You’ve Got Me Fiendin’ and I’m Ready to Blow

by makkurokuro93

Summary

He was in his final year of college. Final year meant myriad of assignments. Myriad of assignments meant no time for part time jobs. No time for part time jobs meant no money. No money meant no capability to finish his college.

It was a vicious circle and he was on the verge of being kicked out of his room.

Until one day, his beloved best friend went sick and made him agree to replace her to interview one of the most desirable bachelors in South Korea, Min Yoongi.

Park Jimin was about to explore the world of wonder of being a Submissive.

Notes

DISCLAIMER:
1) At beginning, you’ll find it a Fifty Shades of Grey AU, but as the plot goes by I can guarantee you that it is not so Fifty Shades of Grey AU. But you may or may not find some resemblance at some places because I’ve taken some scenes from Fifty Shades of Grey.

2) Title taken from song Flesh by Simon Curtis.

3) This fic contains sexual content in the future, so I hope you understand that it can be so explicit (I tagged it as that. Oh, I need God). But also, this is not a kind of fic that jumps into dirty sex and done. There is some plot going on to build both Yoongi and Jimin's relationship.

4) Additional tags will be added as the story goes by (if I miss some).

5) I blame Park Jimin for revealing Min Yoongi’s true dominant nature at a fanmeeting (not like I mind, Chims, I love you for telling us that).

6) Updated every once (or twice if I have more free time) a week.

7) I love Jung Wheein.
A Favor for Wheein

Chapter Summary

“So, unfortunately I have this assignment to interview some public figure and I have the appointment already. But, I don’t think I can get any better tomorrow, while the appointment—fuck—I don’t think this person will be willing to change the date since he’s so busy or something. I got to make one with him after three freaking months of whining and crying via emails to his secretary before I got a yes. Chims, I can’t let this go! This assignment will have about 70% of my grade for this class. So, please, please, please, can you replace me tomorrow?”

Jemin chocked on air, “Wheein! I’m not a Journalism and Mass Communication student!”

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Park Jimin’s life was currently miserable.

Clutching his aching head, he groaned. Crumpled bills and coins were scattered on his almost-broken coffee table as he cried over his unfortunate life. His wallet was getting thinner, yet the pile of papers on his desk was getting thicker every day. He was wondering if he could apply for some graveyard shifts at the convenience stores around his neighborhood even it meant he would have to cut his sleep time into three or four hours on the days when he had afternoon class. And no sleep at all if he had morning class.

He was in his final year of college. Final year meant myriad of assignments. Myriad of assignments meant no time for part time jobs. No time for part time jobs meant no money. No money meant no capability to finish his college.

It was a vicious circle and he was on the verge of being kicked out of his room for delaying his payment for about three months already.

Jemin could call his parents in Busan and ask them for some money but it meant he would be a burden as a first son because his younger brother was about to enroll into college which meant more money to spend. His family wasn’t loaded and he wouldn’t want to make them more broke than they already were.

But, the money on his coffee table was only enough to feed his stomach for about three days, if he ate once a day, which was impossible since he had to gain energy for his dance class and also to print countless papers for his essay about Meiji Restoration. He was kind of regretting to take minor in Dance while he was barely alive in his Japanese Studies major.

Leaving his money on his table, Jemin got up from his mattress slash sofa slash study area to fetch water from the mini fridge on the counter beside the sink of his mini kitchen which was located like about a meter from his mattress.
Sighing around the neck of the bottle, Jimin glanced at the clock on his table and put the bottle back into his fridge; it was his time to go to class.

Putting on whatever hoodie he could find from the small, plastic cabinet he called wardrobe, Jimin snatched his messenger bag and went out, just to be greeted by the face of the landlord.

Crap.

“Park Jimin.” The landlord crossed her arms on her chest.

“Good afternoon, Ma’am.” Jimin smiled politely while he was panicking inside.

“It’s been almost three months. When will you pay?”

Jimin gulped, “Please give me two weeks, Ma’am! I’ll pay you!”

“You said that two weeks ago,” The lady tsk-ed, “A week.”

“Ten days, please?”

“You want me to reduce it to three days?”

“No, Ma’am!” Jimin squeaked, “A week, it is!”

“Good.” The lady sighed, “A week with no money, I’ll evict you without your consent.”

“Okay.” Jimin answered with small voice.

The murderous-looking lady finally walked away and Jimin could breathe again. But, on the second thought, how would he pay his three months payment in a week? He was barely hanging on his life.

Not wanting to get more headache he had already had, Jimin left from his front door to climb down the stairs and go to his university.

