehyung included.

"He-he said Taehyung."

"What?" Jeongguk recoils in shock, eyes wide, mouth agape, "He fucking knew you? Who the fuck... I'll kill him. I'll fucking kill him."

"Guk," Yoongi makes a beeline towards him, grasps his shoulders, and pushes him gently back into his seat beside Taehyung from where he'd reflexively shot up from.

"He could just be someone you met in passing. Him knowing your name doesn't necessarily mean that he's from your inner circle," Namjoon mitigates, always the voice of reason, never going to the worst possible scenario, always looking at other options, "Did you call the police?"

Taehyung shrinks into himself, and Yoongi watches him fiddle nervously with his fingers as his lips tighten into a line, "I came straight here."

"What? Well, we need to call the police, Tae, what the fuck?" Jeongguk exclaims.

Namjoon raises his palm towards Jeongguk, silencing him immediately, "They've likely already been called. Taehyung, did the killer take the weapon with him?"

"No," Taehyung replies flatly, "He left it. In Yoongsung," he pauses to gauge Namjoon's reaction, and sighs as he grits out, "And I pulled it out of him."

"No," Jeongguk gasps, "Tae, no."

"That means..." Yoongi trails off, because he's sure Taehyung knows what that means, judging by his stiff shoulders and dark expression.

"Your fingerprints are going to be all over that knife," Namjoon sighs, "Where's the knife? Did you bring it here?"

"I... I left it beside him," Taehyung quivers, and with a shout, Jeongguk springs to his feet, and then he's storming out of the room, muttering something ineligible beneath his breath.

Namjoon stands awkwardly in front of Taehyung who seems to have realised the gravity of the situation he's got himself in. Torn between wanting to follow Jeongguk and interrogating Taehyung more, Yoongi clears his throat before heading towards Taehyung, but Taehyung's quick to refuse, "Go see him," he orders, sounding empty, tired, like his whole world shattered overnight, "Please,
Yoongi. Tell him that everything's going to be fine. That I'll be fine.

He holds Taehyung's steady stare, and there's a part of Yoongi that twists when he sees just how dead Taehyung's eyes look, how pale and gaunt he is.

He's a man who's been to hell and back, who's lost his will to survive, who's already begun accepting the fact that this is it, there's no turning back after tonight.

"Go, hyung," Namjoon interrupts quietly, "I'll help Taehyung get settled on the sofa."

With one final look in Taehyung's direction, Yoongi nods, and he goes.

Jeongguk's standing by the window when the door creaks open slowly, and Yoongi smells the smoke before seeing the cigarette in Jeongguk's hand.

"I escaped," Jeongguk starts without turning around to face Yoongi, instead choosing to stare out at the brightening morning sky, "I got off the streets, found a job, found someone who really, genuinely cares for me."

When Yoongi approaches, he isn't sure what to do. Whether he should envelop Jeongguk in his arms, whether he should crack a joke to lighten the situation, in the end, he remains mute, choosing to let Jeongguk ponder his thoughts aloud. "I thought all of this bullshit was behind me," he laughs derisively, and the sound in and of itself is enough to make Yoongi wince, "I thought, that with me getting myself sorted out, that Tae would be inspired to do the same." He turns to Yoongi, then, with blotchy, red cheeks and startlingly red-rimmed eyes, "Instead, he got on drugs, started hanging around with the wrong people, and found himself as a witness to a fucking homicide."

"This isn't your fault," Yoongi insists, because he knows that's what Jeongguk's insinuating, and he can't let Jeongguk blame himself for the tragedy of Yoonsung.

"I left him, Yoongi," Jeongguk shouts, angry, furious, "I left him out in the cold to fend for himself. Y'know, we were quite the pair. Everyone knew us on the street, Tae and JK is what people referred to us as. 'The two guys who could easily rob twenty people in one night,' he quotes, "You could say that we were worshipped out there," he gestures towards the window, towards the wider city. "As soon as I found something better I fucked off," Jeongguk spits, self-hatred evident as he takes a long, long drag.

"What I had to offer was better than freezing to death on the street, Guk," Yoongi soothes, "Of course you'd choose me over the streets." Something uneasy settles in Yoongi's stomach when the cogs in his brain begin to work overtime, when he thinks about everything that he's given Jeongguk, about how, without a single complaint, he would drop everything for Jeongguk, no ifs or buts about it.

Jeongguk nods, considering, and then he sneers, "Money's a poison."

"You can't blame yourself for what happened," Yoongi wants to reach out and pull Jeongguk towards him, to wrap his arms safely around him and never let go, "Taehyung made bad decisions, coincidentally, after you left."

"Remember when I went to see him?" Jeongguk interjects, tone low, emotionless, and Yoongi stills.
Of course he remembers. The sight of the state of Jeongguk's neck still remains etched in his memory, popping up every now and then when Yoongi's left to his own devices.

Yoongi nods.

"He said he missed me," Jeongguk swallows down his anger, digs his fingernails into his palms sorely, "That without me, he felt lost."

Yoongi pushes down his jealousy, that evil green monster that roars within him sometimes, "That's understandable."

Sighing, Jeongguk's eyes fall shut as he says, evenly, "He fucked me, and..." he pauses, refusing to look at Yoongi, to see his empty expression, his mouth agape, "That was nothing new. It happened sometimes, not all of the time, but this time, there was something different about him, and I couldn't figure it out, until now."

Yoongi waits patiently, allowing time for Jeongguk to mull over his thoughts, to collect himself.

When he levels Yoongi's gaze, there's sadness in his eyes, so much sadness that Yoongi's tiny animal responds by whimpering in despair from within his heart.

"He cried when we were done," his voice quakes, his hands wringing nervously in front of him, "And he kept repeating, 'You're all I have.'"

With that, Jeongguk crumbles, his chin crinkling and bottom lip trembling as he hides his face in his hands, as Yoongi scoops him into his arms, cooing.

Yoongi hugs him tightly, and he thinks that it's remarkable, how him and Taehyung are so alike.

You're all I have, echoes ceaselessly in Yoongi's mind.

Chapter End Notes

Don't get the wrong impression from this chapter. JK/Tae aren't going to sail whatsoever, I just needed to incorporate their past fuck buddy status into the storyline somehow. This is a short one, but I just wanted to get something up, and it's very much a chapter that's sole purpose is to further the plot.
There's a pink hue tinting the skies above them when Yoongi walks Namjoon to his car, still in his work clothes, still without sleep.

"You don't have to come in today," Namjoon yawns when he steps out onto the street, glancing towards a garbage man loading a bin onto the back of his truck, "I can hold down the fort."

Yoongi wishes that he could skip out on a day cooped up in his office, but with the end of Daesuk's trial nearing, he just can't afford to start slacking when the final hurdle is so close.

"As nice as that sounds, I need to prepare my closing statement for Tuesday. I'll come in after lunchtime if that's okay with you, though."

The din of the rubbish emptying into the garbage truck is harsh to Yoongi's ears that haven't had a moment's rest since he'd woken up the previous morning, and Namjoon sighs heavily, tiredly, nodding, "Of course that's fine with me."

Just as Namjoon turns to leave, he pauses, and Yoongi digs his hands into his pockets when Namjoon's droopy eyes dart across Yoongi's face. "Keep the kid's hopes up. Make him feel comfortable, that's what he needs right now." Pity is evident in Namjoon's eyes, in the tight line of his lips, and Yoongi nods, quietly assuring Namjoon that he'll watch over Taehyung and make him feel at home.

Yoongi comes back up to the apartment to find Taehyung out for the count, and the balcony doors are open, casting a gentle breeze throughout the living room. He goes out to Jeongguk, who's leaning on the balcony, staring out at the waking world, wind gently tousling his hair, making him look windswept and fresh. Yoongi appears by his side, mimicking Jeongguk's position, "What're we going to do, hm?"

Jeongguk doesn't immediately speak, and Yoongi tries to find what his attention is fixated on across the city's horizon.

"If you don't want him to stay here, we can leave."

His posture straightens,Yoongi's brow pulls into a deep furrow as he stares long at the side of Jeongguk's face. "You're not going anywhere," Yoongi insists firmly, "And neither is Taehyung. You're both staying here, where I can keep a close eye on the two of you."

The corner of Jeongguk's mouth quirks upwards out of amusement, "Mainly a close eye on me, right?"

Yoongi's hand comes to rest on the small of Jeongguk's back, and his tongue darts out to wet his lower lip as he nods his head slowly, "Mainly on you."

He plants a quick peck on Jeongguk's cheek, but Jeongguk turns, clicking his tongue in a jokingly chastising manner. His lips are centimetres away from Yoongi when he rasps, "You're gonna need to give me more than that."

Sputtering, Yoongi pushes his tongue into his cheek, feigning annoyance, and Jeongguk watches
with bright eyes whilst Yoongi goes above and beyond to pretend that he's put off by Jeongguk's forwardness. Wrapping one hand around Jeongguk's waist, Yoongi pulls him against him, and their chests are flush against each other when Yoongi stares down at Jeongguk's lips before drawling, "Cheeky."

He pushes Jeongguk back against the railing, and Jeongguk squeaks a laugh into Yoongi's mouth when he feels the force in which Yoongi uses against him. His startled giggle quickly transforms into a contented sigh when Yoongi nips gently at Jeongguk's lower lip, humming quietly when one of Jeongguk's hands dig harshly into the skin of his hip.

He brings his arms up to encircle Yoongi's neck, and Yoongi's hands smooth across Jeongguk's back as he licks into Jeongguk's mouth, revelling in the energy it gives him, in the way Jeongguk responds so beautifully to his every ministration. When a moan escapes from Jeongguk's mouth for a second time, Yoongi rolls his hips against him, basking in the almost-thankful sigh it brings forth from Jeongguk.

Yoongi's mind grows cloudier and cloudier as each moment passes, his surroundings become less and less clear, and the flames tickling the base of his spine grow hotter and hotter. That is, until Jeongguk jumps back, cheeks rosy red and lips swollen when he directs his attention towards the doorway. In his haze, Yoongi realises belatedly that Taehyung's standing there, lips parted and eyes tired as he speaks at the ground.

"Sorry for interrupting," Taehyung mumbles, embarrassment evident on his face, "Your phone keeps ringing, Yoongi."

He glances between Jeongguk and Taehyung, wishing for a sinkhole to open up in the earth and take him under, wishing more for Jeongguk to grab his hand, to push past Taehyung, to drag him towards the bedroom and slam the door shut behind them. "Thanks, Tae," Jeongguk forces a tight smile before awkwardly rearranging the collar of his t-shirt that Yoongi had somehow managed to stretch in his attempt to get to Jeongguk's clavicle.

Taehyung nods, "No problem."

When he leaves, and when Yoongi's embarrassment has subsided, Jeongguk throws him an apologetic look, one that reads, 'I'll make it up to you,' and Yoongi wants him to make it up to him now. He wants to have him to himself, underneath his covers, laid bare and sated for only his eyes to see. But by the looks of things, Yoongi thinks to himself, in one simple night, he's managed to get himself a live-in cock-block.

When Jeongguk takes the day off to keep Taehyung company, he wakes up at the crack of dawn to bid farewell to Yoongi, who smiles sleepily at him through drowsy eyes when he finds Jeongguk waiting for him in the kitchen, his head propped up by his hands from where he rests on the marble island.

"Good morning," he croaks, voice scratchy from lack of use, "I made you some coffee."

He gestures towards the coffee machine, and Yoongi presses a kiss onto Jeongguk's head before he tugs on his suit jacket and collects his much-needed coffee. Taehyung's passed out on the sofa, bundled up in innumerable blankets and resting on at least four pillows; it's likely the comfiest thing
he's slept on in at least three years.

"You should be doing what Taehyung is doing," Yoongi urges, taking a long sip from his mug as Jeongguk stands barefoot before him, yawning his head off and looking softer than Yoongi's ever seen him look.

He smiles at Yoongi, his eyes half-closed, "I'll do what he's doing once I say goodbye." He kisses Yoongi, then, and Yoongi can already feel himself becoming more alert, more ready for the day, the weight that he's carrying on his shoulders feeling not-very-heavy anymore. "Good luck with Daesuk. I hope it's a successful trial," he calls after Yoongi once he's said his goodbyes and once his bed begins calling out to him.

With his hand on the door handle, Yoongi whisper-shouts a nervous, "Thank you," before he glances towards Taehyung, who he finds is still knocked out.

Yoongi's never late. He's got a tendency to sometimes half-ass certain tasks if his heart just isn't there, but if someone's depending on him, then you're damn right Yoongi's going to satisfy them to the best of his ability.

Today, on a day when he can't afford to be late, is a day when he's late. Not just three minutes late, or five minutes late, fifteen minutes late.

Chucking his briefcase and coat onto the conveyor belt at the security checkpoint at the door, Yoongi bounces on the spot, willing the officers to hurry up, telling them, "C'mon, guys, you know me, can't you just let me by this one time?" The officer's piercing glower is enough to make Yoongi zip his mouth and wait patiently, but his patience is quickly slipping as he stares in despair up at the clock ticking on the wall, its ticking growing louder, and louder, and louder.

The glares boring into his soul when he flings the courtroom's doors open are hard to ignore, and Yoongi keeps his gaze fixed on the floor as he hurriedly shuffles up the aisle.

"Glad you could join us, Mr. Min," croons the judge sarcastically when Yoongi sits himself down beside Daesuk, who frowns concernedly at the side of Yoongi's face. Yoongi waves a dismissing hand towards the judge, who sighs and eyes the tipstaff, "Since Mr. Min's found some time out of his busy schedule to join us, I think it's time to bring in the jury and get this thing over with."

With the heat of embarrassment spreading up Yoongi's neck and across his cheeks, he slouches down into his chair whilst he watches the jury pour into the courtroom, studying some of their faces, trying to look for signs of how they're feeling this morning, if they're in a good mood or a bad mood, and if it's a good mood, if that good mood will be in Daesuk's favour.

Yoongi's first to deliver his closing statement, and now is when he comes into himself, when his everyday persona shifts to his courtroom one. He rearranges his tie neatly before pointedly looking into the eyes of each and every juror. He breathes in deeply, "Good morning, ladies and gentlemen. You'll have to excuse me for my tardiness this morning, something came up last minute," Yoongi chooses to exclude the tidbit of information involving Taehyung's predicament, and Jeongguk's lingering kisses just an hour earlier, "But, enough of my incompetence. Today, we're here to decide whether or not Mr. Lee will face life in prison, or a reduced sentence. I'm not going to bore you all to tears with the details that I've already outlined over the past few long weeks, but what I will do is tell you all that by placing judgment onto Mr. Lee based off of his past misdemeanours, you are actively saying that change is an impossible feat."

His hand glides through the air as he speaks, like a conductor standing before his orchestra, "As a society, we turn our backs on those who have made mistakes in their lives. We turn a blind-eye when
they try to right themselves. By fuelling these people's beliefs of worthlessness, hatred, depression, you name it, you are contributing to the toxicity that is prejudice. Now, I am in no way, shape or form excusing Mr. Lee of the injustices he did to Hyemi, no-one in this courtroom is saying that she was a liar, that she deserved it, no. Mr. Lee made bad decisions when he was with Hyemi, and in-turn, Hyemi retaliated by making her own bad decisions. When these two individuals came together with their lacking conscience, disaster struck, and unfortunately, it was Hyemi who paid for it."

His gaze lingers on a select few jurors who he deems to be problems, who he thinks could skew the vote.

Consisting of eight women and four men, Yoongi tries to reason with them all, and he can see it in the women’s eyes, their far-distant looks, their disinterest, the fact that they've already made their decision, that Yoongi won't sway them for love nor money. They don't need to hear him spewing bullshit about how Daesuk deserves compassion.

He feels somewhat dirty, telling them that it's not wholly Daesuk's fault, that Hyemi had a part in this, but he has to sell it, his narrative, the narrative he'd cooked up when he'd first started working on the case; two individuals who had violent tendencies, who were, essentially, ticking time bombs. One, an ex-girlfriend scorned, the other, a man blinded by rage. The ex, giving but not being able to take, the man, giving, and giving, and giving.

"How could Mr. Lee have intended to kill Hyemi? Hyemi's death was as a result of an argument gone brutally sour. Indeed, he attacked her, there's no denying that, we can see it in the evidence, how his DNA is written all over the scene. But, ask yourselves, was it premeditated? Or was it an accident? Members of the jury, what I ask of you, is to reflect, to look at yourselves and how you view criminals. We know that Mr. Lee was trying to better himself, that he was making steps forward, that change really is possible, even for the lowest of lowlifes. Without prejudice, change would be all the more possible, but with prejudice comes pressure, pressure that drives the dregs of society back into their dark corners. Drop the prejudice, and embrace change," he pauses to look at each juror one last time before he closes his notes and turns to the judge, "Thank you, your honour."

During Hoseok's closing statement, Yoongi zones out. He finds more interest in the gnawing of his fingernails than in the words coming out of Hoseok's mouth. He registers some words, like, 'Inevitably guilty,' 'Deserved of punishment,' and 'A disgraceful excuse of a man.'

Yoongi becomes more attentive when his own name suddenly echoes in his ears. "I'd like to address Mr. Min's closing words, specifically his comments on Hyemi's involvement in her own death. Women of the jury, in particular, on behalf of Mr. Min, I would like to apologise profusely for the way in which he intimated that abuse is two-sided."

Yoongi's mouth hangs open, he lifts his head slowly from its propped position on his hand, and before he knows it, he's standing, and shouting.

"Objection," he barks.

Hoseok twists around on his podium, his eyes landing on Yoongi who pointedly ignores Hoseok's steely stare.

"Your honour, I see no wrong in consoling our female jurors after Mr. Min's offensive insinuation," Hoseok lilts coolly, and Yoongi, in that moment, wants nothing more than to knock Hoseok's head right off of his shoulders.

The judge glances between the two, pondering deeply before he sighing heavily, "Sustained. Mr. Jung, it is not appropriate to attack the defence's statement."
Triumphant, Yoongi bites back his satisfied smirk, instead choosing to clear his throat and neatly tug on the ends of his suit before planting himself back down beside Daesuk. Hoseok simply rolls his eyes, sending daggers in Yoongi's direction before turning back around to face the jury to continue with his statement.

The moment the jury leaves to deliberate, Yoongi shoots out of his seat, and on his exit, grabs one of the officers that he's familiar with to ask him to text him when the verdict is in. He can hear Hoseok shouting across the courtroom after him, but after earlier's antics, Yoongi doesn't want to give him the time of day.

Yoongi all but stumbles through his door, and he has to right himself when he finds Taehyung and Jeongguk gaping at him with startled expressions on their faces.

"Everything okay?" Jeongguk asks cautiously, and Yoongi, breathless after choosing the stairs over the elevator, nods.

"Yeah, well, as okay as it can be," Yoongi pants, hand clutching his chest as he curses every single cigarette he's smoked in the past ten years, "My guess is that they'll either be deliberating for a few hours or a week, there's no in-between, and until then, I am not wasting my time hanging around the courthouse."

Jeongguk's given Taehyung some of his comfy clothes, and he looks as if he's showered, since the blood that was dried into his hair has magically disappeared since Yoongi last saw him. "How about you two? Any developments? Has Namjoon been in contact?"

Chewing faster to swallow down his mouthful, Taehyung nods eagerly, "He got in contact with some guy down at the police station who said that someone under the name of Park Yoonsung was found deceased in the early hours of this morning. They're looking into their leads later today and Namjoon said to expect a phone-call asking if I could come in to talk to them."

With his hands on his hips and his brow furrowed, Yoongi sighs, "At least we've got Jimin on our side."

Taehyung and Jeongguk throw each other questioning looks, and Yoongi doesn't wait for the inevitable, 'Who?' "Jimin," he offers simply, reaching for an apple from the fruit basket in the centre of the island, "That 'guy' Joon called down at the police station. We've known each other for years, he'd probably willingly take a bullet for Joon, Hoseok and I."

"Is Seoul's legal system comprised of just you and your friends?" Jeongguk asks, and Yoongi smiles to himself; it might as fucking well be.

"I can't believe that there's people like you in the legal system," Taehyung thinks aloud, and Yoongi fixes him an inquisitive stare.

"And why's that?" he presses, taking a bite out of his apple, his first real meal of the day.

Taehyung shrugs, swivels side to side on one of Yoongi's high stools, "I thought you were all assholes."

It's like Jeongguk predicted Yoongi's next words and beat him to it when he interjects swiftly, "Yoongi's not an asshole, Just a bit of an asshole." He winks brazenly at Yoongi, who petulantly scowls, and makes a point to remember that, not so much as revenge material, more for, say, punishment material.

They all jump when Yoongi's ringtone blares throughout the kitchen, and he sighs deeply before
fishing it out of his pocket.

The caller ID tells him it's the officer he'd asked to keep him up to date on any developments, and he curses aloud when he swipes the screen to answer.

"Well, that didn't fucking take long," Yoongi grumbles into the speaker, glancing between Jeongguk and Taehyung who watch him quietly. "Receiving a verdict this early is never a good sign," Yoongi explains when he returns his phone back to his pocket. With his confidence having taken a knock, Yoongi begins preparing himself for the worse.

Hoseok's waiting in the lobby when Yoongi collects his things from security, and he'd fully intended on ignoring him for the duration of the day, or maybe even the week, but Hoseok being Hoseok chooses to approach Yoongi with an air of annoying confidence surrounding him.

"You didn't have to attack me like that for your own gain," Yoongi grumbles irritably, "That was a low blow. How do you think that made me look? It made me look like an abuse apologist, Hoseok, that's what."

"Well, isn't that what you were essentially saying?"

Yoongi snaps, his armour falls, "No," he hisses, "You know how much bullshit I talk during trial, the things I say don't necessarily reflect my own beliefs. I was trying to sell Daesuk's relative innocence and you just had to go and paint me as the resident insensitive dickhead."

He's interrupted by the opening of the large mahogany doors, and the ushering of people into the courtroom.

Hoseok pats him on the back before leaving to take his seat, "No hard feelings, right, hyung?"

Yoongi, moping, chooses not to respond.

The judge orders Daesuk and Yoongi to stand, and Yoongi watches as the foreperson passes the envelope to an officer, who passes it to the judge, and he sucks in a calming breath as the judge looks over the paper before putting it back into the envelope. Yoongi's shoulders rise upwards from tension, his fingertips tap anxiously on the desk, and he ignores the itch in his fingers telling him to reach forward, grab his pen, and start clicking it furiously.

When the bench clerk looks over the paper's contents, and when she nods in the judge's direction, Yoongi holds his breath, his attention shifting to the clerk who puts on her glasses, and steps up to the microphone, "The state of Gyeonggi-do versus. Lee Daesuk, case 12CT77185. We, the jury, find the defendant to be guilty of the charge of first degree murder. The defendant is guilty of first degree murder with intent to kill."

Failure. That's what Yoongi hears, You failed. He hears Daesuk's devastated intake of breath when the word leaves the clerk's lips, but other than that, Yoongi doesn't register much. Attention shifts to the judge, and the words, 'Life in prison,' makes the white noise echoing in Yoongi's mind only ring louder.

As Yoongi had expected, if things hadn't gone his way, Daesuk makes it more difficult for the believability of Yoongi's earlier argument about self-improvement when he refuses to be cuffed, and shouts expletives up at the judge. When he turns his attention to Yoongi, he spits at Yoongi with venom on his tongue, "Thanks for fucking nothing."

When he watches Daesuk be led away, Yoongi knows that that's the last time he'll ever see him.
And maybe, he thinks, that's for the best.

After a successful trial, Yoongi celebrates by buying himself dinner. After a not-so-successful trial, he turns to his beloved whiskey on the rocks to mend his pride.

As he sits at the bar swirling his fingertip around his glass, staring dismally across the way at the reflection of himself between bottles upon bottles of liquor, Yoongi ignores the string of texts coming through on his phone. Most are from Hoseok, undoubtedly gloating, others are from Jeongguk, wondering where he is, if he's okay, and when Yoongi glances down at the glowing screen, the last message from Jeongguk makes something within him twist.

20:04: JK.
Yoongi, I'm worried. Where are you? Call me.

The mere thought of being the cause of Jeongguk's fretting is what drives Yoongi to pick up his phone and type out his location, sending just that in the message, leaving the option open for Jeongguk to come and find him. He catches sight of one of Hoseok's messages, and it makes Yoongi want to chuck his phone across the bar and smash his reflection to smithereens.

19:40: Hobi.
Quit sulking, hyung, c'mon.

The barman keeps filling up Yoongi's glass, and really, he doesn't mind, his liver, however, does. His clarity, too.

"I'm cutting you off after this glass, pal," the amiable barman says, and Yoongi raises his glass towards him, slurring something barely understandable, something about him being grateful. His initiative is to reach into his pocket and wave some bills in the barman's direction, and the barman just laughs, shaking his head, "As much as I'd like to free you from some cash, I think you'll be needing that to get home, buddy."

Yoongi pouts, and then, jumps out of his skin when the money is suddenly snatched out of his hand from behind.

He turns around on his stool, and who he doesn't expect to see is Jeongguk standing in front of him with a look of disapproval on his face. "Remember me?" Jeongguk greets, and Yoongi sighs loudly, groaning before turning back around to rest his head in his arms on the bar, making a noise of disgust when his sleeves absorb all of the night's spilled drinks.

Jeongguk pulls up a seat next to him and orders a bottle of Budweiser from which he swigs before turning his attention to a snoozing Yoongi.

"I take it the trial went to shit," Jeongguk starts, and Yoongi holds up a finger, wagging it at Jeongguk, drunkenly signalling for him to pipe down. His ears are ringing, and his stomach is one sip of whiskey away from emptying its contents.

"I hate when it doesn't go my way," Yoongi slurs, even though he's desperately trying not to slur, "I hate when I let my client down."

"You did the best you could do for him," Jeongguk insists softly, fondly, a soothing hand rubbing
small circles across Yoongi's back, "There's only so much you can do to protect a murderer, and I
know you gave it your all, and that's all that matters. Quit beating yourself up."

Lifting his head to gaze sleepily up at Jeongguk, Yoongi feels a surge of affection shoot through his
inebriated core.

He pouts and leans into Jeongguk's body before mumbling tenderly, "You're so cute."

Jeongguk laughs, loudly and heartily.

"I mean it," Yoongi insists somewhat sullenly, "You always know what to say, unlike this idiot," he
points at himself, and Jeongguk erupts into giggles.

"You're hammered," Jeongguk smirks, thoroughly amused as he wraps an arm around Yoongi's
shoulders, "Like, beyond hammered."

"I am," Yoongi nods his head lazily, "I really, really am. And you? You, baby, you're beautiful."
There's a part of Yoongi, a small, aware part of him that's screaming at him to shut up and go to
sleep, but the plastered part of him shouts back, telling the aware part of him to shut up and let him
have some fun.

Jeongguk contains his flattered smile by biting his lower lip, and Yoongi watches him through bleary
eyes, wondering how he'd managed to find breathtaking beauty wandering the streets of Seoul in a
black hoodie and tattered jeans. "You're going to regret this in the morning," Jeongguk says through
a humoured smile, and Yoongi shrugs.

"I'd never regret telling you that you're beautiful," Yoongi insists, his tone more serious this time, less
sloppy and slurred.

The atmosphere around them shifts, and Jeongguk gazes softly at Yoongi, and if Yoongi were more
sober, it'd probably unnerve him, the intensity in which Jeongguk's gazing at him.

He nuzzles his face in against Yoongi's neck, blinking not a single eye when the overwhelming scent
of whiskey clinging to Yoongi burns his nose hairs. "Let me take you home," Jeongguk says against
Yoongi's neck that he presses barely-there, lazy kisses onto.

"I'm apologising in advance for when you need to take care of my sorry, hungover ass tomorrow
morning," Yoongi mutters, and then he proceeds to erupt into giggles when Jeongguk laughs loudly.
He takes Jeongguk's hand into his own and pulls him onto his feet, albeit clumsily. Staggering,
Yoongi clings to Jeongguk, because he wants to be as close to him as possible, and also because
otherwise, he could easily end up in a heap on the floor of the bar if he didn't use him for leverage.

Wrapping his arm around Jeongguk's shoulders is a stretch, because he's too damn tall in comparison
to Yoongi, but Jeongguk helps by wrapping his hand around Yoongi's waist, assisting him.

"You don't need to apologise," Jeongguk insists, "I wouldn't have it any other way."

Yoongi's tiny animal, equally as inebriated as he is, hiccups happily from within its walls.

Chapter End Notes

Get ready for some nastiness in the next chapter, lads.
Here's what you've probably all been waiting for.

"Of course I informed the superintendent of Taehyung's whereabouts, I don't want to lose my fucking job, Yoongi."

Yoongi's sitting on a bench in Gangnam watching a pigeon strut his stuff between the legs of passersby, bobbing his head without a care in the world when he receives a call from Jimin.

"You, of all people, should know that it's an offence to withhold information regarding the whereabouts of possible suspects," Jimin berates, and Yoongi directs his frown towards his pigeon friend who continues bobbing along the street, joining up with some other pigeons, teaming up with them to find as many scraps of food on the concrete as they can.

"Obviously I know that," Yoongi insists, pausing before he continues, "I just thought that maybe because we're friends..."

"Don't."

"You could, y'know, look the other way. Forget Namjoon ever mentioned the existence of this guy called Taehyung. I'm already forgetting him... Taehyung. Who?" Yoongi nods in the direction of where Jeongguk and Taehyung have surfaced from a clothing store before ducking into another store that looks edgier and more lavish than the last, "See, it's easy."

"You're unbelievable, and a snake," Jimin replies flatly, completely having none of Yoongi's nonsense, "God, are you this devious when you're doing your cases?"

"Sometimes, to achieve the ultimate success, you've got to be a little slimy," Yoongi grins to himself, feeling shadier than he's ever felt before.

The silence on the other line stretches out until Jimin sighs heavily, "Yeah, you're not a 'little slimy,' you're very slimy. Full-slime."

"Look, remember Jeongguk, that kid I offered to take in?"

"The one that Namjoon says you're smitten for?" Jimin asks, and Yoongi can hear his sly smile in his words, which makes his face go slack out of surprise.

"...I don't appreciate you and Namjoon gossiping about me but yes, him," he can see Taehyung and Jeongguk near the front of the store, picking up various items to examine, sometimes smiling at one another, and when Jeongguk plucks a shirt off of its hanger to throw onto his shoulders, Yoongi finds himself smiling when he sees the exaggerated reaction of Taehyung evidently loving the piece, "Taehyung and him go way back, he was in a similar situation to Jeongguk before I came into the picture, and at the crime scene, though it may have looked like he's the perpetrator, Jimin, I can assure you that that's far from the truth."
Noises of dissatisfaction sound from the speaker, and then, Yoongi hears rustling, like Jimin's standing up to make his escape or something of that ilk. "You've said too much, hyung. What if these damn phones are tapped? I don't know what kind of shit they pull in this station. Never speak to me about the Yoonsung case again. Got it?"

Jimin doesn't bother to wait for Yoongi's reply before he ends the call and leaves Yoongi feeling helpless, like nothing beneficial came out of the phone-call.

When he leaves his pigeon friend, who, by the looks of things, has made many friends during his travels, Yoongi hangs behind Taehyung and Jeongguk who are in the changing rooms. He doesn't want to interrupt, not when he sees how happy Jeongguk is when he spends time with Taehyung.

Taehyung emerges from one of the stalls with a white shirt embroidered with red roses draped over his body, and Yoongi nods in appreciation, grinning when Taehyung bashfully turns his back on Yoongi. And then, Jeongguk surfaces, and Yoongi can't help himself, he can't help but allow his gaze to linger on Jeongguk's frame, on the way the mesh shirt he chose to try on hides his body from Yoongi's eye whilst, at the same time, displays all for Yoongi to see.

"That's nice," Yoongi comments, and judging by the confident look on Jeongguk's face, the pleased twinkle in his eye, he agrees.

"Nice, but expensive," Taehyung scoffs whilst looking at himself in the mirror at the end of the changing area.

The twinkle in Jeongguk's eye fades slightly, and Yoongi catches it, the disappointment, and he watches whilst Jeongguk turns to take off the shirt and return it to its hanger.

"How much?" Yoongi inquires, standing tall in his black turtleneck and Acne leather jacket, attire that he rarely gets to wear outside of the courtroom. "If you like them that much I'll buy them for you," he continues, suddenly growing awkward when he realises how boastful he sounds, so eager to wave away his money. When it comes down to it, Yoongi realises, somewhat worriedly, that he'd blow it all for Jeongguk if it meant seeing him forever happy.

With slack expressions on their faces, Jeongguk and Taehyung exchange a look, a million emotions written across their faces, none of which Yoongi can pinpoint. Jeongguk's the first to adamantly refuse, "No. It's too much. We appreciate the gesture, but this shirt alone costs ₩1,800,000, and Tae's costs even more than that."

Yoongi approaches Jeongguk, he runs his hand down Jeongguk's chest, feeling the fabric, the way Jeongguk's skin peeks out from the tiny holes. Taehyung's too busy admiring himself in the mirror to care, and Yoongi can feel Jeongguk's steady eyes on him whilst he stares at Jeongguk's chest, picturing his bank balance, calculating. He drops his voice so only Jeongguk can hear, "If you want it, I'll get it for you."

Jeongguk opens his mouth to object, but Yoongi's quick to tsk and shake his head, refusing to take no for an answer.

Having realised he lost the fight, something dark swirls within the depths of Jeongguk's eyes, and stiffly, rigidly, he kisses Yoongi lightly on his cheek before stepping back, keeping his eyes trained on Yoongi. It's like his gaze is freezing Yoongi, preventing him from moving, and he swallows quietly when the stiffness in Jeongguk's posture dissipates, when he offers Yoongi a wry smile, a devilish smile, a smile that makes the hairs on Yoongi's arms stand to attention.

Jeongguk and Taehyung stand off to the side when Yoongi hands over his credit card, their eyes
bulging when they see the wracked up cost pop up on the till.

Leaving the store, Jeongguk links arms with Yoongi, and for their whole journey home, remains glued to Yoongi's side.

"I won't ever have anywhere to wear it," Taehyung says when they're scarfing down some Chinese takeaway that they'd picked up on their way home.

"If the police get onto you, you can wear it to your interrogation," Jeongguk jokes, but the joke falls short on Taehyung who drops his chopsticks to scowl at Jeongguk.

Yoongi almost chokes on a piece of chicken, and just manages to avoid death when Jeongguk slaps his back hard through his laughter.

"You two should go out," Yoongi suggests, throat feeling a bit raw after his coughing fit, "Make use of your youth."

Jeongguk guffaws, "You make yourself sound so old."

"In comparison to you two I might as well start digging my grave now," Yoongi mumbles, and Taehyung and Jeongguk shake their heads fondly at him.

When Jeongguk sets down his takeout box and leans into Yoongi, making a point of wiggling profusely to make himself comfortable, Yoongi tips his head to the side to rest the side of his head against the crown of Jeongguk's head. "You should come out with us," Jeongguk says, and Yoongi pauses, gaze flitting to Taehyung whose face lights up in agreement, "Really, hyung! We should all let loose for a night, y'know, before shit really hits the fan."

Taehyung's eager expression tells Yoongi that he's down, and Jeongguk is evidently down, and the two gaze expectantly at him, positively vibrating on the spot with barely-contained excitement.

"I know of a trendy place we can go," Taehyung bounces excitedly, and Yoongi pouts at him, contemplating.

If it were anyone else, Yoongi would refuse, would offer an excuse, but this is Jeongguk who's watching him with such glimmering hope in his eyes that Yoongi can't possibly bring himself to refuse the invitation. The second he sighs in defeat, Jeongguk and Taehyung whoop and holler, and Jeongguk pushes Yoongi backwards. He falls back onto his back and lets out an almighty yell when he feels something crack, but that yell is swiftly cut-off by Jeongguk's lips.

He kisses Yoongi forcefully, and swings his leg over Yoongi's lap, and Yoongi grunts, but still lifts his hands up to rest on Jeongguk's hips.

"We're gonna have fun tonight," Jeongguk whispers, a loud smack! ringing through the air when he pulls his lips off of Yoongi's.

"Fun," Yoongi repeats breathily, hands squeezing Jeongguk's hips lightly, and the small smile that Jeongguk beams down at him has Yoongi's insides feeling all kinds of woozy.

He's sprawled across the bed whilst Jeongguk's getting ready, and Jeongguk's filling the room with a
plethora of scents, all of which are fresh and fruity. With Yoongi's taste leaning more towards woody, rugged smells, the amalgamation of fruity scents all mingling together creates something that makes Yoongi's temples begin to throb distantly.

"I think you've doused yourself in enough perfume to have Namjoon be able to smell you from across town," Yoongi comments offhandedly, and Jeongguk immediately turns towards him, his lips pouting.

In spite of Yoongi's room smelling like a florist shop, Jeongguk sprays a few more pumps before joining Yoongi on his bed.

"I like smelling fresh," Jeongguk mutters, watching Yoongi who playfully rolls his eyes and in-turn earns a light slap on the arm from Jeongguk.

There's something playing on Yoongi's mind, something that he's found himself mulling over ever since he'd felt the warmth of affection brewing within him. He's not one to dwell on materialistic things, never has been, but with Jeongguk, Yoongi's come to realise that the very things he'd hardly paid attention to have come into his thoughts, like ensuring he buys the best wine for their quiet nights, or how he occasionally finds himself ordering the most expensive dishes on the menu.

As he watches Jeongguk fix himself, it slips from Yoongi, a quiet question, one filled with uncertainty.

"Hey, Guk," he begins, expression sombre, heart fluttering, "I wanna ask you something."

With his attention rapt on Yoongi, Jeongguk nods, giving Yoongi the go ahead, and Yoongi spies something like slight nervousness on Jeongguk's features when he rearranges himself to sit on his hands beside him.

"And I want you to be honest with me," Yoongi continues, gaze fixed on his duvet that he plucks at absentmindedly with his fingertips, trying to distract himself from the conversation they're about to have. "If I didn't have all of this, if I was just an average Joe with a nine to five job, would you still want to stick around?"

Jeongguk's countenance instantly drops, his posture assumes that of someone guarding themselves, and Yoongi feels like his heart has made its way up into his throat.

"What?" is all Jeongguk manages to utter, and Yoongi pushes himself up off of his mattress and onto his knees.

"Don't take it the wrong way I don't doubt your commitment, that's not what I'm asking, I'm just wondering that if I didn't have all of this disposable income, if you'd have ever even become interested in me," it had sounded better in his head, much better in his head, and the slight throb in his temples has mounted to a full-on stabbing headache.

Appearing to be speechless, Jeongguk's mouth opens and closes like a fish out of water whilst he searches for his words.

"Why are you asking me this?" Jeongguk grumbles, and Yoongi pales, "Are you self-conscious about what we have? Or more specifically, do you think that I have some motive for us being together?"

"No," he interjects swiftly, not having the heart to say that yes, he is questioning why him, why Yoongi, the same man who's been told countless times that he's not worth shit. He tries desperately to avoid the argument that he feels brewing in the air around them, "No, what I'm asking you is if you're just sticking around for what I'm giving you, like safety, food, comfort, or..." he stops.
abruptly, and refuses to look up at Jeongguk when he finishes softly, even fearfully, "Or if you're solely here for, y'know... Me."

The bed dips when Jeongguk moves closer, and Yoongi still can't bring himself to look up, not with the shame that's forcing him to remain still.

"Yoongi, look at me," Jeongguk orders gently, in that soft voice of his that has swayed Yoongi many a time.

Jeongguk’s hands are on his face then, cold fingertips splayed across Yoongi’s cheeks, drawing Yoongi’s gaze towards his dig, dark eyes.

"It might seem like I care about all of this shit," he gestures towards their general surroundings, "But that's just because I've gone without nothing for so long that now, now that I have something, I feel spoiled, because not only do I have a roof over my head," he pauses, and Yoongi stares deeply into his eyes when Jeongguk finishes painfully softly, "I have you, and you're worth far more to me than money ever will."

The relief that floods over Yoongi is like no other, and he can feel himself melting in Jeongguk’s arms when he gets pulled into a tight embrace.

"You could work at a hot dog stand and make little to no money and I'd still want to be with you," Jeongguk insists into Yoongi's hair, where he kisses and nuzzles his nose into.

"I'm sorry," Yoongi says, more because he doesn't know what to say, how to one-up Jeongguk on his outburst of sentiment.

"Shh," Jeongguk quips, pulling away from Yoongi to place his finger against Yoongi's pout, "No sorries, remember. You have nothing to be sorry for."

Nodding, accepting his defeat, Yoongi pulls away from Jeongguk's silencing finger before jumping off of his bed and heading towards the door to inform Taehyung that they'll be leaving soon.

When his hand is on the door handle, Jeongguk's on him like a moth to a flame. Having not heard him approach, Yoongi jumps in surprise when Jeongguk's hand wraps around his bicep, when his hot breath fans across his cheek before he leans in to mewl suggestively, "And anyway, you haven't even given me what I really want, yet."

Leaving Yoongi frozen on the spot, Jeongguk bounds out of the room shouting for Taehyung, paying no heed to the fact that in one fell swoop, he demolished Yoongi's cool.

It's not Yoongi's scene, with its attendees packed into the place like livestock and music thumping loud enough to make his ears bleed.

Jeongguk navigates his way through the crowd, leading Yoongi along by the hand.

Taehyung had disappeared the moment they'd entered, and initially, Yoongi had panicked, but Jeongguk was quick to assure him, to explain lackadaisically, "Tae's a wanderer. He'll turn up tomorrow morning back at home, don't worry." With Taehyung being the only one of the three drinking, Yoongi can't ignore the weariness settling in his gut when they continue weaving through
the crowd.

He allows himself to be led deeper into the club, towards a seating area where there's bodies upon bodies of people tangled together, kissing, sitting atop of each other's laps, their hands wandering, and a nigging feeling strikes Yoongi, one that makes him feel like he doesn't belong, that he should be somewhere where soft jazz is playing in the background, where cigars are being lit and stimulating conversation is being had.

Jeongguk's grip on his bicep grounds him, brings him out of his feeling of alienation, and when they sit, he's quick to offer Yoongi a reassuring smile.

"I won't drag you up to dance just yet," he shouts over the booming bass, and Yoongi groans, dreading the moment he does.

When the song that's playing drifts away and another one picks up, Jeongguk doesn't stay true to his word, and before Yoongi knows it, he's being hauled onto the dancefloor, into the mass of writhing, sweaty bodies. With not a single drop of alcohol in his system (for once), Yoongi feels his body go stiff, feels the creep of heat spreading across his cheeks.

He relaxes when he focuses on Jeongguk beneath the flashing, neon, seizure-inducing lights, and he relaxes even further when the sensual beat blasting from the speakers drives Jeongguk to turn his back on Yoongi, to reach down and guide Yoongi's hands to rest on his hips.

At first, Yoongi's awkward, unsure of how to move, paying too much mind to those around him and what they might think of him.

His qualms are soon quelled when Jeongguk begins to sway, slowly easing Yoongi into the movements, smirking to himself when he feels Yoongi rest his head on his shoulder, turning his face inwards to block out the fact that there's a throng of people surrounding them. When he becomes bolder once his bashfulness subsides, Yoongi pulls Jeongguk back against him, hooks his finger into the front pocket of Jeongguk's jeans, sighing a breath when Jeongguk looks back at him, smiling widely when he wiggles back against Yoongi, driving all of the heat in Yoongi's body down South.

He quickly stops caring about those around them, because how could his attention be on anything but the smooth grind and roll of Jeongguk's hips, on the way he arches his back against Yoongi when he reaches his hand up to card through the hair at the back of Yoongi's head. Jeongguk's more intoxicating than alcohol, and when he turns himself around in Yoongi's arms to flash Yoongi a larger-than-life grin, Yoongi knows that their time in the club is coming to a quick close.

They weave through the crowd, again with Jeongguk leading Yoongi, and when they're out of the storm of the crowd, by the DJ booth, something comes over Yoongi, something feral and desperate and maddening. He pushes Jeongguk up against the booth, and relishes in the way in which Jeongguk throws him a startled look, shouting over the cacophony, "Someone's eager."

And eager he is, as he silences Jeongguk with his lips, as he runs his hands down along Jeongguk's sides, pushing his thigh between Jeongguk's legs and returning Jeongguk's gasp when he feels Jeongguk begin to rut lightly against him, seeking the smallest amount of friction, anything to lessen the overwhelming desire coursing through his veins.

Jeongguk's gasps become more frequent the more he moves, and the more he moves, the more Yoongi can feel his hardening length moving against his thigh, and with that knowledge, Yoongi quickly decides that it's time to leave.

He steps away from Jeongguk, feeling a lot like he's in a daze, his tiny animal standing idle and awed
within his heart. And then, he reaches for Jeongguk's hand and steals a chaste kiss from him before growling into his ear, "It's time for me to give you what you want."

Yoongi all but falls out of the taxi when he orders the driver to stop outside of a pharmacy, and Jeongguk roars an almighty laugh when a few metres after, he trips over the curb, almost falling flat on his face. "There's no rush," Jeongguk assures through his stifled giggles when they enter the bright, fluorescent lights of the pharmacy holding hands.

Yoongi makes a point to stare down at Jeongguk's crotch, which probably wouldn't agree that there is 'no rush.'

"Which ones?" he asks as they stand in front of an array of condom brands, all looking daunting with writing on their packaging like, 'Ultimate pleasure!' 'XXXL,' and, the strangest, 'Now in new chocolate flavour!' "You choose."

Jeongguk hums, thinking, reaching forward to examine some of the boxes and make faces at others. "I think you should choose," Jeongguk says after an estimated minute of staring confusedly at a package that talked about the taste of the rainbow. He drops his voice when he leans into Yoongi, "After all, you're the one who's going to be wearing them."

Yoongi nods, and then, after growing suddenly impatient, grabs a brand that he can remember using before, long long ago. Waving it in Jeongguk's face with a smirk on his face, Yoongi nudges him lightly before taking off down the aisle. "Y'know, you'll be using them too, sooner or later," Yoongi mumbles, and Jeongguk pretends to itch a scratch on his nose to hide his amused smirk.

The tension that swirls between them is almost unbearable whilst they potter around Yoongi's apartment, procrastinating, trying to put their nerves at ease, waiting to see who will lead the way, who will decide that now's the time, this is it. Yoongi gets himself a glass of water, wanting the sound of the faucet to fill the silence around them, and in one gulp, downs it.

Jeongguk's leaning against the wall, aura insouciant, expression carefully lax, eyes trained on Yoongi's every movement.

They wordlessly make their way towards the bedroom, Yoongi entering first, Jeongguk quietly clicking the door shut after him, and no sooner is the door closed before Yoongi's found himself with an armful of Jeongguk, hands desperately scratching at his clothes, begging for them to be gone.

He lets Jeongguk do the work for now, watches him through hooded eyes as he pops open the buttons on his shirt expertly.

As soon as Yoongi's shirt is pushed off of his shoulders, Jeongguk's lips find their way to Yoongi's neck, to kiss and lick, to suck marks into his skin that Yoongi hopes he'll be able to wear with pride come morning light.

In their own company, without innumerable pairs of eyes on them, they're free to gasp and moan, to be as bold as they desire, and Jeongguk truly utilises their privacy by tearing Yoongi's belt out of the loops of his trousers, growling breathily at the sound it makes when it's freed from around Yoongi's trousers. "How badly do you want this," Jeongguk rasps, drawing his lower lip between his teeth when he fixes Yoongi a heavy-lidded stare. "Want me," he adds, bringing his nails down lightly across Yoongi's chest, smiling when Yoongi gasps at the sensation.
"So badly," Yoongi breathes, feeling his cock twitch in his trousers when he finally realises that he's about to have Jeongguk, that he's about to have something that he's fantasised about for what feels like months, "You have no idea."

Jeongguk hums, evidently satisfied by Yoongi's response, and then he's walking them backwards, back towards the bed that Yoongi falls onto.

Yoongi scoots up towards the headboard, and watches with dark eyes whilst Jeongguk quickly rips off of his beloved mesh shirt, casting it onto the floor, and typically, Yoongi would scold him for treating something so expensive so egregiously, but with arousal pooling in the pit of his stomach, Yoongi couldn't care less about the shirt collecting lint and dust off of his bedroom's floor.

Jeongguk situates himself between Yoongi's legs, tongue darting out to lick his lips as he runs his palm over Yoongi's clothed cock in anticipation, and in his arousal-ridden brain, Yoongi can't help but lift his hips up to meet Jeongguk's hand. He bends forward to kiss Yoongi whilst he frees him from his trousers, smiling against Yoongi's lips when Yoongi's relieved, shaky moan pours into his mouth the second Jeongguk wraps his firm fist around Yoongi's cock.

"I can't wait for you to fuck me," he purrs, and Yoongi tips his head back, the action causing his head to connect with his headboard painfully, but Yoongi can't feel the pain, how could he when he's feeling so blissed with Jeongguk's fist moving lazily along his cock.

"You're so mouthy," Yoongi comments breathily, closing his eyes when Jeongguk's thumb circles around the leaking head of his length. He has the dirty nerve to bring his thumb to his mouth, to order Yoongi to watch him, and Yoongi does, with his lips parted and insides scalding.

"People have told me that I talk too much," Jeongguk laughs upon returning his attention to Yoongi's cock, which he bends down to suck on, so lightly, though it's enough pressure and hot wetness to make Yoongi curse quietly. In one smooth, easy swallow, he takes all of Yoongi into his mouth, and Yoongi's reflex is to reach up and hold him there, to grab a fistful of Jeongguk's hair and pull him up after a few moments.

Jeongguk coughs and splutters, and then, to silence him some more, Yoongi guides his mouth down his length again, this time using his hair as leverage to move him up and down smoothly. He glances down to find Jeongguk working himself slowly, his index finger and thumb joined to provide a light grasp, just enough friction, not too much. He can't watch for too long, not when that familiar maddening heat is starting to overtake him, when he's wanting more, more, more before they've even gotten started.

He stops Jeongguk, and with traces of tears clinging to his lashes, Yoongi sits forward to kiss his cheek, to whisper, "Let's get you ready for me."

He digs around in his bedside drawer for that one bottle he hasn't used in eons, that he can remember using one night when he was feeling especially frustrated, when his hand was just not enough. Upon locating said bottle, Yoongi kneels on the bed, orders Jeongguk onto his stomach, and as obedient as ever, Jeongguk happily complies.

His view is impeccable, and he can't help himself from smoothing a palm over the round of Jeongguk's ass, smiling when Jeongguk makes a soft, "Mmm," noise above him. Warming the lube up in his hands, and cursing when some slips off and onto his duvet, Yoongi digs deep into his brain, into his lifetime of memories to remember some particularly amazing experiences he's had, how he'd made it good for his partner, what his technique was, because he wants this to be good for Jeongguk.

"You have to tell me if what I'm doing isn't doing anything for you," Yoongi says, running his finger
down between the cleft of Jeongguk's ass.

Jeongguk shivers, "Are you kidding me? Everything you're doing is 'doing something,' for me."

He's quickly quietened by Yoongi's finger circling his entrance, pressing in lightly, and when he's fully inside, Jeongguk releases a shaky breath. "I just want it to be good for you, baby," Yoongi explains before positioning himself more comfortably, lying on his front, resting his cheek on Jeongguk's left asscheek and watching his finger move in and out of Jeongguk slowly.

Gasing when Yoongi finds that sweet spot inside of him, Jeongguk whimpers, "It's with you, of course it'll be good."

If Yoongi thought he was loud, Jeongguk's definitely louder, and he becomes even more louder once Yoongi's three fingers deep, fucking into him with a steady rhythm, listening to Jeongguk's sweet, ecstasy-ridden moans, his soft whimpers when Yoongi hits that sensitive bundle of nerves within him again, and again, and again. When Yoongi wraps his hand around Jeongguk's cock, Jeongguk curses loudly, keens, begins spewing words, "Oh, fuck me, I'm ready for you, I'm ready, Yoongi, fuck me."

Having lost the condom he'd laid out specifically for this very moment, Yoongi scrambles to the box on the dresser, pours out its contents and grabs one before rejoining Jeongguk back on the bed. Whilst he's rolling it onto himself, Jeongguk, looking like his limbs are like jelly, rolls over onto his back. With a fucked-out look on his face before he's even been fucked, Jeongguk stokes himself lazily, watching Yoongi scoot closer, hissing when he squeezes the base of his own cock.

It's almost too much to look at Jeongguk when he's pressing into him, with his awed expression and mouth agape, his words replaced by throaty groans, and Yoongi can already tell that come tomorrow morning, Jeongguk's throat is going to be scratchy and sore. Being buried within Jeongguk's searing heat makes Yoongi want to drive forward, to fuck Jeongguk hard and fast, but instead, he pulls out slowly, and pushes in slowly, and repeats his slow, steady, deep rhythm until Jeongguk's pulling him down to lay atop of him.

His nails drag marks down Yoongi's back, his moans echo in Yoongi's ears, and when Yoongi wraps his hand around Jeongguk's cock to stroke along with the same rhythm of his rolling hips, Jeongguk arches up against him, head sinking deep into the pillow when he chokes out, "More," Yoongi quickens the pace slightly, complying, but it's not enough, "More."

"Baby," Yoongi groans when Jeongguk hooks his feet around the backs of his thighs, forcing Yoongi in deeper, "Oh, baby, baby, baby."

He's close, so close, his composure is slipping, the heat's mounting, Jeongguk's becoming less coherent, and then, before Yoongi knows it, Jeongguk clenches around him, his back rises off of the bed as his climax shoots through him violently, causing him to tremble and hold Yoongi against him tightly, crying aloud his name.

Yoongi falls in the middle, when Jeongguk's said his name for the second time, Yoongi pistons his hips forward to chase after his own bliss, his own wonderful pleasure, and with a single shout, Yoongi sees iridescent lights burst behind his eyelids before he goes limp atop of Jeongguk.

Their pants fill the room, their chests rise and fall to meet one another, and Jeongguk busies himself beneath Yoongi by peppering kisses across any available skin his lips can get to.

With his limbs feeling light, airy, Yoongi leaves Jeongguk to dispose of the condom and to fetch a washcloth, which he uses to wipe away the mess on Jeongguk's abdomen before rejoining Jeongguk,
this time burrowing underneath the covers and welcoming Jeongguk who rests his head on Yoongi's chest.

Neither feel the need to speak, are far too spent to form words, but it's Jeongguk who finds the energy, who tucks himself into Yoongi's side and whispers, "See? I told you it'd be good."

Yoongi was a fool to have any doubts.

He's torn out of his deep sleep by the intolerable blare of his ringtone, and Yoongi has to gently lift Jeongguk off of his chest so he can reach sideways and tap his phone furiously to quieten the cacophony. Through his drowsy eyes, he notices multiple notifications on his phone, all from either Jimin or Namjoon, and upon noticing this, Yoongi's stomach drops.

He kicks the duvet off of himself as he moves to sit on the side of the bed, and he scrolls quickly through the missed calls, the text messages, and one thing and one thing only strikes Yoongi's mind.

Taehyung.

04:58: Jimin.
Answer my calls.

05:01: Jimin.
Where are you? Can you please get in contact? They want to see Taehyung.

05:06: Jimin.
Yoongi, I want to make this easier for all of us and you're really not helping.

05:15: Jimin.
Don't say I didn't try. They've sent out a car to collect him. If you'd gotten back to me, I could've gone and got him and avoided a scene.

05:16: Jimin.
Sorry, Hyung.

With his heart beginning to thrum, Yoongi glances at the clock to see it reading 05:46 and then, he turns his attention to the remaining messages.

05:19: Joon.
Why aren't you answering Jimin's calls? Wake up.

05:29: Joon.
You better wake the fuck up, Yoongi. Jimin rang, said that they want to speak to Taehyung immediately.

He's reading the last message he'd received when his phone starts blaring again. It's Namjoon.

"Where is he?" is Namjoon's first question, anger evident in his tone.

Jeongguk's wide awake by now, draped across Yoongi's back, biting his fingernails anxiously.
"He's not home yet," Yoongi says, and he feels sick, he feels reckless, careless, "He'll be home soon."

Namjoon sucks in a heavy, aggravated sigh, "You don't know where he is. That's perfect. So, Hyung, if the police rock up onto your doorstep demanding his whereabouts, you tell them that you don't know, that you let him slip through your fingertips. Do you know how incriminating this looks? How fucking suspicious it is that he's out partying just a few days after witnessing his friend's murder? Sometimes, Yoongi, sometimes, you really haven't got a fucking brain."

When Yoongi goes to reply, to try and remedy the situation, the call cuts off, and Yoongi stares blankly at his home-screen.

"He'll be here," Jeongguk insists, "He has no reason not to come home."

Before, Yoongi wasn't doubtful, not a shred of him believed Taehyung to be guilty of the crime. But now, with Taehyung conveniently absent when he's being sought after for interrogation, Yoongi feels something sickening settle in the pit of his stomach, feels uncertainty strike him from every angle, and when he reaches up to grasp Jeongguk's hand from around his shoulders, Yoongi nods his head slowly.

"We need to find him, Guk."

Chapter End Notes

♡
Yoongi takes the left and Jeongguk takes the right, and as the hours pass, as Yoongi’s nerves become that bit more shaken, he’s close to giving up hope. In one, easy step, he can unload the burden of locating Taehyung, find Jimin in his phonebook, hit the call button and admit, "I fucked up. You guys need to take over."

As someone who believes himself to be strong-willed and stubbornly adamant of his capabilities, his pride prohibits himself from frantically calling Jimin.

When he's down an alleyway, feeling sorry for himself and stupid for being so reckless, Yoongi wracks his brain for possible hideouts that Taehyung might have tucked himself away into. To humour himself, he envisions Taehyung back at the apartment, discreetly tiptoeing around, scoping out the space for possible hideout areas before eventually deciding that the bath, with its curtain pulled over, is the perfect spot.

His runaway thoughts are swiftly interrupted by his phone vibrating urgently in his hand.

In his urgency, Yoongi barely manages to avoid dropping his phone onto the concrete when he quickly accepts the call.

"Have you found him?"

"Yoongi-"

"Have you found him?" Yoongi repeats sharply, brow furrowing when he detects what he perceives as quiet apprehension clinging to Jeongguk's tone.

The silence that stretches out on Jeongguk’s end makes Yoongi stop in his tracks, makes him gape blankly at some passersby, makes that growing ball of uneasiness unfurl inside of him. "Jeongguk," he bites sharply, tone purposefully impatient, and when he hears the crackle of Jeongguk's sigh through the speaker, Yoongi throws his eyes towards the heavens.

"Sorry, yes, he's with me," he speaks, finally, sounding lost, sounding torn, "We're in Solas. But, hyung..."

Yoongi turns on his heels when he gets their location, feet carrying him speedily back from where he came, and then he's on the street, eagle eyes searching out an empty taxi that he waves at wildly. "What is it, Jeongguk? If it's foolish, I don't want to hear it," he snaps, frustration getting the better of him, his usual soft-spot for Jeongguk falling prey to his mounting annoyance.

"Not foolish," Jeongguk assures, albeit uncertainly, "We were just wondering if we could have a few hours before we head down to the station."

He shouts the directions at the driver, not bothering to place his palm over the receiver, letting Jeongguk hear how obviously wound up he is.

Yoongi has to count to three, he has to calm himself, bring down his pulse, 1, 2, 3, "So you're 'We' now?"

He knows he sounds ridiculous, apathetic, even somewhat jealous, but he can't contain himself, not when his tiny animal is angrily pacing back and forth, stretching its tiny claws, wanting to escape and wreak havoc. "What's that supposed to mean?" Jeongguk counters, tone deadpan, unamused,
completely impassive.

"How about you tell me what you mean by wanting to chill out in Solas for a 'few hours,' in spite of the fact that I've got Jimin, Namjoon, and Seoul's police on my ass about your best friend's fucking whereabouts. This is serious, and I don't think you realise just how serious it is. I'll meet you two at the station in half an hour."

He doesn't wait for Jeongguk's reply, he all but slams the call to its end, and after redirecting his driver, Yoongi keeps his fists clenched in his lap, trying desperately to avoid the anger brewing within him, and the itch in his fingertips telling him to smash the taxi's window into smithereens.

Jimin's on the front desk when Yoongi bustles into the building, having sped through two cigarettes, one out of taxi's window, the other right outside the station's door.

"It's been a while since I saw you in this place," Jimin greets cheerily, far too cheerily for how Yoongi is feeling, meaning to say, he's feeling far too vexed to return Jimin's cordiality.

"You know I hate coming here," Yoongi mumbles, glancing around uninterestedly at the posters adorning the station's walls, some looking like they've seen better days.

Jimin lets the phone ring out, and Yoongi catches the clench in his jaw when its jarring, deafening shrill ring continues. "Excuse me," Jimin grits, nodding to an officer that enters, who Yoongi sidesteps to give some space.

He's never had good relationships with any officers, especially since he's typically defending blatant killers and criminals. Yoongi's come to realise over the years that police officers, if not loathe him, strongly dislike him; Jimin's the exception.

He sits himself down on a rickety metal chair and busies himself by pretending to be enveloped in something on his phone whilst Jimin adopts his deeper, authoritative tone when he takes a call. When two older, suited, greying men hurry into the station, Yoongi eyes them, watching as Jimin's posture instantly straightens, as he regards them respectfully, and as if on cue, after them, in come Jeongguk and Taehyung, one of them still in their clothes from the night before and the other in one of Yoongi's stretched out t-shirts and a tracksuit.

"Taehyung," Jimin states, drawing everyone's attention to the man in question, "Right?"

Standing like a lost child, Taehyung nods, slowly, and though Yoongi's now simmering, no longer boiling inside, his heart still twangs when he sees just how petrified he looks.

Jeongguk's by his side, staring intently at the side of Taehyung's face, bags evident underneath his eyes, attention having yet to turn to Yoongi.

"You're Taehyung?" one of the greying men ask as the other tucks a thick file beneath his arm, eyes narrowing when his partner addresses Taehyung, "We've been looking for you, kid."

Jeongguk's gaze instantly flits to Yoongi, and Yoongi's to Jeongguk's, and Yoongi inwardly cringes at this older guy's choice of words. Jeongguk's standing by Taehyung's side with his arms crossed, closed off, and Yoongi, in spite of all of his inner talk of confronting Jeongguk and his carelessness, there's still that small part of him that wants to pretend that he's not currently annoyed with him.
Whilst Jimin's going over some paperwork with Taehyung, getting him to sign this and that, Yoongi tries desperately to contain his amused smirk when he notices the way in which Jimin's interacting with him. Not like how he usually talks to suspects or simple visitors, with his flirty smiles and overt eagerness to help, it's a painful sight to witness.

When Taehyung's handed the pen back to Jimin, and when Jeongguk's rushed forward to place a protective grip on Taehyung's shoulder, Yoongi watches in dismay when one of the detectives announces that they'll begin the questioning right away.

He's on his feet before he can think twice, he's standing in-between the detective with the greyer hair, posture straight, chest pushed out, gaze steely, "I need to speak with my client before you begin the interrogation."

Stupefied, Jeongguk drops his grip from Taehyung's arm, and in his peripheral, Yoongi can spy Jimin shaking his head disapprovingly.

Taehyung gawks at Yoongi, mouth hanging open and gaze trained on him whilst Yoongi pointedly ignores him, instead choosing to keep his gaze trained on the detective, whose head is cocked to the side and who has a sly smirk tugging on the corners of his lips. "You're his attorney?" he asks, and Yoongi's stomach sinks when he belatedly realises the gravity of his unplanned outburst.

He looks to Jeongguk, for a reason that he isn't sure of, and then to Taehyung, and that small shrivel of hope that he sees in Taehyung's eyes is what drives Yoongi to breathe in deeply, to continue with his proposition, "I'm his attorney. And if you don't mind, I want to inform him of his rights before you two get into his head and mess things around."

Having clearly taken offence, the detective who was mute until now steps forward, so close to Yoongi that the stench of body odour invades his nostrils. "Watch yourself," he warns lowly, face inches away from Yoongi's, skin pallid, veins on his skin's surface, eyebrows bushy and unkempt, "'Y'know, there's a time constraint on this case. The media's caught wind of it, and with how quiet things have been on the news front lately, they've latched onto this like bloodthirsty vultures."

Jeongguk and Taehyung have slunk away, Jimin has taken the phone off of its hook, and Yoongi can feel perspiration gathering on his brow when he levels the detective's bloodshot stare. The toll of the case is evident on the man, but that doesn't stop Yoongi from backing down. "And I should care about the media why?"

When the other detective steps forward to further invade Yoongi's space, Yoongi squints to read the name on his lanyard; Detective Shin, a name he's not familiar with, but one that he dreads to become familiar with. "We're under pressure. We can't spare the time needed for you to speak to your client."

Once he reads Detective's Shin's partner's lanyard, and sees 'Detective Kim,' written above a rather unflattering picture of the man, Yoongi glances back in Taehyung's direction to find him nervously wringing his hands with Jeongguk by his side, rubbing soothing circles across Taehyung's back. His eyes find Jeongguk's momentarily before flitting sharply to Detective Shin, "In the time that you've spent whining at me, I could've said all that I wanted to say to Taehyung."

That strikes a chord, and Detective Kim bristles, visibly perturbed. He can hear Jimin sigh loudly from behind him, "Yoongi," he says quietly, warning. "Five minutes, that's all I ask," Yoongi raises his voice, his impatience mounting, the scent of Detective Shin's rancid body odour becoming unbearable.

When Detective Kim leaves his partner's side to approach Taehyung, the click of handcuffs being
readied in his hands spurs Yoongi on, and he turns on the man, fuming, "How about instead of him wasting you bastards' time by waiving his Miranda rights, you let me speak to him so you can have a proper, informative interrogation."

"What did you just call me?" Detective Shin steps into Yoongi's space, his breath equally as rancid as his odour, teeth ugly and yellow.

He's close to breaking, to dropping his guard and giving in when Jimin steps between them, speaking quietly to Detective Shin whilst shoving Yoongi roughly away by his chest. He stumbles back into Jeongguk's grip, his hands coming up to grasp Yoongi's shoulders immediately.

Whilst Detective Kim stares daggers into Yoongi's soul, the soft thrum of Yoongi's pounding heartbeat echoes in his ears.

"Calm down, hyung." Jeongguk whispers, thumb stroking Yoongi's arm softly.

"If they want to talk to me now, I'll just keep my mouth shut," Taehyung whispers, sounding completely and utterly defeated and miserable.

When Jeongguk's all but dragged Yoongi over to the beat-up metal chairs, he watches whilst Jimin exchanges words with the detectives, sometimes talking animatedly, sometimes talking surreptitiously. When he turns to beckon Yoongi over, Yoongi watches the two detectives stare him down before they turn on their heels, mumbling something quietly to each other before disappearing down the hallway.

"You're such a fucking pain in my ass," Jimin hisses when he grabs Yoongi from Jeongguk's grasp, sparing no time, dragging him out onto the street. Jeongguk and Taehyung hurry after them, "I got you your 'five minutes,' and more. They'll talk to Taehyung tomorrow, but you've really fucked yourself with this one, Yoongi. They're going to have Taehyung in there for hours on end, picking away at his brain, drawing things out for longer than is necessary, all because you're an insufferable dipshit who can't see past the red clouding your vision."

He can't feel stupid for how he went about dealing with the situation, not when the outcome was in his favour. "I got what I wanted, didn't I?" Yoongi grins triumphantly, and receives a much-earned thump on the arm from Jimin.

"Sure, you got what you wanted," Jimin mumbles, and Yoongi watches with his brow furrowed when Jimin holds Taehyung's gaze as he sighs, "But it's going to come with a price."

Leaving without a goodbye, Yoongi stares after Jimin before turning his attention to Taehyung who looks a lot like he just got back from visiting hell, what with him still clad in the shirt that Yoongi had bought him with what looks to be stains of red wine on its collar and his hair lying flat on his scalp, a far cry from its voluminous style from the previous night.

As Yoongi looks at Taehyung, and as his demeanour calms, Yoongi begins to slowly realise just exactly what he's gotten himself into.

They walk all the way home, because as Jeongguk had suggested, they could all do with the fresh air.

"Should we start calling you Mr. Min?" Jeongguk asks when they near Yoongi's building, a smile clutched onto his words, but no matter how facetious Jeongguk attempts to be, Yoongi just can't bring himself to play into the comicality, not when the image of Taehyung sitting in a tiny box room is all that's playing in his mind.
He detaches himself from Jeongguk's grip, and catches the way in which Jeongguk's soft smile falls the moment he does so. He hands Taehyung his keycard when he digs deep into his pockets to retrieve his lighter and his last cigarette, and with Taehyung and Jeongguk standing in the doorway watching Yoongi bemusedly, Yoongi tilts his head back to gaze up at the fading evening sky.

He blows smoke up towards the clouds, and flicks absently at his lighter before he turns his attention away from the sky's purples, pinks and oranges.

"Go get some rest," Yoongi smiles; tight, not reaching his eyes, completely unconvincing, "I need to go and see Joon."

With no reason to argue, and with exhaustion singing in Taehyung's bones, he's happy to pluck the keycard from Jeongguk's hand and head upstairs. Jeongguk, however, hangs back.

He rocks on his feet awkwardly, looking left and right at nothing in particular, and it's a painful sight for Yoongi to witness, seeing Jeongguk evidently so anxious. When the seconds stretch out into minutes, Jeongguk sighs deeply, "You're okay, right?"

It's a question he wasn't expecting, but one, over the years, that Yoongi's conditioned himself into answering smoothly, convincingly.

He puts more effort into his smile this time; less tight, more loose, less forced. Yoongi nods, "I'm fine, Guk."

"If this is all too much for you, you don't have to represent Tae. We might just be getting ahead of ourselves, y'know? For all we know, nothing's gonna come out of this. Tae's innocent, after all," Jeongguk speaks quickly, thinking on the spot, spewing what Yoongi can only describe as complete and utter bullshit. When he doesn't offer Jeongguk a reply, and when the silence becomes achingly unbearable, Yoongi feels the wind get knocked out of him when Jeongguk rushes forward to wrap his arms tightly around him, to bury his face in the crook of Yoongi's neck.

He's not sure what to do at first, and after a second of uncertainty, Yoongi relaxes into it, he brings his arms up to envelop Jeongguk, to pull him impossibly closer.

"I'm sorry about earlier," Jeongguk grumbles against Yoongi's skin, but Yoongi's already telling him to quieten down, that it doesn't matter now, "I should've brought Tae to you straight away."

"It's in the past now," Yoongi says quietly, stroking the short hairs on the nape of Jeongguk's neck whilst he rocks them gently from side to side, "What we need to focus on now is supporting him, which is something that I think that you'll be especially good at doing."

Jeongguk lifts his head to peer at Yoongi softly, and with the hint of a flush spreading across his cheeks, he nods, agreeing, "I can do that."

"Do you know what class you should've taken in college?" Namjoon's in his sleepwear, stretched out across his sofa with a beer in hand and the television on mute.

Seokjin's pottering around the kitchen cleaning up after dinner when Yoongi shows up, looking the worse for wear.
Not knowing the answer to Namjoon's question, or whether it was just rhetoric, Yoongi chooses to remain silent.

Namjoon pushes himself up from his reclined position, depositing his beer on the coffee table before frowning deeply in Yoongi's direction, "One about how not to get yourself involved with your clients, or maybe even one about remaining on a neutral standpoint, I mean fuck, you're really serious about working for Tae? And you're aware of how tolling this is going to be for you?"

Cases are trying enough as it is, but to take on one where you know your client personally is something that Yoongi's never done before. He's heard from colleagues in the past that it's bad karma to represent someone from your personal life, that the outcome is rarely good, but forever stubborn, Yoongi's choosing to go with his own instinct, and in this case, his own instinct is cockily telling him that no one could better represent Taehyung than he can.

"I know that it's going to be a lot to handle, Joon, but the kid needs me," Yoongi says quietly, leaning his elbows on his knees when he tips forward onto the edge of his seat, "I don't have any other big lawsuits coming up, and this one shouldn't stretch out for too long... You saw how shaken he was when he turned up on my doorstep that night. I can't just throw him to the wolves and hope for the better outcome, I need to be the one to ensure such an outcome."

Seokjin hands him a glass of wine, which Yoongi accepts graciously, gulping down his glass in twenty seconds flat, welcoming the way in which its effect spreads warmly throughout his limbs. "Suit yourself," Namjoon shrugs, lifting an arm up and around Seokjin's shoulders when he sits down beside him, "I hope your antics down at the station aren't gonna come back to bite you in the ass."

Glowering, Yoongi narrows his eyes at Namjoon, "They're professionals. I'm going to give them the benefit of the doubt and say that their immaturity levels are above pettiness."

The looks that he's met with from both Seokjin and Namjoon when he polishes off his glass are not ones that soothe Yoongi's nerves.

"Where have you been for the past four years? Because wherever you've been, it's not been in the judicial system," Namjoon scoffs, and Yoongi's incredulous expression pulls into one of annoyance, "Anyone that works for the police has this sickening God complex. They think that they're untouchable, and anyone who does dare to touch them faces swift, harsh consequences that are often baseless and completely uncalled for. It's a corrupt system, and you've just pissed off not one, but two of its people."

Maybe Yoongi's subconscious is choosing ignorance in the hope that his attitude towards Detective Shin and Kim won't impact Taehyung negatively, or maybe he's really just ridiculously ignorant as to the way in which his fellow judicial workers operate. "You're being paranoid, Joon," he waves him off, albeit unsuccessfully.

"You're being too relaxed, and too trusting," Namjoon snaps, patience wearing thin, much like Yoongi's resolve, "Don't trust any of those bastards except Jimin. He's our only connection, anyone else can go fuck themselves. I don't want you to lick their asses, but I want you to do the bare minimum, just enough for them to regard you on level ground. No more anger-fueled outbursts, no more antagonising the Goddamn detectives working your case, fuck."

"Listen, I appreciate your input, Joon, but I'm the one who's going to be standing up for the kid, so I'll work how I want to work."

That makes Namjoon tick, that makes Namjoon clench his jaw and grit his teeth, "Listen, you
stubborn piece of shit, as much as you want to deny it, I'm the one who's more learned. *I'm* the one who knows the ins and outs of things, I'm the best at what I do for a fucking reason and what I'm proposing, hyung, is for you to make me your fucking assistant on the case."

Yoongi pauses, and feels the steam settle from around him when he relaxes back into his seat, having belatedly realised that he'd gotten himself revved up for no reason, that Namjoon, in true Namjoon fashion, chose a roundabout way to offer his help instead of just getting straight to the damn point. "Really?"

Seokjin had left the second Namjoon had started spewing profanities, and when he returns this time, he's trying, but failing miserably, to hide an amused smirk.

Namjoon nods, "That is, if you want me."

Yoongi has to focus hard to stop himself from overreacting and making a fool out of himself.

"Of course I want you," he murmurs, inwardly cringing over the rare exhibition of sentiment.

"Get a room," Seokjin coos in a playful voice, and Namjoon swats at him bashfully, "Only you two can go from cursing each other out to being seconds away from getting married."

"How much are you charging him?" Namjoon ventures, pointedly ignoring Seokjin who's getting far too much enjoyment from the heated blushes on him and Yoongi's cheeks.

Yoongi sighs, "That's the thing, and a big reason as to why I want to be his attorney. He's broke, Joon, so I'm gonna represent him pro bono."

"Oh," Seokjin deadpans, countenance pulled into a frown and attention shooting towards Namjoon who remains carefully quiet.

"I see," Namjoon nods non-comittally, thinking, and then, he slaps his thighs, a trademark gesture of his that typically intimates a decision, "Let's do it then. Pro bono."

The sight that Yoongi's met with upon returning home is one that plucks at his heartstrings.

The apartment's eerily quiet, and Taehyung's passed out on the sofa, there's forgotten takeaway on the floor alongside his discarded shoes, and when Yoongi tiptoes into his bedroom in search of a blanket, he finds Jeongguk rolled up in his duvet, closed eyes barely visible from above it, space for Yoongi to join him completely nonexistent what with him lying horizontally across the bed.

He returns to Taehyung with the blanket, places it over him and ensures that every inch of his body is covered by pulling it down over his feet and up underneath his neck before he goes to leave, but the croakiness of Taehyung's stirring voice stops Yoongi in his tracks. "You didn't have to do that today," he says.

He didn't have to, but something within Yoongi was telling him that he needed to step forward and take control, to watch over Taehyung and be the one to assure his freedom. "If you think for one second that I'm going to let some money-hungry schmuck be the one to represent you, then you're wrong," Yoongi smiles softly, and in turn, Taehyung smiles tiredly up at him, "It's nothing, really. A stroll in the park. They're going to question you tomorrow, I'll brief you beforehand, and that'll be
There’s uncertainty on Taehyung’s face, doubt and maybe even fear. His lack of confidence doesn’t do much for Yoongi’s, and try as he might, Yoongi just can’t completely ignore the way in which his pulse picks up when he thinks long about the possibility that maybe, maybe things will evolve into something that warrants worry.

Jeongguk’s awake when Yoongi shuts his bedroom door, throwing his jacket onto the floor, groaning when he frees his sore feet from his shoes. He rolls his eyes when Jeongguk rolls over to watch him, eyes drowsy and mouth pulled into a tight smirk as Yoongi frowns down at him whilst his fingers work open the buttons of his shirt. "Both of you were asleep when I got home, and now, both of you are awake," Yoongi grumbles as he places his shirt on a hanger, pointedly ignoring the appreciative windy whistle sounding from Jeongguk when it falls from his body.

"You're not the quietest of people," Jeongguk explains, arms stretching above his head and toes poking out from the bottom of the duvet, "It's like a small stampede of elephants entering the apartment whenever you come home." Yoongi's quick to turn on him, and Jeongguk's even quicker to trip over his words to avoid Yoongi's snappy response, "You try to be quiet and that's all that matters," he adds, tone soft, assuring, working perfectly at quelling Yoongi's disgruntlement.

"Nice save," Yoongi mumbles, sounding wounded, and when Jeongguk tuts loudly. When he makes disapproving sounds as soon as Yoongi plucks his pyjama's up off of the floor, Yoongi frowns, "What?"

The smirk that he's met with is one that initially, Yoongi can't quite pinpoint, but the suggestion behind the smirk, the mischief has Yoongi's interested piqued. Pointing his finger towards himself, gesturing for Yoongi, Jeongguk's teeth dig into his lower lip before he drawls, "Don't put those on."

"But I'm cold," Yoongi counters, confused, goosebumps starting to blossom across his skin, the draught from beneath his door skirting against his ankles.

Not expecting an answer so lame, Jeongguk's expression falls into one of befuddlement, "You're cold," he repeats flatly before he pushes the duvet down around himself, and Yoongi allows himself a moment to take in the sight of him in the dim light of moonlight, "You're also dense, now come here and let me warm you up."

Expecting backlash, Jeongguk swiftly shushes Yoongi’s sulky noise of protest before he drags himself over to join him, playing up his reluctancy that Jeongguk fondly shakes his head at. "C'mon then, warm me up, make yourself useful," Yoongi mumbles when he grips the corner of the duvet to yank some over himself, and Jeongguk just stares at him, baffled.

Jeongguk’s cold fingertips on his chest make startle him, and when Jeongguk scoots over to tuck himself in tight against Yoongi’s side, those fingers continue tracing mindless paths across Yoongi’s chest. His hand moves downwards, palm smoothing down along Yoongi's stomach, fingertips catching on the band of Yoongi's underwear, and when Jeongguk mouths a slow kiss against his shoulder, Yoongi belatedly realises just exactly how Jeongguk plans on warming him up.

"Oh," Yoongi breathes, inhaling softly when Jeongguk turns his attention to the spot just below his ear, which he kisses and licks at.

"Oh," Jeongguk repeats mockingly, smiling against Yoongi's skin when Yoongi's hand comes up to rest on the crown of his head.

Teasing Yoongi's left nipple between his fingertips and lapping at the other, Yoongi arches up into
the sensation, groaning softly as the day's stresses seep from his bones with each and every one of Jeongguk's ministrations. The smooth, slow lead up dissolves into something more fast-paced when Jeongguk decides to nip and bite at Yoongi's hipbones, to suck bruises into his skin there, and a curse gets caught in Yoongi's throat when Jeongguk unceremoniously yanks down his boxers.

"Be quiet," Jeongguk giggles, hand wrapped firmly around the base of Yoongi's cock, "You don't want Tae to hear, do you?"

Yoongi's eyes fly open instantly, and he pushes himself up onto his elbows to squint down at Jeongguk.

"I forgot that he's awake," Yoongi says, somewhat disappointedly, like he's realised that they can't go hell for leather, instead need to keep things quiet and contained, "We shouldn't."

His breath catches when Jeongguk forces himself down his length, and Yoongi flops back onto his back when Jeongguk bobs his head shallowly, allowing no time for Yoongi to dwell on the prospect of Taehyung lying awake staring at the ceiling listening to Yoongi getting his dick sucked. When Jeongguk pulls off spluttering, he dabs neatly at the corner of his mouth before mumbling, "Don't be ridiculous."

"I'm," Yoongi begins, lifting his head to look down at Jeongguk again, words failing him when Jeongguk's flushed cheeks, teary eyes and shiny, reddened lips render him momentarily speechless, "I'm not being ridiculous, I just don't want him to hear me fuck the living daylights out of you."

Taken aback, the pace of Jeongguk's fist on Yoongi's cock slows. His eyebrows quirk, and the tickled, coquettish smirk that Yoongi's met with only helps to further the fact that he's painfully hard, and painfully in need of release. "What are you waiting for, then?" Jeongguk asks, already off of the bed and rummaging through the bedside drawer.

"Guk," Yoongi whines, embarrassment washing over him as he hides his face in his hands. He has no right to be embarrassed, not when the whole building, at some stage, has heard him. However, it's an entirely different story when it's someone he knows personally, especially when said someone has had his own turn with Jeongguk. There's that competitive part of Yoongi that comes to the forefront of his mind, the part that wants Jeongguk to be louder with him than he would've been with Taehyung, to be more vocal, more pleased, more fucked out.

The confusing concoction of competitiveness and outright diffidence has Yoongi's mind spinning, but he has no time to dwell on the whirlwind of emotions swirling through him, because Jeongguk's between his legs, rolling a condom onto him with his bottom lip drawn between his teeth in concentration.