“Yo!” A cheerful voice was heard when he was brooding on his seat, waiting for his general course’s lecturer to come.

“Shut up, Wheein. I’m not in the mood.” Jimin groaned.

The girl sat down beside him and frowned, “What’s wrong, Chims?”

“Nothing, it’s just—my landlord is going to evict me if I don’t pay her by next week.”

Wheein gasped, “So rude! Chims, I’ve told you I could help you! Come on, just say yes! I can lend him you some money.”

“It’s three months payment. I don’t think you’ll have that much money.” Jimin stated the fact before shrinking further into his seat, “Also, I don’t want to burden my friend.”

“Oh, well, yeah, I don’t have that much money, but we can work for it? I mean, I don’t mind to ask Yongsun-noona to help you.”

“No!” Jimin straightened his back abruptly, “No, Wheein, no! That’s more mortifying than borrowing some money from you! I’m not even that close to Yongsun-noona!”

“But, Chims!” Wheein whined, “How will you earn the money by next week?”
Jimin pressed his lips together, “Don’t worry. I’ll figure something out.”

Sighing, Wheein threw her bag on the desk in defeat, “Fine! But, if you really can’t earn it before the deadline, you have to let me help you.”

Jimin knocked his shoulder on the girl’s and smiled, “Thank you. You’re the best.”

The lecturer came and Jimin mentally noted; graveyard shifts, it was.

—Or not.

Jimin had applied to some convenience stores around but none of them was willing to give out weekly payment. All of them would accumulate his working hours and pay him by the end of the month. But, Jimin didn’t have a month, and he didn’t have even a week by now that he had spent two days asking around.

He was swinging on a swing that night, crying over his pathetic life mentally, when suddenly his phone went off. Without checking the caller, Jimin picked it up.

“Hello?”


Jimin frowned at the toad voice coming from his speaker and checked the caller; it was Wheein.

“Wheein? What the hell is wrong with your voice?” Jimin asked.

There was a painful groan from the other line, followed by a string of frantic coughs, and then Wheein’s toad voice came back, “I’m sick—like—really sick. The sickest sick ever in my entire life.”

“Stop being drama queen and tell me what’s wrong? Did you get a fever?”

“Yeah. Fever. Cough. Runny nose. Everything hurts! I’m going to die!”

“You’re not going to die, Wheein.” Jimin chuckled, but he couldn’t help but worried about his friend’s condition since it sounded so bad, “Do you need me to bring you some porridge and medicine?”

“No, Yongsun-eonnie is here and has taken care of stuff. But, I do need you to do some favor though.”

“Yeah, tell me. I’ll help you if I can.”

“So, unfortunately I have this assignment to interview some public figure and I have the appointment already. But, I don’t think I can get any better tomorrow, while the appointment—fuck—I don’t think this person will be willing to change the date since he’s so busy or something. I got to make one with him after three freaking months of whining and crying via emails to his secretary before I got a yes. Chims, I can’t let this go! This assignment will have about 70% of my grade for this class. So, please, please, please, can you replace me tomorrow?”

Jimin choked on air, “Wheein! I’m not a Journalism and Mass Communication student!”

“But, you’ve attended that Basic Communication course with me!”

“It was one term! And it was because I had to choose on general course! And I chose it because you
were in that too so at least I had a friend!”

“You’re majoring language studies so I bet you’re good with communication too! It won’t be that bad, Chims!”

“Wheein!” Jimin groaned. He saw a mother looking at him strangely at the loudness of his voice so he had to cover his mouth and hissed into his phone, “Listen, I’m a Japanese Studies student, okay? I can’t go in there to start conversation with **ohayou gozaimasu** and end it with **arigatou gozaimasu**, because that’s my field but I’m 100% sure it’s not your assignment about. I can’t.”

And then Wheein went silent on the other line.

“Wheein?” Jimin asked in panic, the last thing he wanted was his friend to be upset at him.

“Oh, well,” Wheein sniffled, “I’ll just fail this class then...I’ll—I’ll just retake it next year. I’m sorry, Chims. Bye.”

The dial was hung up and Jimin crouched down in despair. He knew he had fallen into Wheein heart-wrenching-whining trap, but it didn’t stop him from dialing Wheein’s number back.

“Hello?” Wheein’s sniffle greeted him.

“Fuck, okay! Okay!” Jimin hissed, mentally thinking how he would regret it later, “I’ll do it, okay? Don’t cry, Wheein.”

“Really?? Aw, Chims, you’re the sweetest! Thank you so much! And don’t worry, I’ll pay you for it!”

“What?! No!”

“Yes! Just consider it as errands you have to run just like you deliver newspaper and get money from that, yeah? That’s the least I can do for you, my beloved mochi. I’ll send you the address and the time you have to go there tomorrow after this call. Love ya! Mwah!”

And the dial was hung up once again.

Jimin couldn’t help but felt being fooled, but there was no way Wheein fooling him about her sickness just so she could help him with his economic trouble. Or was she?

His phone beeped and a notification appeared on his lock screen.

**Jung Wheein** shared a location.

**Jung Wheein** : The appointment is 11am but it’ll be better if you come a little bit earlier, just to show him that you’re serious about the interview.

**Jung Wheein** : I’ll send you the questions to your email. You can add some more to liven the interview though.

The boy pursed his lips and stared at the darkening sky above him thoughtfully. And then he unlocked his screen to reply his best friend.

**Park Jimin** : Who’s the interviewee anyway?

**Park Jimin** : You didn’t tell me yet.
Jung Wheein: Oh, I didn’t? My bad!

Jung Wheein: It’s Min Yoongi.

Jimin had a sudden urge to throw his phone into the nearest puddle of rain water and just to move out the country and change his name into Jeremy. But, he didn’t.

Instead, he gripped the nearest lamp pole and groaned for the umpteenth time for the night.

Min Yoongi was one of the most desirable bachelors in South Korea. He was CEO of the most monstrous and trusted law firm in Seoul. As a lawyer himself, Min Yoongi had succeeded defending so many rich people and public figures. He was so young though, 28 years old at the time. And single (hence, one of the most desirable bachelors). He hadn’t drawn any news about dating women and no one knew his real reason. The statement he usually gave on every magazine asking about this was that he was too busy to date since he was practically married to his job.

Oh, and he had the face too. He was fair skinned, black haired, lazy smirk which could any woman swoon. He wasn’t that tall, one of the magazine revealed that his height was only about a centimeter taller than Jimin.

Young, handsome, ambitious, single and successful, no wonder he was awarded by the title.

And no, Jimin hadn’t been tracking Min Yoongi’s profile and articles. It just happened because he best friended with Wheein who was like the biggest fan of the man Jimin had ever met.

So, Jimin had to face the mogul with his limited skill. If he was kicked out before the interview was done, he wouldn’t be surprised. And he only hoped he would do well, because this wasn’t about him, it was about Wheein’s grade.

Once he arrived at his tiny room, Jimin turned his old notebook on and opened the file Wheein had sent to his email. The questions were basic, just what magazines usually asked the mogul. And he couldn’t help but snort to read a question about Min Yoongi’s love life. He was sure he would get the same answer because that was what the lawyer always said in all interviews.

Maybe Jimin wasn’t in the right major, but he knew basic interview procedure since he had had to interview a native Japanese speaker before. It wouldn’t be the same with Wheein’s procedure, but at least the girl would have the idea.

So, he wrote down the questions on his note book with enough spaces to write down each answer between them. He also checked his phone storage just to make sure he wouldn’t run out of it in the middle of recording.

When Jimin was done, he realized that the time had hit midnight. He had to sleep or he would show up like a zombie, and he wasn’t sure he wanted that. So, after packing pens, note book, power bank and headset into his bag, Jimin prepared to sleep.

It was going to be a restless night.

The building in front of him was tall and intimidating that he had to swallow the lump forming in his throat. When Jimin stepped into the lobby with his crumpled white button down shirt under beige
oversized cardigan which fell until the upper thighs of his black jeans, he was sure all eyes were on him. He knew he was underdressed but they were the most formal clothes he had since his wardrobe was dominated by hoodies, shirts, sweatpants and ripped jeans.

Walking carefully over the receptionist, he cleared his throat to gain some attention. The woman looked up to him judgingly but smiled nonetheless; basic procedure, of course.

“May I help you, Sir?” She asked.

“Uh,” Jimin started, “I have interview appointment with Min Yoongi under the name Jung Wheein.”

“Jung Wheein. Please wait a minute, Sir.” The young woman typed something on her computer and then there was sound from the printer behind her. She turned around to take a thin card which she immediately tapped on some flat-surfaced cylinder beside the keyboard with a beep. And then she stood up again to give him the card. “This is a visitor card. You have to tap this on the gate to enter the office area also on the elevator before you press your destination floor. Your destination is on the eleventh floor. You will be greeted by his secretary, who will guide you to Min Yoongi-ssi’s office. Is there anything else I could help you with, Sir?”