As anticipated, Jeongguk doesn't bother to filter himself, and it's music to Yoongi's ears, really, it is, but that sense of embarrassment crawls up Yoongi's spine with every thrust, with every connection of skin against skin, and when Yoongi drops down onto his elbows to frame Jeongguk's face, his attempt at keeping Jeongguk's mouth shut with a kiss proves to be nothing but futile.

He's desperate, almost frantic in the way he drags his nails down Yoongi's back, in the way he bites the spot just below Yoongi's collarbone, and at one point, Yoongi yelps in pain and glances down to see if Jeongguk's managed to draw blood. "Don't stop," Jeongguk keens, hips circling against Yoongi, causing Yoongi's eyes to roll before falling shut, "Why are you stopping?" he whines without stopping his hips, still whimpering when he forces Yoongi further into him.

"You're loud," Yoongi breathes, head bowed and mouth agape as he watches the smooth roll and grind of Jeongguk's hips, how his cock bobs against his stomach, how the muscles on his thighs look
wrapped around Yoongi's own, "Tone it down a bit, baby."

"No," Jeongguk interjects quickly, almost fiercely, "No, just fuck me."

The smooth roll of his hips turns into something more desperate, more fast-paced, and Yoongi stifles a groan when Jeongguk elevates his hips just a bit more so he can bounce on Yoongi's cock with more fervour. "Jesus," he sings, mesmerised by how frenzied Jeongguk is, how there's a look unlike no other in his eyes.

When he finally divulges Jeongguk by driving roughly into him, Yoongi bites the inside of his cheek, trying desperately to contain his own blissful sounds.

"Do you think he can hear?" Jeongguk whispers when he wraps his arms around Yoongi's neck, his hair sticking to his forehead, his cheeks hot, eyes glassy.

Frowning and, admittedly, just a little bit disturbed, Yoongi's pace doesn't waver, "Hopefully not," he chokes out.

"I want him to hear," Jeongguk purrs darkly, and Yoongi stares down at him in disbelief, and then, in awe, "Don't you want him to hear how well I take your cock?"

"Jeongguk," Yoongi grits warningly, composure slipping, limbs starting to feel disconnected from his body, heat in the pit of his gut starting to unravel expeditiously.

Jeongguk whispers, his filter completely forgotten, "No-one's ever fucked me like you do."

Yoongi's head hangs off of his shoulders, he can't quieten Jeongguk anymore because he's almost there, slipping slowly, and maybe, just maybe the tripe that Jeongguk's spewing is actually doing something for him, "You fuck me the best."

His high noises and strained words go straight to Yoongi's cock, making him throb inside of Jeongguk, but when he hears the telltale sound of the refrigerator door being closed, Yoongi's face pales, he grips Jeongguk's hips hard, holding him in place.

Making a noise of protest, Jeongguk tries, but fails to move, chest shining with sweat, face screwed up and exasperated, "Yoongi," he wails.

He shushes Jeongguk, glancing towards the door as if he's expecting Taehyung to come barging in and Jeongguk follows his eye-line before resignedly stopping all movement from underneath Yoongi, lying slack, staring up at the ceiling, breathing heavily as he waits for Yoongi to resume. "He's awake."

"So?" Jeongguk asks flatly, squirming and wincing when Yoongi rearranges himself between his legs, "If anything he's out there jacking off to us."

Yoongi's jaw goes slack at that, something tight and hot twists at the base of his spine, something that he wishes wasn't relating to the thought of Taehyung finding the thought of them hot, but something that he realises somewhat ashamedly is a spike of hot pleasure.

When he drops back down onto his elbows, looking deep into Jeongguk's blown-wide pupils, his tongue licks across his lower lip as his register drops into something lascivious.

"Then let's give him something worthy of getting off to."

Jeongguk doesn't have time to question him, not when Yoongi's already fucking into him hard, sparing no time for Jeongguk to even develop a thought process on the situation. And with the
movement of Yoongi's hips comes the inevitable burst of Jeongguk's voice, he can only moan out one or two words before Yoongi's hand is pressed over his mouth, and Jeongguk keens against his palm, eyes fluttering when Yoongi hisses down at him, "I'll let you speak soon, baby boy, don't worry."

Instead, he lets the sounds of the headboard knocking against the wall and his skin against Jeongguk's ring throughout the room. When Jeongguk grows increasingly more pliant beneath him, Yoongi lifts his hand from Jeongguk's mouth, and that's when Jeongguk's strained, hoarse voice bursts from him, only this time, everything he says is more or less unintelligible.

He comes with a strangled shout that sounds like his lips and tongue failed to form the word, "Yoongi," and Yoongi quickly follows with a soundless gasp.

The quiet that follows almost sounds wrong, and Jeongguk's soft whimpers is all that fills the room when Yoongi lays down beside him, having haphazardly disposed of the condom onto the bedside drawer. Needy and spent, Jeongguk cuddles up against Yoongi, and without a single word in his sated state, conks out.

The next morning at breakfast, when Jeongguk's still out for the count, Yoongi can't even bring himself to look Taehyung in the eye, though Taehyung, with a devilish, knowing grin on his face tries with all of his might to draw Yoongi's attention whilst he watches Yoongi pour himself a cup of coffee.

When he clears his throat, preparing to speak, all Yoongi wants to do is curl in on himself.

"Fun night?" Taehyung asks, smirking over the rim of his mug, and all Yoongi can muster is a wounded look in his direction, "It sure sounded fun."

Sighing, Yoongi nods his head, burning underneath Taehyung's amused stare, "Fun. Yeah."

When Jeongguk surfaces in just his boxers, yawning and stroking idly at his bare abdomen, he pauses in the doorway, feeling the unneeded tension in the air.

He glances from Taehyung's amused expression to Yoongi's shy one, and immediately erupts into loud, hearty laughter.
In the space of four hours, Yoongi's polished off one latte, two americanos and a disgusting energy drink that didn't do anything for Yoongi except dangerously spike his heart-rate.

Jimin's on the clock, answering calls, tending to visitors, helping the officers shackles the subjects in which they bring in, and he provides Yoongi with no entertainment, practically ignoring his presence, which for some reason or another, rubs Yoongi the wrong way, because it's not like Jimin to not bend over backwards for Yoongi; if anything, Jimin's usually more than happy to do all that he can to make Yoongi feel as comfortable as possible.

Five hours in, Yoongi finds entertainment in the form of a guessing game that he comes up with on the spot.

He guesses which crime was committed by the suspects that are being brought in periodically, judging purely off of their faces and demeanour, and the majority appear to be drug related, with a few leaning towards assault, and just one that Yoongi thinks is murder. When someone's brought in, thrashing and shouting at the top of his lungs, Yoongi watches the way in which Jimin pales when one of the officers shout, "Taze him!"

Jimin was never meant to go into the police force, after college, it wasn't his first, second, or even his third choice. He'd always talked about becoming a dancer, but that dream quickly came crashing down when he received a knee injury in his final year, and it was Yoongi and Hoseok who rushed him to the college medic, who helped nurse him back to health.

He was introduced to the police academy by chance, when Yoongi was walking around campus with him, getting him mobile again when they'd been approached by a recruitment officer.

From that one flyer, Jimin found himself a career path, and it's still strange to Yoongi, how Jimin, who's so benevolent and tame, everything that the typical police officer is not got himself involved in a profession that ultimately stands for violence, albeit in the name of the law, a law that's not exactly what it seems.

Caught up in his thoughts, Yoongi almost misses Jimin answering a call addressing Detective Shin, and once he's snapped out of it, he flies up out of his seat.

"What's he saying?"

Jimin's hand flies up, palm facing outwards to silence Yoongi, brow furrowed whilst he concentrates on the call.

"Give me the phone."

Confounded, Jimin places his hand over the receiver before hissing, "Go and sit down, hyung."
"I'm not sitting down until you let me speak to one of those motherfuckers, there's no need for Taehyung to have been in there for more than two hours, and we're bordering on six."

Something washes over Jimin's face, something cold and impatient, an unnatural look on Jimin's usual pristine features.

"You shouldn't be working this case," he says, tone flat, stare unblinking, unnerving, and Yoongi bristles, face going slack and he rearranges his posture, straightens his back, pushes out his chest, "Let someone else work for Tae."

"I can't trust anyone else with this," Yoongi snaps, nerves jumping, an unsettling wave of nausea coming over him when Jimin continues to stare at him emptily, unwavering. Clearing his throat and averting his gaze from Jimin's, Yoongi cranes his neck to glance down the all-white hallway, as if Taehyung will magically appear out of thin air, and when he looks back at Jimin, Yoongi's sure the confusion is written on his face when he quietly ventures, "What exactly do you mean by, 'you shouldn't be working this case'?"

Having hung up, the phone starts ringing again, and an officer heading down the corridor stumbles backwards to answer it, but not before throwing Jimin a look of irritation. When he elbows Jimin out of the way and fumbles around at the front desk in search of a pen and paper, Jimin gestures for Yoongi to follow him, and Yoongi does, he's on Jimin's heels when he grabs his jacket from the cloakroom, when he checks his duty belt, and the quick flash of Jimin's gun before he throws on his jacket has Yoongi's insides running momentarily cold.

Neither say anything to each other, Jimin digs his hands deep into his pockets and bulldozes ahead down the street, squinting against the blustery winds that Yoongi almost feels like he's about to get blown over by. When they're a fair distance from the station, and when Jimin's glancing back in the direction from whence they came, Yoongi tries desperately to ignore the niggling feeling of uneasiness that's crawling it's way across his skin, causing the hairs on his arms to stand to attention.

"How much do you know about him?" Jimin speaks eventually, hair blowing in every which way.

"'Him'?"

"Taehyung."

Weary of where this is going, Yoongi instinctively assumes the defensive approach, "Enough."

Jimin nods, not because he accepts Yoongi's answer, more in a derisive way, like his answer wasn't enough at all. "And do you trust him?"

Yoongi frowns, and bites, "What is this? Yeah, I trust him, of course I do."

"Maybe you shouldn't."

"Jimin," Yoongi snaps, patience wearing thin, wind blowing stronger around them, sending fallen leaves flying up into the air, "If there's something that you wanna say to me, say it. This whole act that you've got going on should be saved for the movies, now spill."

"His record," Jimin cuts in sharply, expression turning suddenly soft which only helps to further unsettle Yoongi, "I was looking at it this morning." Yoongi's stomach sinks, and with his attention rapt on the words falling from Jimin's lips, he stays mute in wait, "You've probably guessed it by now but he hasn't been entirely truthful with you."

Many things spring to Yoongi's mind, things along the lines of large scale robberies that Taehyung
chose to not speak about, or even assaults that he was too ashamed to reminisce on, nothing egregious, nothing particularly worrying, though, the look on Jimin's face makes Yoongi think that maybe he should be worrying.

"What's he done that's so shocking, hm? Apart from pick-pocketing a few chumps here and there?" he aims to be facetious, but with Jimin's unmoving features, his aim falls short.

Jimin shakes his head slowly, "Try attempted murder," Yoongi's smile fallsinstantaneously, that feeling of unease lying dormant within him shoots up to its full impact, knocking him backwards, sending him into a dimension that isn't this one, "And drug dealing, six assaults on males, all of whom have names for themselves in the drug trade. There's even a record of kidnapping."

His first thought is that Jimin's got the wrong Taehyung, not the Taehyung that Yoongi knows, the one who's gentle-natured and charming, who's capable of entering a room and having every single person in that room fall head over heels in love with him, not the Taehyung who's Jeongguk's best friend.

Yoongi's mouth drops open, his world stands still for a moment and then the next thing that's on his mind is, well... Jeongguk.

"That's why they've had him in there for so long," Yoongi speaks, throat feeling like it's closing in on itself when his opinion on Taehyung makes a complete one-eighty.

Grabbing onto his sleeve, Jimin tugs Yoongi forward, towards his awaiting car before signalling for Yoongi to open it. When they're inside and away from prying ears, Yoongi stares blankly at his steering wheel, questioning everything that's happened up until now. "Nah, they don't know about all of that other shit," Jimin says, "And y'know why? Because I found all of that under a completely different name with his picture that I just happened to stumble upon in the database. Sure, he looks a tad different, longer hair, different kinda style, a bit of stubble, but it's definitely him, Yoongi."

"Maybe he's got a twin," Yoongi offers lamely, sounding painfully wounded and like he's ashamed for being so stupid.

Jimin wisely chooses to ignore Yoongi's daft excuse, "He's down on the system as Ahn Yejun. Ring a bell?"

"Of course it doesn't ring a fucking bell," Yoongi snaps quietly, his shame climbing higher than its ever climbed before.

Biting his lip, Jimin taps his fingers manically on the dashboard, "How's he done it, though? How's he in the system as Yejun and how have Detective Shin and Kim not copped him yet? I'm telling you, there's something big at work here, and whatever it is, it's dark."

"You're overreacting," Yoongi cuts in, trying to calm Jimin, to stop him from going on a tangent about conspiracies, "You've misread the situation entirely."

"You're just not tuned in. Open your fucking eyes and realise that Taehyung's a Goddamn criminal mastermind!"

"The other morning he mixed every single cereal I had in my pantry together because he was bored, and then he proceeded to spill his concoction all over himself when he stubbed his toe on the island, and you're trying to convince me that that same man is a fucking criminal mastermind? Spare me."

Jimin watches Yoongi for a moment, giving him time to think, and Yoongi feels something akin to intense nausea brewing in his stomach, feels his trust in people dropping at a rapid, alarming rate. He
doesn't know what someone who committed the crimes that Jimin listed should look like, maybe tatted up, burly, weathered, y'know, your stereotypical thug, not someone handsome, well-kept and celestial like Taehyung.

"He's a good actor," Jimin shrugs, and Yoongi scoffs disdainfully. When Jimin angles himself towards Yoongi, and when Yoongi catches sight of the look of dread on Jimin's face, he wonders how his heart's doing, if the number of beats it's skipping is damaging to his health, "I don't want to alarm you, but-

"You're one more word away from sending me to an early grave, so have at it, what else is there," Yoongi encourages, even though the reality is that he really, really wants Jimin to just get the fuck out of his car already and leave him alone to live in oblivious bliss. But, if there's more bombs to be dropped, he'd rather they be dropped fast like a bandaid being torn off.

"I doubt Taehyung's a lone wolf," he speaks slowly, cautiously, like Yoongi could erupt at any minute.

Yoongi lifts his head to meet Jimin's steady gaze, "Whatever you're about to say, save it."

"Yoongi."

"Nah, he's not in on this, you've met him, he's done petty shit in the past but nothing like-like fucking attempted murder? I mean, c'mon?"

"We can't rule him out just because he seems like he's harmless, look at Taehyung, he seems way more harmless than Jeongguk and here he is strolling around the streets of Seoul, living under your Goddamn roof with assault and drug distribution on his name-Or should I say, on Ahn Yejun's name," Jimin's leaning intently towards Yoongi, eyes wide and darting to and fro as his thoughts run like lightning speed through his mind, "That pretty face of Jeongguk's could easily be hiding something."

"You need to fucking keep that pretty face out of your mouth before I knock you into the next century," Yoongi snarls, and Jimin's eyebrows raise in surprise.

"Let me snoop around, dig up some dirt on him. I'll keep my distance, I promise," Jimin's tone is softer this time, less accusatory after he'd quickly realised that anytime soon, steam was about to bellow from Yoongi's ears.

"Get out of my car," Yoongi grits, knuckles turning white around the steering wheel, gaze fixed straight ahead outside of the windscreen, "Get out before I do something that I regret."

"Hyung," Jimin cheeps, sounding genuinely hurt, "I'm not saying he's up to anything, I'm just saying that we need to be careful."

"Yeah," Yoongi cuts in as sharply as ice, head jerking to face Jimin, "And you need to be careful of who you're accusing. How would you like it if I tell your supervisor about you snooping around in the database? That's private shit, right? Keep your nose out of shit that you're not involved in, Jimin. You can get out, now."

Yoongi unlocks the doors, not bothering to spare a look at Jimin, and he sits quietly, trying to control his breathing and pounding heart, wishing for Jimin to leave sooner.

When he wordlessly leaves, Yoongi revs out of his parking space, and for the duration of the ride home, Yoongi zones out, he tries to picture Jeongguk as someone else, someone like 'Ahn Yejun,' but try as he might, Yoongi just can't forget Jeongguk's trademark soft features, doe eyes and big,
The apartment's empty when he comes bustling in, throwing his keys onto the island and chucking his jacket onto a stool. He didn't bother to wait around for Taehyung, and after calling out for Jeongguk, making sure that he is, in fact, not home, Yoongi punches in his number into his phone.

"Yo," Jeongguk picks up on the third ring, "Everything go okay with Tae?"

Yoongi pushes down his uneasiness, his doubt, "He's not out yet," he speaks slowly, treading carefully, and his plan to act coy quickly crumbles when he inhales deeply, "Is there anything that you're not telling me?"

A pause on the other end, a sniff, sounds that don't help to lessen Yoongi's qualms at all, "Like what?"

Like your best friend's past, or your best friend's other personality, or maybe even the fact that your best friend was once brought up on murder charges. Facing a crippling amount of inner turmoil, and feeling like something heavy is sitting on his chest, winding him, Yoongi glances over his empty apartment, at Jeongguk's hoodie on the sofa, at the cup that he'd left on a coaster on the coffee table, at his laundry hanging on the back of a chair. Yoongi closes his eyes, "Nothing, never mind."

"Hyung?"

"Mm?" Yoongi chirps, feeling a wave of despair come over him, feeling a spell of dizziness strike him as he leans all of his weight up against the wall.

"Is everything alright? You sound... Weird," Jeongguk inquires, the wind hitting his receiver and sending static through to Yoongi's speaker.

"Everything's fine. Where are you? Pick up some takeaway on your way home," his voice is eerily quiet, level, the antithesis to how he's currently feeling, like his very world is about to come toppling down around him.

On the other end, he hears Jeongguk clear his throat, hears a car honk in the far away distance, "Actually, I won't be home tonight."

Yoongi's heart stops, "What? Why?" He can't be doing anything with Taehyung, and he doubts that he's got plans with Namjoon or Seokjin, but Yoongi gives him the benefit of the doubt and convinces himself that there's friends of Jeongguk's that he hasn't met yet, even though Jeongguk never even talks about anyone other than Taehyung.

"An old friend's in town," Jeongguk explains, but there's something in his tone, something that unnerves Yoongi, something disbeliefing and deceitful, "He's never visited Seoul before so I figured I'd take him out, y'know, help him make some friends."

"Make some friends in some clubs," Yoongi ponders aloud, frowning, thinking to himself how the club is most definitely not the type of place to make friends at.

Silence echoes, and Jeongguk makes a noise of affirmation, "Exactly. I'll make it up to you, though. Y'know I will."
There's a smirk hidden in his words, the suggestion behind his words evident, the promise of sex going unspoken. Yoongi nods to himself, "I know you will."

When Jeongguk hangs up, and when Yoongi has to plant his two feet on the floor beneath him or else face sliding down the wall, the notifications on his phone draw his attention. One from the station's number, the others from Jimin's personal mobile. Yoongi punches in Jimin's number, closes his eyes, and quietly wishes that he'd never opened the door that night to a blood-covered Taehyung.

They're in his hands, but they don't feel real. They don't look real, but photoshop's out of the question, so they have to be real.

They're real.

Ahn Yejun, and the other, Kim Jungho, faces that he's familiar with, but one's that look unlike the faces he's grown to love and admire.

Jimin was already in transit when Yoongi had called him back, speaking animatedly on the phone, allowing little room for Yoongi to intervene.

"He was buried but I found him," he said excitedly, a bit too excitedly for Yoongi's taste, given the fact that he was talking about the very person that Yoongi's world has started to revolve around, day in and day out, "The dirt that I have on him is monumental," Jimin exclaims, and Yoongi has to force himself to not hang up the phone prematurely.

He's not much more bearable when he pushes past Yoongi when he answers the door, shoving two sheets of paper against his chest before exclaiming, "They're fucking snakes!"

Jeongguk's picture looks like a rougher version of the Jeongguk he knows; like Taehyung's, his hair's longer, floppier, there's a nose ring in his nose and his eyes are red-rimmed and dazed, staring down the camera into Yoongi's soul. "Kim Jungho," Yoongi mutters quietly to himself as he stares at the picture, not believing what he's seeing, trying to come up with excuses as to how this could happen, like the possibility of Jeongguk being framed, or even the possibility of him needing to change his name for safety reasons, but with the felonies that Jimin's reading from a file like he's reading from a shopping list, Yoongi just can't turn a blind eye on the fact that Jeongguk played the system, and succeeded.

"We've got burglary, yeah, but look what else there is, it's similar to Taehyung only there's even more counts of assault, counts of drug distribution, of larceny, forgery, fraud, identity theft, vandalism, not to fucking mention Goddamn drug manufacturing, Jesus Christ, Yoongi, he's done it all," Jimin finishes breathlessly, flicking quickly through his collected files, squinting at the print and shaking his head. When he lifts his head to look up at Yoongi's blank, emotionless face, Jimin tightens his lips, "I'm gonna have to report him."

"For what?" Yoongi interjects, ignoring how Jimin's stare is unwavering.

He blinks up at Yoongi, mouth agape as he folds his hands over the files on his lap, "'For what?' Did you not hear anything I just said?"

Clenching his jaw, Yoongi waltzes over to the window to gaze out at the darkness, "'Kim Jungho,' committed those crimes, not Jeon Jeongguk."
"They're the same damn person, hyung," Jimin counters, picking up Jeongguk's grainy mugshot to wave in Yoongi's direction, "For all we know his name is actually Jungho."

Yoongi whips around, "Jeongguk probably wanted a new start, a fresh beginning, same with Taehyung. You know them, they don't seem like bad guys, you can't deny the fact that they're two of the nicest kids you've ever met."

Jimin purses his lips in thought before he rests Jeongguk's picture back down on the coffee table, folding his arms on his chest and reclining back into the sofa before he peers up at Yoongi, "Nice guys can still do bad things. You, of all people, should know that."

"Oh, shut up," Yoongi spits, aggravation growing, fingers clicking, fidgeting, "What I'm saying is that whatever's on your precious files is behind them."

When he turns around to look at Jimin, and when he spies the look of skepticism on his face, Yoongi has to inhale slowly or else face exploding into rage.

Neither speak for a moment or two, and the sound of Jimin rearranging sheets of paper rings cacophonously in Yoongi's ears.

"Where is Jeongguk? Usually you two are glued to each other's sides," his tone is sly, prying, knowing.

Yoongi's eyes fall shut. He bites his tongue for a moment before whispering, "He said he wouldn't be home tonight."

"And I wonder why that is? He's probably got insiders texting him of every small occurrence in the station, and now that I'm on his trail, he's spooked."

"You're making him sound like some mastermind, the kid's nineteen, Jimin. Nineteen."

"You'd be surprised," Jimin's lips downturn in thought, his legs stretch out before him as he fixes Yoongi a stare before adding, "Sometime's it's the young ones that are the most worrisome."

"Get out," Yoongi bites, patience broken, fists bunching up by his sides when his stomach twists into knots upon knots.

"I won't do anything until you give me the go ahead," Jimin assures, aiming to seem helpful, but Yoongi's not taking the bait, he's on Jimin immediately, grabbing his lapel and tugging him up to stand, hurrying him towards the door that he swings open in anger, "Easy!" Jimin yelps after Yoongi shoves him into the hallway, almost foaming at the mouth.

"I don't want to see you tomorrow, or the day after that," Yoongi grits, fingers pushing hard into the wood of his door, "Matter of fact, I don't want to see your face for the next week."

He watches as Jimin's tongue licks over his teeth, considering Yoongi's threat, but not seeming perturbed by it at all.

"Just know that when it all comes to light, hyung, that I'm the one who saved your ass from fucking a sleazy criminal for the rest of your life."

Yoongi slams the door in Jimin's face, and with his knees feeling like they're about to buckle at any moment, grabs onto the wall. With his head leaning against the plaster and his eyes feeling suddenly piping hot, Yoongi pulls his phone out of his pocket, slowly types in the number, and holds his breath before the speaker clicks and a voice rings through.
"Hello?"

"I need you to come home," Yoongi grumbles, coughing to hide how wrecked his voice sounds before he repeats more smoothly, "Come home, Jeongguk."

A pause, a soft sigh, and then, "I'm coming."

He leaves the door cracked before he plants himself on the sofa, toeing out of his shoes and popping open the first few buttons of his shirt before pouring himself some whiskey, the whiskey that he's barely touched in the past few months, the whiskey that burns his oesophagus and helps stop the fidgety jigging of his leg.

He can hear when Jeongguk's home, he can hear the soft clang of his keys, the sound of his footsteps approaching that Yoongi's become achingly familiar with.

When he comes to stand in front of the coffee table, for a moment, Yoongi can't look up, he can't lift his eyes to find Jeongguk's.

"You were never supposed to know," Jeongguk speaks, tone sounding uncharacteristically deep, gravelly, "I never wanted you to find out."

Yoongi swirls his whiskey in his glass, smiling derisively down at the way it whooshes up over the sides, some spilling out and onto his slacks. When he can finally bring himself to look up at Jeongguk, his heart skips a beat, and his voice gets caught in his throat before he quietly proclaims, "It was bound to happen sooner or later."

"I would've preferred later rather than sooner," Jeongguk smiles sadly, eyes sparkling in the dimness.

Yoongi ignores how he's wearing clothes that he's never seen grace his body before; a crisp white, unfamiliar shirt tucked into his black slacks and a pair of shoes that look far more expensive than Yoongi's Salvatore Ferragamos, definitely not the type of attire that Jeongguk could afford on his salary from the office.

"So, what's gonna happen now?" Yoongi asks, terrifyingly disconnected from their conversation, looking down on them both from above, wondering how just last week things weren't this fucked.

Jeongguk shifts from his right foot to his left, and his next move, a move that makes Yoongi hold his gulp of whiskey in his mouth, is one that Yoongi hadn't anticipated.

He draws it from behind his back, hands shaking as he lifts his arm to point it in Yoongi's direction. Yoongi stares at the gun, and in one, smooth gulp, swallows down his whiskey.

"What's gonna happen now, is you're not going to tell anyone about me. Tell Jimin to forget my name, tell Seokjin, tell Joon," he pauses, and this isn't him, this isn't the Jeongguk he knows, the guy who's met him with soft, sleepy smiles and warm, loving hugs on multiple mornings, who stays up late with Yoongi on some nights to watch shitty re-runs of shows, who pouts sullenly when Yoongi refuses to let him into the shower so they can wash together, "Tell them all that I left you."

"Guk," Yoongi whispers, eyes downcast, refusing to stare down the barrel of the gun at Jeongguk,
"C'mon."

"Let me speak," Jeongguk exclaims, jabbing the gun in Yoongi's direction, eyes wide and unblinking, feral, "Use whatever excuse fits, just let it be known that I dropped off the radar, that I went off the rails or some shit. I'm young and dumb, they'd probably believe that garbage. Or, you know what, scratch that, it might be best for you to say that you let me go, that'd be more believable."

His hands are still trembling, the gun still shaking, eyes piercing, and Yoongi twiddles his thumbs in his lap before he speaks, so quietly and so painfully.

"How could they believe some bullshit like that when it's so obvious to everyone that I love you?"

The trembling stops, his arms lower, the fierceness in his eyes dissipates into something akin to heartbreak, even anguish. As he watches Jeongguk receive a crack in his armour, Yoongi sees the way in which his eyes cloud over, how his lips form into a tight pout, and then, he cries, "Don't say that. Why the fuck would you say that?"

He wants to close the distance between them, knock the gun out of Jeongguk's hand and pull him in close, but for the first time since that fateful day on the pavement beside Yoongi's beloved BMW, Yoongi's frightened of Jeongguk, of what he's capable of, he's the same hooded hoodlum peeking into his windscreen, seeing what's free for the taking. He's the nameless kid who smashed his windshield and who subsequently sucked Yoongi in, who filled Yoongi's every waking thought, only now, he's not nameless, and his windscreen is mended, and Yoongi's heart is on the verge of breaking as that same kid holds a gun before him.

His face screws up like he's in pain, and Yoongi watches in despair as he scrubs angrily at his face with his sleeve.

"People say some stupid things when they're on the receiving end of a gun," Yoongi forces a tight, woeful smile, and Jeongguk returns an equally as heart-wrenching one, "Before you do whatever you're going to do, just tell me one thing, Guk, and one thing only," he inwardly grimaces when his voice cracks, exhibiting weakness, but he pushes through, "Was it ever real?"

Jeongguk's not trying to hide his teary eyes now, and he stares at Yoongi, bottom lip quivering as he croaks, "It's still real."

His words don't process, not when they're being said from behind a gun, in the heat of the moment, whilst emotions are running high and whilst sparks burst in the air around them, some dangerous, some harmless. A rogue tear dribbles down Jeongguk's cheek when he rearranges the gun in his trembling hand, bringing up his second to support magazine.

At first, Yoongi hesitates to move, because truthfully, he's scared, he doesn't trust the person standing before him, but after listening to Jeongguk's sniffling, he tips forward, sitting onto the edge of the sofa, raising his palms up in surrender, though he's not entirely sure what he's surrendering to. He fixes Jeongguk a look, a sympathetic frown, and breathes, "Put the gun down, baby."

Jeongguk bites down hard on his lower lip, eyes narrowing to try and focus through his contained tears, and then he shakes his head softly, "I can't."

"You can," Yoongi consoles, tone tender, gentle, reassuring, "This isn't you."

"You don't know me, you don't know what's at stake here, I'm not doing this just for my own sake, hyung, it's for yours too," Jeongguk's inconsolable now, cheeks stained with tears, voice cracking on
It's Yoongi's turn to bite his inner cheek, to scratch idly at his nose in a poor attempt to will away his inevitable tears.

When Jeongguk reaches into his pocket suddenly, Yoongi jumps, shouting, terrified of Jeongguk moving his finger even an inch, and the look that Jeongguk throws him is one of great sadness, and anguish. "Here," Jeongguk murmurs, throwing the item that he'd retrieved out of his pocket towards Yoongi, and when Yoongi catches it, when he realises what he's holding, he gapes at Jeongguk.

The bundle of cash is heavy, secured tightly by a rubber band, and not even millions upon millions of won will convince Yoongi to bid Jeongguk farewell forever.

"I'm not buying your silence," Jeongguk assures, tone tired, eyes puffy, "That's what I owe you."

Appalled, Yoongi shakes his head furiously, "You don't owe me anything."

"The hospital bill," Jeongguk interrupts, and when Yoongi glances up at him, his eyes are closed, the gun is lowering with his exhaustion, "You footed the bill yourself, and I said that I couldn't afford it. That was a lie, one of the few that I've told you," It's ironic, given the situation that they're in, "It's dirty money, but it's something. There's a bit extra in there, I know, but I want you to keep it."

It's all like a horrific nightmare, like Yoongi's shrouded in darkness; nothing feels real.

When he slowly begins to realise that Jeongguk is intimating his departure, Yoongi swallows hard around the painful lump in his throat, "You know that I won't rat you out, and I can handle whatever else you claim could happen if you stay with me. You don't have to do this, we can both run away, move somewhere rural, where there's fields upon fields of green-"

"We can't."

"I love you," Yoongi's voice raises, pitch crackling, eyes boring into Jeongguk, "Does that mean nothing to you?"

The answer that Jeongguk provides is not a satisfactory one; he steps forward, shins knocking against the coffee table, gun coming ever closer to Yoongi's face. His stare is steely, unsettling, a sharp contrast to the small droplets falling down his cheeks; he's trying to keep a brave face.

"Forget me," Jeongguk whispers, "Find someone better."

"I won't."

"We might see each other again," his teeth worry his lower lip, his brow deepens into a torn frown, "When I've fixed myself up, when I'm not a drug kingpin."

"Use it," Yoongi orders flatly, nodding towards the gun, cheeks wet, his inner core empty, "If you're so tough, put that fucking thing to use."

Screwing his face up, Jeongguk rounds the coffee table, and Yoongi's hollow, unmoving, indifferent to the feeling of the cold barrel against his temple. He closes his eyes, and he waits, and he wonders why he never prayed as a child, or why his parents never enforced religious practice in their household, because he could do with some hope, since hell is a place that Yoongi's sure he's heading.
"You started out as a link," Jeongguk mumbles, "I was going to become best friends with an acclaimed lawyer that I'd have on my side for future mishaps," Yoongi's breathing is shallow, weirdly slow, not racing at all, that tiny animal within his heart has sat itself down to witness the disaster unfold, "Tae and I talked about it. When we had Yoonsung on our ass about debts that I owed to his boss, we figured that if things went sour, that we'd need someone on our side. We've got eyes in the police, and even higher up, still, but we'd never successfully nabbed ourselves a lawyer, and when I was trying to break into your car that day, you fell right into my lap."

Yoongi swallows hard, perspiration gathering on his brow and upper lip, fear prohibiting him from speaking even a single word.

"The pickpocketing farce was a cover," Jeongguk admits, "No-one would've expected two thugs on the streets to be into a bigger operation. I don't want to be doing this anymore, Yoongi. It's only been two years but it's grown into something widespread and scary, and if I stay doing this for much longer, I'm gonna finally get caught."

Yoongi doesn't even wince when it clicks, when nothing happens, no loud noise, no screaming, and the gasp that rips from Jeongguk's throat is a haunting sound.

"Guk," Yoongi pleads, feeling like he's sinking after the barrel finally leaves his temple, "I can help you."

He chucks the firearm onto the opposite chair, ruffles his hair roughly, scratching his scalp, and with his back turned, Yoongi can see the movement of Jeongguk shaking his head.

"No," Jeongguk murmurs, walking over to collect his gun, yanking his shirt out of his slacks so he can shove it into his waistband, "I need to help myself." When he bends down to Yoongi, Yoongi doesn't know what he expects, why he closes his eyes, why he bites back a hiccup when Jeongguk presses a featherlight kiss to the same spot where he'd just held a gun to, "And when I do, I'll find you."

He leaves in a flurry, without collecting any of his belongings, without sparing a single glance back in Yoongi's direction, and Yoongi doesn't watch after him when he leaves, because he can't bring himself to etch the memory of Jeongguk walking away from him into his brain. His tears have dried, his nerves have stopped jumping, his shallow breathing has picked up into something more harsh, more panicked.

His first thought is to reach for his phone, and it's a bad thought.

As soon as he taps the home button, Jeongguk's beaming smile is there on his home-screen, wide and beautiful, shining like the beautiful stars in the night sky. His second thought is to seek out a number that he hasn't hit up since University, someone who he hasn't spoken to since his hard partying days that seem like eons ago; might as well put Jeongguk's money to use, somehow.

When he dials the number with an unlit cigarette hanging out of his mouth, Yoongi wonders how in just one day, he'd lost his world.
putting out a warning for this chapter, there's a brief mention of suicide, not relating to any of the members though so don't worry, but if that might make you uncomfortable, then please don't read.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Once Jeongguk and Tae-Hyung had vanished, the Yoonsung case was almost immediately mysteriously dropped, shoved into a file cabinet, forgotten about fast.

When Jeongguk had left, Yoongi couldn’t even pour his energy into work; he’d really left him high and dry.

He’s not done much over the past week, but what he has done, is he’s made one interesting discovery; that the human body survives remarkably well on sparse portions of instant noodles, though, there is one downfall, that being that his naps stretch well over the the eight hour mark. He’s spent more time in his dreams, or, more accurately, in his nightmares, than in his waking hours these past few days.

The coke helps numb the pain in his core that he's starting to believe isn't really there, but is merely a figment of his imagination, his body's response to what might as well be trauma.

The last time he'd snorted it was with Namjoon in the bathroom of a dingy bar after they'd graduated with flying colours. Then and there, whilst Namjoon arranged the two lines perfectly with his student card, they’d both promised to never do the stuff again; they were adults now, proper, working, trained adults, party drugs needed to be a thing of their past.

He was surprised to learn that his dealer he hit up during his university days was still in business, he'd figured that maybe, like himself and Namjoon, he'd made a pact with himself to cut that sort of shit out after university, but he hadn't, and so, he'd happily waited outside of Yoongi's apartment building with a small baggie of the substance for Yoongi’s taking.

It's scary to think what Namjoon would to do him if he stumbled upon him hunched over his coffee table, blearily arranging a line with his driving license. Whatever he’d do, Yoongi's sure it wouldn't be pretty; he can't even begin to imagine the scolding that Seokjin would unleash unto him were he to learn of Yoongi’s dismal diet.

Someone was bound to come over sooner or later, but what Yoongi hadn't expected, was his door getting thrown open and Namjoon hurrying into his apartment with an unwound paper clip in his hand. He doesn't even flinch when Namjoon's gaze lands on his crumpled up form on the sofa.

"Did you just pick my lock?" Yoongi's voice croaks, throat dry from hours upon hours without use, having the audacity to sound affronted.

Namjoon gapes at him, speechless, and rightfully so.

"Look at your phone," he orders flatly, and Yoongi, sighing like it's the biggest inconvenience in the
world, fumbles around himself for his phone before pressing the home button and frowning down at
the myriad notifications, "How many times have I called you?"

Pressing his lips tightly together, Yoongi shifts, trying to act coy, play off the fact that he's been MIA
for the past week, "A few times."

"A few-" Namjoon starts loudly, angrily, before slamming his mouth shut, placing his hands on his
hips, "At least 50 times, hyung. 50."

"I was busy."

Namjoon scoffs, "Oh, busy, huh? Busy doing what? Snorting fucking cocaine?"

Yoongi's face drops, he shoves the blanket off of his shoulders as he stands to level Namjoon, "I
wasn't-"

"I can see the Goddamn residue on the table you moron," Namjoon snaps, index finger jabbing
towards the place in question, "What the fuck is wrong with you?"

"How long've you got?" Yoongi sneers, rounding Namjoon to head towards the kitchen. He hears what he presumes is Namjoon wiping the powder off of the table whilst he pours himself a
glass of water, and then he watches him search the area for any traces of the substance so he can
undoubtedly destroy it. "So, you're high right now? That's great, I'm gonna have to have this
conversation with you when you're up in the fucking clouds," Namjoon murmurs, "That's perfect."

"What conversation?" Yoongi drawls, leaning casually against his cupboards, sipping his water,
"There's no conversation that needs to be had."

Namjoon's quick to react, to turn around to face Yoongi, to stare daggers into his soul, and when he
walks towards him with an air of intimidating aggravation, Yoongi can't help but swallow nervously
when he approaches. "Jeongguk's gone," he says quietly, voice monotone, "He's not coming back,
and that's no excuse for you to wallow and revert to old coping mechanisms."

"Don't," Yoongi pleads weakly, wilting, "Please don't mention him."

"Jeongguk," Namjoon repeats boldly, "I'll mention him whenever I want to, hyung, get the fuck over
yourself but more importantly, get over that jackass. Pick yourself back up, if not for yourself, for my
sake, for the sake of those who love and care about you. Responding to something this dramatically
is not the way to go about getting over him, what you need to do is prove to yourself that you don't
need him, that him leaving you hardly affected you. Show him how much of a fuck you don't give.
Forget tweedledum and tweedledee."

Yoongi pushes his tongue into his cheek, thinking about how Namjoon's words mirror Jeongguk's.
He circles the rim of his glass with his fingertip, trying with all of his might to avoid Namjoon's
unwavering stare, trying even harder to not crumble into a million tiny pieces.

The excuse he fed Namjoon wasn't well-thought out, or even that believable, he'd blubbered down
the phone the evening after Jeongguk had left, his words barely understandable through his hiccupy
voice; they got in an argument, one that just kept escalating over a few hours about how Yoongi was
holding them both afloat, how Jeongguk was offering little financial support, and it had all ultimately
culminated in Jeongguk saying that if he was such a burden to Yoongi, that he'd happily leave, and
so, he'd left.

Yoongi wishes their departure had been that simple.
"Can you hug me?" Yoongi asks quietly, nibbling his lower lip, too ashamed to meet Namjoon's eyes. He knows he wouldn't be this needy in his usual state of mind, but in his current one, where he's desperate for any small amount of human contact, for simple affection, Namjoon, with a sad smile, with sympathetic eyes, is more than happy to oblige.

When Seokjin arrives, he's as overbearing as Yoongi had predicted him to be.

He's close to getting mothered to death when Seokjin orders him into the bathroom, gripping him by the shoulders and parading him into the room, allowing no time for Yoongi to refuse. When he grips the bottom of Yoongi's t-shirt and tugs upwards, a t-shirt that Jeongguk had worn on many an occasion, Yoongi squeaks, "Hyung, hyung, I can undress myself," he whines.

Namjoon slinks in behind them to turn on the shower, laughing loudly when Yoongi shyly wraps his arms around himself once Seokjin deposits his t-shirt into the laundry basket. "You sure you can? Because, by the looks of things around here, you've regressed over the past week, forgotten how to actually live."

Seokjin shoves him into the cloud of steam, butt-ass naked, yelping when the scalding water hits him, and Namjoon guffaws before apologising, "Forgot to switch the temperature."

They leave him in peace momentarily, warning him that they'll be back in fifteen minutes, and that he better be thoroughly clean by then. Yoongi can pinpoint the moment Seokjin and Namjoon had adopted the role of his parents, but for once in his life, he's happy that they're fussing over him. Their joint attention has worked wonders for that niggling feeling inside of him, the one that he knows is baseless, telling him that he's undeserved of love.