“No, thank you.” Jimin sent her a tight smile before leaving the counter to the line of small gates on the other side of the lobby. He tapped his visitor card on the blinking red surface until it turned blue and passed the opened gate. Since it was office hour, he didn’t see so much people around, might be working in their cubicles or something. So, when he stepped into the elevator he was all alone. Tapping his card on the screen, Jimin pressed the eleventh button.

During his ride to the destination floor, Jimin couldn’t stay still and started rocking back and forth on his heels. His heartbeat was increasing the higher he went. And he let out a surprised squeak when finally he reached the eleventh floor and the door opened.

Taking a deep breath, Jimin walked out of the elevator. A woman behind a wide wooden desk stood up with a smile on his red lips before asking, “Jung Wheein?”

*My name’s Park Jimin actually but—*“Yes.”

“This way, please.” She gestured and Jimin followed him silently until both of them reached the majestic double-door. She knocked the door and announced, “Yoongi-ssi, Jung Wheein has come.”

When there was a faint “come in” from the other side of the door, Jimin felt like jelly.

The woman scooted away from him and then pushed the door open.

“Please.” She said.

Tightening his grip on the belt of his bag, Jimin stepped in. The door was closed with a soft thud behind him once he was inside and he jolted slightly on the spot hearing the sound.

The room was wide. And luxurious. It was dominated by dark wooden pattern and merlot color. They gave a sensual vibe. And even though the sunlight was so bright, coming through the wide windows all around the walls, Jimin felt claustrophobic. Maybe from his nervousness.

“So, you’re the interviewer.” A voice—deep and a little bit raspy—came from his left.

Jimin gasped and snapped his head to the source just to find the said Min Yoongi standing casually with his blazer draping on his elbow.
“Wha—uhm, yes.”

The lawyer checked him up and down with calculating hum before turning towards the wooden desk in the middle of the room. He hung the blazer on the backrest of the armchair and then started rolling his button down shirt sleeve to his elbow.

“I thought Jung Wheein was a female.” Yoongi stated and then turned to roll his other sleeve.

“Oh, well,” Jimin didn’t know if replacing his friend was allowed so he would just play a role as Wheein, “my mother had wanted me as a girl, so.” He ended it with an awkward chuckle.

Yoongi raised his eyebrow but he didn’t say anything as he sat down on one of the sofa in front of the wooden desk.

“Please, sit down.” Yoongi gestured another sofa across of him, separated by a long coffee table in the middle.

“Thank you.” Jimin muttered and sat down. He fished his phone out and put it on the table, “Do you mind if use recorder during this interview, Min Yoongi-ssi?”

“No, I don’t.” Yoongi curtly answered.

Jimin gave him a smile—or he hoped it a smile and not grimace—and fished out his note book and pen.

“Uhm, do you mind if we start?”

“Not at all.” Yoongi, once again, answered shortly.

The boy cursed mentally and ran the recorder on his phone. Clearing his throat, he started asking the questions one by one. Yoongi always answered him short and clear, and it made Jimin hard to liven the interview. He wasn’t professional in this field, so he just wanted to finish it fast with satisfied answers. Wheein would understand his lacking.

Jimin was stuttering the eighth question: You’re young and settled, there must be so many women chasing after you, so is there any reason you don’t want to commit into relationship? But by the end of it, he didn’t get any answer so he lifted his eyes expectantly at the older lawyer, who was apparently staring at him intensely. The gaze was giving Jimin hard time to breath as he felt his blood rushing up to his face so he looked down immediately to his book, silently wondering what he had done wrong.

He heard a sigh coming out from the lawyer and then he saw a pale hand reaching out his phone on the table, pressing the stop button on the screen. At this, Jimin lifted his head in panic again.

“Mi—Min Yoongi-ssi—”

“You’re not Jung Wheein, are you?” Yoongi interjected his stutter.

Jimin clacked his teeth together, pressing his lips. His head was dizzy from thinking a way to escape the unexpected situation.

“If you’re not Jung Wheein,” Yoongi leaned forward, supporting his upper body with his elbows on his knees, and narrowed his eyes, “who the fuck are you?”

The boy flinched at the profanity but he still couldn’t find a right answer.
“Are you here to spy my firm?” Yoongi asked again, “Because if yes, I will make sure you spend years in jail for trespassing and faking identity.”

“No!” Jimin gasped, “No, Sir.”

Yoongi was still shooting bullet to his head, waiting for him to explain. So, Jimin looked up with defeated sigh, “I’m not Jung Wheein. My name’s Park Jimin and Jung Wheein is my friend. She’s currently bed-resting right now since she has high fever, and I’m doing a favor for her to interview you because this is the matter of 70% score of her class.”

The lawyer leaned back to his backrest and crossed his arms, “Park Jimin, huh?”

“Yes, Sir. My apology, Sir. I should let you know, but I didn’t know if it was allowed to replace my friend, so…”

The young mogul stayed silent and Jimin looked down again to play with the hem of his cardigan.

“I see.” Yoongi said. He stood up to lean his backside on his wooden table, “I won’t throw you into jail, Kid, don’t worry.”

“Thank you, Min Yoongi-ssi.” Jimin said softly. In the back of his head, he really felt guilty to Wheein because he had failed everything.

“I’ll give you—or your friend’s assignment—one more chance.” Yoongi stated, “But by the time, I want it to be ready. Can you do that?”

Jemin lifted his eyes and smiled, “Really?? I—I mean, yes, I understand! I—thank you for your kindness.”

“And one more condition.” Jimin waited for the lawyer to finish patiently, “You have to be the one interviewing me. You came as your friend’s replacement, so you have to finish it yourself.”

Jemin felt his heart fall. But, he couldn’t fail Wheein when he was given a second chance, so he nodded, “Understood, Min Yoongi-ssi. I will come again.”

“You can go for now, don’t forget to leave your number to my secretary so she can contact you when I have time for the interview.”

Jemin nodded frantically and practically shoved everything messily into his backpack, not wanting to make the lawyer waiting too long for his leaving.

Yoongi walked him to the door and he thanked the lawyer once again, with deep bow this time.

“Hey.” Yoongi suddenly called him when he was about to leave.

“Yes?” Jimin asked meekly.

“For your last question about the reason why I don’t date any woman,” Yoongi said as he leaned casually on the doorway, crossing his arms on his lean chest. Jimin was waiting for the lawyer’s usual boring answer with a smile. “I’m gay.”

Okay, that wasn’t what Jimin had expected. He was sure his jaw had fallen down onto the floor.

Yoongi pressed his index finger on his thin, pouty lips, and said, “But, it’s off-record and confidential. Got it?”
The lazy, dangerous smirk on the handsome lawyer’s face made Jimin weak on the knees. He blindly nodded, not saying a thing because he didn’t trust his own voice.

“See you again soon, Park Jimin.” The mogul chuckled lowly, sending the fine hair on Jimin’s nape to stand.

The majestic double-door was closed before Jimin could close his mouth.

Chapter End Notes

yeay first chapter!

comments and kudos are so much appreciated!
"Be My Sub."

Chapter Summary

“To be honest, I have a vacant job with flexible time.” Yoongi said after a while. And then he sent a smirk to Jimin, “And I really think you’ll suit this job so well.”

Widening his eyes, Jimin leaned closer to the table with hopeful expression, “Really?? Oh my God! Please tell me!”

“I’m not sure you’ll like it though.” Yoongi smirked wider.

“I need money, Yoongi-ssi. It doesn’t matter how tough it is! As long as I can earn some money to feed myself and the time is flexible!”

The lawyer contemplated for a while and answered, “Be my sub.”

Chapter Notes

LOOK!
I just wanted to make sure my readers know that, just like what I said in the disclaimer, this fic is not going to jump straight into the hot steamy heated burning in passion setting afire sex right away. I need to build Yoongi and Jimin’s characters and relationship first.

Okay, that we’re clear about that, let’s continue!

Small teaser here: Oh~ the spice!

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

“He what?!” Wheein exclaimed, gaining attention to their table at the college canteen.

“Can you lower your goddamn voice?” Jimin hissed and then sighed, “Yeah, we’ll do second interview to fix my unpreparedness sooner or later, but he wanted me to do it, not you. I don’t know his reason, okay? Don’t you think it’s creepy? I mean, this assignment wasn’t mine to begin with, and he knows that because I told him about it. And he still chose me to do that while he knows you’re the one capable here.”

Wheein hummed thoughtfully, “Maybe, he’s interested with you?”

The small secret Yoongi had told Jimin about his sexual orientation suddenly passed Jimin’s mind. He hadn’t told a single soul, including Wheein, about that, but he was wondering if Yoongi was interested of him.

And then he mentally grimaced, yeah, right, as if. There was no way a VVIP interested of a broke student who couldn’t even do an interview right.