He knows that's not true, that he deserves it just as much as the next person does, but, due to recent events, that feeling has grown increasingly stronger.

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Over the past ten months, he's lost three consecutive cases, a feat that he's never done before; he had never even lost two consecutively before.

He's just not there, he's not in a state to devote hours of his time to the amount of research that's required to properly nail a case.

The first case he'd taken on was one out of his comfort zone, one that required him to defend a thief of multiple paintings from a Japanese art collector's manor. His client's loot wracked up to a whopping 70,000,000,000₩, and with the collector's manor infested with security cameras, Yoongi's client's presence at the manor at the time of the crime was inarguable. The second case was your typical homicide, nothing out of the ordinary, but the third, and one that hit a bit too close to home for Yoongi's liking, was a case deciding on the prosecution of a renowned elderly drug manufacturer who was running his operation for nigh on twenty years right from his well-kept, quaint back garden.

The word 'guilty,' is a word that Yoongi's grown to loathe.

Others in the past have told him that it's not just his place to help in the absolution of his client's, sure it's that, but it's also to help lessen the price they have to pay for their crimes, help knock some years off of their inevitable sentence, vouch for them for certain aspects of the case that may be untrue or wildly exaggerated. To Yoongi, his goal is and always will be to completely drop all charges on his
clients, because that's what he's being paid to do.

Sometimes he's being paid to help free a guilty man, sometimes he's being paid to stand for someone not-guilty, but who's been roped into the situation against their will simply as a result of circumstantial evidence, which is always Yoongi's least favourite stance on a case. Why place blame on someone when the only evidence of their involvement lies in an eye-witness' testimony? No fingerprints, no blood, no nothing.

He's in his office, away with the fairies, staring uninterestedly out of his window, fiddling with a pen of his when Namjoon comes into his office, startling him, causing his chin to slip off of his hand. "Joon," Yoongi coughs, straightening himself, fixing his tie which he's sure is probably askew.

"You're not busy, are you?" Namjoon questions, and Yoongi just laughs, gesturing to his empty desk, files stacked neatly to the side, untouched.

"Up to my tonsils," Yoongi jokes drily, welcoming Namjoon to sit down on his sofa with a wave of his hand.

"Listen, I know these past few months haven't exactly been a walk in the park for you, hyung," Namjoon starts, tone carefully relaxed, neutral, leaving no hints as to where this conversation is heading, "I'm under a lot of pressure from the guys upstairs." Yoongi instantly rolls his eyes, "You know the quota; have at least three successful cases a month between all of us, and over the past two months, we've only had 2," Namjoon pauses, "And they've both been my cases'."

Yoongi leans back in his chair, hands steepled beneath his chin when he squints at Namjoon, "Are you firing me, Joon?"

Namjoon's eyes almost pop out of his skull, "Jesus, no, Yoongi. I just thought that maybe you could do with a break, y'know? Recharge your battery, come back refreshed and ready to have all of the courtroom on their knees."

Yoongi's lips quirk, his eyebrows raise comically, "Interesting choice of words."

Namjoon smirks, winking cheekily, "I know."

"Look," Yoongi sighs, crossing his legs, leaning back further in his chair so he can stare up at the ceiling, "I'm well aware of the fact that I haven't been performing well as of late," Namjoon makes a noise of disagreement, but Yoongi shakes his head, wagging his finger at Namjoon, "But this is all I've got right now, Joon. If I take a break, I'm scared that I'll just fall off the wagon entirely."

"So that's a no to a holiday?" Namjoon asks, already digging around in his leather duffel bag, retrieving some rather thick-looking files, "'Cause if it's a no, then I've got something else for you."

He hands Yoongi the file, and on the first page there's two female mugshots attached to the top of it, one named Gyuri, the other Sungmi. Interest already piqued, Yoongi reads further, trying to figure out the reason as to why exactly Namjoon's given him these ladies' file. The two women are lovers, or as the professional jargon labels them, 'sexually involved,' and Gyuri is thought to have murdered her ex-husband.

When he turns the page, not anticipating the gore, Yoongi gasps, quickly averting his gaze, bringing his hand up to his mouth in horror.

"Shot in his sleep from point-blank range in the early hours of the morning," Namjoon informs, gaze stony whilst he watches Yoongi collect himself before turning his attention back to the abhorrently gruesome photographs. He flicks through a few, some from a far-away distance, giving Yoongi
insight as to the state in which the room was left in when the man was murdered, some up-close and too personal; the head is almost entirely disfigured. It's a harrowing scene.

"His daughter realised she was late for school and went to find Daddy," Namjoon sighs, "She's the one who notified the authorities."

"Jesus Christ," Yoongi breathes, aghast, "What age is she?"

Namjoon gnaws the inside of his lip, "Nine."

Filled with repulsion, Yoongi puts the crime scene photos out of sight and instead focuses his attention back on the photographs of the two women. "So, what's with these two? Any dirt in their past?" Yoongi's already searching around his desk for a pen, elbow knocking aside his pristine stack of files. When he finds one, he tugs the lid off with his teeth, spitting it haphazardly towards Namjoon, who complains loudly.

"That's the thing. The husband's ex, Gyuri, is the principle of a primary school, and her partner, Sungmi, is a teacher in the school, teaches art or some shit. Both of their pasts are squeaky clean, there's not even so much as a penalty on either of their driving licenses, but the detectives on the case are adamant that the ex-husband's distaste for his ex-wife's new relationship was enough of a motive for her to kill him," Namjoon shakes his head disapprovingly.

Busy scribbling down information in unintelligible scrawl, Yoongi stops for a moment, frowning down at the floor. "Is he left or right-handed?"

Yoongi shuffles through the papers, searching out the crime scene photos that he lays out on his desk, gesturing for Namjoon to come and look with him.

"Why do you think I'd know?" Namjoon scoffs, pensively stroking his chin when Yoongi bends down to examine every infinitesimal detail of the pictures.

"Call someone and ask them," Yoongi orders, and Namjoon stares at the side of his face before laughing. Yoongi straightens up, pouting, "What?"

Namjoon shrugs innocently, "Nothing, I just haven't seen you invested in a case this early on since, well, y'know..."

"I know," Yoongi interjects flatly, pushing all things pertaining to what happened ten months ago to the back of his mind, "Call Jimin."

"You call Jimin."

Yoongi exhales loudly, "You know him and I haven't been on the best of terms lately."

"I know," Namjoon says, already pulling his phone out of his pocket, "And I still want to know what happened between you two, but we'll save that for another time."

Namjoon leaves the room to make the call, and Yoongi fumbles around in his desk's drawer for his magnifying glass, a purchase that he'd made recently because even with his glasses on, he can't see the tiny, microscopic details of things. He's squinting hard at the large circumference of the wound in the vicinity of the victim's neck (it's beyond recognition, now) when his phone buzzes in his pocket, and he ignores it at first, because these days, no-one in his immediate circle requires instant attention. When it buzzes for a second time, Yoongi exhales slowly, dropping his magnifying glass onto the photograph, blowing up the image of blood and God knows what else.
It's an unfamiliar number, one not from Seoul's area code.

16:31: Unknown.
Told you to forget me, never thought it'd be this hard forgetting you.

16:33: Unknown.
I miss you.

The phone almost drops out of Yoongi's hands, his palms become instantly sweaty, vision wavy, knees weak and close to buckling when Namjoon returns, mumbling something beneath his breath about how much of a pain in the ass it is to get Jimin to get them the information they need.

Yoongi's staring unfocused at the spread of papers, hands planted firmly on the desk to keep him grounded, to stop him from suddenly collapsing into a heap. He must look pale, because out of his peripheral, Yoongi can see the concerned look on Namjoon's face.

"You look like you're about to be sick," Namjoon frowns, hand coming up to feel Yoongi's clammy forehead, "Maybe you should stop looking at these," Namjoon mumbles, pulling the photographs out from under the weight of Yoongi's palms, tucking them away safely.

His ears are ringing, all he hears around Namjoon's voice is white noise.

"Before I get into what Jimin had the pleasure to share with me, uh, do you wanna sit down? Because you really look like you're about to faint, hyung."

Namjoon's hand sneaks around Yoongi's waist, placing it there just in case he has to scoop an unconscious Yoongi up off of the floor, but Yoongi snaps himself out of it, clearing his throat loudly and shoving his phone over to the other end of his desk, as far away from him as possible. "I'm fine. What did Jimin say?" His queasy stomach says otherwise.

Namjoon's eyes narrow at Yoongi, his uncertainty evident, "He said that the victim never remarried, that he turned into a recluse after his wife left him. There was no blood but his found at the scene, no abnormal fibres, no evidence of a break-in, fucking nothing. Oh, and he's right-handed."

Yoongi's face falls, he shoves Namjoon away from the desk, almost breaking his neck in his haste to retrieve the file.

"Right-handed?" Yoongi repeats, almost morbidly joyously, and then, as his eyes skirt across the details of the murder, when he sees the information he'd predicted, he hollers, "The bullet entered his right Goddamn temple, Joon!"

"Oh shit," Namjoon breathes, grabbing the paper from Yoongi's hands to confirm, "Oh shit!"

"A suicide," Yoongi announces triumphantly, "The way he's positioned on the bed, how there's no traces of anyone else in the house. Have you ever seen a suicide of someone holding a gun to their opposite temple? I sure fucking haven't, fuck, we've got this, Joon."

"You've got this," Namjoon corrects, visibly delighted, but keeping himself calm in comparison to Yoongi who's already celebrating his win, "This is all yours."

"Letting me have all of the glory," Yoongi smirks as he fixes back up the file, saving his research for later on, "That's not like you."

Namjoon shrugs, "I've got enough of it," he saunters over to the door, rocking awkwardly on his feet, and when he pauses, the smile that Namjoon throws Yoongi's way is one of sincerity, warmth,
and unadulterated admiration, "I haven't seen you this excited in months, hyung. It's great to see you like this again."

Yoongi nods non-committally, the tips of his ears feeling hot when he turns his back on Namjoon bashfully, calling after him, "You're corny, Joon."

Back at his desk, Yoongi holds his phone in his hand, feeling the weight of it, watching the reflections of his surroundings in the its black, unlit screen. In one, quick movement, he unlocks his phone, scrambling for the messenger icon, scrolling down to the messages from the unknown number.

He looks at the messages, two lonely ones in a new chat, gnawing the inner corner of his mouth, ignoring how quickly his heart-rate has picked up.

Momentarily, his brain to body link fails, and he slowly types: *I miss you too.*

His rationality is quick to come bulling to the rescue, to order him to delete what he'd typed, and with that, to delete the messages and therefore any existence of 'Unknown."

It's been dragged out over three months, three, *gruelling* months, but he's done it.

As he stands beside Gyuri, trying to remain calm, accepting her wish for him to clasp hands with her, he hears Sungmi whisper right behind them from the gallery, "I love you."

They're beautiful words, amongst the most beautiful that Yoongi's ever heard, but not as beautiful as, "Not-guilty."

He hadn't expected Gyuri to throw her arms around him in tears, to get snot all over his nice Brioni suit, but really, he doesn't care, he graciously accepts her hug before the judge angrily calls for order in the courtroom, and when he pulls away, he shyly bows towards her, mouthing, "You're welcome," at her when she clasps her hands together and bows thrice.

"Let us buy you drinks," suggests Sungmi, smiling wide and bright, happiness written across her face, "Mr. Min, it's the least we can do."

They're waiting for Gyuri to be unshackled, to be handed her freedom in the form of everyday clothes, and when she surfaces from around the corner, Yoongi watches as Sungmi exclaims something tearily before tearing down the hallway towards her partner, almost knocking her over with the speed in which she connects with her.

The feeling that swirls within Yoongi as he watches them reunite is one that he can't stand, it's one that he's felt creep up on him on lonely nights and one that he's quickly silenced by smoking a cigarette, or taking a quick shot of whiskey, and as he stands here now with neither of those things at hand, Yoongi wishes that the earth would just open up beneath him and take him under.

"Mr. Min," exclaims Gyuri when she comes sauntering down the hallway with Sungmi's red lipstick stains all over her cheeks, "Sungmi said that you're coming for drinks?"

"Oh," Yoongi babbles, wracking his brain for an excuse, any excuse, because his insides feel dangerously twisted, "I'd love to, but I can't."
Gyuri pouts, and Sungmi mimics her exact pout. "You just saved me from a life sentence, you're coming for drinks," she smiles brightly, and Sungmi wraps her arms tightly around her waist when she adds, "Just one drink, at least? I owe it to you."

He goes for one drink, that escalates into three, and when he shows up at Namjoon and Seokjin's dinner date patting himself down, frowning when he doesn't immediately feel his wallet in his pockets, Yoongi spots someone sitting at their table. "For fuck's sake," he groans, loud enough for those around him to hear, and for a waiter to stop dead in his tracks and smile welcomingly at Yoongi.

"Everything okay, sir?"

"Is everything ever 'okay'?" he grumbles, ignoring how confused the waiter looks when Yoongi gestures to the table in the corner, "I'm with Kim Namjoon."

"Yoongi," Namjoon exclaims loudly when his eyes find Yoongi slinking over to them, shooting up out of his seat and pulling Yoongi into a congratulatory hug.

"Why's he here?" Yoongi hisses at Namjoon when he's got him close.

Namjoon stiffens up in his grip, "Seokjin invited him. This isn't us setting you two up, hyung, don't worry. Just be cordial, don't be... Well, you."

When they finally release each other, and when Yoongi's mustered up enough energy to flash a smile in greeting towards Ken, he sits himself down beside him, and like always, immediately orders a whiskey on the rocks. He's reminded of their last encounter, of how Yoongi had promised him something and had then just abandoned him last minute, leaving him with a hard-on that he himself helped to engender.

"You smashed it," Seokjin addresses Yoongi, "And with all of the media coverage that this case got, you're bound to draw in more clients, Yoongi, well done."

A wave of pride hits Yoongi, and since it's rare, he allows himself a moment to bask in the thrilling feeling of accomplishment.

"Thanks, hyung," he nods in acknowledgment, directing his shy smile towards the ground.

When Ken speaks, Yoongi reaches for his glass, sipping from it slowly when he nudges Yoongi lightly, "There's no need to be shy," Yoongi's glass pauses before his lips, "Accept any form of appreciation anyone throws at you, we all know that it's hard to come by in this world."

He finally looks at Ken, acknowledging his existence, and he looks weirdly different, but still the same since Yoongi had last seen him. He's dyed his hair a chocolatey brown colour and a pair of round, thin-frame glasses sit on the bridge of his nose. Yoongi's vanity takes over, questioning whether or not he looks different to Ken, and if he does, if it's the good kind of different.

"I work in a crime lab now," Ken informs Yoongi when he's cutting into his rib-eye steak, and Yoongi pauses mid-chew to raise his eyebrows at the side of Ken's face. "What?" Ken laughs when he catches Yoongi's surprised expression.

Yoongi swallows down his food, holding his hand over his mouth when he speaks, "Nothing, nothing," he pauses, "I never knew you were into that kind of stuff."

"If it's related to my degree and it pays well, I can be into anything," Ken chirps, "So, y'know, if you need anything in the future..."
He doesn't continue, Namjoon interrupts them and Yoongi steadfastly turns his attention back to his plate of food, ignoring the warmth of the alcoholic buzz in his veins, the way he's gravitating towards Ken, how he's yearning for something that hasn't been on the cards for months now.

Something within Yoongi feels like this was all a plot of Namjoon's, to invite Ken and then pretend that Seokjin refused to un-invite him, but for Namjoon's sake, Yoongi chooses to push those thoughts to the back of his mind for now. Partially because maybe he's just a little bit thankful, and partially because he's not entirely opposed to the idea of something blooming between himself and Ken, if only something quick. At this point, he'd take anything he can get, and since Ken's so graciously presented himself to Yoongi, with his flirtatious looks and lascivious smiles, who is Yoongi to refuse him?

Ken foots the bill, and that takes Yoongi aback, but Ken just grins when he hands over his credit card, "New job, new income," he winks, and Yoongi smiles before averting his gaze.

The night is hot, the air close and suffocating with not a single breeze to help ease the closeness. When Namjoon and Seokjin have reached their car, when Yoongi and Ken are standing before them awkwardly with their arms folded, like even tipping off of each other is out of bounds, Namjoon throws Yoongi a furtive look, one that Yoongi can't quite read, but one that Yoongi imagines reads something along the lines of, Sink your teeth into him or else.

He doesn't know where they're going when they're walking, there's an air of tension around them, tension that he wishes Ken would just hurry up and cut through. When they pass a convenience store, Yoongi grabs onto Ken's arm, only to immediately let go and nod apologetically towards him, "Sorry, uh, I need to pick up some cigarettes."

Leaving him outside to aimlessly watch the passersby, Yoongi hurries into the store, greeting the cashier politely before heading down to the end of the store to collect some orange juice (it helps with his hangovers). "One pack of Marlboro Golds, as well, please," Yoongi mumbles as he digs around in his wallet for some loose cash.

"10s?" the cashier asks, sounding bored out of his mind, and Yoongi can't blame him, what with the city being dead at this hour.

When Yoongi lifts his head to level the guy's gaze, to correct him, his voice gets caught in his throat, any air that was in his lungs leaves him.

Beyond the cashier's face, there are two posters mounted on a black background with 'WANTED,' written in big, red writing. His blood runs cold, a shiver skitters down his spine, his money lies open in his hand before he shakes his head, trying desperately to ignore the two faces looking down at him. "20s," he corrects, throat feeling suddenly dry, tongue like sandpaper; he feels like he's just been dunked in a vat of lava.

After retrieving the cigarettes, the cashier, confused, plucks the money slowly from Yoongi's weak grasp, and then, Yoongi kicks into action.

He points at the posters, "When were those put up?"

The cashier frowns, and Yoongi feels for him, he really does, he can recall working a job like his in university, counting down the hours until closing, and he can truly relate to the dead look behind his eyes, but with how unperturbed he looks, Yoongi needs him to speed it up a bit. "Sorry, sir?"

Yoongi clenches his jaw, places his palms flat on the countertop, "Those posters, when were they put up? Who put them up?"
As slowly as a snail, the cashier turns around to stare blankly at the pictures before turning back around to blink at Yoongi, "'Dunno."

"You do know," Yoongi insists, trying to bite back his venom. He bows his head, and prays to some non-existent being to give him strength. "Can I have them?" he asks, almost anticipating the answer.

Deadpan, the cashier speaks like a tired robot, "Sorry, sir, but I'm not allowed to tamper with any of the notices on the walls."

Close to giving up, Yoongi turns to his last resort, he rummages around in his wallet, pulling out whatever coins he can find, chucking the change that the cashier had just given him onto the countertop, "Listen, how much do you want, hm? You're a college kid, yeah? I'm guessing you've got bills to pay, drugs to buy, whatever the fuck else to blow your money on. If I give you all of these coins that I've got, as well as 100,000 ₩, will you please give me those pictures and tell me how long they've been up?"

Funny what money can do. In less than two seconds flat, the cashier spills, all whilst graciously accept Yoongi's hard-earned money, "Some guy put them up yesterday morning, he wasn't with the police, though. He had on a uniform, but I don't know what kind." As soon as he takes the pins out of the posters, and as soon as they're in Yoongi's hands, Yoongi hightails it out of the store.

On his warpath, he'd completely forgotten about Ken.

"Yoongi," he calls after him, arms thrown into the air exasperatedly, a gesture that reads, 'Not again.'

Crumpling up the posters, Yoongi shoves them into his pocket, "Sorry," he forces a smile, "Got ahead of myself." There's adrenaline pumping through his veins, there's a hunger deep in his gut, one that he isn't sure if it's related to arousal, or simply just nervous energy, but whatever it is, Yoongi wants to feed it. He leans in close to Ken, and the movement itself is enough to darken Ken's eyes, to bring his gaze down to the soft pout of Yoongi's lips. Smoothly, Yoongi asks, practically mewling, "Where's your place? Is it near?"

He can hear Ken's hard swallow, watches blissfully as his hair shakes with the nod of his head, "Just a few blocks away."

"So?" Yoongi lilts, walking his fingers up across Ken's chest, ignoring the way in which his inner core is about to burst into flames, "Are you gonna ask me to stay, or what?"

No sooner are they in the door before Yoongi's on his knees, moving with desperation, breathing heavily as he tugs at Ken's belt, tongue licking across his lower lip as he sits back on his hunkers to gaze up at Ken when he assists Yoongi in the removal of his trousers. The image of two faces comes to mind, and as soon as those faces take over his thoughts, that's when his hands wrap around Ken's cock, when his own hands fumble messily with the zipper of his jeans. He smirks devilishly up at Ken before asking, daringly innocently, "'You gonna fuck me tonight, Ken?"

Judging from the guttural groan that bursts from Ken's chest when Yoongi takes his length slowly into his mouth, he guesses that yes, he will.
pounding from last night's indulgence. He's still in his shirt that hadn't been removed in their hurry
the night before, and his socks are still on, so it's only a matter of tiptoeing around the room to collect
his missing clothes before pulling them on and leaving without a single word.

Hobbling home, watching the city wake up around him, Yoongi digs into his pockets, unfolds the
posters, and there they are, leering at him.

Not Ahn Yejun, or Kim Jungho.

Kim Taehyung, and Jeon Jeongguk, in perfect, clear white lettering. Taehyung's hair is darker, black
with a purple tinge to it, messy, making him look like a sexed out God, but his eyes, deep, deep in
his eyes, there's something scary, something empty, something that Yoongi never saw in Taehyung's
eyes before.

Jeongguk... Jeongguk's exactly how Yoongi remembers him; soft, angular features, big, innocent
eyes, small, cherry-red lips. He looks more built, and the piercing is back in his nose, his hair is
pushed up off of his forehead and where the picture cuts off, Yoongi spies black ink peaking out
from the collar of his shirt, just along his collarbone. Like Taehyung, there's something in his eyes,
just not as scary, but there's something else, something fierce and intimidating and dark. In the
mugshot, his bottom lip is busted, and there's a wound on his cheek; Yoongi can't help but think
back to that night in the hospital however many months ago.

His first plan of action is to swallow down his pride, to drag himself to the station, and it's no
surprise, that Jimin's less-than-happy to see him.

"Look what the cat dragged in," Jimin grouches, and Yoongi stops in his tracks, feigning an
offended pout, "What the hell do you want?"

Holding his hands up in surrender, Yoongi bows to Jimin, mockingly, but playfully, "I come in
peace."

"Take your peace and shove it where the sun don't shine," Jimin replies lazily, tone flat, attention
focused on the paperwork before him, "You really think you can rock up here acting all facetious
when the last time I heard from you was four months ago? You've always been such a damn idiot,
Yoongi."

"Friendship exceeds me being a fool," Yoongi insists boldly, grinning, trying to sway Jimin with his
rare, but effective charm, "I need to show you something."

"Show someone who gives a flying fuck," Jimin sighs, finally dropping his pen so he can fold his
arms and look at Yoongi blankly.

Ignoring Jimin's insouciance, he pulls the now-profusely crumpled posters out of his pocket, and
after making sure that no-one is around, he all but shoves them in Jimin's direction. "Have you seen
him?" Yoongi asks once Jimin's interest is tickled, taking Jeongguk's poster out of Yoongi's hand to
stare at with his mouth agape.

"Who? Your Romeo?" he asks, idly scratching his chin as he inspects the poster, "Nah, haven't seen
the kid. When you dropped off of my radar, so did he."

Frowning, Yoongi sighs, "There's nothing on the database? Not under, y'know, Jungho. Under
Jeongguk."

"Christ, Yoongi, I don't know every single fucking case that's going on here." With him providing
little help, Yoongi's close to plucking the poster from his hands, but then Jimin sighs, "Looks like
Clyde's not our worry anymore, anyway. Look," he points at the logo in the bottom right hand corner of the poster, a part of it that Yoongi had completely overlooked, what with him being too absorbed in the actual picture of Jeongguk than any information on the poster. When he sees that logo, his stomach drops, it's of the NIS, the National Intelligence Service, "The big guys want him now, hyung."

Defeated, Yoongi turns to make his exit, but Jimin pipes up, babbling that he's got something for Yoongi. When he surfaces from the back office with a USB stick that he deposits onto Yoongi's palm, Yoongi stares down at it confusedly. "Since the CCTV footage from the Yoonsung case was made redundant, you might as well take a look at it," Jimin mumbles, not meeting Yoongi's gaze, which is excruciatingly worrying.

"Have you watched it?" Yoongi asks timidly, and after a beat, Jimin nods, and the look on his face is what stops Yoongi from asking him what he saw.

He leaves without any information, without any knowledge as to why Jeongguk's on a wanted poster, or why higher powers are after him.

Dragging his tired limbs home, he's in the elevator, watching the number climb when his phone vibrates.

That's reason enough for Yoongi's nerves to spark dangerously.

There, on his home-screen is a single, worrisome text, one that makes Yoongi lift his head and stare at his reflection in the mirrors surrounding him.

**22:04: Unknown.**
I need you.

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Chapter End Notes

The feedback that some of you guys left me on the last chapter was a great source of entertainment, and I just wanna thank everyone who left me a comment, I haven't gotten that level of engagement with my writing in a long time, so it was really nice to see.♡
He takes himself and his laptop to Solas, and it's a strange feeling going there alone, seeing the old spot that he used to sit at with Jeongguk, and when the waitress smiles warmly at him, directing him towards said spot after saying, "I haven't seen your face around here in a long, long time," Yoongi feels nothing short of awful.

After forcing a tight smile, he stops in his tracks, staring blankly at the empty table that he's being directed towards.

"Actually," he begins, tucking his laptop case beneath his arm when the waitress turns to regard him with her head cocked to the side, "I think I'll sit out on the balcony."

Once he's comfortable and once he's ordered himself a tall americano, Yoongi taps his fingers on the table, worrying his lower lip as he stares at the folder that holds the contents of the footage. He doesn't quite know what he expects to see, but after the lies upon lies that he's been fed, he's certainly not expecting to see anything pretty.

He does it fast; clicks the file, blows it up onto the screen, shoves his headphones into his ears, and there he is, in a grainy pixelated image, Taehyung in the clothes that Yoongi had seen once he'd opened his door that night, only on the screen, they're not yet bloodied.

Squinting to try and make out the shapes on the screen, without looking away, Yoongi fumbles for his glasses, because the first lie has been spotted; there's no group of guys like Taehyung had said, there's just himself and Yoonsung standing in the desolation of an old factory.

Their animated gestures suggest that they're arguing, and Yoongi's hunch is confirmed when the pixelated image of Yoonsung shoves Taehyung roughly.

Taehyung doesn't react, doesn't retaliate with his own violence, instead lifts his arms up, showing through his lax body language that he means no trouble. Enraptured and absentmindedly nibbling on his fingernails, Yoongi's on the edge of his seat when he watches Yoonsung reach into his pocket, brandish a knife, and waste no time in throwing himself at Taehyung, who initially ducks and misses the first blow, but the second just barely misses his throat, and Yoongi gasps.

They walk around each other, circling like wild animals, goading each other on, daring each other to make the next move. But again, it's Yoonsung who strikes, who stabs the knife in the air, aiming for Taehyung's abdomen, but Taehyung stumbles backwards, falling onto his back, and through the horrible quality, probably 144p, Yoongi can see him grimace, mouth opening as if he had emitted a shout. He cowers, raising one hand up to face Yoonsung when he stands over Taehyung, tall and predatory, twisting his wrist by his side, jeering Taehyung.

Taehyung eventually rises onto his feet, and when he does, his hands form fists, he shifts into a fighting stance, and once he utters something, Yoonsung pounces.

They both collide, and though Yoongi knows the outcome of the brawl, he panics, eyes struggling to find the location of the knife. When they break-away momentarily, Yoongi's mouth drops open, his eyes bug when he sees Taehyung flip it in his hand, a taunting, cocky, deranged grin on his face when he waves it in Yoonsung's direction, saying something again that Yoongi wishes he could
hear.

He sips calmly from his americano when he watches it unfold, how Taehyung drives forward, teeth bearing, knocking Yoonsung over, and once he's atop of Yoonsung, straddling him, he drives the knife into his chest, once, twice, three times, and now, Yoongi knows why he hadn't told the truth.

No-one would've believed Taehyung if he said that it was a justifiable homicide, that initially, it was Yoonsung's full intention to harm Taehyung. In a weird way, Yoongi's glad that he'd retaliated, that he'd flipped the situation and saved himself, but on the other hand, he's baffled as to how Taehyung got off scot-free.

In the afternoon's sunshine, he's scouring the web, already finishing off his second americano, switching between searching for Taehyung and Jeongguk to Yejun and Jungho when the waitress steps out onto the balcony with her tray, coming to collect Yoongi's empty glasses.

"Everything satisfactory?" she asks.

Without looking up, Yoongi nods, mumbling a quick, "It is, thank you."

When she goes to leave, something falls onto the table, a small crumpled up piece of paper, and Yoongi gapes at it for a moment before grabbing it, calling after the waitress who turns.

"You dropped something," he informs, showing her the paper in his palm, but to his confusion, the waitress frowns, immediately shaking her head.

"That's not mine," she insists, and then, Yoongi realises how awkward her body language is, how stiff her posture looks, "It must be yours."

She leaves quickly, leaving Yoongi baffled with this small crumpled up ball of paper, and at first, he sets it aside and resumes searching through websites upon websites, but when any lead he gets comes up empty, Yoongi reclines back in his seat, sighing frustratedly, and then, his attention is back on that piece of paper.

He unfolds it, which takes a moment since it's been squished up so tightly, and when he does, he furrows down at the paper, befuddled.

There's an address on the paper that looks like it was written messily, in a hurry, and immediately, Yoongi's suspicious, and given his location and the strange demeanour of the waitress, his suspiciousness grows. He packs up fast, knocking his notepad onto the ground in a hurry, checking his watch for the time, seeing if he can still catch Namjoon at the office.

On his way out, when he's halfway down the stairs, the waitress calls after him, sounding cheery and accomplished, "Goodbye, Yoongi!"

Yoongi can't remember having ever shared with her his name.

"A holiday?"

"Yeah."

"To where?"
"Jinhae."

Namjoon closes his laptop, lips pouting pensively, brow furrowing when he peers at Yoongi, "What the hell's down there for you to do?"

Grasping at straws, Yoongi's mouth hangs open, his mind goes blank. Other than the address on the piece of paper that had quite literally fallen right under his nose, he can't think about what there could be in Jinhae, though, he does have a fair inkling. "There's peace and quiet," Yoongi explains lamely, "Time away from the hustle and bustle of Seoul."

"If you're planning on going down there tonight like you say, you're gonna catch the cherry blossoms in bloom," Namjoon mumbles, tone flat, so blatantly suspicious of why Yoongi's just suddenly so antsy to leave; he'd never even realised that the beautiful trees would be in season. "Well, send pictures," Namjoon requests, folding his arms over his chest, smiling sleepily up at Yoongi who can't quite believe that it was that easy to sway Namjoon into giving him some time off.

"That's it?" Yoongi asks, astounded over how lenient Namjoon's being.

Namjoon nods, "That's it. It's good that you're being spontaneous, we all need a bit of spontaneity in our lives."

Sensing an impending philosophical spiel, Yoongi excuses himself, says his goodbyes, and with a small suitcase already waiting for him in his car, hurries to catch his train.

He sleeps for the majority of the journey, and it's uncomfortable, he craves a cigarette, and he's pretty sure that he's going to awaken with a crick in his neck after using the window as his pillow. On every stop, he blinks sleepily out the window at the leaving passengers, at the ones getting on, wondering where they're headed, if this is a daily trip for them or not. He can't recall the last time he'd gone on a trip by himself, and there's something peaceful about being in his own company.

If this was a few months ago, his own company would've been the most egregious thought, but now, with the mystery surrounding the piece of paper, of this random address in Jinhae, for the first time in a long time, Yoongi feels like he's living life on the edge.

On the last stretch of the journey, when his nerves are beginning to mount, he pulls up the address on Google maps, something, he realises, that he should've done long before buying himself a train ticket. When the address pops up, Yoongi frowns, neck craning to look closer at the screen. He increases the brightness to try and make sense of the buildings he's looking at, and it's not at all what he'd expected.

It's what looks like a warehouse in an otherwise built-up area, sticking out like a sore thumb. It doesn't look abandoned, but it does look like it's from the last decade, certainly not this one with its antiquated architecture. Seeing where he's going doesn't help his ease nervousness, for all he knows, this is just a trap, a sick, fucked up way of luring him somewhere quiet. Feeling paranoid, Yoongi texts Namjoon, sends him a quick, "If you don't hear for me within the next day, presume that I'm dead."

In seconds, Namjoon replies.

05:18: Joon.
Got it. I'll get your eulogy prepared, just in case.

Namjoon doesn't help ease his qualms.

Rays of the bright, Spring sunshine begin to peak through the trees when the train approaches its
destination, and though Yoongi's exhausted, he still scrambles for his camera, his DCLR that he hasn't used in eons. In the early morning sunshine stands countless numbers of trees, all in blossom, all different shades of pink. They stand tall and beautiful, creating a welcoming path for the train to pass through, and as it rolls into the station, Yoongi doesn't stop taking pictures, not even for one moment.

Some lone petals drift through the air when he hikes his backpack up. The trees don't stay in blossom for long, so in a way, Yoongi feels honoured to be gazing upon them now.

Once he's deposited his belongings in a hotel room that he'd booked for himself, he begins the daunting journey across town. His taxi driver doesn't know where he's going, and since Yoongi's not much help, after thirty minutes of driving around in circles, he's finally outside of the building, standing in front of a closed gate, swallowing hard when he hears his taxi pull away behind him.

There's no signs of any life in the place, and Yoongi's insides feel like they're being mangled, his hands tremble as he pulls his phone out of his pocket, checking that this is the right place, that he's not somehow gotten it wrong. When he nears the door, a big, wooden one, he stills, straining his hearing to catch any hint of movement from inside, but there's nothing.

His closed fist hovers over the door, and for just a second, he reminds himself to breathe, to roll his shoulders and relax. Finally, he knocks.

No-one answers for at least five minutes, and in those five minutes, Yoongi's managed to convince himself that this was just some cruel prank, that the piece of paper really did belong to the waitress back at Solas, that it was never meant for him at all. He thinks about the obscurity of this whole situation, of him linking a stupid piece of paper to someone long gone out of his life, someone that somehow manages to keep coming to mind when he least expects him to, when most times, he doesn't want him to.

Many people have told him that he's an idiot over the years, and as he stands wide-eyed and shivering nervously, Yoongi finally has reason to believe them.

The door opens inwards with an almighty cacophony, startling Yoongi, and the face that he's met with is one that he truly never thought he'd see again.

"Fuck," he breathes, mouth falling open, chewed-up cereal on display for Yoongi's eyes to see, headphones getting yanked out of his ears when he repeats, "Fuck!"

Taehyung sets his bowl of cereal down haphazardly inside of the door before he flings himself at Yoongi, almost knocking him backwards, and Yoongi yelps when Taehyung wraps his arms tightly around his neck. He hadn't expected such a welcome, in fact, he hadn't expected a welcome at all, but it's nice for Yoongi's pride, his intelligence, to learn that his suspicions were right about what was located in this warehouse.

"How are you here?" Taehyung asks, hands on Yoongi's cheeks, squishing his lips forward, and only now does Yoongi realise that Taehyung's dabbled in the art of facial jewellery. He can't bring his eyes away from the piercing in Taehyung's eyebrow that on others, would look gaudy, but on Taehyung, looks great, "I've never been more happy to see your face, hyung."

He drags Yoongi inside, smiling big when Yoongi's eyes open widely, when he sees the interior of this mysterious warehouse.

On the outside, it's simple, average, but on the inside, it's completely renovated; Taehyung's managed to work some magic.
There's what looks to be sectioned off rooms in the space, maybe four or five, some with their doors open, giving Yoongi a hint as to what's inside. Beneath his feet is paisley carpeting, and dotted around the walls are unframed artworks draped with fairy lights. There's bulbs hanging from the ceiling without lampshades, there's a soft, muffled jazzy melody filtering through the space, and when Taehyung drags Yoongi into the communal area, his eyes only feast upon more intricate decor.

There's two big, black beanbags and two beat-up sofas that are decked out with multicoloured throws and pillows, and these all centre around a rustic-looking table. On one wall there's graffiti from top to bottom and on another there's clippings upon clippings of newspaper articles, of printed out pictures, of doodles, handwritten notes, you name it. "Wow," Yoongi whispers when Taehyung directs him into one of the incredibly comfortable seats, "How the hell did you make a shit-hole look like a palace?"

What Taehyung replies with, and what makes Yoongi realise that there's more to Taehyung that he needs to learn, is brazen.

When he pops a lollipop into his mouth that he'd conjured out of thin air, Taehyung smirks, "Drug money." Yoongi's discomfort must be obvious, because Taehyung's quick to sigh and jump onto the sofa beside Yoongi, "Well, the jig is up now, isn't it? No point sticking to the old narrative, wasting time acting like I'm some pristine angel who can do no wrong."

"Yeah, about the, 'jig'," Yoongi begins, but is immediately stopped by Taehyung's finger being pressed to his lips.

"Not yet," Taehyung warns, instantly serious, "I'll spill soon, we'll tell you everything."

"We?" Yoongi repeats, feeling like all of the colour has just drained from his face when Taehyung nods, smiling strangely at Yoongi, maybe softly? Or, sadly?

"He's not here, though," Taehyung jumps up, as limber as a hare, hurrying over to the record player in the corner to switch up the vinyl. When something more slow, more beat-driven starts playing, Taehyung turns to face Yoongi, "He'll be back later. Until then, feel free to snoop around, feed your nosiness."

He's not interested in looking around, there's one thing and one thing only that Yoongi wants to do in the meantime.

He sleeps for most of the day, all tucked up in the multitude of blankets that Taehyung had fetched for him before telling Yoongi that if there's anything that he needs, that he'll be down the hallway in his bedroom. The atmosphere of the renovated space is tranquil, with its homemade touches, its eclectic use of colour and in general, how different it is to any place that Yoongi's ever been in before. There's something effortless about the place's air, though Yoongi doubts that there was nothing effortless about taking on such a big project.

He's in that stage between asleep and awake where he can decipher sounds, hearing a door open from some far-away distance, some shuffling around in one of the bedrooms, and when his phone pings, Yoongi cracks his eyes open, the dimness around him blurring into focus when he groans as he reaches out for his phone, tsk-ing when he pushes it further away from him before finally getting a grip on it.

Tucking his blanket up underneath his chin, Yoongi taps in his passcode, and once he sees the message, once he sees its sender, he freezes.

Wakey Wakey.

Only now does Yoongi realise that there's sounds in the large communal area, of someone placing down a glass, of loud chewing, and when Yoongi slowly pushes himself up to groggily squint in the direction of the kitchen, there he is, sitting at the dining table with a sandwich in one hand and his phone in the other.

When he realises that Yoongi’s awake and that he's sought him out, Jeongguk pauses mid-chew to stare, to offer Yoongi a slight smile, and after all of this time, after his train journey, after his dark nights and lonely mornings, those twinkling eyes of his still draw Yoongi in, still fill him with warmth.

Realising that there's dried drool on the corner of his mouth, Yoongi embarrassedly turns away to scrub at it furiously.

"You could've replied to my texts," Jeongguk speaks, voice somehow sounding deeper, more mature, more versed.

Yoongi places his palms flat on the tops of his thighs, sighs, "You could've said that it was you who was texting me, instead of leaving me to guess that it was you."

"Well, who else would it have been?" Jeongguk counters, and Yoongi peers at him over his shoulder.

"Someone who didn't just up and leave me one night with little to no explanation."

Visibly thwarted, Jeongguk's expression morphs into one of remorse. Turning his attention back to his disappearing sandwich, with a mouthful of bread, Jeongguk mumbles, "Y'know, after the first few months, I thought that you'd never go back to Solas," depositing the crusts on his plate, Jeongguk rubs his hands together, finds Yoongi's eyes from across the room, "I'd given up hope."

"How long was she holding onto that piece of paper?" Yoongi asks, realising how premeditated this whole thing was, how Jeongguk was waiting for Yoongi to come to him naturally, waiting for months upon months with no concrete guarantee that once the waitress had delivered the paper, Yoongi would even bother to seek him out after all that had transpired.

Jeongguk takes a sip from his glass, smacks his lips together, and when Yoongi's eyes trail downwards, to the black ink teasing his eyes, peaking out from the flannel that Jeongguk’s got on over a white tank top, Yoongi has to force himself to avert his gaze. "Once I knew where Tae and I would be heading, I rang Solas, asked the waitress who knew me to write down an address on a piece of paper, told her that if that grumpy-looking businessman named Yoongi that I was seen with ever came in again that she needed to give it to him."

Offended, Yoongi frowns sullenly, "'Grumpy-looking businessman,'" he repeats, clearly unimpressed by Jeongguk's description of him.

Jeongguk smiles, "I had to describe you as an outsider looking in, hyung, no offence."

"None taken," Yoongi mumbles, sounding like offence was indeed taken.

When Jeongguk stands to deposit his dishes in the sink, though Yoongi tries, his eyes struggle to not roam over Jeongguk's physique. He's barefoot with some loose black tracksuit bottoms on, looking comfortable and casual, his hair's not styled and right when Yoongi's eyes trail downwards along his back, Jeongguk turns, and in-turn, Yoongi immediately looks away.
Jeongguk shouts for Taehyung, and when he surfaces from his bedroom shirtless, wearing just a pair of grey tracksuit bottoms, Yoongi glances down at himself, at his black turtleneck, black socked feet and black jeans with one rip in the knee; he feels entirely too overdressed.

"The gang's all back," Taehyung exclaims, raising his arms in the air, grinning when he catches Jeongguk fondly rolling his eyes at him. There's tattoos on Taehyung's forearms, one of a black ink snake, the other of a knife with roses embedded into the blade. Yoongi wonders what they're meant to represent.

When Jeongguk comes to sit down beside him and when Taehyung flings himself towards the beanbag, nostalgia creeps up on Yoongi, memories that were once like salt, that he'd purposely erased come crawling back into his mind, reminding him of the good times that they'd had together, not of the bad times, the times that he'd had on replay more than the good times over recent months.

Yoongi clasps his hands together, readying himself for whatever mess the two hooligans before him are ready to throw at him.

"So," he begins, "Before either of you share what's really going on in your lives, I need you both to know something," he pauses, eyes cast downwards before lifting to fix Taehyung a dead stare, a look that causes Taehyung's posture to stiffen up, "I know you killed Yoonsung."

"How?" Jeongguk jumps immediately, angling his body to face Yoongi, but Yoongi keeps his attention focused on Taehyung who's grown significantly paler in the face over.

"The CCTV footage," Yoongi answers, and Taehyung hangs his head, groaning softly beneath his breath when he runs his hand through his hair stressfully, "I know he started it, that was evident from the images, and I realise that you probably felt insecure about selling the murder as a self-defence kill but fuck, why did you lie to me? If you had told me the truth, I could've helped you better."

"Well, does it matter?" Taehyung snaps, and always, Yoongi's always forgetful of the side of Taehyung that's been through hell and back, the side of him that Yoongi's rarely ever seen, "What happened with Yoonsung doesn't matter anymore, Jeongguk made sure of that."

Stilling, Yoongi turns his attention to Jeongguk, who pointedly ignores Yoongi's stare.

"Yeah, and how did Jeongguk make sure of that?"

"Ever heard of bribery, hyung? You've been through higher education, I'm sure you have," Jeongguk drawls offensively, threatening to make Yoongi tick. He lifts his arm up to rest on the back of the couch, lifting his ankle to rest on his upper thigh, giving way to his body language reading as one thing and one thing only; cocky, "It wasn't difficult, not when three people in the station had some rather nasty habits. There was a detective that had a penchant for ketamine, an officer who sat in his squad car down an alleyway loading bowl after bowl of marijuana, and then, the icing on the cake," Jeongguk laughs derisively, and the sound is enough to kick Yoongi's heartbeat into overdrive, "The fucking superintendent was addicted to Oxycontin and Demerol. All I had to do was offer the three bastards limitless supplies of their poisons of choice, and just like that, I got them. Hook, line and sinker. They would've bowed to my every request."

Yoongi looks to Taehyung who immediately sighs, "You sound like such an asshole."

Jeongguk shrugs, "This asshole saved your ass."

"Yeah," Taehyung laughs, but not naturally, more in a scornful manner, "Saved us from that predicament but what about the one that we're currently in?"
They stare coldly at one another for a moment, completely forgetting Yooi’s presence in the room, and Yoongi pipes up timidly, "What predicament?"

Throwing a look towards Jeongguk, who shakes his head and folds his arms, detaching himself from the conversation, Taehyung looks right at Yoongi when he speaks, "We sold drugs, yeah? You know that by now, obviously, but Jeongguk here, sweet, innocent, baby boy Jeongguk used to grow marijuana in our old place, and once we got caught doing that, and this was long before we ever met you, we’d switched our tactics, started looking into selling the hard stuff, stuff that neither of us would ever dream of touching. Jeongguk found him some chemists that were fresh out of University, whose degrees were fresh off the printing press. They were more than willing to put it all on the line for bundles of money, and in a small, dingy basement in Seoul, he set them to work."

Jeongguk’s choosing to remain silent, and Yoongi’s skin itches from the impact in which his quiet presence leaves upon him, leaves him squirming, leaves him alert and vulnerable. "I hated it," Jeongguk pipes up quietly, lazy gaze on the table in front of him, "The money was good, but the status that came with running such a dangerous operation wasn’t worth it."

"We’d get walked over by the guys who’d been in the trade for years, all because we were young. Y’know, I think that they were jealous of us, of how quickly we got successful on the scene. Either that or, y’know, we were always in debt to the them when our chemists started jumping ship once things got too dark, and since we rarely ever coughed up the money..."

"You’d have to act all big and tough, you’d need to carry a gun with you 24/7 ’cause people were always jumping you. Tae and I had forgotten ours one time when we’d gone out for some damn ice cream and we’d almost gotten our heads blown off as a result of it," there’s a tone in Jeongguk’s voice, a sort of disgust, a hatred for the life that he’d chosen to live, and that very tone strikes a chord with Yoongi, makes him start to feel sorry for Jeongguk, even in spite of all that he’s done.

Belatedly, Yoongi realises that the two of them are referring to their past activities as, well, past activities.

"What’re you doing now?" he asks, and is happy to spy the ghost of a smile on Jeongguk’s lips.

"We quit," Taehyung announces, fiddling with his phone in his hand, "Sold our last batch of shit and kissed goodbye to that chapter of our lives."

"It’s not over, though," Jeongguk interrupts, dampening the mood that was starting to brighten, "We’ve still got debts to pay, and the authorities are still out for our blood. I just hope that we can continue to outsmart them. Until they find us, we’re gonna continue renting out our spare rooms here. Our last tenant up and left us once they finished University, more are bound to show interest come next season."

Yoongi doesn’t know if he should inform them of the NIS’ interest in them, if he should dig their mugshots out of his bag and warn them of bigger authorities looking for them. Whilst he’s battling with his thoughts, Taehyung changes the topic, asking if anyone wants a beer that Jeongguk answers with an acquiescent grunt. With the tension having lifted from the air, Yoongi can’t bring himself to plummet their moods by shoving their ‘WANTED,’ mugshots in their faces.

When Jeongguk excuses himself to go and wash up, Taehyung winks down at Yoongi when he hands him a bottle of Corona.

Planting himself next to Yoongi, Taehyung fiddles with his bottle in his hand, and Yoongi takes this as an opportunity to question him about the ink on his forearms. With his index finger, he taps Taehyung’s left arm, the arm with the slithery snake on it, "Care to tell me what the meaning behind
Taehyung looks down at Yoongi's finger, smirking. "Tattoos don't need to have a meaning, y'know."

"I know. But knowing you, this simple snake could mean something about how life is fleeting and that happiness isn't forever."

"Wow," Taehyung laughs, smile wide and boxy, "Deep." Moving his forearm around for better sight of his tattoo, Taehyung purses his lips, thinking, "I saw a painting of two snakes coiled around each other in a museum in Thailand when Guk and I visited there for business - that was soon after we left you, actually. Jeongguk has its partner on his upper back."

He says it so casually, like the thought of permanent artwork etched onto Jeongguk's body is something that Yoongi can properly deal with (spoiler: he can't). "What's on his shoulder? I see something peaking out every now and then," Yoongi inquires, forcibly making himself sound blasé about the whole thing as he scratches idly at his cheek.

Taehyung smirks, "Black, thorny roses run up along his bicep, across his collarbone, they're on the junction between his collarbone and shoulder, going right up under the shell of his left ear," Awed, Yoongi shifts in his seat, ridding his mind of the image of Jeongguk's full ink on display, "Y'know, when he comes back in here I'll ask him to show you."

There's teasing in his tone, and Yoongi catches it. He stares despairingly at Taehyung, "Don't do that."

"I'd be doing you a favour," he smirks to himself, undoubtedly thinking back to the times when Yoongi and Jeongguk had whatever 'thing,' they had going on, "You seem pretty damn interested in them."

"Yeah," Yoongi snaps lightly, "Because I never thought that the two hoodlums I was housing were the kind to get tattoos, seeing as you two successfully concealed your whole personalities."

"Hey," Taehyung pouts, legitimately hurt, "Who said we were never real with you? Sure, we kept some things hidden, but our personalities were the real deal."

When Jeongguk returns, wet hair hanging loosely over his eyes, tracksuit hanging low on his hips with not a shirt in sight, Yoongi swears it's on purpose. Some sick tactic to draw him in, to feel how he felt back then, and sure, it's a nice sight, Jeongguk's chest, his prominent v-line and narrow hips, but Yoongi's stubborn, and so, he refuses the bait. "Show Yoongi the snake," Taehyung orders, hissing teasingly, imitating how it'd sound, sharing a look with Jeongguk who frowns slightly at Taehyung before turning to display the serpent between his shoulder-blades. Yoongi gapes at it.

"Bonded through ink. How romantic," Taehyung sighs, over-exaggerating a dreamy sigh and earning a rightful flick on the ear from Jeongguk.

"You couldn't have chosen something less intimidating, no? Like a phrase or something?" Yoongi asks, tearing his gaze away from Jeongguk who plonks himself down onto the beanbag.

"Boring," Taehyung bellows, "Boring and predictable," he glances between Yoongi and Jeongguk for a moment, and the expression on his face is one worth worrying over when he begins silkily, "You two should get matching tats for old time's sake."

"Are you kidding me?" "Why would we?" Yoongi and Jeongguk both ask in unison, and Taehyung just sits there, grinning amusedly.
Taehyung shrugs innocently, "To commemorate your history, Yoongi could get a gavel tatted and KooKoo, you could get the sound block."

"Do you ever listen to yourself speak?" Jeongguk asks lowly, and Yoongi's already standing, pulling down his top that had hiked up, searching around the area for any belongings of his that he may have left behind.

"I better get going," Yoongi mumbles, patting his back-pocket to make sure that the keycard for his hotel is still there.

The quiet bickering between Taehyung and Jeongguk abruptly stops, and Jeongguk stands, still shirtless, still with his hair damp, still making Yoongi feel like the earth is about to explode in T-minus ten seconds. "You're not staying here?" he asks, his expression suggesting his genuine disappointment over Yoongi making other plans for his visit, "We have more than enough room."

Feeling suddenly awkward, Yoongi nods non-committally, "I'm staying at a hotel not too far from here."

"Well, cancel it," Jeongguk interrupts, allowing barely any room for Yoongi to speak, "Things mightn't be all sunshine and daisies between us, hyung, but," his pause hurts, the look in his eyes, that hurts too, "I still want to spend as much time as possible with you, maybe help mend some things between us."

It doesn't take much persuasion; Yoongi never really was one to deny Jeongguk of anything.

If it's Yoongi's presence that Jeongguk wants, then it's Yoongi's presence he'll get.

It's weirdly domestic between the three of them over the span of a measly six days.

They all slip into a routine that's similar to the one that they'd had in Yoongi's apartment, the only difference being that Jeongguk doesn't tiptoe out of Yoongi's bedroom to prepare breakfast for him anymore, and Yoongi doesn't wake up to Jeongguk dozing soundly on his chest.

They don't go outside much, what with Taehyung and Jeongguk needing to lay low for fear of someone recognising them, and really, it's Yoongi who suggests that they keep themselves out of the public eye. He hasn't told them about the Wanted posters yet, anytime that he's tried to bring them up, he's found that he just hasn't had the heart to drag the mood back down with the reminder that though Taehyung and Jeongguk are trying to right themselves, they're not out of the woods yet, there's still the threat of a storm in the distance.

The dark clouds between himself and Jeongguk clear slowly, they go back to their old ways, and it's strange, laughing with Jeongguk and having to stop himself from throwing himself at him. Having to hold back has been the hardest.

There's been times when he's caught Jeongguk gazing at him for longer than is necessary, when out of the corner of his eye, Yoongi's seen Jeongguk's attention on him, but once Yoongi would look at him, Jeongguk would immediately look away.

When they get too drunk one night on a cheap red wine, Yoongi's reminded of just how clingy Jeongguk can be whilst inebriated.
They're sitting around the wooden table in the living room, hiccuping with laughter at Taehyung who was in the middle of displaying his less-than-stellar dance moves to a song playing softly from the record player when he'd tripped over his own feet and fallen flat on his ass. "Yeah, just laugh," Taehyung slurs, getting on all fours so he can rub the soreness out of his throbbing coccyx, "It's not like I'm in fucking agony or anything."

Jeongguk's somehow managed to press himself right up against Yoongi's side, and as giggles wrack his body, he bows his forehead, head almost in Yoongi's lap when his laughter ceases to end. Reflexively, Yoongi lifts his hand up to rest it on the narrow part of Jeongguk's back, and beneath his palm, he feels the jerky movements of Jeongguk's body, making him laugh harder.

Once Taehyung's righted himself by placing at least five cushions underneath his sore tailbone, Yoongi's laughter tears dry up, his awareness returns, Jeongguk lifts himself stiffly from his bowed position, slowly scooting away from his squished up position against Yoongi's side.

Not long after, Yoongi announces his departure to bed, and Taehyung wishes him goodnight.

Jeongguk doesn't even look up.

On his last day, with Taehyung's day chockablock with errands, it's just Yoongi and Jeongguk.

"What d'you think of my disguise?" Taehyung asks, twirling around, grinning like his beanie and sunglasses have suddenly erased his identity.

Smirking, and not having the heart to knock Taehyung's delight, Yoongi, biting back his giggle, assures, "It's genius, Tae."

When he's sprawled out on his bed counting down the hours to his departure, dreading the arrival of the hour of when he has to leave, Yoongi hears Jeongguk stop in his doorway. Leaning nonchalantly against the doorframe, Jeongguk sniffs, "What do you want to do today?"

"I don't mind what we do," Yoongi insists from his foetal position on his temporary bed, blinking over at Jeongguk, "I'd be just as happy buming around here as I would be going outside."

"No," Jeongguk waves his hand dismissively, "We've been cooped up in here all week, I wanna take you out." Clocking his choice of words, Jeongguk presses his lips tight together, something that Yoongi catches, the way his eyes bug momentarily, and God, it's endearing, "Y'know, to see the city."

Trying hard to hide his fond smile, Yoongi directs his attention towards the floor when he pushes himself out of bed after garnering the impression that today most definitely will not be a duvet day. "Okay," he agrees, still avoiding Jeongguk's stare, "What've you got in mind?"

With a soft look on his face, Jeongguk offers Yoongi a small smile, "The Cherry Blossom Festival has been going on all week, today's the last day. We should go."

Yoongi brings his DCLR, hiking the band of it up onto his shoulder so it hangs by his waist, and he lets Jeongguk lead the way, walking in-step alongside him whilst still keeping a careful distance between their shoulders. The initial fear of going out in public is forgotten as soon as they're in the sea of festival-goers, looking upon enthralling street performers, purchasing food from the street.
vendors. Everything that Yoongi wants to buy, Jeongguk's fast to make a noise of refusal, to pull his wallet out of his back-pocket, to bump Yoongi away with his hip and smile warmly at the hawkers.

Yoongi doesn't even try to oppose Jeongguk's willingness to pay.

It's the end of the season, and the fallen petals litter the ground beneath them whilst they're strolling through a park, admiring the pink, white and fuchsia trees surrounding them whilst they nibble on some bbopki. When they near the end of a path, approaching a large tree with pale pink falling blossoms, Yoongi shoves the rest of his bbopki into his mouth before grasping for his camera.

"Guk," he exclaims through his mouthful of food, drawing Jeongguk's attention towards him. He stands at the foot of the tree, staring up at it, and whilst he's not looking, Yoongi surreptitiously snaps a picture before ordering, "Face me, I wanna take a picture."

Jeongguk makes a show of whining, of refusing to turn around and pose for Yoongi, so Yoongi has to take it upon himself to hurry forwards and physically turn him around, tsk-ing when he spies Jeongguk feigning annoyance. Getting down onto his hunkers, Yoongi begins snapping away, yelling orders at Jeongguk who shyly kicks at the dirt beneath his feet before drawling, "D'you want innocent? Sultry? Fierce?"

Yoongi grins from behind the camera, readjusting himself to suit the direction of the light coming through the trees. "Give me a mixture of all three."

Once his shyness subsides, Jeongguk eases into it. Yoongi inches forward, angling the camera upwards, snapping a picture of Jeongguk from a low angle with the pink petals framing him, casting a pink hue over him, and as Yoongi scrolls through the pictures, when he lands on that one picture, his heart does something, it squeezes, it twists, it soars and soars. Speechless, he stares at the picture, at Jeongguk in the picture, at the softness in his eyes, the slight quirk of his lips and he's reminded, painfully so, of just how much he loved him.

He doesn't even want to show it to Jeongguk, he's greedy, he wants to keep it to himself, it's just for his eyes only.

When they're sitting in a meadow squinting in the sunshine, there's a feeling akin to butterflies in Yoongi's stomach, of those little creatures flinging themselves against his ribcage, trying to desperately get out. It's silent save for the far-away noise of traffic and of some sing-song birds tweeting from their seats in some of the pink trees. When a fallen petal lands in Jeongguk's hair, Yoongi doesn't hesitate to reach up and pluck it off of his strands, which Jeongguk softly mutters a, "Thank you," in reply to.

It must be the relaxed atmosphere that fills Yoongi with courage, it has to be. He swallows before lifting his eyes to find Jeongguk watching him.

"Those text messages that you sent me," he starts, trying to read Jeongguk's carefully slack face, "Did you mean what you said in them?"

Jeongguk's tongue pushes into his cheek, "The one about me missing you?"

The tiny animal, the damn thing that's been angry for so long audibly squeaks. Yoongi nods, throat quickly going dry, "Yeah."

Jeongguk pulls grass out of the ground, trying to distract himself when he adds, "And the one about me needing you?"

There's not a squeak from his little friend this time, there's an outright exclamation of joy. The
butterflies in Yoongi's stomach stop trying to escape, they settle into a pattern of fluttering around within him. He wants to say everything, but also, nothing. The birds chirp happily around them, kids run ahead of their parents at the bottom of the meadow, the clear, blue sky stretches out overhead, and Yoongi... Yoongi's breath hitches when he feels Jeongguk's hand fold over his on the grass.

"Of course I missed you," Jeongguk says, barely above a whisper, and Yoongi's brain is so close to crashing when he continues, "I never stopped missing you, I never stopped needing you. If you knew how many nights I laid awake in bed craving your company, hyung, you'd think I was-I was, I don't know..."

It's too much, it's too good to be true, there has to be a catch, Yoongi's trying to talk himself down off of his almighty high, but his heart's winning, his excited tiny animal is driving his speech, "You shouldn't have left me." Jeongguk bristles, bites down hard on his bottom lip when Yoongi brings up past mistakes, horrible, horrible mistakes.

He ignores what Yoongi said, exhales, "What about you? Did you mean what you told me that night?"

"That I loved you?" Sighing, Jeongguk nods, head hanging off of his shoulders when he squeezes Yoongi's hand as a form of half-hearted comfort, "Of course I did. That wasn't just me saying that in the spur of the moment, stressed because you were holding a Goddamn gun to my head fuck Jeongguk I loved you so much."

Silence stretches between them, Jeongguk continues to pull grass out of the ground, depositing the torn strands into a neat pile. His voice is so small when he speaks, when he screws his face up and stares downwards, "I couldn't say it then, it would've hurt too much, been too hard to leave you but... Y'know I did, right? Y'know... Love you." He finishes weakly, lifting his hand off of Yoongi's, bringing his knees up so he can hug them.

Yoongi doesn't allow the distance between them, he scoots towards Jeongguk, places a gentle hand on his cheek, hoping for Jeongguk's eyes to meet his, and when they do, Yoongi smiles sadly at his beautiful, fallen boy. "I know you did," he informs, his thumb stroking over the apple of Jeongguk's cheek, Jeongguk's hand coming up to grip Yoongi's wrist gently as he leans softly into Yoongi's palm, eyes closing when Yoongi continues, "It would've been nice to hear it from your lips at the time, but let's not think about what could or should have been done."

"I was so happy," Jeongguk reminisces, eyes opening into glassy slits, "You made me feel so happy and I just ran away from that happiness."

"Shh," Yoongi soothes, moving closer again, bringing his arm up to wrap around Jeongguk's broad shoulders, inviting him to lean in close, "You're happy now though, right?"

His hands card through Jeongguk's hair, fingertips lightly massaging his scalp, and the long pause that Jeongguk takes fills Yoongi with awful, awful doubt.

"I guess," Jeongguk finally admits, albeit unconvincingly. He lifts his head from its resting spot on Yoongi's shoulder, looking curiously at Yoongi who threatens to sink hard into the depths of his eyes. "I'm just glad that everything's behind me now."

Yoongi's smile falters, his conscience kicks in, telling him to warn Jeongguk, that his bribing of the authorities may have initially worked, but with the NIS on his tail, bribery might not be his saviour anymore. "Yeah," Yoongi agrees, corners of his mouth upturning into what he hopes is a reassuring smile, "I'm proud of you, y'know."
The blossoming flush of colour on Jeongguk's cheeks is an adoring sight for Yoongi's eyes to see. Bashfully, Jeongguk bows his head, "Thanks, hyung."

Part of Yoongi wishes that they had more time, that he hadn't just taken a week off, that he didn't have responsibilities waiting for him back in Seoul, but the other part of him, the trepidatious part of him knows that were he to stick around, that the inevitable would happen, the inevitable tumble and fall, the crawl back to what he once had, even if what he once had wasn't all it was cut out to be.

Jeongguk insists on waving Yoongi off, on lugging his suitcase out of the boot of the taxi, on dragging it into the station and standing with it whilst Yoongi purchases his one-way ticket. He hadn't the heart to refuse his generosity, especially not when Jeongguk was so eager to accompany him.

The train's late, and they sit on the platform, Yoongi watching the petals fall from the trees, twirling through the air, creating a pink and white path to walk on.

Jeongguk sits beside him with his hands in his lap, wringing them nervously, saying not a single word.

The horn from the train echoes in the distance, warning Yoongi of his imminent departure, warning Jeongguk of his imminent departure.

Jeongguk's the first to stand when it rolls up, hand gripping the handle of Yoongi's suitcase, gaze fixed on the petals still falling from the trees.

"Well," Yoongi begins, sighing, taking the handle of his suitcase from Jeongguk's hand, "It was so nice seeing you." He smiles at Jeongguk, and Jeongguk smiles back, but his smile is weak, he can't quite meet Yoongi's eyes, his hands have dug deep into his pockets, he's rocking on his feet and Yoongi's chest feels like it's compressed the moment he takes a single step back towards the train.

"You'll come and visit me again, won't you?" Jeongguk asks quickly, realising his time is running out, wishful hope evident on his pristine face.

Yoongi doesn't even have to think twice, "Of course I will, Guk. If you want me, I'll come."

Presuming that they're finished with their farewells, Yoongi turns, he drags his suitcase towards the carriage, hand fumbling around in his pocket for his ticket, and then, he's gently pulled backwards by a desperate grip on his shoulder, his world spins before it blurs into focus on Jeongguk's face that's inches away from his, eyes blinking into Jeongguk's that are focused downwards.

He doesn't utter a word, just inches forward slowly, eyes slipping shut when his lips press lightly onto Yoongi's, and the way in which Yoongi's whole entire body melts in response to Jeongguk's lips on his after so long draws out of him this needy, gasping sound. It's quick, over in a flash, but Jeongguk's eyes are twinkling, his cheeks are flushed pink when he breathes, "I'll always want you."

The doors of the train have closed, and panicking, Jeongguk shoves Yoongi towards it, saying something that Yoongi doesn't hear over the ringing in his ears and the noise of the train starting up again. He hurries, tapping on the door that a passenger angrily opens for him.

Jeongguk's still on the platform when Yoongi finds a seat, his phone's in his hand, and when he looks up to throw Yoongi a smile, Yoongi's phone pings.

19:41: Unknown.
I missed doing that.
The train's pulling away when Yoongi, grinning, looks back out at Jeongguk who's got a goofy smile on his lips. When he waves, Yoongi waves back, and once he's out of sight, when the platform disappears and the trees upon trees of pink fill Yoongi's vision, biting back a smile, Yoongi taps into the messages, taps the 'Unknown,' number, taps 'Create New Contact.'

His phone pings again, and Yoongi feels like he's in some feverish dream, like his heart couldn't possibly soar higher than it already has.

19:44: Jeongguk.
I already miss you.

Chapter End Notes

♥‿♥
never again

Chapter Notes
See the end of the chapter for notes

He can't remember the last time he'd gotten film developed.

It was probably back when he was younger, in the early days of the technological boom, when he'd take a disposable camera with him on school trips, feeling professional whilst pointing the plastic lens in random directions, capturing random, blurry objects and out-of-focus, over-exposed pictures of his grinning childhood friends.

With the television turned off and the room in relative darkness, Yoongi flicks through the prints, smiling softly at some of the pictures, smiling harder at others. When he reaches that one money-shot that he'd taken of Jeongguk standing beneath the cherry blossom tree, his smile dims. A feeling washes over him that he can't quite place, but it's unsettling, definitely unsettling.

He looks to the outtakes, to a shot of Jeongguk with his head thrown back and hand waving towards Yoongi, another slightly blurry one of him trying to composw himself, dabbing at the wetness around his eyes, and another of him with his full set of teeth on show, his attention shyly directed towards the ground. Blurry petals are in the background, falling behind Jeongguk, beside him, in front of him, and when Yoongi places the stack of prints onto the coffee table, he keeps that one money-shot in his hand, and as he reclines back onto his sofa, he stares longingly at the happiness on Jeongguk's features.

With there not being much use for photographs nowadays, Yoongi's torn as to what he should do with it.

There's a dangerous, dangerous part of him that encourages himself to frame it, and a frightening part of him that tells him to keep it close to his person, like in his wallet, or on his bedside locker, or better yet, blown-up on a canvas that he can hang on his wall by the door so that everyone who visits can witness beauty the moment they step inside of his apartment.

With the clock nearing midnight, Yoongi hauls himself to bed, fingertips still clutching the photograph when he doesn't have the heart to part with it.

He potters around, flicking off all of the lights, kicking off his slippers, crawling into his bed to burrow underneath his beloved duvet, and he's still holding the photograph. It might sound like it was accidental, but truthfully, there's a part of him that specifically chose to ignore how quickly he became attached to something as simple as a photograph, him carrying the photograph to bed was not accidental in the slightest.

Before switching off of his lamp, before casting his room into pitch black darkness, begrudgingly, Yoongi sets the photograph down on his bedside table.

It's the first thing he sees when he awakens the next morning.

There's no polite knock, no waiting for someone to come and let him in, no.
Whilst Yoongi's zonked on his sofa after a long, laborious day helping Namjoon out with the interviewing of eyewitnesses in his most recent murder trial, Yoongi jolts awake when he hears the sound of a key jingling in his door, of his door opening, of motherfucking footsteps approaching.

"Hyung," Jeongguk whispers, eyes a little bit wide, certainly not wider than Yoongi's surprised ones, though, "It's me, relax, it's just me."

"What-what?" Yoongi grumbles, voice hoarse from sleep when he scrubs roughly at his face. He groans, "What time is it?"

Jeongguk pulls his phone from his pocket, grimacing when he realises how long into the night it is. "3am," Jeongguk answers, tone apologetic, expression uneasy as he glances around at the apartment that's shrouded in darkness. Having somewhat woken himself up, Yoongi blinks drowsily at Jeongguk, at his leather jacket-clad form, his black jeans ripped beyond repair, more ready for the landfill than for his body, feet shoved into a pair of beat-up doc martens. By Jeongguk's feet, there's a stuffed rucksack.

Yoongi lifts his gaze slowly from the floor.

"What're you doing here?" he asks quietly, dread evident in his tone.

The tight, dead-behind-the-eyes smile he offers Yoongi isn't comforting in the slightest, and before Yoongi knows it, he's on his feet, urging Jeongguk to sit down, to take off his shoes. "I'll make coffee," he offers, hurrying into the kitchen whilst Jeongguk does as he's told, grabbing Yoongi's blanket and wrapping it loosely around his shoulders.

Once the coffee's made, and once Yoongi's happy that Jeongguk's comfortable, or, at least now that he looks comfortable, with his socket feet tucked underneath himself and his mug of coffee held close to his lips, feeling the steam hit his skin hotly, Yoongi waits.

Catching Yoongi's eye, Jeongguk takes a sip from his mug, and then, inhales softly, "They're right on our tails."

Yoongi had figured as much. "How close are they?" he asks seriously, eyes narrowed, eyes focused on Jeongguk's lips.

Chewing his cheek, Jeongguk shifts, and the blanket falls from his shoulders, exposing his tattoo that's peaking from the collar of his t-shirt.

"There's too much suspicious activity around Jinhae," Jeongguk explains, turning his mug around, watching the black coffee slosh against the ceramic sides, "Y'know, faces becoming too familiar, strange cars hanging around outside of the warehouse, evidence of vandalism on the security cameras that I set up around the premises, hey, for all I know, they've hacked my stupid phone. That's why I didn't call you," he pauses to glance at Yoongi, and he holds his stare when he continues defeatedly, "They're gonna get us."

Quick to interject, Yoongi immediately scoots closer to Jeongguk, lifting his arm to squeeze his bicep, to do anything he can to help ease the fear in Jeongguk's eyes.

"No, no, they're not. You were right to get out of there whilst you could," Yoongi praises, hoping for something bright to wash across Jeongguk's face, but the darkness stays etched into his features, and that darkness makes Yoongi's heart beat that bit faster. Looking down at his lap, Yoongi keeps his hand on Jeongguk's bicep, thumb stroking the hardness there, and his teeth gnaw ceaselessly on his lower lip when he suddenly remembers someone very important who's missing. His head jerks up to
look at Jeongguk, "Where the fuck is Taehyung?"

"Jimin's."

Yoongi's hand drops from Jeongguk's arm.

Taken aback, his mouth opens and closes for a moment before he exclaims, "Jimin's?"

It's the first time he's seen something other than despair on Jeongguk's face since he'd arrived, the hint of a smile is there, so small but so beautiful for Yoongi to witness. He nods, "I had his number, and Tae seemed to like the guy so I suggested that he hideout there, and I hideout here, so, he did. Dropped me for some fresh meat, weak, huh?"

Ignoring everything that Jeongguk said, Yoongi squints as he tries to put two and two together. He holds up a hand to silence Jeongguk, "And Jimin's alright with this?"

Jeongguk's head nods, "He was all for it." With Yoongi's reaction, his downright shock over Jimin's involvement in the harbouring of a criminal, Jeongguk realises belatedly that there's reason for Yoongi's stupefied countenance. "Is there... Is there something awry with Officer Park?" Jeongguk asks, holding back his smile when Yoongi guffaws.

"Not particularly," Yoongi mumbles, picking at some loose threads on his pyjama bottoms, "Except for the fact that Officer Park is the very person who insisted on me surrendering you to the police." He refuses to look at Jeongguk when the words leave his lips, but he can feel the atmosphere around them cloud up.

"Oh," Jeongguk replies flatly, devoid of emotion, "So it was him who told you about all of this."

Feeling smothered in the tense air, Yoongi nods slowly. "Yeah. But he would never rat Taehyung out, not if he was on board with housing him, so you don't need to worry."

"You're telling me not to worry about the very person who spilled the beans on my track record, and in doing so, destroyed the two of us. How exactly am I not supposed to worry about him, Yoongi?" his tone is condescending, leaning slightly towards angry, and Yoongi shrivels into himself when Jeongguk stands abruptly, throwing the blanket back onto the spfa.

He paces across the floor in front of Yoongi, fingertips pulling his hair in dismay.

Yoongi hangs his head. "You need to trust me," he begs quietly, "And you need to trust him. I'll talk to him in the morning, make sure that he hasn't got other motives for having Taehyung around, but really, you don't need to worry. If he willingly took him in, he's not gonna escort him to the station in the morning. If anything, he's gonna wait on him hand and foot."

Choosing to believe Yoongi, albeit skeptically, Jeongguk's shoulders visibly sag once the tension leaves them. He returns back to the sofa, jaw clenched tight as he picks up his quickly cooling coffee to sip from.

"He seemed pretty damn happy to see Taehyung when he answered his door," Jeongguk mutters against the rim of his mug, sipping loudly.

Not catching Jeongguk's drift, Yoongi clears his throat loudly, shifting around in his seat to try and squirm away from the uneasiness hanging in the air.

When Jeongguk's finished his coffee, and after a quick shower to clean off the stresses of his day's worth of travelling, Jeongguk stands before Yoongi with his jacket on, his shoes laced up, and what
can only be described as mischievous excitement teasing the corners of his lips.

Yoongi blinks up at him, "I don't like that look."

"What look?" Jeongguk asks innocently, eyes still twinkling with mischief.

"That one," Yoongi jabs his finger in the direction of Jeongguk's goofy face, "Just spill it. What are you thinking?"

"Let's go out," Jeongguk chirps, too eagerly for Yoongi's tired bones, for the hour in which they're in.

"You're supposed to be laying low," Yoongi grumbles irritatedly. He fully knows that he's gonna bend to Jeongguk's will, he knows that he's about to get dragged out into the oncoming light of dawn, but that still doesn't stop him from keeping up his act, from acting like Jeongguk's the biggest nuisance imaginable. Call it what you want, but even back when the two had gazed upon each other with adoring, loving smiles, Yoongi had still kept this act up.

Even Jeongguk knows of Yoongi's tsundere tendencies, knows that in five minutes, they'll be out in the early Summer air.

That's why, when they're walking down the pavement in an unfamiliar neighbourhood, Yoongi wonders why it's always been Jeongguk who's managed to sway him.

The area that they're in is rundown, with dilapidated, antiquated houses, weeds overrunning the front gardens and rubbish blowing in every which way. When asked the significance of the area, Jeongguk simply shrugs. He's walking ahead of Yoongi when he turns to walk backwards, smile small when he explains, "Sometimes it's just nice to go somewhere off the beaten track."

Clueless as to what Jeongguk's on about, Yoongi wordlessly agrees.

They come to a park that Yoongi yanks Jeongguk away from, scolding him as he drags him past the wooded area, and it's ironic, really, what Yoongi's trying to protect him from. "There could be druggies or murderers or anyone in there," Yoongi chastises once they're well away from the place, and only when his words leave his lips does he realise what he's said, and why Jeongguk's peering at him peculiarly.

He kicks at a stone, lips pursing before he begins coolly, "My kind of people, hm?"

"No."

"Yes," Jeongguk lifts his index finger, a gesture aimed to quieten Yoongi, "Yes, they're like me. Not murderers, y'know, that's Tae, but druggies? I mightn't have taken them often but I sure dished 'em out. Unsavoury characters? Lowlifes who only know how to solve a problem with a gun in his hand? They're all me, hyung."

"I'm sorry," Yoongi offers, eyes directed towards the ground when he hears Jeongguk sigh out of frustration.

"That's alright," he assures, albeit quietly, and very unbelievingly. "You saw me as an angel before, and I'm still an angel now, hyung. Offences and all."

Something sparks within Yoongi, it's quick and sharp, striking his very core, muddling up his thoughts in his mind when Jeongguk starts walking ahead of him, not bothering to wait for Yoongi, not bothering to know that in one, smooth breath, he'd managed to damage Yoongi's thought
processes.

Hurrying after him and blacklisting the word, 'Angel,' from his thoughts, he finds Jeongguk with his fingers in the holes of a rusted wire fence, his forehead rested against it.

He's looking out across what looks to be an old basketball court with weeds growing up from the cracks in the tarmac, trees hanging over the court, and a hoop on one end that looks like it's one gust of wind away from falling down. Ever the adventurer, Jeongguk turns to grin at Yoongi.

"No."

"I didn't even say anything," Jeongguk pouts, turning his attention back to the barren court.

"Your eyes say it all," Yoongi says, smiling once Jeongguk's looked away.

"There's a basketball over in the corner, c'mon, hyung. I'll challenge you," he winks, already leaving Yoongi's side as he goes to find an opening in the fence since the gate of the court is padlocked.

Following after him, glancing around the street to ensure that no-one's around, Yoongi scoffs, "You'll challenge me?"

He's already found a gap in the fence, and as he runs towards the lone, slightly deflated basketball that's seen better days, Yoongi follows after Jeongguk, questioning why they're even out here in the first place. "That thing probably doesn't even bounce," Yoongi grumbles, brow furrowed when Jeongguk proves him wrong with a single, successful bounce of the ball.

"Oh, it bounces alright," Jeongguk exults, dribbling it around Yoongi, dodging away from him when Yoongi tries to snatch it away. He's taunting Yoongi, goofily dribbling circles around him, trying to pull off some tricks, succeeding in some, failing when he tries to bounce it between his legs and catch it. When it rolls across the tarmac, Yoongi takes his chance.

"Your form is diabolical," Yoongi informs once he's got the ball in his hands.

Slightly breathless, Jeongguk blows a raspberry, "Oh yeah? Yours probably isn't much better, Mr. Hotshot."

Just to prove him wrong, and admittedly, to show off a little, with ease, Yoongi spins the ball on the pad of his index finger, and the reaction he draws from Jeongguk is one of pure hilarity. With his eyebrows rising towards the heavens and his mouth popping open, Jeongguk gapes at Yoongi in disbelief.

After letting it spin for a few moments, Yoongi catches the ball in his arms before stepping towards Jeongguk slowly.

He's close when he levels Jeongguk's wide gaze, and with sheer cockiness, Yoongi quirks an eyebrow as he drawls, "Try me."

Jeongguk's fast, but Yoongi's faster, sure it's been a while since he's picked up the pace, but when push comes to shove, he can move. He's almost scared to try and shoot a hoop, because by the look of the rusty basketball hoop that's hanging on by a thread, the impact of the ball falling through it could easily bring it down. As he speeds across the court, across some upturned gravel, Yoongi laughs when he hears Jeongguk's cry of despair.

"You never told me you could play!" he whines, altogether regretting having ever challenged Yoongi.
Acting humble, Yoongi shakes his head as he stands to wait for Jeongguk to catch up to him, "I'm alright."

Once he's reached Yoongi, and once he's eyeing Yoongi, looking for the opportune moment to snatch the ball, he mumbles sullenly, "You're gonna crush me."

Yoongi's gone at the speed of light, running up to the hoop, shouting triumphantly when he jumps, hands in the air, ball leaving his hands to fly smoothly up into the hoop. Squeaking with joy, making a show, Yoongi bends forward with laughter, hands braced on his knees whilst laughter wracks his body when Jeongguk slowly goes to collect the ball in a sulk.

"You're damn right I'm gonna crush you, kid," he smiles, all gummy and bright, a far cry from Jeongguk's own vexed countenance.

Spying an opportunity, Jeongguk hurries towards Yoongi, shouting when Yoongi expertly ducks away, legs carrying him swiftly towards the hoop. Once he scores his fourth hoop, and once his lungs are burning, Yoongi eases off a bit, allows Jeongguk to slap the ball out of his hands, doesn't sprint towards him, instead jogs slowly, giving him room to make a shot.

Having given Jeongguk time to catch up, some room to move, Yoongi stifles a laugh when he shoots for the hoop, and the ball just bounces off of the steel rim, careening back towards Jeongguk. Getting serious, Jeongguk casts his jacket aside, and the back of Yoongi's neck is hot when he speeds after Jeongguk, playing dirty when he grabs at Jeongguk's t-shirt, trying to tug him back, to put him out of sorts.

"Hyung," Jeongguk bellows frustratedly, frowning when Yoongi just peers at him innocently, "Play fairly."

"Play fairly," Yoongi mocks breathlessly, knocking his shoulder into Jeongguk's chest when Jeongguk's eyes blaze.

He does play fairly, he stops allowing room for Jeongguk to score, and as he snatches the ball away from Jeongguk mid-bounce, the two halt in their tracks to watch the ball sail through the air and land smoothly through the hoop. Punching his fist through the air in celebration, Yoongi whoops at Jeongguk, spluttering when he catches the unimpressed look on Jeongguk's face, the very definition of a, 'sore loser.'

"You wanna go one more time?" Yoongi asks, panting as Jeongguk kicks at the tarmac, moping.

He nods, and Yoongi pretends that there's a cramp in his leg when he takes off running after Jeongguk, trying to get the ball, putting on the theatrics when he exclaims suddenly, begging for Jeongguk to slow down a bit. There's no guarantee of Jeongguk following through, and Yoongi watches on in wishful hope when he shoots. His form is off, the angle in which he'd thrown the ball at isn't the best, but when it falls through the hoop after bouncing twice on the old steel, Yoongi breathes a sigh of relief, and Jeongguk shouts triumphantly.

His celebratory jump in the air reduces Yoongi to soundless laughter. He has to give credit to Jeongguk's pride over his measly single hoop.

Their chests are heaving as they recoup, their throats are parched, and as Jeongguk leaves Yoongi to walk aimlessly around the court, Yoongi's eyes follow him, lingering long on Jeongguk as he reaches for the heavens, fingertips wiggling towards the sky when he emits a strained groan. When he returns to Yoongi's side smiling lightly, they make their exit wordlessly.
Retracing their steps, trying to remember the way from which they came, Yoongi keeps his mouth zipped as they walk, willing away his thoughts, trying to focus on something other than the fact that everything feels so painfully familiar, so painfully like home. It feels like how it felt before shit hit the fan, before the tiny animal in Yoongi's heart was quiet and blissful, happy to watch the happenings between him and Jeongguk.