“I don’t know.” Jimin shrugged eventually, “I don’t think so. But, whatever his reason is, I just want
to get over it because he’s intimidating. Like, really intimidating. I couldn’t stop stutter looking at his eyes, okay? It looked like he wanted to eat me or something.”

“Maybe, he does want to eat you. Maybe he wants to devour this cute, inexperienced student.” Wheein wiggled her eyebrows suggestively, but Jimin pushed her salacious face away with his hand.

“Get your goddamn mind out of gutter, will you?” Jimin hissed, but his face betrayed him as it became so red and hot.

“What if he does though? Are you willing to sleep with him?”

“Wheein, one more word, I swear to God I’ll unfriend you.”

The girl cackled, slapping her thigh gleefully, “You gotta see your face, Chims! It’s priceless.”

“I’m out!” Jimin stood up and left the still cackling girl.

The boy fixed the bag on his shoulder and walked back to his room, just to see his stuff being thrown out from his room. Gasping, he ran towards his room and found the landlord instructing the workers to bring whatever junks in Jimin’s room out.

“Ma’am!” Jimin cried out, “What are you doing?!”

“Ah, here comes our Park Jimin.” The lady smiled maliciously, “I’m evicting you, of course.”

“But, you said a week!”

“Oh, well, today’s a sixth day, have you had the money yet, then? Even only for a month payment?”

Jimin bit his tongue. Of course he didn’t.

“No? Then I don’t think you will have three months payment by tomorrow.” His landlord said, “There’s another person willing to pay six months payment in the beginning for her three years contract. I’d rather to trust her than you, boy, so I’m evicting you. Call you friends or something so they can help you to throw your—” The lady distorted her wrinkly face in disgust, “your stuff away or move them somewhere so it won’t block the hallway. I’ll give you five hours.”

By the time his last stuff, his mattress, thrown out to the hallway, the landlord locked the room and then turned to him, “The key.”

Unwillingly, Jimin fished out his key and gave it to her.

“Bye, Park Jimin. I hope we don’t meet anymore.” With that way, she turned on her heel and left with her workers.

Groaning, Jimin crouched down. The tears were forming at the corner of his eyes. With his shaky hand, he fished out his phone from his pocket and pressed the green button of a contact.

When Seokjin’s “hey Jimin” rang from the other side, Jimin burst into tears.

“Hyung!” He whined between his sobs.

Seokjin’s voice turned panic, asking him what was wrong, why he was crying.

“I got kicked out of my room.” Jimin sniffled, folding his free arm on his knees so he could cry into his elbow.
“What?! Why?! You didn’t try to burn your room, did you?!”

“No…”

“Having a pet?”

Jimin sighed, “No, Hyung. I—I didn’t pay my room for three months.”

Seokjin went silent for a while before sighing, “Jimin, I’ve told you to come to me when you need me!”

“I know! I just…I didn’t want to burden you—”

“We were over this conversation—”

“—besides! I really didn’t think about it. I forgot, Hyung. I’m sorry.” Jimin apologized, “You’re not mad at me, right?”

The older man huffed, “I’m not mad at you, Chims. I’m worried, okay? What can I do to help you now?”

“I’m homeless right now so, I think I need some shelter. Will you—will you help me?”

“Of course! Stay at your place right now. I can’t pick you up since I’m at work, but I’ll tell Namjoon to do that, yeah?”

Jimin almost forgot that now Seokjin didn’t live alone anymore. He had a boyfriend.

“Wait! I forgot about Namjoon-hyung. Won’t he mind if I stay with you both? I mean—I’ll understand if you need some priva—”

“One more word, Chims, and I’ll fucking burn you myself.”

It successfully shut Jimin’s ramble. Seokjin promised him that Namjoon would be there soon and they hung the dial. Sighing to himself and to the world, Jimin dropped his butt down on the cold concrete and leaned his back on the wall behind him. He didn’t like to burden his hyung and his hyung’s boyfriend, but he thought it would be better than to ask for help from Wheein, he knew she lived with her family so there was no way she could take him in.

Speaking of which, he remembered that he didn’t really have that many close friends since he wasn’t that open about himself.

Curling his knees on his chest, he buried his face in the crevice between his kneecaps.

After a while that felt like forever, Jimin felt someone looming over him so he looked up, just to meet Namjoon’s worried face.

“So you were kicked out. Namjoon’s low, soothing voice came. And then he looked around Jimin’s stuff, grimacing, “Your landlord is really mean.”