Finding a familiar street, Jeongguk leads the way up it, and as he walks ahead, Yoongi watches him, how his physique is different to how it once was. He's grown into himself, made use of his strength and built his muscles, he's gained more height and his face has lost the small amount of puppy fat it'd had when Yoongi had first met him. There's maturity in the form of his confidence, there's beauty in the way in which he holds himself; a calm self-assurance, a tantalising, somewhat hidden sense of vanity. Gone is the person who relied so heavily on Yoongi for however many months they were together, and in his place is someone that's proud of their independence.

Shaking himself out of his reverie, Yoongi trots after Jeongguk, mumbling an apology for lagging behind. When they turn a corner, the breaking sky is above them, darkness giving way to light, hues of pink and yellow peaking over the horizon as the city wakes up around them, cars zooming past them, streetlights switching off along the streets.

Though he's made sure to censor himself, to keep prying questions to a minimum, Yoongi lets just one slip out.

"Have you been seeing anyone?"

They're nearing Yoongi's apartment, he's searching his pocket for his keys when there's a falter in Jeongguk's step, but he continues on.

After laughing awkwardly, in a tight tone, Jeongguk asks, "What kind of a question is that, hyung?"

They're approaching his door when Yoongi's ears begin to ring, keys almost slipping from his fingers when he frees them from his pocket.

He shrugs, "I thought maybe you found yourself someone, y'know, you seem more grounded, less emotionally restless than you used to be."

Yoongi watches as Jeongguk shifts awkwardly, as he cocks his head to the side once, considering Yoongi's words.

They walk alongside each another across the lobby, and Jeongguk breathes a long sigh before he pushes his hair off of his forehead, "Well, there's no one." They're in the elevator, shoulders almost touching as they watch the doors close. The floors climb to Yoongi's, and when they're just about to reach Yoongi's floor, Jeongguk turns to fix him a look, a look where his eyes seem soft but dark, a strange mix of fire and sweetness. "No one," he repeats himself quietly, eyes trained on Yoongi, tracking the movement of his tongue darting out to wet his lower lip.

Yoongi's own gaze isn't as bold as Jeongguk's, his eyes dart across Jeongguk's chest, then to the elevator door that opens onto his floor.

Neither of them step out of the elevator, they both stay glued to the spot, Jeongguk now standing in front of Yoongi, looming over him, blocking the doorway.

Their soft, levelled breathing is all that can be heard, and then, the ping of the elevator doors when they grow tired of staying open.

"Guk," Yoongi begins warningly, warning him of what, Yoongi isn't sure.
Jeongguk's response is to inch closer, to step into Yoongi's space, crowd him back against the mirrored wall of the elevator. A faint scent of flowers hits Yoongi when he nears, and that smell alone is enough to smack Yoongi with some nostalgia, throw him back in time to the moments when he'd have himself an armful of Jeongguk, or a lap full of Jeongguk.

"The door's closed," Yoongi informs quietly, even though he's sure that Jeongguk knows, and that he doesn't care.

And Yoongi's right, because to solve the issue of the closed door, Jeongguk reaches backwards to blindly punch some buttons, to trap them for longer, and Yoongi sucks his lower lip into his mouth when his eyes drop to Jeongguk's neck, to the black ink, to his exposed clavicle. When Jeongguk turns back around, having sent the elevator into a path of confusion, their eyes lock.

"Y'know, I haven't seen anyone since I left you," he informs, and Yoongi swallows quietly, averting his gaze to their reflections to the left of him, "Tae and I haven't even messed around... You really left an impression on me, Yoongi."

"How couldn't I? After smacking the shit out of you, I would've been surprised if I didn't," Yoongi grumbles facetiously, wringing his hands in front of himself, ignoring the way in which Jeongguk's gaze has turned soft, how his head is tilted as he watches Yoongi, dipping his head to try and drag Yoongi's eyes onto him.

"Romantic, isn't it?" Jeongguk smirks, lifting his hand to press the pads of his fingers against Yoongi's chest, "It all happened in a flash, one moment, you had a fistful of my shirt, seething, the next, you had me in your bed-"

"Press the right floor number, Jeongguk," Yoongi orders, patience snapping, voice demanding, eyes quickly looking away from Jeongguk's.

"What are you so afraid of?" Jeongguk asks, ignoring Yoongi, forcing him to squish himself up against the mirror when he nears, brows knitted together when he looks over Yoongi's shoulder at his own reflection.

There's too much, too much fear of abandonment, of slipping into happiness only to have it torn from his clutches again. There's the dread that Jeongguk will up and leave him, decide that there's something better for him out there, or worse, and possibly the most abhorrent of all, the prospect of Jeongguk's past creeping up on him, of his mistakes finally resulting in his capture.

"Besides getting my heart broken again?" Yoongi questions, sounding small, timid, and his eyes jerk towards the door that opens on a floor that isn't his.

He makes a beeline for it the moment it opens, shoving past Jeongguk, fishing around in his pocket for his keycard, his breathing shallow and movements hurried.

When he reaches the end of the hallway, he shoves the door open, practically running up the stairs to his floor with Jeongguk fast on his heels, saying something that Yoongi can't hear over the roaring in his ears, the wild thrum of his heart. He drops his keycard when he reaches his door, his breath hitching when hands sneak around his waist, when hot breath fans across the juncture of his shoulder and neck, and Yoongi gasps when Jeongguk's hips press against him, when he presses a light kiss below Yoongi's ear.

His fingers fumble with his door, and he shoves back against Jeongguk because he needs some fucking room to breathe, to get his damn door open, and once he's managed to get it open, once they're both inside, it's Yoongi who takes over, who takes revenge on Jeongguk's incessant approach
by crowding Jeongguk up against his door once it closes.

There's a sleazy smirk on Jeongguk's lips when he peers down at Yoongi, fingers squeezing Yoongi's hips tightly when he purrs, "I won't break your heart again."

"Try saying that without looking like a jackass, maybe then I'll believe you," Yoongi husks, voice thick with lust, eyes honing in on the way Jeongguk's tongue teases past his teeth.

Jeongguk ducks his head to lick across Yoongi's jaw, and it's enough to make Yoongi's insides flip, to cause him to bring up his arms to wrap around Jeongguk's neck, practically hanging off of his frame when Jeongguk's licks turn to kisses, nose nudging against Yoongi's skin when he sucks mercilessly along the column of Yoongi's neck. The atmosphere around them becomes hot, Jeongguk's tongue against Yoongi's skin is scorching, and the whirling sensation deep in Yoongi's gut is scalding.

"I won't," Jeongguk begins hoarsely, "Break," he continues, leaving one kiss onto Yoongi's clavicle, fingers yanking down Yoongi's shirt to expose it, pressing another kiss onto his chin when he levels Yoongi's stare, eyes as wide and twinkling as the night sky, fingertips digging into his hips, pulling Yoongi against him, pulling from Yoongi a sigh, "Your heart," he finishes in a whisper, bowing to take Yoongi's lips in his, tongue licking across Yoongi's bottom lip before delving into his mouth, circling Yoongi's tongue, answering Yoongi's soft groan with a satisfied breath.

Their lips meet languidly, tongues exploring almost shyly, and the slowness builds up, the heat heightens to dizzying degrees, one of Yoongi's hands disappears beneath Jeongguk's shirt, flattening across the his taut stomach. He wants to sink down onto his knees, to pay attention to Jeongguk's hardness that he can feel against his thigh, but he's stopping himself, locking his knees, the lust swirling in one another's eyes is overwhelming, the way that Jeongguk's rolling his hips against Yoongi is just, it's maddening.

"G-Guk," Yoongi breathes, voice choking off into a gasp when Jeongguk replies with a guttural groan, too focused on lapping at Yoongi's neck.

Amidst tripping feet and the push and pull of their need to get at each other, to remain as close as possible, they've arrived at the sofa that Jeongguk pulls Yoongi down onto. It's all so fast, so carnal, and before Yoongi knows it, he's grinding down on top of Jeongguk, his cheek pressed hard against Jeongguk's cheek, eyes squeezed shut as he chases after the small amount of relief he gains from rubbing against Jeongguk's clothed cock.

With one hand in Yoongi's hair and the other on Yoongi's ass guiding his hips, Jeongguk's mouth is open on Yoongi's jaw as needy noises slip from his lips, and Yoongi acknowledges his noises with low groans. "We should slow down," Yoongi gasps, his thoughts suddenly catching up with the direction in which his body is taking them, "S-slow down."

There's no sign of slowing down soon, not when Jeongguk's two hands are now on Yoongi's ass, gripping him tightly, pressing his face into Yoongi's chest as Yoongi's hips move the way that Jeongguk's guiding them to - slowly but solidly. "You know we can't go slow, especially not when you look like this," Jeongguk rasps, hand sliding up to the small of Yoongi's back when Yoongi sits back on his thighs, chest heaving, blown-wide eyes focusing on Jeongguk's chest, "You should know that from round one."

'Round one.' Yoongi pouts, a flush rising high on his cheeks when he feels Jeongguk's hard-on beneath his ass, taunting him. When he shifts, Jeongguk hisses softly, fingers flexing on Yoongi's hips, and Yoongi's flush only burns brighter. "We can _try_, we're not animals."
"Well, I feel like a fucking animal when you look at me like I'm a piece of meat, hyung," Jeongguk laughs, and Yoongi just gapes.

"I don't..." he pauses, second-guessing himself, "Do I?"

"Oh, yeah. All the time." Yoongi's brows pull together sullenly, but Jeongguk's quick to reach for him when he collects himself up off Jeongguk's lap. "Wait, wait," Jeongguk clambers, trying to pull Yoongi back down onto him, and Yoongi turns to regard him with a hilariously cold stare. Jeongguk just smiles up at him, "Stop pouting and sit that ass of yours back down onto me."

Feigning disgust, Yoongi yanks his hand away playfully, and when he swivels around, his eyes catch sight of something on the tv stand, and he stills.

There's been moments throughout the night when Yoongi had been on the verge of informing Jeongguk of the gravity of his crimes, how higher powers are now after him, how they're so eager for him that they're willing to plaster his face on the walls of stores around Seoul and beyond, for all Yoongi knows. But by reminding him of the threats, by reminding Jeongguk of his waning freedom, Yoongi feared that he'd spook Jeongguk, that Jeongguk would resort to fleeing without a single goodbye.

But as Yoongi stands, with a cloud-shrouded mind and warmth fizzing inside of him, he realises that now, after all that's unfolded between them, now is the time to test Jeongguk's loyalty, his commitment that he claims is strong. The poster's right where Yoongi left it, crumpled up, and he retrieves it wordlessly, not looking up at Jeongguk when he shifts onto the edge of the sofa, frowning up at Yoongi.

His frown soon falls, as does his shoulders, sagging downwards when he reaches forward to take the poster from Yoongi's hand.

Neither speak, neither even look at each.

Jeongguk plucks at his lower lip absentmindedly as he stares at the picture of himself, at his dead eyes staring down the camera.

"They could've chosen a better picture," Jeongguk comments quietly, and Yoongi can't help but smile softly at his attempt to clear the air.

"You look good," Yoongi offers lamely, earning from Jeongguk a nod of gratitude. "Tae's are up as well," he informs as Jeongguk's head hangs from his shoulders, a deep sigh blowing past his lips when he lifts his head to peer at Yoongi, who, with downturned lips, casts his eyes downwards, "I'm sorry, Guk."

Jeongguk makes some noises of distaste, and before he knows it, Yoongi's watching Jeongguk tear the poster before him. Steadfastly, he's wrapped up in Jeongguk's arms, his face hidden in Jeongguk's chest, cheeks flushing when he feels Jeongguk press a kiss to the crown of his head.

"You have nothing to be sorry for," Jeongguk assures softly, pressing more kisses into Yoongi's hair, hugging him so tightly, so gently.

Yoongi lifts his head, and the stare he fixes Jeongguk is one of determination, "I'm gonna fight for you."

"You don't have to do anything for me, hyung," Jeongguk interrupts, gently pushing Yoongi's hair out of his eyes when Yoongi shakes his head furiously.

"If you think for one second that I'm gonna let someone else stand for you in the courtroom-"
Laughing, Jeongguk swiftly interrupts him with a chaste kiss, which works wonders for softening the tension in Yoongi's shoulders.

When their hands begin to wander, and when Yoongi feels like his mind is veiled, he takes it upon himself to lead Jeongguk to his bedroom, but not before Jeongguk yanks him back towards the coffee table to collect the pile of photographs that Yoongi had caught him eyeing. "I wanna look at these," Jeongguk explains once Yoongi turns them back on their path, guiding Jeongguk by his hips, jolting when Jeongguk swerves on him the moment they're in his bedroom. "This one," Jeongguk waves a photograph of Yoongi, a simple one, one of him and Yoongi with pink petals in the background, "This one's beautiful."

Yoongi takes it from Jeongguk, breathing picking up a bit as he looks at them both in the picture, as Jeongguk busies himself with removing his boots.

With it still in his hand, Yoongi rounds his bed to collect the picture of Jeongguk he so dearly cherishes, and once he shows it to Jeongguk, when Jeongguk stares down at himself in the picture, Yoongi makes use of himself. He sidles up against Jeongguk, slotting his hips against his when he slowly pulls Jeongguk's shirt out of his jeans, helping it up and over his head, biting his lip when he eyes Jeongguk's tattoo, eagerly awaiting the moment when he can kiss and lick across the ink.

"You had this on your bedside table?" Jeongguk asks, returning it back to where it came from, only now, he places the one of him and Yoongi beside it, "That fond of it, hm?"

Shrugging innocently, smiling lasciviously, Yoongi gets up onto his tiptoes so he can be at Jeongguk's level, "You looked beautiful, you can't blame me."

His lips are near Jeongguk's, teasing, and Jeongguk inches closer, pulls Yoongi closer when he mewls, "You look beautiful."

He guides Yoongi to the bed, kissing him all the while, drinking in his sweet sounds, tasting his sweet taste, and when Yoongi's astride him, palms flat on his chest, eyes hooded and focused on Jeongguk's pristine face, he wonders, for not even half a second, how he could have ever let Jeongguk slip from his fingertips.

When he bends to capture Jeongguk's lips in his, he promises that he'll never let him slip from his grasp ever again.

Chapter End Notes

next chapter's most likely going to be 99.9% smut... Just thought I'd warn you now.
It pains him to leave Jeongguk, his heart feels like it's being squeezed when he stands at the foot of his bed, doing up his tie, watching Jeongguk as he snoozes.

The only thing that helps him get ready for the day is the guarantee that this time, he won't be returning home to an empty apartment.

He'd begged Namjoon to let him have the day off, but Namjoon wasn't having it, downright refusing, demanding Yoongi to come in. His aggrivated tone was palpable through his texts, and when Yoongi approaches his office's door, he stops right outside it, squinting through the frosted glass to try and make out the figure the second figure in the room.

All that can be heard are muffled voices, and the mysterious figure sounds very familiar.

"Hoseok," Yoongi blurts in greeting once he opens the door, frowning at Namjoon who doesn't spare Yoongi a glance when he enters.

Hoseok stops mid-conversation, eyes flitting to Yoongi with a worrying look in his eyes.

After throwing a look at Namjoon, Hoseok clears his throat before forcing a stretched smile in Yoongi's direction, "Hyung, hi."

"Hi to you too," Yoongi replies, confused, gaze darting anxiously from Hoseok to Namjoon, who still hasn't looked at him, "...Do I wanna know why you're here?"

Hoseok's mouth opens, but no words come out, and when he looks to Namjoon, wordlessly, desperately begging for assistance, Yoongi's heart sinks.

"I invited him here to look at some of the cases that I've got lined up," Namjoon begins quietly, hands steepled beneath his chin as he swivels from side to side in his chair, a disturbing calmness to his composure that's too forced, "'Cause I've been swamped, y'know? Sometimes it's nice to have a fresh pair of eyes."

"To cut a long story short, hyung..."

Namjoon's hand shoots up at lightning speed, immediately silencing Hoseok. He finally looks at Yoongi, and Yoongi's skin itches when Namjoon fixes him a cold, fierce stare. He gestures towards Hoseok, and Hoseok nods quickly before rummaging around the table in front of him, some sheets of paper falling to the floor before he finds what he's searching for - Yoongi almost knows what's in his hand before he shows it.

"I was showing Joon some cases that I've got coming up. I didn't think much of this one, but..." He shows Yoongi the file, the thick, overflowing file with a polaroid picture of Taehyung's face paper-clipped to the front of it. Yoongi doesn't react, instead gazes blankly at Hoseok who sighs, "I hear you know this guy?"

"Sure he does," Namjoon interrupts, tone high and sarcastic, a sickening grin on his face when he croons, "They're close buddies. Tae's Bonnie, and Jeongguk, yeah? He's Clyde." Yoongi wastes no time, allows no time for him to get a word in edgeways before he's making a beeline for Namjoon,
eyes blazing, but Hoseok's quick to intervene, to grab Yoongi by the shoulders and shove him backwards. Namjoon has the nerve to tsk at Yoongi, "You never told me about all of this other shit that Taehyung had underneath his belt, or Jeongguk? Tweedledum and tweedledee really wracked up a hell of a name for themselves on the streets."

Looking forlorn, Hoseok gazes apologetically at the side of Yoongi's face, his voice quiet when he murmurs, "I'm sorry. I didn't know that he was in cahoots with Jeongguk."

"How much did you know? Or, better question, how fucking hard did you play me?" Namjoon snaps at Yoongi, not even listening to Hoseok.

"Joon," Yoongi blurts, countenance twisted, offence evident in the rise of his brows, "I didn't play you."

"Bull-fucking-shit," Namjoon jumps out of his seat, one fist slamming into his desk, teeth bearing at Yoongi when Hoseok shrinks away from him, leaving him alone and helpless to Namjoon's wrath, "I came over that night to mind that motherfucker, I spoke to him, he said, to my face that it wasn't him who killed Yoonsung. Hoseok's just shown me footage that clearly shows that that bastard gutted Yoonsung. You were going to let me stand beside you for a well-seasoned criminal, you snake."

Namjoon's tirade is barely registering, his words are ringing in Yoongi's ears, there's one thing and one thing only that Yoongi can manage to utter.

"Hoseok's got the CCTV footage?"

Stilling, cheeks aflame and frown lines indented in his forehead, Namjoon looks to Hoseok, who, amidst the heated atmosphere, looks like he's about ready to shutdown.

"I've got it, hyung," Hoseok pipes up quietly.

"We don't need anything else. It's all there, in shitty, grainy images, but it's gonna be enough for Hoseok to put him in jail."

He'd come into work feeling spritely, feeling rested and content, optimistic for what the day had in store for him.

It's funny, how quickly things can change, how, in the short span of ten minutes, not only is Yoongi's mood ruined, but he's suddenly exhausted, he feels like the weight of the world is perched dangerously on his shoulders. It's sad, but he laughs to himself, he laughs because with one good thing, comes one bad thing. That good thing, of course being Jeongguk, the bad thing being the final, final cessation of Taehyung's freedom.

"You can't take this case," Yoongi turns to Hoseok with pain in his eyes. His heart feels like it's being trampled on when Hoseok avoids looking at him, "Hobi, you can't. Let someone else be the prosecutor."

"It's too late," Namjoon speaks for Hoseok, his demeanour significantly less tense, tone less harsh, "He's already knee deep in his research, once they've got Taehyung in custody, they're taking him to trial as soon as they possibly can."

"What about Jeongguk?" Yoongi blurts, panicking, heart-rate speeding, vision blurring at the edges.

"Be thankful," Namjoon sighs, "For now, they're only concerned with Taehyung. As you can imagine, the authorities are seething over the Yoonsung cover up. If they go after Jeongguk, it's not
going to be any time soon. My guess is that defence will bring Jeongguk in as a witness or an informant, maybe go after some kind of a plea bargain in return for information.

Namjoon pauses, and Hoseok looks to him, their eyes meeting before they're on Yoongi, and Yoongi already knows what they're about to ask.

"Of course I'm going to be his attorney," Yoongi informs, "And I will bring Guk in. He can vouch for the fact that it was in self-defence."

"'Guk,' have you and Guk reunited? How convenient that he pops back into your life right when he needs you," Namjoon gibes annoyingly acidly.

Yoongi reads the implication in his words, the hidden jab, and his fingers flex by his sides when he inhales slowly, "He's not using me."

"Oh? And how do you know that?"

"Stop poisoning his thoughts, Joon," Hoseok begs, stepping in-between the two, concern evident on his face, like he's anticipating all hell to break loose at any moment.

"He's changed, we've talked. I know that he hasn't sought me out for his own gain," Yoongi explains, holding Namjoon's steely glare, "Now. If you could fuck off, I'd appreciate it."

He shoves against Hoseok when he tries to get to Namjoon, but Hoseok reacts instantly, backing Yoongi up against the door, whispering calming words to him, telling him to relax.

"What the hell is wrong with you two?" Hoseok bellows, throwing them both daggers, "You're acting like prepubescent teens going through their first growth spurt." He relinquishes his grip on Yoongi's shirt, satisfied that he won't run at Namjoon like a bull, "Accept your differences and move on. Yoongi," he turns his back on Namjoon, done with him for now, "Look, I'm sorry but this has to happen. I'm going to be fighting for his incarceration, whether you like it or not. It's gonna be cutthroat, but you just need to do what you do best; fight for his freedom."

Looking downtrodden, completely shattered, Yoongi lifts his head to regard Hoseok neutrally, "I wish it didn't have to be you who I was up against."

Hoseok offers him a sad smile, and as he comforts Yoongi by rubbing his thumb over his bicep, he sighs, "I wish it didn't have to be me, either, hyung."

Once the air's somewhat cleared between them, when Hoseok leaves, Namjoon reaches for Yoongi when he's about to leave.

Namjoon's lips are downturned, his eyes casted downwards when he mumbles, "I hope everything's gonna work out for them."

Yoongi wants to yank his arm away from him, to get his grimy hands off of him, but, he appreciates the sudden sentiment, the genuine care.

He nods, acknowledging Namjoon's well wishes, "It probably won't," he forces a weak smile, "But, at least if it doesn't, I'll be there for them."

Yoongi doesn't wait for Namjoon's reply, instead announces his early departure, and given his earlier behaviour, Namjoon doesn't have the heart to refuse him.
The feeling that's swirling through him on the drive home is terrifying.

Part of him wishes for oncoming traffic to spiral out of control, to slam into his car and put an end to all of this, once and for all. Thankfully, the non-dramatic part of his brain is quick to dismiss these thoughts, to force the thought of Jeongguk waiting for him into the forefront of his mind.

He soon snaps himself out of it, knuckles white around the steering wheel when he forces himself to focus intently on the road.

With him returning home earlier than he thought he would, he doesn't expect to find Jeongguk awake, and when he throws his coat onto the island, with one glance around the apartment, he can't help but smile to himself; the curtain's haven't been opened, the television hasn't been switched on, Jeongguk's definitely still sleeping soundly.

He finds him snoring softly, duvet pushed down around his hips, one hand stretched across Yoongi's pillow and the other resting on his bare stomach.

He pauses in the doorway, silently unbuttoning his shirt as he allows himself a moment to appreciate the lovely view.

With his shirt open, he tiptoes into the room, wincing when one of the floorboards creaks beneath his weight, tutting loudly when he knocks his shin against the bedframe before planting himself softly onto the mattress.

Reaching up to ruffle Jeongguk's wild, unkempt hair, he wonders how he'd functioned daily without Jeongguk, how he'd pretended that everything was peachy without him.

As a heavy sleeper, Yoongi doesn't expect Jeongguk to awaken, but when his fingers travel from his hair to his cheek that he strokes across ever so softly, Jeongguk shifts slightly, ribs poking through his skin when his back arches, a groan rippling from his throat before his head lolls to the side, bleary eyes blinking up at Yoongi. His sleepy smile plucks at Yoongi's heartstrings, "G'morning," he croaks.

Yoongi indulges him with a kiss that Jeongguk hums into, arms coming up to pull Yoongi down onto him.

"I don't want you to go to work," Jeongguk mopes, nuzzling his nose in amongst the hair beside Yoongi's ear, and Yoongi laughs.

"Baby, I've already been to work," he says, adoration in his eyes when Jeongguk stiffens beneath him, completely perplexed.

"How long have I been asleep?" Jeongguk asks flatly, and all Yoongi wants to do is squeeze his cheeks to death.

Propping himself up on his elbows so as not to squish Jeongguk, Yoongi smiles fondly down at him, "I came home early, you haven't slept the day away, don't worry."

A contented smile graces Jeongguk's face once he's assured that he can stay right where he is, and his next plan of action is to run his hands up along Yoongi's sides, smacking his lips loudly before lifting himself off of the bed to press a light kiss to the tip of Yoongi's nose.
"Good, so you can join me and we can both sleep the day away together," he decides, and it's the best idea that Yoongi's heard in a long while.

He shimmies underneath the covers with his shirt still open, his slacks and socks still on, and Jeongguk wastes no time in entangling their limbs, hooking his leg over Yoongi's thighs, placing a possessive arm over his midriff, pulling him closer, pressing his lips against Yoongi's clothed shoulder.

Yoongi's happy to let Jeongguk do as he wishes, to close his eyes and focus his attention on Jeongguk's ministrations, to completely succumb to his soft caresses.

He's on the verge of nodding off, slipping into prime relaxation when he feels his shirt get pulled gently aside, cool air first hitting his skin and then gentle lips, sweet licks. Jeongguk mouths along his clavicle, biting softly on it before soothing the reddened area with his tongue. He's not slipping into sleep anymore, instead his body has recognised that sleep isn't an option, not with the warm bubbling feeling brewing within him, growing hotter when Jeongguk's hand strokes up along his breastbone, moving over to his nipple that he palms over before he squeezes it lightly in-between his thumb and index finger, causing Yoongi's breath to hitch.

"Maybe we shouldn't sleep," Jeongguk whispers, voice thick with something suggestive, something enticing, and he bends down to take Yoongi's nipple between his lips, sucking lightly, pulling on the small pink bud with his teeth. Yoongi keens, arching upwards, and Jeongguk hums, "Maybe we should—maybe I should..."

He's moving against Yoongi's thigh now, rolling slowly against him, giving Yoongi a hint as to why exactly he isn't sleepy anymore.

"Maybe you should what, baby?"

Resting his cheek on Yoongi's chest, Jeongguk hums pensively, the pad of his index finger running up Yoongi's sternum before he mumbles.

Finding it hard to understand him, but having an inkling as to what Jeongguk's suggesting, Yoongi smooths his hand over Jeongguk's shoulder-blades.

"Louder," Yoongi encourages quietly, "Speak up, Angel."

A soft breath fans over Yoongi's skin, and when Jeongguk lifts his head to peer down at him, there's apprehension on his features. He comes in close to Yoongi, nose nudging against Yoongi's temple, lips pressing onto his skin there before he moves to Yoongi's ear, tone low, igniting a fire within Yoongi when he breathes, "Maybe I should fuck you, this time."

Yoongi's not quite sure what his brain does, maybe it short-circuits, maybe it does a flip inside of his skull, but whatever it does, Yoongi becomes suddenly speechless. Just hearing those words is enough to send him into a borderline frenzy.

He has to push himself up to sit against the headboard, he has to try and get his brain to start working again, he has to somehow form some fucking words, any words.

Dumbly, all Yoongi manages is, "Fuck me?"

Now sitting with his legs crossed, his hands around his ankles, soft rolls on his tummy from the little amount of pudge he holds there, Jeongguk nods, eyes shining.

Mouth agape, Yoongi blinks blankly at him, "You?"
Front teeth biting his lower lip to contain his smile, Jeongguk's eyes focus downwards when he mutters, "If you'll let me."

"If I'll let y-" Yoongi begins, scandalised, repulsed by the thought of Jeongguk thinking that he wouldn't let him blow his back out. "C'mere, Guk," he pats the mattress, and obediently, Jeongguk lugs himself up beside Yoongi, body immediately leaning into him, head resting on Yoongi's shoulder when Yoongi brings his arm up to squeeze Jeongguk against him, a reassuring gesture. "You took me by surprise, that's all," he says, explaining his previous dumbfounded reaction, "If that's what you wanna do, then who am I to deny you of what you want?"

He nudges Jeongguk playfully, bringing light back into those nervous eyes when Jeongguk squeezes his upper thigh, too shy to form words.

"That's what I wanna do," he admits, an endearing hint of bashfulness in his tone, "God, do I."

With shivers skittering down his spine, and the hairs on his arms standing to attention, Yoongi allows himself a moment of reflection before he manoeuvres them both, gently pushing Jeongguk down onto the mattress, quietly instructing him, "Sit back, Angel, I'll get you all warmed up."

He's not as agile as Jeongguk, certainly not as intoxicatingly provocative, but what Yoongi does have to his advantage is experience, and better yet, a commanding presence, that even when not on the giving end, he puts into play.

Swinging one leg over to straddle Jeongguk, Yoongi gazes down at him, at the slow rise and fall of his chest as he discards his shirt, throwing it up onto the headboard that it hangs off of. Jeongguk's palm instantly comes up to smooth over Yoongi's chest, fingers digging into the muscle of his left breast, running over the bumps of Yoongi's ribs on their travels downwards to Yoongi's hip.

Everything's different, but at the same time, everything's the same. With a new approach, they're avoiding repeating past endeavours, instances of Jeongguk on his knees, pressed to Yoongi's front, reaching up behind himself to hold the back of Yoongi's head as he thrusts into Jeongguk deeply, ripping delicious sounds from his core, or of Jeongguk on his hands and knees, ass in the air, Yoongi's hands gripping his hips, pulling him back against him, again, and again, and again. They're switching things up, starting afresh, exploring new territory that Yoongi doesn't think they would have back then.

He doesn't know why, but he feels pressured as he sits on Jeongguk's thighs, hands on Jeongguk's shins, hips rolling so, so slowly, trying to transfer the heat that's burning within him into Jeongguk, trying to get them both at a level where the fiery tendrils of desire licking at their spines drive them towards simultaneous pleasure. He must be doing something right; one look at Jeongguk and you'd think that the kid was just after witnessing his most favourite fantasy come to life.

There's a flush blooming across Jeongguk's chest, a soft, dazed look in his eyes that are rapt on Yoongi's hips, his pretty pink lips parted in awe.

He gives Yoongi leeway, lets him do as he wishes, is happy to just watch.

He only interferes when it looks like Yoongi's slacks are becoming too painfully tight, when his jaw is slack and eyes gazing down at Jeongguk, hunger evident in their dark depths, and to help, Jeongguk fumbles with the button of Yoongi's trousers with one hand, popping it up, pulling down the zipper, lips twitching into a quick smirk when Yoongi breathes a grateful sigh.

Feeling Jeongguk's hard cock against him, Yoongi drops forward, chest coming down to rest on Jeongguk's, Jeongguk's arms immediately coming up to embrace him, fingertips cold against the
warmth of Yoongi's back, lips quick to press kisses wherever he can. He rocks down onto Jeongguk, breath catching in his throat when Jeongguk grunts, hand gripping Yoongi's ass tightly, helping Yoongi's movements, cursing quietly when Yoongi drawls in a hushed voice, "You're gonna make me feel so good, I know you are."

"Hyung," Jeongguk keens in reply, hips canting up to meet Yoongi's, other hand coming up to grip Yoongi's other asscheek. His fingers hook into the waistband of Yoongi's slacks and boxers, pulling at them desperately, grinding up against Yoongi, groaning lowly when Yoongi stills, pressing all of his weight down onto Jeongguk's growing hardness.

"Get everything off," Jeongguk pleads, blunt fingernails running along Yoongi's sides, "I wanna see all of you." Yoongi doesn't need to be asked twice, his clothes are discarded in record time, his bare skin meeting Jeongguk's when he lays alongside him, leg hooking around Jeongguk's leg, chest partially resting on Jeongguk's. There's something about their kisses that's electrifying, something ferociously frenzied, how Jeongguk's tongue licks the back of Yoongi's teeth, how Yoongi tastes copper on Jeongguk's lip from where he'd bitten him a tad too hard, how Jeongguk can't contain his sweet sighs, his babbled words that are lewd in nature, breathy and high. "How'd you wanna do this?"

Sucking on Jeongguk's tongue, hissing when Jeongguk reaches down between his legs to gently tug at his cock, Yoongi's voice is gravelly when he mewls, "It's all up to you. How do you want me?"

Smiling lasciviously when Jeongguk makes a pained noise, Yoongi catches his bottom lip between his lips before he pulls back a bit, giving Jeongguk some room for clarity to come to him. "You know this is torturous for me, right? Like, I could slip away any second now."

Grinning, Yoongi playfully pinches his nipple before he leaves Jeongguk, leaning away from him, fetching some necessary items from his bedside drawer. He can feel Jeongguk's eyes on him when he's faced away from him, can still feel the burn of them on him when he chucks the bottle of lube and some condoms to the bottom of the bed for later use.

"Really, though, what do you want?" he smooths his palm over the outline of Jeongguk's cock in his boxers, circling around the wet patch there. Yoongi drops his register when he scoots downwards, eyes growing dark when his face becomes level with the waistband of Jeongguk's boxers. "Do you want me on my knees?" Yoongi suggests, pressing a kiss to the jut of Jeongguk's hipbone, eyes closing when he feels Jeongguk's fingers thread through his hair, gripping lightly when Yoongi's teeth snap his waistband teasingly, "Or, on my back? You can bend me over my desk over there if you want?"

"Hyung," Jeongguk gasps when Yoongi's tugged down his boxers, wasted no time in licking a single stripe up along his hard shaft, "Ride me. Please, please."

Wrapping his fist around the base of Jeongguk's cock, Yoongi hums lowly, "Sit on your pretty cock? I'd love to, Angel."

"Fuck," Jeongguk bites, teeth gritted when Yoongi's tongue circles around the flushed head of his dick, "And you used to say that I was noisy?"

"Hey, I've got a lot to live up to," Yoongi winks, grinning when Jeongguk's back arches up off of the mattress, two hands coming up to take a hold on Yoongi's hair.

Yoongi doesn't just suck his dick, Yoongi makes a show of it, tongue lapping at Jeongguk's length, featherlight licks rendering Jeongguk mindless. He jerks him off slowly, his mouth on the head of Jeongguk's cock, free hand massaging his balls, and when Jeongguk's at a stage where going slow is
excruciatingly overwhelming, Yoongi places his hands on Jeongguk's hips, bracing himself.

With red, shiny lips, he quietly urges Jeongguk to watch him when he takes him down in one swallow, nose pressing in amongst wiry hair, body telling him to come up for air, mind telling him to stay still, to let Jeongguk thrust up into his mouth shallowly.

When he does break for air, gasping, blinking rapidly to will away the wetness in his eyes, he runs a comforting hand along Jeongguk's shaking thighs, teeth digging into his lower lip when Jeongguk replaces Yoongi's mouth with his own hand, eyes squeezing shut when he whines Yoongi's name, his thumb rubbing over the head of his cock and hips lifting off of the bed into his fist.

"God, I can't hold out, hyung," he breathes, eyes heavy-lidded when Yoongi turns to reach for the bottle, uncapping it and grasping Jeongguk's hand, pouring out a generous amount onto his fingers, grimacing when some slips off and onto Jeongguk's thighs, onto Yoongi's sheets that he changed only two days ago.

"Get me ready for you," Yoongi instructs, laying his head down on his pillow, now facing Jeongguk, his mind trying to tell his body to relax, that Jeongguk's going to mind him, help him. With Jeongguk's hand lightly stroking him off and Yoongi's own hand mimicking the movement on Jeongguk's length, Yoongi hides his face in the divot between Jeongguk's clavicles, his thoughts flying away somewhere when Jeongguk's hand leaves his cock, when Yoongi hears a cap open and close and then feels Jeongguk's hand on the small of his back.

With slicked fingers, Jeongguk parts Yoongi's cheeks, his lips parting when Yoongi's breath shakes once Jeongguk's index finger teases at his entrance.

"Three," Yoongi breathes, unconsciously holding his breath when Jeongguk pushes into him, releasing it in a whoosh when he pushes in past his knuckle, "I'll need three fingers."

"That doesn't hurt?" Jeongguk inquires, adorably cognisant of Yoongi's feelings, noticing how Yoongi hisses loudly when he begins circling his finger inside of him.

"No, another," Yoongi demands, a moan threatening to bubble out of his throat when Jeongguk touches off of something wonderful, "More, Guk."

"Already?"

"Baby," Yoongi whines, groaning lowly when he circles his hips slightly, holding his breath again when Jeongguk's second finger joins his first.

Once he's three fingers deep, Yoongi's a goner, a moaning, writhing goner, and he tries to not come across as being desperate when the intense desire to fuck himself back on Jeongguk's fingers overcomes him. But, having never been one to listen to himself, let alone others, Yoongi rocks his hips, a choked gasp ripping from his chest when Jeongguk finds that spot within him, that sensitive bundle of nerves that when touched, makes stars and sparklers burst behind Yoongi's eyelids.

Jeongguk kisses him through it, becomes so distracted by Yoongi around his fingers that at one point, his mouth just stays agape, and Yoongi whimpers against his cheek when Jeongguk growls what Yoongi's ears decipher as, "You're being great for me, hyung."

"D'you think you're ready to fill me up?" Yoongi asks, sweat gathering on his brow, hair sticking to his nape when Jeongguk presses his forehead against his, nodding, "Hm, angel? Ready to finally fuck your hyung?"

"Yeah, yes," Jeongguk gasps, pulling his fingers out of Yoongi, wiping them on the sheets, kissing
away Yoongi's startled gasp at the unexpected emptiness.

He hands Jeongguk the condom, taking the time that it takes for him to put it on to level himself, to take in the sight of Jeongguk all blissed out, all stripped asunder and vulnerable. Taking it upon himself to apply the lube to both himself and then Jeongguk's cock, Yoongi gives Jeongguk's length a few quick tugs before Jeongguk's stomach muscles start quivering, before he shakily begs, "Ah-ah, Yoongi, wait," laughing breathily when Yoongi smirks at him wickedly.

It's sore, there's no denying that, the moment he lines Jeongguk's cock up, Yoongi's lips are pulled into a tight line, his eyes squeezing closed when he sits down onto him, breathing slowly through the initial searing hot stretch, releasing a drawn-out moan once he's fully seated on Jeongguk's thighs, all that Jeongguk's got to give him fully inside of him, now.

He doesn't pay attention to Jeongguk until the clouds in his vision clear, and when he does, all Yoongi wants to do is to ruthlessly fuck himself on Jeongguk's cock.

Jeongguk's arms are crossed over his face, face hidden in the crook of his elbow, pink lips the only feature that Yoongi can see, teeth digging hard into said pink lips.

"Guk," Yoongi finds his voice, rests his hand on Jeongguk's forearm, "Baby, let me see your face."

After humming a string of ineligible words, Jeongguk drops his arms, brings them down to Yoongi's hips that he holds, that is, until Yoongi moves experimentally, rolling ever-so-slightly, and immediately, Jeongguk malfunctions. His hands hover over Yoongi's hips, giving Yoongi room to move as he pleases, and his eyes drink in the sight of them rolling against him.

"Those hips," Jeongguk groans, "God, Yoongi," he sighs, elongating his name, head falling back onto the pillow.

Yoongi thanks the heavens above for gracing Jeongguk with a beautiful, harmonious set of vocal chords.

He starts slow, lifting all the way off of Jeongguk before slowly gliding back down onto his cock, tearing delicious sounds out of Jeongguk, putting him in a state of awe once the pace quickens, once that addictive warmth deep in his gut mounts, becoming even more maddening than it was before. He moves with more fervour, moans louder, becomes less self-conscious of the possibility of his efforts being lacklustre; Jeongguk's hooded eyes, his tight grip on Yoongi's hips, it's all telling Yoongi that this is just as good for him as it is for Yoongi.

"That feel good, angel?" Yoongi breathes, isolating his hips, rolling slowly, index finger and middle finger pushing past Jeongguk's lips, eyes fluttering when Jeongguk eagerly suckles on his fingers. The corner of Yoongi's mouth lifts upwards when Jeongguk's hand wraps around his bouncing dick. "'You like how I work your cock?' Yoongi continues, voice getting a little more strained when Jeongguk's hand moves fast along his length, eyes feeling suddenly hot for what reason, he doesn't know.

"Hy-Yoongi," comes Jeongguk's choked reply, "Beautiful," he forces out, scrunched eyes flying open when Yoongi's phone on his dresser starts ringing.

Glancing in its direction, Yoongi frowns, but his frown is quickly replaced by a soft smile, "You too, my baby."

He lets the phone ring out, and when it finally stops ringing, his focuses his attention back on Jeongguk, back on making him feel like he's on a cloud.
But, it rings again.

Jeongguk doesn't seem to care, is too absorbed in the moment, already too far gone to give much care to the surroundings outside of him and Yoongi's bubble.

"Answer it," Yoongi orders, gesturing towards its place that's easier for Jeongguk to reach, and with him pliant, with him willing to bend to Yoongi's every wish and will, Jeongguk doesn't even bat an eyelid, just obediently reaches across, slides across the screen, stares deeply into Yoongi's eyes before slamming his own shut.

"Hello?"

Yoongi's got an inkling as to who it is, and he sits patiently, waiting for the call to end, but after a few moments, the phone's still pressed to his ear, Jeongguk's still trying to make out what the caller is saying.

"He's-he's busy," Jeongguk explains, grinning when Yoongi flicks at his stomach, amused by Jeongguk's boldness, "I can take a message?"

Feeling brazen, feeling all sorts of bratty, Yoongi drops forward, chest meeting Jeongguk's, face hiding in against the crook of Jeongguk's neck, and the movement is enough to make Jeongguk's breath hitch, a moan threatening to slip out when Yoongi resumes riding him, caring not about the caller hearing, feeling only more aflame at the thought of someone listening in on him riding Jeongguk's cock.

"Aah, yes. I will," Jeongguk chokes, hand coming up to cover the speaker so that he can curse quietly and compose himself, "I'll tell him, Joon."

With Yoongi rocking back against him more harder now, the headboard taps rhythmically against the wall, the mattress starts to squeak beneath their combined weight, and to join the cacophony is the obscene sounds of Yoongi's skin meeting Jeongguk's repeatedly.

"Nothing, no, it's-the-it's-Nngh," Jeongguk trails off, eyes fluttering when he starts to fuck up into Yoongi, free arm wrapped tightly around Yoongi's midriff, "The washing machine-It's, It's really loud."

Yoongi's whimper gets muffled against Jeongguk's skin, his teeth bite hard into Jeongguk's black, thorny roses, drawing from him a startled gasp, his words completely cutting off, a moan bursting from him before he remembers that it's not just the two of them who can hear.

"I have to go," Jeongguk says into the phone, uncharacteristically monotoned, masking his pleasure, thrusting up deeply into Yoongi, saying a quick goodbye before he lets the phone just fall, not bothering to check if the call was ended, grabbing Yoongi's hips immediately, helping him bounce more efficiently on his dick.

"Fuck me," Yoongi pleads quietly, kissing him messily, palm on Jeongguk's jaw, his free hand between their bodies wrapped around his aching cock, returning Jeongguk's needy whimper with his own low groan when Jeongguk begins to takeover, holding Yoongi over him, driving his cock into him, sending Yoongi somewhere that's not on this planet with each thrust.

"Baby boy," he drawls, tone guttural and hoarse when he feels Jeongguk's pace begin to stutter, feels his cock throb within him, "That's it, just like that."

It's Jeongguk who succumbs first, who pounds into Yoongi, chases after that fire within him. He's just about to pull out, but Yoongi hushes him, strokes his hair, requests lowly, "No, no, come in me,
baby." With a choked, long groan, he comes, quivering beneath Yoongi, chest heaving as he spills himself with Yoongi's name on his lips.

Yoongi finishes himself off, riding Jeongguk's now-sensitive cock, stroking himself quickly, allowing the sight and sound of Jeongguk fill his senses, and it crashes over him, he comes with a soundless moan, unadulterated pleasure shooting through his limbs whilst Jeongguk presses lazy kisses onto any part of Yoongi's skin that he can reach.

When they're both sated, both tired to the bone, they remain in place, panting quietly, trying to gather themselves.

Jeongguk doesn't help Yoongi in any way, instead reaches between them to run his finger across his own abdomen, collecting Yoongi's cum before bringing it up to his lips. All Yoongi can muster is a look of amusement that's tinged with desire. "I don't want to move," Yoongi grumbles, wiggling against Jeongguk, causing him to gasp, whining at the sensitivity, hands coming up to Yoongi's hips to hold him in place.

"Stop, stop, hyung, I fucking swear-"

"Too much too soon, big boy?" Yoongi lilts, a laugh bursting from him when Jeongguk lands a light, chastising slap on his backside.

When Yoongi does eventually climb off of him, grimacing when he's suddenly empty, watching Jeongguk pad across the floor into the ensuite to clean himself up, he feels as if he's in some sort of a trance. His limbs feel airy, his mind feels at peace, and the tingling, warm sensation stretching from his fingers to his toes only strengthens when he lays his eyes upon Jeongguk when he returns, handing Yoongi a washcloth before settling himself in behind him, tucking his legs in behind Yoongi's.

"You're not going to sleep, are you?" Yoongi pouts, gently nudging back at Jeongguk who makes a noise of complaint.

"Cut me some slack, you've tuckered me out," he mumbles sullenly, smiling against the nape of Yoongi's neck when Yoongi huffs loudly.

"Fine, catch some shuteye," Yoongi relents, snuggling up to Jeongguk, reaching for his arm to wrap around and embrace him, "Catch your forty winks, you'll need it."

"Why does that sound like a threat?" his voice is groggy, sleep already beginning to wash over him.

"Not a threat," Yoongi insists innocently, and then, more boldly, "Just know that for round two, it's gonna be you riding me, angel."

When he's just about to drift off, Yoongi remembers the unwelcome phone-call, and though Jeongguk's breathing is relaxed, indicating sleep, Yoongi nudges back against him softly.

"Joon rang. What did he say?" he asks, and Jeongguk groans tiredly behind him before he props his chin onto Yoongi's shoulder.

"I can't remember. I think that orgasm zapped some of my braincells," Jeongguk mumbles groggily.

"Sweet thing," Yoongi coos, a burst of pride swelling in his chest.

Sleep doesn't take Yoongi as easily as it takes Jeongguk. He lies awake for a while, watching how the rays of the sun shining through his window shift as time passes, thinking about tomorrow's plan,
about the upheaval, how he's going to have to pull out all the stops for Taehyung, and for Jeongguk, too.

He receives a text when the rays disappear, a cloud blocking them from entering Yoongi's window.

Yoongi doesn't even have the energy to be embarrassed when he reads it.

14:03: Joon.
You really let me hear you two fucking.

When he's reading the first text, a second comes through.

14:05: Joon.
I heard sounds, hyung. Sounds.

When he receives Namjoon's final text, Yoongi's in the land of nod.

14:16: Joon.
I mean, I'm happy for you and all, but... How do you expect me to look Jeongguk in the eye after that?

Chapter End Notes

Kinda switched things up a bit... What perfect content to contribute to festa.
The dreaded call comes when him and Jeongguk are out for dinner, sitting quietly in a booth shovelling food into their mouths.

"They've got him," Jimin speaks, and Yoongi's eyes immediately flit to Jeongguk, who's oblivious, who's got sauce on the corner of his mouth.

Around his mouthful of food, Yoongi forces himself to inquire coolly, "How?"

Jimin sighs at the end of the line, "I told them."

Yoongi flares, chopsticks dropping into his bowl before he hisses quietly, "You motherfucker."

"Don't misconstrue the situation," Jimin speaks quickly, "Tae wanted to give himself up."

Watching Jeongguk twirl his noodles around his chopsticks, Yoongi's brows pull together confusedly.

"Now, tell me, why would he do that?" Yoongi asks, a silence stretching on the other line before Jimin speaks in a quiet, melancholic voice.

"He was tired of running, tired of everything. He hasn't been in his best mindset, hyung. I'm worried about him."

"He'll be fine," Yoongi assures, using his shoulder to hold his phone to his ear when he lifts his bowl to slurp down the broth.

Before they say their goodbyes, before Yoongi grabs Jeongguk's hand and yanks him out of the restaurant, Jimin pipes up, voice small when he makes a request.

"Hey, hyung?"

Shoving his arm through the armhole of his jacket, Yoongi pauses before replying, "Mm?"

He can hear a clicking sound on the other end, like Jimin's anxiously fiddling with something before he sighs, "Tell him that I'll come and see him soon, and that I'm sorry."

Looking at Jeongguk, his gaze softening and fingers rubbing distressfully at his forehead, Yoongi shakes his head before muttering, "I'll tell him, Jimin."

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Taehyung's being kept just outside of Seoul, where Yoongi guesses he'll be held for the coming months, or, until Yoongi manages to convince others of his relative innocence.

Jeongguk's quiet for the drive, too caught up in watching the scenery pass them by as they drive through tree-covered areas, small towns and barren areas where it seems like they're the only hint of
human life.

He's tried to ready Jeongguk for the future, for when the time comes for him to meet Taehyung behind a shield of glass, how he'll only hear him through a telephone.

Yoongi will be allowed to talk to him in a holding room, but Jeongguk? Jeongguk will likely not be in his alone presence for a very long time.

"I don't think I should go inside," Jeongguk mumbles when they're in the parking lot, and Yoongi's patting himself down, checking if he has any questionable items on his person that could get confiscated by security, "If any of the inmates recognise me I could get my head kicked in. I've probably contributed to more than half of these guys' drug problems."

Resting a comforting hand on Jeongguk's thigh, Yoongi quickly refutes Jeongguk's worries, "They're all behind either a locked door, bars, or a screen. If they do recognise you, the worst they can do is scream obscenities at you. Everything will be fine," he reassures, hand stroking the buzzed hair at the nape of Jeongguk's neck.

"You say that a lot, y'know," Jeongguk speaks quietly, tone empty, and when he lifts his gaze to Yoongi, he blinks blankly at him, "Give me the truth from here on out."

He gets out of the car wordlessly, leaving Yoongi to blink at his empty seat before he quickly hurries after Jeongguk, confusion swirling in his mind.

On any other prison visit, Yoongi would be typically blasé about the whole ordeal, conversing casually with the wardens, cracking jokes with some of the prisoners that are given a small amount of freedom in return for good behaviour. But on this visit, with his hand clasped around Jeongguk's as they stand in the lobby, waiting for the buzzer to sound and for the doors to creak open, Yoongi sympathises with those who visit family behind bars, recognises the gravity of the despair they feel when walking through the corridors, the wardens' eyes beady, watching him and Jeongguk's every move.

A female officer directs them towards the waiting room that's empty, and when inside, Yoongi paces across the stark white floor, shoes squeaking as he goes.

"What are you gonna say to him?" Jeongguk asks, eyes nervous, lips pressed into a line of worry.

Fixing his hands onto his hips, Yoongi's back faces Jeongguk as he peers out of the small pyrex opening in the door.

"The arraignment's as soon as the end of next week, I'll discuss a plea deal with Hoseok, see how Taehyung wants to face his charges. Some of them seem legit but Jesus Christ, others are just fucking preposterous."

He'd received the memo only the evening prior, an e-mail from Namjoon detailing all of the crimes that Hoseok was going to bring Taehyung up on. Yoonsung's murder was there, along with various other drug-related charges, but there were also different murder charges, homicides that Yoongi had never even heard Taehyung or Jeongguk mention.

After promising ten times over that the mysterious murders that Taehyung's being charged for were in fact not committed by him, Yoongi believed Jeongguk. What he has to do now is to try and wrap his head around the reasons behind the State attacking Taehyung for these crimes. It could be out of spite, anger over his initial avoidance of the law, or, it could be as a result of mounting public panic, the need to get these cases sorted and fast - homicides were never something that Seoul had to worry
When a warden comes in to escort Yoongi to Taehyung, Jeongguk jumps out of his seat, clammy palm clasping Yoongi's hand.

He begs quietly, avoiding the warden's impatient, stony stare, "Tell him we're gonna get him out."

*Give me the truth.*

He's never been one to keep promises, is often the first to break them, but now, with all that's at stake, Yoongi just can't bring himself to look deep into Jeongguk's shining, doe eyes and refuse him some false hope. "Of course I'll tell him," he assures softly, squeezing Jeongguk's hand before the warden is whisking him away, slamming the door shut behind them, locking Jeongguk in there alone.

He's put into a room that Yoongi's met his clients in before, where the chairs are brutal on his back and tailbone and where there's a faint scent of dampness hanging in the air. He's cracking his knuckles as he waits, the noise of his crunching bones filling the dank, empty room. When he cracks his knuckle on his pinky finger, the lock on the door suddenly clicks, and in comes a bull of a man with a stern face, and after him, comes Taehyung and another warden, smaller than the first, but just as built.

"Up against the wall, Kim," the warden orders gruffly, and nothing could've prepared Yoongi for this, *nothing* could've prepared him for the sight of his friend getting shoved against the concrete wall, orange jumpsuit-clad arms being tugged at by the wardens. They rearrange his shackles, bringing his arms from behind his back to his front, fixing the handcuffs around his wrists before they guide him into the seat opposite Yoongi.

After shackling him to the table, they leave, and when it's just Yoongi and Taehyung, whenever Taehyung shifts, the chains hanging from his cuffs ding and clang.

"Tae," Yoongi speaks, voice strangely tight.

He looks drained, like in the course of a few days, he's forgotten how to smile. His piercings are out of his ears, out of his eyebrow, his hair lies greasy and flat on his head, hanging over his eyes, making it hard for Yoongi to read him.

"It was bound to come to an end sooner or later," Taehyung mutters, not looking at Yoongi, instead, staring down at the steel table, "I wanted it to be sooner rather than later." He tugs lightly at his chains before breathing in a deep sigh, "Where's Jeongguk?"

Swallowing, Yoongi edges forward in his seat, "He's here, Tae. Sitting out in the waiting room." The way that Taehyung frowns, the way that he pushes his tongue into his cheek makes Yoongi clear his throat loudly, makes him steer the conversation in another direction, away from Jeongguk.

"It's good that you turned yourself in," Yoongi accredits, "That makes your character look good, y'know, shows that you're not some cold-hearted criminal, that you do have a conscience and that you've recognised that your actions are in need of consequences."

"I killed a man," Taehyung butts in, loudly but emotionlessly, "I took his knife and drove it through his flesh. How am I supposed to convince these people who don't even know me of my good nature? To them, I'm just another one on the pecking line. A face with crimes to his name. They see murder on paper, they judge. They see drugs on paper, they judge, they don't care about what's inside, about what else I've accomplished with my life..." he trails off, and Yoongi just sits quietly, allowing Taehyung the time he needs to gush, "I was going to go to Art College. I was going to get a good
degree and do what I loved. Sadly, doing what you love costs a fortune and in the process of me trying to wrack up some coins to get into college, it grew into something more, something sick and addictive and wrong. Greed took over and I forgot myself, I became someone who thrived off of danger, I forgot why I ever got into the trade in the first place," his deep baritone cracks on almost every syllable, signifying the oncoming flood of emotions, and when he sighs shakily, Yoongi has to ignore the way his eyes burn when Taehyung smiles sadly, "I don't know myself anymore, and the people who are about to decide my fate only know what's on that file right in front of you."

He points to Yoongi's file that's on the table between the both of them, and Yoongi just blinks down dumbly at it before he's leaning across the table, placing his two hands over Taehyung's fists, staring softly at the brokenness in his reddened eyes. "They're charging you for the murders of people that you've never even met in your life, Taehyung," he starts, watching with an aching heart when Taehyung tenses visibly, "They're using you as a scapegoat, connecting Yoonsung's murder to these other two corpses, claiming that you're a Goddamn serial killer when anyone with a pair of eyes in their noggin can see that you're just not capable of that. I'm gonna fight tooth and nail for you, and in return, I want you to do exactly as I say."

Enraptured by Yoongi's spiel, Taehyung's eyes are rapt on the pout of Yoongi's lips when he nods slowly, exhibiting his willingness to do all that he can for Yoongi.

Lifting his hands off of Taehyung's, he leans back into his seat, eyes lifting to the door beyond Taehyung before he fixes Taehyung a peculiar look.

"Don't sulk. Don't play the victim. Look relaxed, look normal, use that charm of yours that I know you've got locked away in there somewhere. Good behaviour in here results in perks, good relationships with the officers means leniency. It'll put doubt in people's minds, make them question the authenticity of your charges, and it'll also single you out from the crowd. From my experience, even the innocent people in here are notorious for acting up. You're not gonna be like them. You're gonna be an enigma."

"So," there's a pensive frown between Taehyung's brows, "What you're saying is... You want me to just be myself?"

Yoongi's got it: A smile, albeit a small one, but a smile nonetheless.

Yoongi beams at him, "That's exactly what I mean, Tae."

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Hoseok's office is drastically different to Namjoon's, what with its bright colours and open spaces, its plethora of lounge chairs and complementary snacks around every corner. Yoongi's often felt suffocated in the dank dreariness of him and Namjoon's place. Back when they first bought the whole floor, neither were picky, Yoongi especially. They'd decided on the second place they'd viewed, and within a week, they were all moved in and ready for business.

When he's on his second cup of Oolong tea and his third almond slice, Yoongi's had enough.

He bypasses Hoseok's receptionist (which he feels bad for. He quite likes Chaeyoung), narrowly avoids barreling into a rather terrified-looking intern, and just when Chaeyoung is shouting down the corridor at him, Yoongi bulldozes into Hoseok's office, glancing quickly at a startled Hoseok before turning around quickly to lock the door behind him.
"Why are you locking the door?" Hoseok frowns deeply, lowering his glasses slowly onto his desk as he watches Yoongi pant before him.

"Precautions."

"Pr-what? Why are you in here, anyway? You have an appointment."

"With all due respect, Mr. Jung," Yoongi begins, shutting his eyes for a moment to focus on his breathing before he finishes, "Fuck your appointment."

"Wow."

"No-one is even in here," Yoongi exclaims, gesturing wildly around at Hoseok's empty seats, "I swear you were keeping me waiting for the thrill of it."

Hoseok reclines back into his seat, and there's a cheshire smirk on his face, "Nah, the thrill comes when you're sitting across from me trying to sway me."

Choosing to ignore Hoseok, Yoongi sets his files out across Hoseok's desk, and he's frowning down at them, going over his notes as he cleans his glasses before putting them on. "I met with the defendant and he's agreed that the facts aren't in dispute in regards to the Yoonsung murder," Yoongi begins, his demeanour immediately shifting from regarding Hoseok as a friend to a colleague, "My client is completely resigned to the fact that punishment is appropriate, and I recognise that your office is looking to abolish whatever is happening on the streets nowadays, but by implicating that the defendant was responsible for two additional murders would be obscene, and blatantly inaccurate."

When his attention shifts to Hoseok, he sees his frown, the look in his eyes that suggests that he's not really listening to Yoongi, and he's about to continue when Hoseok interjects.

"What's with the vernacular, hyung? Talk to me like I'm your friend," Hoseok insists, and Yoongi feels his blood start to simmer in his veins.

Rearranging his files, Yoongi hums non-committally before mumbling, "Friendship rights were revoked when you took this case despite me begging you not to."

Pursing his lips, Hoseok heaves a resigned sigh before saying gently, "It's about seeking justice, Yoongi."

"It's about money," Yoongi snaps, tone laced with venom, body leaning threateningly over Hoseok's desk.

Hoseok doesn't argue, instead watches Yoongi quietly, watches him as he tries to bring himself down from the dangerous height he's climbing towards. It's hard, to sit across from someone so beloved and have them attack somebody else who is also beloved, and with the ridiculous accusations that Hoseok's going to unload in court, Yoongi's finding it very difficult indeed to look at Hoseok in a good light.

"This is a high profile case," Hoseok begins, tone low and serious, "And yes, the money that's involved was a big motivator when the case was presented to me. This is work, Yoongi, nothing more, nothing less. I've been asked to bring up these murders in Taehyung's trial because the State's desperate. Public panic is mounting, and what you should be praying for is another body on the streets during Taehyung's trial. That, and only that will prove that he wasn't involved."

In disbelief, Yoongi blinks blankly at Hoseok, "Are you listening to yourself?"
"You know that this Goddamn job isn't all sunshine and daisies."

"Hoseok," Yoongi says, "You just told me to hope for another killing."

Nodding, not flinching in the slightest, not looking remorseful in any way, shape, or form, Hoseok nods, "Otherwise, say Goodbye to Taehyungie."

When he leaves Hoseok's office, and after he apologies to a rather flustered-looking Chaeyoung, Yoongi wishes he'd never offered to work for Taehyung.

And deep, deep down, he wishes that Taehyung had never been brought into his life.

Yoongi's sitting on a park bench with Jeongguk when he checks his phone to find numerous missed calls from Namjoon.

"What does he want?" Jeongguk groans when Yoongi sets his cup of coffee down on the bench, "I swear, not a day goes by where he's not down your throat."

"Tell me about it," Yoongi mumbles, pressing the call back button and smiling apologetically at Jeongguk who waves him off, signalling that he understands.

The phone-call doesn't even last three minutes, maybe not even a minute.

When Yoongi hangs up, there's a small trace of worry on Jeongguk’s face, but Yoongi's quick to reassure him with a quick kiss on his cheek, but then, he's standing abruptly, and Jeongguk's frowning. "Where are you going?" Jeongguk asks, standing to join Yoongi, finishing off the last of his coffee before he scurries after Yoongi who begins walking fast.

"There's a special hearing," Yoongi explains, trying desperately to mask how panicked he is, "It's probably nothing, but Namjoon can't get in contact with Hoseok, so he doesn't know if it's been called by the judge or him. Either way, I'm sure it's nothing. If he keeps telling himself that it's nothing, by speaking it into existence, then of course it'll be nothing.

Jeongguk tags along, and when Yoongi's on the other side of the security checkpoint watching him get patted down, Namjoon comes up behind him, scaring Yoongi.

"Can you stop?" Yoongi begs through gritted teeth, "I don't think seeing an attorney squeeze another attorney's waist is very professional."

"Oh, relax," Namjoon grins, fixing his tie as he follows Yoongi's eye-line to find Jeongguk collecting his belongings from a tray, "Why'd you bring him?"

"We were on a date when you called," Yoongi explains, bringing an arm up to sneak around Jeongguk's waist after he greets Namjoon.

"Sorry for interrupting you two lovebirds," Namjoon smiles at Jeongguk who, even after all of this time, shyly nods before ducking his head and pressing a quick kiss to Yoongi's shoulder.

The doors open and they all file into the courtroom, Yoongi separating from Namjoon and Jeongguk who take their seats right behind Yoongi. Hoseok arrives a bit late, and Yoongi can tell he's stressed simply by how wonky his tie is and how dishevelled he looks. He doesn't even have time to park
himself in his seat before Taehyung is led into the room, looking a lot better than when Yoongi last saw him. His under-eye bags are less sunken, his hair's not greasy, and when he directs a soft smile behind Yoongi, towards Jeongguk, Yoongi hears Jeongguk's happy, quiet whisper, "Hi, Tae."

As he stands to wait to be unshackled, Taehyung doesn't look at Yoongi, nor does he greet him, and that's when the first alarm bell goes off.

Once Taehyung's unshackled and seated, the second alarm bell starts blaring in Yoongi's ears when he sees, out of the corner of his eye, a piece of paper in Taehyung's hands.

He doesn't have time to talk to Taehyung, the judge enters and all who are present rise. When the judge tells them to sit, Yoongi feels a wave of nausea hit him.

"Apologies for the suddenness of this hearing," The judge mutters into his mic, and then, pauses, aggravation evident on his face when the doors of the courtroom open. When Yoongi turns to find Jimin tiptoeing into the room, finding himself a seat in the very back, he frowns at him questioningly before turning back around, "I know you've all got lives to live and this is surely the last place any of you want to be on a Friday evening." Chuckles echo around the room, and after the judge smiles to himself, he gathers himself, and when his gaze lands on Taehyung, Yoongi doesn't realise it, but, his breath isn't leaving his lungs, "I understand that the defendant wishes to redress his statement."

Taehyung stands, and Yoongi's angrily starting to realise that he's been left in the dark. "Yes, your honour."

He's beckoned up onto the stand, and as Yoongi watches in horror when Taehyung swears his solemn truth, he feels like he's detached from the current moment, like he's not in his body. He ignores Taehyung, turns around in his seat to stare widely at Jeongguk who, painfully, doesn't realise what's happening, and Yoongi's heart twists, it flips, it crumbles, and he just has to, he has to whisper, "I'm sorry, baby."

That's what flips Jeongguk's switch, his relaxed demeanour immediately vanishes, his hands come up to grip the seats in front of him, and to his right, Namjoon's solemnly patting Jeongguk's back, his head hanging, and Yoongi can hear him mutter, "Motherfucker," so viciously beneath his breath before the bailiff intervenes and warns Yoongi that if speaks again, he'll face repercussions.

He can hear Jeongguk behind him, his confusion, his panicked tone trying to ask Namjoon what's going on, what's happening.

Taehyung doesn't look out at the gallery when the judge orders him to relay his new statement, and Yoongi's glad that he doesn't, because he doesn't deserve to watch the faces of those that have stood up for him for so long contort into hurt and betrayal.

"I wish to retract my previous statement claiming that I was the sole perpetrator in the murder of Yoonsung," Taehyung starts, and the sharp gasp from behind Yoongi makes Yoongi hide his face in his hands, "Some parts of my previous statement remain to be true. It was an act of self-defense, I did not intend to kill Yoonsung, but my reasoning for being there is not what I initially said it was."

"Bastard," Jeongguk cries from the gallery, and Yoongi can hear Namjoon trying to calm him, trying to reason with the bailiff who's on the verge of escorting Jeongguk and Namjoon out.

Visibly uncomfortable, and deservedly so, Taehyung nervously glances up before quickly looking back down at his sheet of paper.

"I had an accomplice," Taehyung starts, and there's rustling from behind Yoongi, the bailiff's
instructing two guards to escort Jeongguk out because he can't be controlled anymore. Namjoon's getting angry, telling them not to be so rough with him, that they need to just let him get Jeongguk out safely and calmly. Taehyung pauses to wait for the uproar to die down, and for thirty solid seconds, he doesn't look up to watch his best friend get escorted out of the courtroom, "I was in the area because of him. He sent me there for a job, and that's how it always was. I was his mule, he was my boss. He ran every single operation we were involved in."

"For the stenographer, can you please state the name of your accomplice, Mr. Kim."

Only then does Taehyung's eyes find the gallery, only then does Yoongi get the opportunity to stare darkly into those empty eyes.

He has the nerve to look at Yoongi when he declares, "Jeon Jeongguk."

When Taehyung's off of the stand, when he's back beside Yoongi, neither speak, though Taehyung does try to with his useless, "I'm sorry."

"Go fuck yourself," Yoongi hisses back whilst staring at the judge who's closing today's session.

"With this new information, prosecution and defence will have to be given more time to construct their arguments. Mr. Jung, I'm sorry for this extra layer of data that you'll have to examine," The judge addresses Hoseok who, if anything, looks disoriented, confused, exactly how Yoongi feels. Hoseok just nods at the judge.

When court's adjourned, Yoongi doesn't wait to watch Taehyung get re-shackled, instead he's on his heels, bulling out of the room, but Hoseok grabs him before he speeds down through the gallery. "He didn't tell you?" Hoseok asks, shock evident in his eyes, "He just threw Jeongguk under the bus like that?"

Yanking his arm out of Hoseok's grip, Yoongi pulls on his jacket, trying to see past the red in his vision when he spits, "No. He didn't tell me."

Namjoon's waiting for him when he bursts through the doors, and he'd half-expected to find Jimin, but he's nowhere to be seen. Jeongguk's also absent, and Yoongi can't find him when he wildly looks to his left, nor when he looks to his right. Namjoon's trying to calm him, trying to hold Yoongi back, "Relax, hyung," Namjoon soothes, trying to pull Yoongi into a hug that he just won't give in to, "I need you to calm down before you go looking for Guk."

"He stood up there without my fucking consent and implicated Jeongguk. Not only that, Joon, he exposed him for being the mastermind behind everything. So, telling me to 'calm down,' isn't going to stop me from wanting to go after that cunt and wring his fucking neck," Yoongi barks, caring not about those around them, caring not about the guard who quietly asks Yoongi to keep it down, and who shrinks away quietly when Yoongi angrily tells him that he'll be as loud as he wants. "Can you believe this? After all I've done for him, he went and did this."

"He's out of pocket," Namjoon agrees, yanking Yoongi's sleeve, trying to keep control of him like he's some wild, dangerous beast.

"Where is he?" Yoongi asks, raising his voice, making eye contact with one of the guards before Namjoon steps in front of him.

"He's in the bathroom," Namjoon informs quietly, and Yoongi's off, speeding down the hallway, soles of his shoes skidding across the marble floor when he hangs on to the doorframe to stop himself. He bursts into the bathroom, and there he is, leaning against the wall, barely acknowledging
Yoongi's loud presence, and Yoongi feels a little bit like he's about to be sick. His hands are all over Jeongguk, squeezing his shoulders, bringing him into a tight, suffocating hug, lips kissing his forehead, two hands on his cheeks when he repeats, over and over again, "You're alright, yeah? Hey, hey, you're fine, Guk, baby, you're fine." He knows he's rambling, he's vaguely aware of tears forming in the corners of his eyes, and when Jeongguk finally responds with a wilting look of despair, Yoongi buries his face in the crook of Jeongguk's neck, squeezing his eyes shut, trying to imagine himself in a different situation with a different outcome.

He punches the wall at one point, grunting a whine upon impact, and Jeongguk pushes him off of him, brings Yoongi's battered knuckle to his lips, kisses each knob before begging quietly, "Please don't hurt yourself like that, hyung."

There's an eerie calmness to Jeongguk, now, like it's too forced, and after aggressively wiping at his face with his sleeve, Yoongi locks his fingers behind Jeongguk's back, pulling him close, pressing his forehead against Jeongguk's before inhaling deeply. "I'm gonna fight for you as hard as I can," Yoongi assures, accepting the quick kiss that Jeongguk presses to his lips.

"You don't have to do that," Jeongguk insists, and shushes Yoongi who immediately makes a noise of complaint, "I'm serious. I've got more than enough money to hire another attorney. I don't want you to get stressed handling the both of us."

He's suddenly reminded of the fact that he'll still have to stand for Taehyung. After all that transpired, he'll still have to fight and insist that he deserves to walk the streets with the rest of civilisation. Sure, he could detach himself from the job, refuse to work for Taehyung, but that would be an exhibition of weakness, and that's not what Yoongi wants Taehyung to see - him displaying any shred of weakness.

"But, I want to," Yoongi replies, hissing softly when Jeongguk's fingers gently knead his wound-up shoulders.

"When do you think they'll take me into custody?" Jeongguk asks nervously. Yoongi watches his eyes when the door opens and someone enters the bathroom, and all it takes for them to leave him and Jeongguk in peace is Jeongguk staring them down.

"Today. Tomorrow. If I had any control over it, never," Yoongi sighs, absentmindedly kissing across Jeongguk's jaw, feeling the coldness that was previously swirling around inside of him begin to fade, only to be replaced by a quickly-forming fire.

With his adrenaline settling, Yoongi's limbs feel heavy, his eyes feel heavy, he welcomes Jeongguk's warm embrace, welcomes his soothing kisses, his calming words, because even though his reassurances are baseless and the outcome of this whole thing will most likely be unfavourable, Yoongi just has to cling onto false hope or else fall into maddened disarray.

"You're more worried about this than I am," Jeongguk observes through a fond smile, cradling Yoongi's cheek in his hand.

Leaning into Jeongguk's palm, Yoongi mumbles, "How do you expect me to be okay with not being able to hold you?"

"Yoongi..." Jeongguk warns, pushing Yoongi's hair off of his forehead when he levels Jeongguk's gaze.

"The thought of me being in the apartment, in bed, alone, whilst you're in some cell with somebody
that you don't know... It'll drive me crazy," Yoongi explains, and Jeongguk tries to quieten him with his lips, tongue sliding over Yoongi's bottom lip, drawing from him a deep whine, but Yoongi pulls back, and Jeongguk's eyes are fixed on Yoongi's lips, still slick with his own spit, "I can't handle being away from you again, Guk."

"You can come and visit me," Jeongguk assures, his apparent composure crashing when his voice wavers, and it doesn't go unnoticed by Yoongi, who softly caresses Jeongguk's cheek, trying to comfort him, "I'll wait for you in there, so long as you'll wait for me out here."

He backs Jeongguk in towards a cubicle, and there's no slowness about it, no softness about it, he's rough, Jeongguk nearly falls back onto the toilet seat when Yoongi launches himself onto him, teeth knocking painfully against Jeongguk's, bursting Jeongguk's lip in the process, and he tastes copper as he licks into Jeongguk's mouth, hears those wonderful high whimpers that go straight to his dick.

He hasn't got any condoms, nor does he have any lube, but the roughness with which Jeongguk's palming Yoongi through his trousers, the noises that he can't contain, the way he's rutting against Yoongi's thigh, it all suggests that he wants this now. "Please," Jeongguk pants, teeth dragging down across Yoongi's cheek when Yoongi bends to unfasten his trousers, and the sound itself is enough to make Jeongguk groan.

Yoongi turns quickly to ensure that the door's locked, and there's limited space, there's not much room to move around, and with Jeongguk falling victim to the lack of space, Yoongi guides him to the door by his hips. He braces his hands on the door, and Yoongi's flush against his back, nipping and kissing his neck, and they're both stroking themselves, answering each other's moans and quietening each other with kisses when they hear a toilet flush, or a door open, or the blare of the hand dryers.

"Fuck me," Jeongguk rasps, ass circling back against Yoongi, head hanging when he feels Yoongi's hardness against his jeans, "God, please, fuck me."

A judge could walk in at any minute, a juror could go into the cubicle next to them, a watcher from the gallery could come in to spruce themselves up, but neither Jeongguk nor Yoongi care. They're not paying attention to the consequences or the danger, they're focusing on their anguish that they're dealing with, and it's shifting into blinding lust; burning, overwhelming, intense lust.

It's awkward, it's not the best environment for a quick fuck, but they both need it, they both need each other to help quell each other's stress.

With two spit-slicked fingers, Yoongi works Jeongguk open, and with his free hand clasped around Jeongguk's mouth to help mask his needy whines, Yoongi rests his forehead on the nape of Jeongguk's neck, eyes almost slipping shut with how intoxicated he feels. He's nowhere near being finished with Jeongguk before Jeongguk's pushing back against his fingers, insisting that he's ready, that, "I want it, I want you, now, Yoongi, now."

He sounds like he's near tears, that's how desperate he sounds, and Yoongi doesn't wait, just spits on his palm, strokes himself lightly, lines himself up with Jeongguk's entrance, and pushes in. Jeongguk immediately cries out, but Yoongi doesn't rush to quieten him, because there's no sounds suggesting that there's anyone else in there with them. He whispers soothing words to Jeongguk as he reaches up to push his sweaty bangs off of his forehead.

When he's about to start moving, Yoongi hears two voices conversing, and with Jeongguk's trousers down around his thighs, he hoists Jeogguk's jacket and shirt up higher to watch as his cock pulls out of Jeongguk, and then as it pushes slowly back in. Jeongguk muffles his own moan with the back of his hand, but when Yoongi fucks into him more roughly, a small sound escapes, and Yoongi stills,
but the voices on the other side of the door never stop conversing.

The voices fade and the door eventually closes, and then Yoongi's hips start, fingers using Jeongguk's clothes for leverage, and Jeongguk's cries ring out, and it doesn't take long, Jeongguk's whole body shakes when he comes, legs threatening to give out from beneath him, but he clings on to the door, fingernails scraping against the wood whilst Yoongi chases after his own pleasure.

"Tell me when," Jeongguk whispers, sounding exhausted, and when Yoongi gives the signal, Jeongguk winces when Yoongi pulls out, falling unceremoniously to his knees. His mouth opens and his tongue's out and ready for Yoongi to spill himself onto. It's obscene, it's dirty, it's not what Yoongi thought he'd be doing after today's hearing, but as he watches Jeongguk enthusiastically swallow his cum, he's suddenly not as stressed as he once was.

There's cum on Jeongguk's cheek, there's some dripping from his chin, and there's even a small blob hanging off of the hair by Jeongguk's ears.

Jeongguk asks if he's clean, and Yoongi directs him to the areas where he's not, and Jeongguk cleans them all up; collects the cum off of his chin, licks his finger, collects the cum off of his cheek, licks his finger, and then, he collects the small amount in his hair, and holds Yoongi's gaze when he brings his finger to his mouth and finishes licking up the last remnants of Yoongi's cum.

There's someone washing their hands at the sinks when Yoongi and Jeongguk walk out of the cubicle, but he doesn't even bat an eye in their direction.

They try to clean each other up as well as they can. Jeongguk fixes Yoongi's hair for him, and he's smoothing down some strands when he smiles, and then pinches both of Yoongi's reddened cheeks from exertion. Yoongi doesn't have to help Jeongguk much, his tongue did most of the cleaning, and when they leave the bathroom hand in hand, Namjoon is there waiting for them.

"Everything alright?" Namjoon asks a little bit too cheerfully, glancing between the two, trying to understand what went down in the bathroom.

Jeongguk nods and looks to Yoongi, and Yoongi holds his stare when he, too, nods, "Everything's fine, Joon."

Clearly confused, and not expecting such a good outcome from whatever just went down, Namjoon awkwardly shifts from foot to foot. "Oh. Well, good. I'm glad to hear that everything went smoothly..." There's a moment that Yoongi spies, Namjoon's face twitches slightly when he catches sight of something, and Yoongi can just tell that they've been busted.

It's not until they're in a taxi on the way home when Jeongguk's sitting in the front seat and Yoongi's in the back with Namjoon when he finally understands why Namjoon had seemed so put-off. "I can't believe you did that in the courthouse," Namjoon hisses quietly, and Yoongi just can't help but smile coyly.

"Did what, Joon? We didn't do anything."

"You looked like you ran a marathon," Namjoon deadpans, "And your cum was on Jeongguk's leather jacket. 'Didn't do anything.' Yeah. Sure."

For the remainder of their ride home, every twenty seconds, Namjoon just has to voice his disbelief over Jeongguk and Yoongi's debauchery.
He's not in with Taehyung for long, and it's as if the guards sense Yoongi's simmering temper, because they remain in the room with him and Taehyung.

"You never consulted with me," Yoongi bites through gritted teeth, "If you wanted Jeongguk to face the music, you should've told me."

"And what would've happened? You would've done your best to extract Jeongguk from the narrative. The narrative, Yoongi, y'know, what really happened."

He has to stop himself from pouncing forward, he has to bite his tongue, he has to look the person in the eyes who ruined what he and Jeongguk had.

"I would have made sure that it wasn't done as messily as you've done it," Yoongi replies, froth almost forming from his mouth, "Do you know how bad this looks? How inept you've made me look? Hoseok probably thinks I'm a joke and I'm just fucking glad that the Goddamn jury didn't see what you pulled on me in that fucking courtroom."

"It wasn't fair," Taehyung starts, fingers flexing, chains knocking against the steel table, "It wasn't fair, thinking about him being out when he was the one who was so involved in everything."

"You're both equally responsible for your criminal activity," Yoongi counters, pacing across the floor, acknowledging the guard who glances impatiently at his watch, "And if it's so unfair, then maybe you should've thought about that when you were living the high life off of dirty money."

The guards end the session, and one of them takes Yoongi aside whilst the other rearranges Taehyung's shackles.

"I'm gonna need you to calm down a bit before I let you leave here, Mr. Min," he mumbles, "I don't want you driving away from here in such a state as you're in."

Understanding the guard's concern, Yoongi pats his shoulder before he turns to Taehyung who's just about to be led back to his cell.

"Y'know, the worst thing about all of this is that I'm still going to defend you. After you betrayed me, after you betrayed Jeongguk, I'm still going to stand up in that court and beg for them to go easy on you," Yoongi sighs, hands on his hips, head shaking in disbelief over his own predicament.

He doesn't know what he expects from Taehyung, but it's definitely not apathy.

With a blank stare, over his shoulder, Taehyung speaks flatly, "It's your job, Yoongi, so I hope that you'll do it to the best of your ability."

Taehyung's lucky that he's got two brutes on either side of him, because otherwise, Yoongi doesn't know what he'd do to him.

Chapter End Notes

apologies for the wait, life hasn't been great since the last update. i'm hoping to keep updates more regular now. ♥
remain silent

Chapter Notes

welcome to angstville, population: everyone who reads this chapter

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Jeongguk sleeps. For how long, Yoongi isn't sure.

Minutes melt into hours, hours into days, and even the sunshine splitting across Seoul's skies can't help lift the darkness surrounding them.

Yoongi doesn't sleep. The silence is drowning, the cloud hanging over his head too smothering to ignore. Not even closing his eyes and drifting off into nothing can help quell the unease that's settled deep in the pit of his stomach. He does what he's good at, what he's devoted his life to; he works.

After the first week of Jeongguk holing himself up in the apartment, foregoing showers and food, Yoongi takes himself to his office, slaps a sign onto his door that reads in big, bold, scrawled letters: DO NOT DISTURB.

University never could have prepared him for this. No amount of studying could have readied him for such an act of backstabbing, for such an egregious twist in his life that, for once, was looking like it was picking up a bit. He was happy, and more importantly, Jeongguk was happy. They'd come back to one another, found solace in the other's touch, found a home in each other's arms, only, that home had swiftly been demolished by someone who he thought was harmless. If anything, what's come of this is Yoongi's realisation that trusting people shouldn't be done so easily.

There's not much he can do. The law is the law. Jeongguk's been implicated, and he must face the necessary consequences.

He's tried not to think about said consequences, but they've seeped into his mind on the few occasions when he's fallen asleep at his desk.

Prolonged jail time. Eventual prison time. Months without him. Years without him. Probation that may never come, release that may never come.