“I got where she came from though. I mean, I’ve broken promises for God knows how many times, so maybe it hit her last straw when I didn’t have money when the deadline was tomorrow.” Jimin explained, “I’m sorry, Hyung. I know I’ll burden you for a while, but I’ll move out as soon as possible once I have money.”

“Nonsense.” Namjoon helped Jimin up and patted the boy’s dirty jeans as if the boy was his own
child, “Seokjin and I would like to take you in forever if you wasn’t resisting. You know how much he loves you, right? He considers you as his brother. And which means, I also consider you as mine. Why don’t you live at ours until your graduation anyway? We have unused guest room you can use and you don’t have to worry about payment.”

“No no no! I can’t do that.” Jimin pouted, “I knew you guys would take me in if I asked you, but I won’t. I’m not that ignorance to weigh my favorite hyungs’ live.”

Namjoon huffed, “You’re as tough as rock. It’s hard to crack you up. Fine. But, you gotta promise us to tell us when you needed help. Just don’t—don’t wait until like this anymore.”

Jimin scratched his neck sheepishly, “I’m sorry, Hyung. And thank you so much. Seokjin-hyung is really lucky to have you.”

“Stop that and let’s get moving.” Namjoon elbowed the younger’s arm playfully with slightly blushing face and started taking the heaviest thing first.

After both of them had managed to load everything onto Namjoon’s Chevrolet pickup truck, Jimin slid onto the shotgun and waited for Namjoon to lock it and slide into driver seat.

The trip to Namjoon and Seokjin’s flat wasn’t that long. But, his trip to his college later would be definitely tough, moreover if he had morning class. But, he was still grateful nonetheless, to have shelter over his head and food to fill his stomach (since he knew how persistent Seokjin was about feeding him).

Namjoon led him towards the guest room once they arrived and spread the sheets over the single bed for Jimin to sleep later. The elder also served a quick, microwave meal which Jimin devoured gratefully since he had been surviving with crackers since the morning.

He really wanted to wait for Seokjin to come home, but apparently the exhaustion and stress took a toll of his stamina that he fell asleep early immediately once he hit the bed in his worn-out clothes.

It was bright when he woke up and he blindly tried to recognize the place, which wasn’t really his room, and remembered the pitiful scene from the previous day. When he was fully awake, he could faintly smell something delicious from the kitchen and his stomach started rumbling. Carefully kicking his legs off the bed, Jimin followed the scent towards the kitchen and he saw the familiar broad shoulders backing him and also the familiar humming coming from the man.

“Hyung.”

Seokjin turned his body upon hearing Jimin’s voice and beamed instantly when he saw the younger.

“Jiminnie! Long time no see!” He cooed and pulled Jimin to sit on the chair, “I’m cooking breakfast, eggs and bacon okay for you?”

“I’m grateful enough that you feed me, Hyung.”

The elder huffed, “You can drop your politeness by now, okay? You’re practically my little brother. Now wait for a minute, I’ll serve it for you.”

They ate together and threw chit-chat here and there over their meal until Jimin realized there was a missing presence.

“Where’s Namjoon-hyung?”
“It’s Thursday, he usually spend the night in his studio since yesterday.” Seokjin smiled, “Good thing though. Now I can have you all for me. You really have to tell me how the fuck you could end up getting kicked out. You said you didn’t pay your room for three months.”

Jimin hummed, “I don’t have money. Since it’s my final year, it’s kind of hectic and I don’t have enough time to get myself a part time job. But, I’m now reconsidering to take late night shift. At least it pays good and I can get myself a room. I hope you can bear with me for a month, Hyung.”

“You’re ridiculous. You can just stay here!”

“Namjoon-hyung told me that too, but no. I refuse to freeload too long.”

“You’re not freeloading.” Seokjin muttered, “But, I guess I can’t change your mind, can I?”

“No,” Jimin shook his head, “I’ll get a job soon and you don’t have to worry about me anymore.”

“Have you called your parents though?” Seokjin asked, “I’m sure they will help you.”

“They’ve sent much money for my sake already. I can’t do that.” Jimin frowned, “Just…let’s drop the topic, Hyung. How’s your life with Namjoon-hyung? Is it nice coming home to someone waiting for you?”

Seokjin sighed dreamily, “You don’t have any idea, Chims. If only same gender marriage was legal in this country, I’d propose him since long time ago. He’s the sweetest boyfriend ever. He’s clumsy and can’t save his life for good without me cooking.” Jimin snorted at this since he also knew how bad Namjoon in the kitchen, “but it also makes me feel the sense of…responsibility? I mean, we live together, we share this space together, and we have our own duty together. He can’t cook but I can. I don’t know shit about plumbing, he knows it like his profession. We fit each other and that—that makes me…how to express this? Satisfied? Complete?”