The boy who he'd met on the streets of Seoul isn't the Jeongguk that's wasting away in Yoongi's bed, shut off to the world and its evil. This Jeongguk is a shell of that boy. He misses those flashy teeth, that smile that holds so much impish joy to it. He misses the twinkle in those deep drown eyes, how they'd catch the light and shine impossibly brighter. What he misses most of all is his energy, his ability to instil life in Yoongi so easily, like no-one ever has before. He misses the beginnings of their tale, and he even misses the tumultuous times, the times when Jeongguk was far from his reach, lost somewhere to the world until Yoongi had found him and in-turn, realised that the boy who he knew was just a mirage, and that the man who he re-discovered was everything but.

He texts Jeongguk, though he doesn't know why. He hasn't answered his previous ten texts, he's most likely not going to answer an eleventh.

Nevertheless, Yoongi calls, hangs up, calls, lets the voicemail noise beep, and with his head in his hands, eyes closed, Yoongi emits a deep exhale into the receiver.
"I'm going to fix this," he insists, and he hates himself for saying it, because he can't guarantee his freedom, but he just needs to say something. "I'm good at what I do, aren't I? I've been given the most difficult cases over the years, some that I thought I would never win, but guess what? I won them," he chooses not to add, 'I also lost some.' "I can win this. We can win this," he runs his fingernails along his scalp, gritting his teeth as a wave of anguish strikes him, "I have to."

He throws his phone. It hits something. Maybe the wall, maybe the window, Yoongi doesn't care to know. Part of him hopes that it smashed into smithereens upon impact.

There's a hand on his shoulder, a hesitant half-embrace, a presence that Yoongi recognises as comforting.

They sigh deeply by Yoongi's ear, "You've spent every night this week in this Goddamn place."

Shifting, squinting when brightness strikes his eyes, Yoongi blinks through the blinding rays, "No productivity guarantees failure."

"Excessive productivity guarantees sleep deprivation," Namjoon corrects gently, laying a soft hand on Yoongi's back, "You need to take a break."

"I have to rectify everything. Find new witnesses, meet with Hoseok, even though I can barely stomach looking at the bastard right now. I've gotta get Jeongguk's side of things, even though the kid hasn't left our bed in four days. I've got Jimin on my ass telling me that time is wearing thin and that he can't give me more time, that they wanna get Jeongguk into custody as soon as possible," he jolts when Namjoon squeezes his shoulder hard, forgetting his surroundings, forgetting that the world is still happening around him. With parted lips and wide, blood-shot eyes, he blinks at Namjoon, "I'm fucked."

Heaving a deep, resigned sigh, Namjoon perches on Yoongi's desk, arms crossed and head cocked as he smiles sadly down at Yoongi.

"Remember University?"

Yoongi scoffs, "God, do I want to?"

"Listen," Namjoon pleads gently, "In our first year you wanted to drop out God knows how many times, but you stuck with it. I know you were going through some stuff, you were having inward struggles that you never wanted to talk about, and looking back, yeah, maybe I should've talked to you. helped you, but my pride far out-weighed my concern for you."

Fiddling absently with his pen, pouting his lips, Yoongi taps it against his thigh, "Why mention that? Things are different now."

"Are they?" There's something strange in Namjoon's features, something analytical, like he's trying to penetrate Yoongi's thoughts with his eyes alone. "To me, you're still that same, scared college kid. The one who's quiet in crowds, the one who doubts himself continuously, the one who believes that he's not anything special."

Scuffing his heels against the carpet, Yoongi mumbles into his chest, "Stop trying to come onto me."

"Hyung," Namjoon chides fondly, bending to tightly squeeze Yoongi's knee, a gesture that's enough to help soften the sound of Yoongi's blood whirring in his ears. "I'm trying to be serious here. What I'm getting at is that you're capable of more than you could ever imagine. Over the years, I've given you cases that I knew only you could give a good fight for. You've helped exonerate so many people who are so obviously innocent that, without you, would've likely found themselves with life
sentences. You don't recognise your power, and because of that, you bring yourself down."

All Yoongi does is stare ahead at the stark white wall, trying to find patterns in the flat colour, maybe even trying to find a solution to his mounting problems, too.

"I'm not as great as you think I am," he insists flatly, and it's that part of him that says it, that part of him that never seems to shut up. In that particular, hard voice, it nags at him, convinces him that he's trudging his way through life, not putting in any real effort to his career or personal life. He believes it, understands why it might think that he's pathetic. Some nights, he falls asleep at his desk, other nights, he gets distracted, finds himself daydreaming, envisioning another world, one that's not as difficult to exist in as this one, and by the time he's out of his reveries, dawn begins inching its way across Seoul's skyline.

The rational part of him, the part that tells that nagging little voice to shut up, understands that sometimes going full speed ahead isn't plausible. Sometimes, he needs to zone out, needs that time to reflect in on himself, to really, truly look at himself and ask, who am I? What's my purpose? What's the point in anything? That's the voice that tells him he's done good, that's the voice that tells him to give himself a pat on the back. A lot of the time, that's the voice that tells Yoongi that up until now, he was doing all of this for nothing. It's not for nothing anymore. Now? Now, everything he does is for Jeongguk.

"You are great. You're pretty fucking annoying, I'll admit to that much," Namjoon chortles, and Yoongi can just about manage a smirk, "But, so am I."

"What do you suppose I do? Say fuck this all to hell and quit? Let Jeongguk succumb to the system alone? I don't know what I'm doing, Namjoon. In all of these years, and in all of these cases, never before have I felt so helpless. There's so much on the line here," he groans, sinking down into his chair. His eyes feel just as heavy as his heart, and he glances at the clock to read that it's nearing 07:00. He hasn't slept yet. He also hasn't eaten in fourteen hours.

"Do what you've done ten times over. Do your studying. Do your research. Get some goddamn sleep, and most importantly, go see Jeongguk."

Facing Jeongguk after court hadn't exactly been breezy. They had their fun in the courtroom's bathroom, had then gone on to get some cheap Ramen down an alleyway that Yoongi knows is the scene of multiple homicides. Jeongguk had then proceeded to drink one too many shots, and the night ended with Yoongi cradling Jeongguk in his arms as sobs wracked his body and tears stained his cheeks. The morning after, Yoongi had tiptoed out, and since then, had only returned when his clothes were becoming too lived-in, or when the need for bathing arose.

Yoongi cranes his neck, and he inspects the grooves of the ceiling this time, squinting at some stains, pondering over their stories.

"D'you know how difficult it is to look at him, Joon?"

Namjoon looks up at the ceiling, eyes scanning across it to try and find what Yoongi finds so interesting in the grooves.

"Can't say I do. With a face like his, it mustn't be that hard."

"How about, if you know that face won't be beside you at the crack of dawn, smiling so sweetly? Or, that it won't be there when the nights draw in and the world stands still for those few, ungodly hours? It won't be there to greet you after work, or surprise you during. It won't be there for you to laugh with, or argue with, or to, just, to fucking love," his fists are bunched, his knuckles are white,
his teeth dig painfully into his lower lip and he's distantly aware of Namjoon's hand on the nape of his neck, "I hate looking at him now, because I look at him, and I see it in his eyes, I can see. He knows that I'm gonna lose him."

Namjoon gets down in front of Yoongi, his knees creaking as they hit the tiled floor. His palms flatten across Yoongi's knees as he tries to find Yoongi's gaze.

"Bring me in."

He stares down at Namjoon's hands, his lips popping open in surprise. "I'm not dragging you into this."

"You've got two defendants now, one of which you're not going to see eye-to-eye with. I can handle Taehyung the majority of the time, your focus can be Jeongguk. I'll be your extra set of eyes, your brain when you just haven't got anymore thinking left in you. C'mon, Yoongi, you know what we're like when we come together." There's this palpable energy to him, this excitement that Yoongi can't quite match. In their heyday, they worked cases together all of the time. People met them and instantly knew they were a force to be reckoned with. Namjoon brought so much more to the table, and though Yoongi mightn't want to admit it, Namjoon's knowledge and power in the courtroom far outweighs his. Together, they would have a very real shot at knocking this out of the park.

"You're not gonna know sleep for the next few months," Yoongi warns weakly, a smile managing to crack through his stone-like countenance.

Namjoon's dimples indent his cheeks, and he pats Yoongi's knees, "I've seen how well you function without it. I'll be fine."

He returns home to silence. That, and darkness. Not much has changed since he was there two days earlier.

There's untouched takeout on the island, two orders that Yoongi had sent to the place, and an extra one that he hadn't. He pokes at some chicken with a chopstick, only to grimace when he realises bacteria is probably thriving off of it. The pull he usually feels towards the bedroom isn't there, instead he feels cemented to the tiled floor of the kitchen.

He checks the fridge, which, is rather pointless; of course there's nothing in there except some bottles of wine (which have noticeably decreased in number), and some vegetables that are beyond recognition. The milk's probably gone bad too.

As quietly as he can, he surveys the living room. He spies some clothes strewn across the floor, a pair of socks laying forgotten about on the coffee table. Empty glasses litter the table, and Yoongi's eyes fall shut as he imagines just what kind of self-destruction went down during his absence. He collects the glasses, finally finding courage to make some noise as they clatter together, signalling some sign of life in the place. After depositing them in the sink, he tells himself to stop being so stupid. This is his place, and he has no reason to feel like he's unwelcome.

The lights in the bedroom are off. It's not like he'd expected anything different.

He can just about make out the form lying beneath the duvet, wrapped up in it, using it almost like a shield, a full-body armour.
"Almost forgot you lived here," comes a raspy, muffled, torn-sounding voice. Yoongi almost jumps out of his skin.

Leaning against the doorway, one leg crossing behind the other, Yoongi shoves his hands into his pockets, "So did I." Jeongguk doesn't move, and Yoongi strains his eyes to try and find him in the dark. "'You gonna crawl out from your cave or am I gonna have to join you in it?"

A noise of complaint sounds from Jeongguk, and Yoongi's arms swing awkwardly by his side as he toys with the idea of invading Jeongguk's space. Before shit hit the fan, he would've joined Jeongguk in ten seconds flat, but now, he's afraid that even doing that will set Jeongguk off. He's a ticking time bomb.

He perches himself at the end of the bed, palms smoothing over the duvet as Jeongguk finally moves. Light floods the room when he reaches for the bedside lamp, and Yoongi can feel a physical ache in his chest when he finally gets a proper look at Jeongguk. He looks so fragile, so lost, so much like that kid he'd helped outside of a dingy McDonald's that night, only now, the gaunt cheeks don't suit his otherwise bigger frame.

Reaching up to stroke his fingers through Jeongguk's unwashed hair, Yoongi's lips pull into a tight line, the fronts of his brows rising in concern.

"You haven't been looking after yourself, baby," Yoongi whispers, and those few words are enough to bring redness to Jeongguk's empty, big eyes.

"You haven't been there for me," Jeongguk points out quietly, lifting the duvet, welcoming Yoongi to his cave that could honestly smell better.

He's still in his suit, and it's stifling beneath the covers, but he welcomes Jeongguk's weight, though, he's not as heavy as he once was. His ribs are far more pronounced, his clavicles poke through his skin, and Yoongi has to hold himself back from dipping his head to kiss his changed body. "I'm sorry," Yoongi says, and Jeongguk nuzzles up against him, arm wrapping around Yoongi's middle, leg hooking around the outside of Yoongi's thigh, "I threw myself headfirst into this thing."

Quiet contemplation stretches between them, and Yoongi pets Jeongguk's greasy, outgrown hair.

"Has it been too painful for you to be around me?" Jeongguk asks it in such a quiet tone that Yoongi barely caught him.

He can't lie. "Yes."

The arm over Yoongi's middle squeezes, and Jeongguk's nose burrows into Yoongi's armpit, "Is it painful right now?"

Tracing lines down Jeongguk's back, Yoongi can't bring himself to answer. The lump in his throat is growing, if he speaks, he might break.

He glances down at Jeongguk, "It's gonna hurt for a while, but it'll get better. The more I submerge myself in your case, the more confident I become in my defence, the easier it'll become."

Jeongguk grows quiet, but his grip tightens around Yoongi. He doesn't try to squirm out of it, no matter how much it makes his heart ache. He tries to imprint the feel of Jeongguk's touch in his memory, his unique scent, even the aura of his presence that, in times of despair, has been necessary in helping Yoongi feel warm, safe, and most importantly, loved. "Hold me closer," Jeongguk pleads like a hurt kitten, and Yoongi's suddenly acutely aware of a distant throbbing in his temples, a weight settling on his chest.
He scoops Jeongguk up and onto him like he weighs nothing but a feather, and Jeongguk curls into him, fingernails scraping against Yoongi's jacket as he scrunches the material of the jacket tightly, afraid that if his grip wasn't tight enough, that Yoongi would just vanish into thin air. "You're gonna be fine," It's all Yoongi can think to say. He decides not to specify about 'everything,' being fine, because he can't guarantee that. Jeongguk's resilient, has trudged his way through life remarkably well despite the obstacles he's faced; Yoongi's convinced he'll survive. He'll maybe even thrive behind high walls and closed doors.

But when it comes to himself, Yoongi's not strong enough to envision a future where he has to manage to be okay without Jeongguk.

"I was known for being this cold-hearted fucker on the streets," Jeongguk begins, and Yoongi can hear his sniffles, the tears in his voice, "I never knew what it meant to feel wanted, so being unwanted was never an issue. I never had anything to lose." He stops to muffle his angry groan against Yoongi's chest, and then he jerks, ready to rise and lash out, not at Yoongi, but at the air, at his surroundings, at something, anything to blame, something physical that he can inflict pain onto.

Yoongi acts fast, grabbing his wrists with a grave expression on his face as he pins Jeongguk's wrists to his sides. Jeongguk sags forward from his position on his knees, muted tears wracking his body as he weakly tries to shove Yoongi off of him, slipping in an expletive now and again before any fight he had left in him fades into nothing. Bringing his finger to Jeongguk's chin, Yoongi draws his gaze to him, and the lack of anything swirling in Jeongguk's big eyes is sickening, "You're not gonna lose me."

"You can't promise me that, Yoongi. Don't-don't feed me false promises, that's not fucking fair." "I can hope, can't I?" Yoongi bites, the tension swirling around them heightening his temper. "Let go of me," Jeongguk pleads defeatedly, wrists still pushing against Yoongi's grip.

He's strong, even when he's at his weakest, and Yoongi's breath comes in pants as he wrestles with Jeongguk. "After you calm down," Yoongi promises, cautiously letting one wrist free, and Jeongguk's shoulders sag forward, the fight he had in him already dissipating, "You're working yourself up."

Jeongguk's jaw clenches, and his eyes bore into Yoongi's, "I hate myself for ever having met you." Yoongi knows that there's a double entendre there, that he doesn't mean what Yoongi hears, but that doesn't stop the painful swoop in his stomach. He reaches up to cup Jeongguk's cheek, to provide some solace, but instead of leaning into him like how a kitten would, Jeongguk leans away, eyes empty and gazing off into nothing as he does so. "Please love yourself," Yoongi whispers, eyes fixed on Jeongguk's lap, trying desperately to hide the wetness forming in his eyes, "Don't be so angry with yourself. I hate seeing you like this, it's like you're not even yourself."

He sees Jeongguk's bottom lip quiver, and jumps in surprise when Jeongguk shouts into the darkness of his room.

"What am I gonna do without you?" he asks, anguish lacing his question.

He falls forward, and Yoongi manages to catch him, to hold him tight, to rock them both to and fro. "You're gonna fight, but you're gonna do it quietly," he pets Jeongguk's hair as they rock, and Yoongi's eyes fall shut whilst he listens to Jeongguk's soft sobs, "I need you to be strong, there's no room for weakness in this fight. If you're strong, it'll reflect on my own well-being. You'll inspire me to work hard and go as hard as I can on this case."
"You do too much for me, you've always done too much for me. How dare I have the audacity to ask more of you," he lifts his head to wipe his nose before he meets Yoongi's gaze, "I don't deserve you, and you don't deserve to deal with all of my goddamn baggage."

"Shh," Yoongi chides, frown between his brows, thumb swiping a lone tear from Jeongguk's face, "Stop acting like I'm this otherworldly being. You're putting me on a pedestal and it's just not realistic."

"But you're perfect, baby," Jeongguk hiccups, nose scrunching up as he tips forward to kiss Yoongi's cheek, "You're not tainted like I am, you haven't got a dark past that haunts your every waking moment. When you helped me that day on the street without even knowing my story, I knew that your soul was one of kindness. You're far more self-less than you give yourself credit for."

Yoongi vehemently shakes his head. "Perfection isn't attainable," he drums his fingers against Jeongguk's chest, and then a small smile teases the corners of Yoongi's lips when he adds, "For instance, sometimes I don't bother to hold the door open for people, and most would consider that the utmost of bad manners."

He receives a laugh, a small one at that, and even Jeongguk's light, teary laughter is enough to lift the heavy, stifling tension in the room.

With Jeongguk now calm in Yoongi's lap, Yoongi plucks Jeongguk's hand from his waist, inspecting each individual finger closely before his attention shifts to Jeongguk's chest, his waist, and he runs his hands up and down every inch of Jeongguk all whilst there's a frown of concern knitted between his brows.

"You have to eat," he says it decidedly, like he's ready to order a five-course meal and sit and watch whilst Jeongguk devours every last morsel.

"Alright, Dad," Jeongguk drawls, rolling his eyes like how a teenager would and truthfully, he deserves the pinch to his side.

"I'm serious. No more pity parties. You need to be strong, especially since they'll be taking you into custody soon."

Jeongguk stills. "How soon is soon?"

Lips in a tight line, Yoongi blinks at Jeongguk before sighing, "Jimin and his connections have held off for as long as they could. It'll be any moment now."

"Tonight?" Jeongguk exclaims, leaning away from Yoongi in shock, already sounding like he's about to slip back into misery.

Softly shaking his head, Yoongi reaches up to brush Jeongguk's hair back behind his ear, "I doubt it. They'll probably come for you tomorrow."

"I don't want there to be a scene," Jeongguk mutters, "I want this to be done as quietly as possible."

Yoongi agrees, and immediately he fishes his phone out of his pocket as he gently pushes Jeongguk off of him. They're both silent whilst Yoongi arranges the arrest with Jimin, and Yoongi can feel Jeongguk's worry as he types quickly, and then just like that, the plan is in motion, and essentially, Yoongi's just given Jimin permission to take Jeongguk out of his hands.

"We have all night together," even as Yoongi says it, he feels remarkably detached from what's happening. After so much stress and so much pain, there's only so much emotion one can show, and
his capability to handle heart-wrenching sadness has depleted significantly. Judging by Jeongguk's slouched shoulders, his fiddling with his fingers, Yoongi garner that he feels the exact same way: numb.

What do you do when you're given mere hours with the one you love most? The list is a mile long. He toys with some ideas, and write many off. Venturing outside is out of question given Jeongguk's fragility, and doing something as mundane as watching television isn't how Yoongi wants to spend his last hours with Jeongguk. His thoughts are interrupted by Jeongguk crawling back beneath the duvet that might as well be his home now, and Yoongi's about to yank it off of him and ask why the hell he's resting when they have to squeeze everything they can into a few hours when Jeongguk's eyes peer over the top of it.

"All I want to do is sleep in your arms, hyung," he says it so softly, so sadly that Yoongi almost instantly stands to start toeing off his shoes.

When Jeongguk gets what he wants, Yoongi embraces him, tries to remember how he feels, how he breathes and how he smells. He tries to etch every infinitesimal detail of Jeongguk into his overloaded memory as he tries his hardest to push his anger aside, to focus instead on how Jeongguk nuzzles his nose in against the hair at his neck, on how he starts softly snoring when he drifts off into a peaceful sleep. He'll need these memories for the nights ahead, for the ones where his bed is empty and his heart equally so.

"We can wake up early," Jeongguk whispers into the darkness, "Spend some time together in the daylight, but for now, hyung, I just want you here. That's all I want."

Jeongguk's all Yoongi wants too, and he's seriously starting think that Jeongguk's all he'll ever want.

He awakens to his phone buzzing and multiple messages from Jimin, asking what time suits, and as rocky as their friendship has been in recent months, Yoongi has to give it to Jimin for trying to go about this thing as smoothly and as organised as possible. He suggests 16:00. It'll be well into the afternoon, and him and Jeongguk will have plenty of time to do as they wish.

How they plan to spend their day, Yoongi isn't sure. Jeongguk's missing, and the curtains are open despite it being only 07:00. The apartment's silent save for the sounds of a settling building, and just as his panic is rising at an alarming rate, it begins to slowly settle when Jeongguk saunters into the room carrying two steaming mugs of what Yoongi assumes is coffee.

He hands Yoongi his mug with a smile that holds the world of meaning; he's scared, he's tired, he's ready for this whole debacle to finally end.

"I can't remember the last time I made you coffee," Jeongguk remarks, blowing away the rising steam from his mug, "I hope I got it right."

Yoongi tests it and then brings the mug in close to his chest, nursing it, "It's perfect. Thank you."

Judging by his damp hair and flushed cheeks, Yoongi gathers that Jeongguk's bathed, and even that small action alone, something that's so simple for everyone to do, is enough to settle Yoongi's worries. Jeongguk's still broken, there's no denying that, it's evident in the way his eyes don't shine as bright as they used to, or how subdued his entire aura is, but there's hints of himself still there, clues of the small shred of stability that he's still trying to grasp onto.
They choose to drink in silence, to appreciate one another's quiet presence. Yoongi tries not to think about how much he'll miss this, how painful the next morning will be when he'll realise that he's alone, that Jeongguk's not about to walk through his bedroom door with coffee. Instead, he places his focus on the here and now, because there's no time to grieve. He'll have time for that in the coming months, maybe years.

"What do you wanna do today, petal?" he watches Jeongguk over the rim of his mug, studying him, trying to read his thought process through his eyes.

"Nothing extravagant. I don't see the point in going somewhere, I'd much rather chill here until it's time," he doesn't look at Yoongi as he brings his knees up, hugging them in close to his chest, looking small and fragile and like a single gust of wind could knock him over, "As long as I'm with you, I'm happy."

Yoongi smiles the biggest he's smiled in a long time, and Jeongguk returns one just as bright before he manoeuvres himself over to place his head down on Yoongi's duvet-covered lap. His eyes slip shut as Yoongi's fingers card through his damp hair, fingernails gently scraping against his scalp, and Jeongguk's soft, relaxed hums fill the otherwise silent room.

The bliss might just be momentary, but Yoongi still revels in it, feels it fill his chest with love and adoration for this kid that's, really, no longer a kid, is in fact a grown man who's blossomed into someone so sincere, so infectious. Had he known back then that a simple act of kindness, and perhaps maybe even a moment of madness, would bring him to this, he would've hardly believed it.

When their mugs have been drained and the sun has fully risen, the clouds that have been hanging over their heads feel like they're beginning to slowly return. They begin to move, and it's nothing exciting. Instead of lounging in bed, they move to the sofa, and then to the kitchen where Yoongi cooks them breakfast and Jeongguk watches with his chin propped on his hand and a look as close to peace as it can get on his face.

Their dishes get left on the island once their food's gone, because Jeongguk's eager, perhaps even mad with the way in which he advances on Yoongi; teeth pulling on his lower lip, fingers scraping against Yoongi with such intense force that Yoongi has to break their kiss for a moment. He pushes Jeongguk away by the chest, and gazes dazedly down at the tiles as he tries to relax his laboured breathing.

With glassy, half-lidded eyes, Jeongguk watches him, his chest rising and falling as his tongue swipes at his kiss-swollen lips.

"Take it easy, okay?" Yoongi says with a breathless chuckle, hands running through his hair as Jeongguk's hands roam slowly up and down his thighs, "There's no rush."

Leaning onto Yoongi's thighs, Jeongguk's head hangs from his shoulders as he sighs heavily, and Yoongi presses a light kiss to the crown of his head.

"I feel like I'm trying to beat the clock," Jeongguk mumbles, hands becoming more bold, fingertips finding their way into the waistband of Yoongi's joggers, "Like if I don't hurry the fuck up that you're just gonna disappear into thin air."

Resting his forehead against Yoongi's shoulder, Yoongi feels Jeongguk's intake of breath as he wraps his hand around Yoongi's soft cock.

Tugging on the hair at the back of Jeongguk's head, Yoongi feels heat begin to pool deep down at the base of his spine as Jeongguk works him to hardness. "I'm not going anywhere," Yoongi assures
with a strain in his voice when Jeongguk's thumb swipes over the head of his cock, "Not yet, anyway."

"God," Jeongguk bites through gritted teeth, lifting his head to level Yoongi's gaze, wrist moving slowly as Yoongi becomes more aroused, "This is gonna be the last time we do this for a long time," he glances down at Yoongi, at his hand moving beneath the material of his joggers, lip caught between his teeth before he murmurs, "We're gonna have to make it count."

He's not entirely sure how they make it to the bedroom. After Jeongguk had unceremoniously tugged Yoongi's trousers down around his hips and started jerking him off more vigorously, Yoongi's mind had pretty much short-circuited.

Every touch feels that bit more intimate, like the very imprint of Jeongguk's lips will remain etched into Yoongi's skin for years after, and as Yoongi watches him meticulously kiss across what looks to be every inch of Yoongi's torso, that ache in his heart returns. He's quiet, and so is Jeongguk, and it's never been like this. Either one or the two are singing to high heavens, but there's a sombre atmosphere surrounding them, and perhaps they feel like their cacophony of ecstasy will mess with their ability to concentrate, to remember every single intricate detail of this moment.

Yoongi's back arches up off of the bed when Jeongguk's lips wrap delicately around his nipple, sucking ever so lightly, and Yoongi cradles the back of his head, lips parted in awe as he watches Jeongguk shift to his left side to give his other nipple equal amount of tender attention. Jeongguk's attention then turns to Yoongi's ribcage, of which he drags his teeth across before he reverts back to kissing, descending downward, reaching the jut of Yoongi's hipbones over which he runs his tongue across, causing Yoongi to elicit a high noise in the back of his throat.

He takes extra care of Yoongi's body this time, pays special attention to places he usually doesn't think to, like the softness of Yoongi's inner thighs, peppering kisses across the faint stretch marks there before nosing against Yoongi's balls, and Yoongi thrusts upwards shallowly, biting the inside of his cheek and lifting his head to watch through dazed eyes as Jeongguk moves back to his thighs, kissing over the downy hair there until he reaches Yoongi's knees. He rises to his knees, cradling Yoongi's calf with his palm as he bends to lean against the inner side of Yoongi's knee, and he simply rests there for a moment.

Given his flushed hardness, its leaking state, Yoongi wishes Jeongguk would speed this up, but he doesn't want it to end, wants Jeongguk to take as much times as he needs. "I'm gonna miss this," Jeongguk whispers against his skin as he skirts backward a tad so he can lift the top of Yoongi's foot to his lips, "Your body, your lips," he kisses across Yoongi's foot, and this is new, but not unwelcome, and Yoongi's cock bobs eagerly as he watches Jeongguk become immersed in his ministrations, "Your voice, your everything."

"D-don't dwell on that right now," Yoongi croaks, head falling back against the pillow when Jeongguk begins to ascend, bringing his kisses up along Yoongi's inner calf, crawling up Yoongi's body until he's hovering over Yoongi's face, gazing down at him with glimmering eyes and red lips. Tracing the pads of his fingertips down the side of Jeongguk's face, Yoongi regards Jeongguk with a small smile, and wonders to himself how, how did it ever have to come to this. "My baby," he whispers as his fingers trace over Jeongguk's cute lips.

Those fingers push past those lips, and it always amazes Yoongi, how such an action is enough to bring immediate solace to Jeongguk.

Pulling his two fingers out for a moment, Jeongguk sighs, "Always. Always."

Jeongguk takes it upon himself to prepare himself, to watch, enraptured, as Yoongi spits onto his
fingers before he reaches behind himself to press them inside of himself. Pushing up onto his elbows, Yoongi watches and notes the twist in Jeongguk's face, that initial burn that always subsides, and his expression soon goes lax when he deftly finds that right spot, and he bows forward, chest coming down to rest on Yoongi's thighs, face inches away from Yoongi's cock as he works himself open in slow, smooth strokes. As Jeongguk mews softly, too focused on the burning pleasure he's inflicting on himself, Yoongi wraps his hand around himself and directs his cock to Jeongguk's lips.

Jeongguk doesn't open up, instead rubs his cheek against Yoongi's length, a long, drawn-out moan slipping from his lips when Yoongi purposely smears his pre-come across Jeongguk's lips, and Jeongguk tastes him, curses to himself, then rasps, "I'm ready, switch places with me."

They don't use a condom. With the moment that's in it, neither think it necessary for them to have a barrier between them. Their trust is enough to calm any qualms they have about foregoing protection. When Yoongi enters Jeongguk, a sharp breath hisses through his teeth, and he bows his head, eyes closing as he feels emotions surge through him, smothering ones, and Jeongguk grounds him with his arms coming up to wrap around his neck.

"Let it all go," Jeongguk breathes, a whine hanging on his words the further Yoongi's cock slides into him, "Forget everything. Just feel me."

He emphasises his words by rolling his hips gently, and Yoongi's fingers fist the duvet whilst Jeongguk continues circling his hips with an innocent, sort of concerned expression on his features. Yoongi glances between them, at the redness of Jeongguk's cock, at the fluidity of his hips, and he places his hand on Jeongguk's hips, stilling him as he breathes a deep sigh. Jeongguk throws him a questioning look, and Yoongi pats at his own sweaty forehead as he apologises, "I felt myself losing it a bit, sorry."

Cupping Yoongi's cheeks, Jeongguk brings their lips together, and their tongues circle one another slowly, pulling from Jeongguk a soft groan.

"Lose it, then," Jeongguk encourages, this time moving his hips more slowly, swallowing Yoongi's expletive as he does so, "Fuck me whatever way you like."

He does just that, and it's slow, devastatingly slow, and he renders Jeongguk into a writhing, whining mess as he fucks into him, driving in deep and pulling out slow. When a pace is set, he does lose himself to it, and he has his emotions to thank for that as he drives into Jeongguk harder, the headboard banging against the wall every time his hips meet Jeongguk's. Something primal takes over his senses, and he bites on Jeongguk's neck as he fucks him, wanting to leave a mark that he'll take with him to jail so that everyone who he encounters will know that Jeongguk's someone's. He's Yoongi's.

The rougher they fuck, the dirtier Jeongguk gets, and with his hands braced on the headboard and his legs wrapped around Yoongi's hips, he growls, "Make it hurt." There's something in his tone that makes Yoongi slow, makes him find Jeongguk's eyes and quirk his brow, asking a silent question. Jeongguk only gets more insistent, "Harder, Yoongi." He's whining now, fisting his cock as Yoongi's thrusts become significantly less rough, and after a few moments Jeongguk curses viciously, "Fucking hell, hyung, just fuck me, hurt me."

Yoongi's hips come to an abrupt stop, his brows knitting together as he watches Jeongguk's hands come up to cover his face.

"Why would I do that?" Yoongi asks quietly before realising that Jeongguk's shaking and weeping into his hands. He reaches up to push Jeongguk's hair off of his forehead, and his chest feels hollow when Jeongguk blinks up at him through teary, dark eyes.
Jeongguk's gaze shifts to the ceiling, and his voice quakes as he explains, rather ashamedly, "I wanna feel something that's not pleasure, because with you it's so maddening it's-it's fucking beautiful and the thought of possibly never experiencing this again is messing me up. There's this sick part of me that wants you to taint me so it'll hurt less when I leave. I'm sorry. I don't know why I'm trying to make this sound in any way logical." His tears still fall, and Yoongi distracts himself from the fear travelling through his veins by kissing the lines of Jeongguk's tears, shushing Jeongguk's spiel as he does so.

"You're delirious. Don't think like that. Enjoy this like you always have," he smirks, and Jeongguk weakly returns a knowing smile before they both laugh awkwardly when Yoongi adds, "And we both know just how much you enjoy this."

Yoongi fucks him slow after that, cradles his cheeks in his palms, studies every single expression crossing Jeongguk's face as he thrusts into him smoothly. Gripping Yoongi's wrist, Jeongguk's hips buck upwards, and Yoongi chooses not to address the tears gathering in the corners of Jeongguk's eyes as he babbles whatever comes to mind.

"So good. Always so fucking good, hyung." "God, I'll miss succumbing to you." "I love you. I love you. I love you, I love you, I love you." He fucks Jeongguk through his orgasm whilst his own creeps up on him, his gut twisting as Jeongguk begs him to come inside of him, to, "Come in me and claim me."

The aftermath is Jeongguk pressing himself against Yoongi's entire body, their sweat cooling on their skin. There's no more tears, no more words that need to be said. Yoongi wishes he could say something, anything to put Jeongguk at ease, but there's nothing. No amount of reassurance can ready him for what he's about to face.

When there's a knock on the door mere hours later, they're both freshly washed. Yoongi had taken it upon himself to wash Jeongguk's body, and it felt like one last indulgence, watching the way in which Jeongguk's muscles moved beneath his skin as he went over every inch of him with a lather of bubbles. Having shot to his feet the second he'd heard the knock, Yoongi glances back towards Jeongguk who seems calm, or maybe just empty.

"Answer it," Jeongguk orders flatly, standing to his feet, smoothing out the creases in his hoodie as Yoongi wonders if he can even move, if his feet can be lifted from their cemented spot.

Jimin greets him with a smile too wide to be considered genuine. He's overcompensating. Another officer stands beside him, and Yoongi eyes the stranger coolly before throwing Jimin a questioning look. Pushing past Yoongi, sighing, Jimin explains, "It's protocol. I can't arrest someone by myself, and he's cool, so you can relax."

He'd much prefer if it was just the three of them, but Yoongi allows the strange man to enter his home nonetheless.

Jimin wastes no time, and when he brandishes the handcuffs from his belt, Yoongi rolls his eyes, "C'mon, is this really necessary?"

Holding up a finger towards Yoongi, Jimin meets him with a steely glare, "Let me do my job. It's time for the coddling to stop."

Jimin barely speaks a word to Jeongguk as he cuffs him, and the silence hangs heavy over them all when Jimin turns Jeongguk around by the shoulders to present him to Yoongi.

Jeongguk smiles, but it doesn't reach his eyes. It's more for Yoongi than it is for him, but the lack of
brightness in his dark depths prevents any small amount of calm from coming to Yoongi.

Jimin begins his sermon, his speech that he's read out to hundreds of others, "You know how this shit goes. You have the right to remain silent, but, if you do choose silence, it may harm your defence if you don't mention when questioned something which you later rely on in court. Anything you do say may be given in evidence. You have the right to consult your lawyer and to have that lawyer present during any of your questioning."

Life itself seems to have left Jeongguk as Jimin guides him towards the door, his grip on Jeongguk's cuffed wrists behind his back. It all happens so fast, so smoothly that Yoongi has to rush forward, almost tripping over his own feet in his urgency when Jimin turns to frown at him.

"Can I at least say goodbye?"

"You're gonna see him during his interrogation, and then in jail for his statement. This isn't goodbye forever, Yoongi, so don't treat it as such," Jimin's tired of the sugarcoating, Yoongi knows that, but as his friend, as someone who Yoongi considers to be an important part of his life, he's offended by his lack of sympathy.

"It's goodbye to him as a free man," Yoongi snarks, fingers itching to do something that he'll regret later, "Show some mercy you fuck-"

Jimin's partner, who's considerably bigger, steps between them, and Jeongguk's eyes remain focused on Yoongi and only Yoongi.

"Sir, if you don't respect the law and its representatives then we'll have to book you," the stranger warns, fingers on something in his belt that Yoongi can't quite see.

"Fuck the law," Yoongi spits, "And fuck you."

"Yoongi," Jimin sighs in exasperation before he tugs his partner back by the shoulder, "You're really not making this easier for yourself or Jeongguk." He pauses, and him and his partner share a look before Jimin pushes Jeongguk towards Yoongi. "You've got less than a minute. Say your farewells."

Jeongguk's stoic as he stands with his hands behind his back, but there's something in his expression that Yoongi wishes he'll never have to see ever again. There's a dangerous amalgamation of fear, anguish, loss and hatred all mixed together, and as he speaks, he's quiet, broken, "See you on the inside, hyung." They're not alone, and the two sets of stares glaring at them prevents Yoongi from launching himself at Jeongguk, but he does step forward, and he sucks in a breath sharply when he feels his knees wobble.

"See ya, kid," he says quietly before reaching up to bring Jeongguk down towards him, fingertips barely touching as they wrap around Jeongguk's broad shoulders. He takes in as much as he can; the scent of his freshly washed hair, his perfume that he'd spritzed earlier, that devastating scent that clings to Jeongguk's skin that's a mixture of Yoongi's own and his. "I love you. You're so strong, and just know, baby, that I'm gonna go through hell and back if it means freeing you."

After whispering back a shaky, "I love you, too," Jeongguk gets yanked from Yoongi's grip, and his eyes are wide and frightened as Jimin begins turning him from Yoongi, and that's where he cracks. Yoongi didn't expect him to fight, and maybe he should have prepared himself for the unknown, because he has to turn his back when Jeongguk cries out, "Please, a few more minutes. Jimin, please." Yoongi trembles as he listens to Jimin sternly instruct Jeongguk to stop, and he jumps when Jeongguk barks at Jimin's partner, telling him to get off.
The last thing he hears before the door slams shut is Jeongguk's single, lone sob, "Please."

He can't remember the apartment number. His mind's fuzzy and his limbs feel like lead. After nearly getting punched by a lady's boyfriend who answered her door, Yoongi had almost broken his back in his hurry to run away. He texts Namjoon, asking him what number he's in, and his texts barely make sense to him, he can't imagine them making sense to Namjoon.

23:14: Joon.
For fuck sake, you can barely string a sentence together. It's 119. It's always been 119.

Much to his luck, Yoongi finds apartment 119 soon after that, and he sways on his feet as he waits to be taken under Namjoon's wing, because fuck if that's what he needs right now.

Seokjin answers the door, completely unaware of their late night visitor, and his face falls the second he realises it's Yoongi.

Namjoon appears over his shoulder, alert, and Yoongi smiles weakly up at him, shrugging his shoulders innocently before he goes off kilter and almost dives sideways.

"Ah, Jesus," Namjoon mumbles under his breath as he shoves a bewildered Seokjin out of the way before rushing towards Yoongi, catching him just in time. With Yoongi's arm around his shoulders and his own arm around Yoongi's waist, Namjoon guides him into their apartment. In his drunken stupor, Yoongi realises that Seokjin's in silky blue pyjamas, and that Namjoon's got on nothing but a pair of chequered pants.

"Sorry if I interrupted anything," he slurs, and Namjoon immediately clicks his tongue.

"In all honestly, you saved us," Seokjin laughs, and Yoongi blinks slowly up at him from where Namjoon's deposited him ungracefully onto their sofa.

With his hands on his hips, Namjoon narrows his eyes at Seokjin, "Yeah, we were having what you might call a domestic."

Elbowing Namjoon in his side, Seokjin laughs heartily, and Yoongi finds himself grinning when Seokjin explains, "I made cupcakes, told him that since he ate five in the span of twenty minutes, that he'd be doing the washing up. Clearly he's not a gentleman since he refused."

"You know I hate dishwater," Namjoon whines, ignoring Seokjin who wraps his arms around Namjoon's shoulders, making kissy faces at him.

"It's not that bad. Grow some balls, honey," Seokjin requests, planting a loud kiss onto Namjoon's cheek before his attention turns to Yoongi.

The two stare at Yoongi like he's some lost puppy that they don't know how to handle.

"What are we gonna do with you, hm?" Namjoon asks as he plants himself beside Yoongi. He reaches up to try and neaten Yoongi's mussed hair, and it's only after he does so that Yoongi remembers that there might be some vomit in his hair. Namjoon studies him silently, and Yoongi feels like some kind of specimen that the world's smartest people just can't make sense of. "You're in such a state, hyung."
"No shit, captain obvious," Seokjin chastises, bending at the waist to slap Namjoon's thigh, "What Yoongi needs is some TLC."

"What I need is," Yoongi begins, stopping once he feels a wave of nausea hit him. Collecting himself, breathing slowly through his nose, Yoongi continues, "What I need is for the shattered parts of my life to magically put themselves back together."

He hates the pitiful smiles that Seokjin and Namjoon exchange, and he hates himself more for drinking five shots of straight vodka in the span of thirty minutes. With Namjoon on his left and Seokjin on his right, Yoongi curls into himself, and he feels those emotions creeping up again, his inebriation not helping in any way to stop the tears that threaten to burst from him.

"I don't want to be alone right now," Yoongi mumbles, staring down at his knees as Seokjin rubs slow circles across his back.

"You don't need to be, you can stay with us. I don't particularly want you to be alone right now, either. It's better if you're near so I can keep a close eye on you," Namjoon squeezes Yoongi's knee, and when their eyes meet, Yoongi tries his best to let his gratitude be known through the curve of his eyes and the smile on his lips.

"Why? 'You scared I'm gonna throw myself off of this very building or something?" It's meant to be a lighthearted joke, but it doesn't translate as such, judging by the seriousness on Namjoon's brow.

"Yeah, Yoongi. That's exactly what I'm afraid of."

He switches off after that, and he's somewhat thankful for the alcohol coursing through his bloodstream. If he were sober, he wouldn't allow himself to sit curled up beside Namjoon, weeping to his heart's content, but right now, that's just what he needs.

He needs someone to be there for him when the one person who he wants to be there can't be.

Chapter End Notes

you dont know real procrastination until you wait a year to update your fic... i'm so sorry

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