“You’re so in love.” Jimin smiled softly, “I wish I would have someone like that too.”

“You will, Chims. Now stop with my love life and let’s finish this breakfast because I have work in like—thirty minutes. What are you going to do today?”

“I have class in three hours and I have dance class in the evening. Is it okay if I come home a little bit late?”

“Chims, as long as you stay here, this is your home too.” Seokjin smiled, “Don’t worry. I’ll also make you the duplicate key so you don’t have to wait for one of us to be home.”

Jimin smiled back, “Thank you so much, Hyung.”

“Anytime, Chims.”

Seokjin left first after washing the dishes, giving his key to him. Jimin put on his hoodie and shorts and left a few minutes after, considering continuing his assignment at the library. He didn’t have any general course today which meant he wouldn’t meet Wheein until lunch break. He texted the girl, saying that he would wait for her later, and then put his unused books in his locker, changing them with the ones he would be using for the day.

The day was rolling and boring like usual. Nothing special happened beside the scene Wheein had created when he had been telling her about getting kicked out of his room. She had literally whined and cried for him, gaining some attention in the crowded canteen (as usual), and had given Jimin hard time to explain that no, goddammit I didn’t break her up to everyone who had asked.
When the evening came by, Jimin found himself standing in front of one of the huge mirrors hanging all over the walls of dance room, in his loose tank top and sweat pants. The choreography was relatively hard today and most of his classmates had given up and gone home. He had been left alone in frustration. His skin was sweaty and he felt gross all over. After trying and failing for the last time, Jimin decided it was his time to go home.

He was about to strip himself and shower when his phone went off. Rummaging his bag for a while, he found the device at the bottom of it, buried under his books and clothes. He struggled to pull it out for a while before finally succeeding.

**Unknown Number is calling…**

Jimin contemplated whether to or not to pick it up for a while before pressing the green button.

“Hello?”

“Good evening, Park Jimin-ssi?” A woman’s voice was heard.

He blinked confusedly because he didn’t remember having someone to call him in honorific basis. Leaning on the locker beside his, Jimin replied, “Yes, who is this?”

“Ah, Park Jimin-ssi, I’m sorry for taking up your time. I’m Han Jihyo, Min Yoongi-ssi’s secretary.”

Jimin almost choked on his own saliva as he recalled the beautiful woman with red lips having greeted him when he had been in Min Yoongi’s office.

“Oh, ah, yes? Han Jihyo-ssi, how could I help you?”

“I was told to give you a message from my superior about your next appointment.”

Right, Jimin almost forgot about his appointment with Min Yoongi to redo the interview. Clearing his throat, he confirmed his willingness.

“Is Saturday night this week okay for you?”

“Yes, of course. What time will it be? And where?”

“You’ll be picked up by 8pm. Could you please tell me your address?”

Jimin told her Seokjin’s address, earning an understanding hum, “Noted. We’ll pick you up on the set date. Good evening, Park Jimin-ssi.”

And the call was hung up.

He looked at his screen absentmindedly until it became dark and locked.

Jimin had about a day and half to prepare the interview. This was his second chance and he would do it meticulously, he couldn’t fail Wheein for the second time.

“Where are you going?”
Jimin looked up from his shoelace to a frowning Seokjin with curious Namjoon behind him.

“Ah,” Jimin scratched his cheek, “I have an appointment to finish an assignment from class.”

“This late?”

“Babe, it’s only 8pm and it’s Saturday night. What do you mean this late?” Namjoon laughed.

Jimin chuckled and stood up with his backpack, “I’m going to be late so don’t wait up for me, Hyungs. I’ll eat dinner outside with this person.”

“Are you sure it’s not a date?” Namjoon wiggled his thick eyebrows.

“No,” Jimin whined, “I told you it’s an assignment!” He checked the time on his phone and gasped, “I’m late for three minutes! Bye, Hyungs!”

He hurriedly ran out of the apartment, ignoring a faint question of ‘it's a date, right?’ from Namjoon to Seokjin.

The elevator was fast, but it wasn’t fast enough for him. He kept rocking back and forth on his heels, waiting for it to reach the ground floor. And when it stopped with a ding, Jimin practically ran off the building and looked around the road. He saw a car blinking its light on the side of road across of him. Jimin gave it a little wave even though he didn’t know if whoever picking him up could even see him. After looking right and left to make sure the road was empty, Jimin j-walked hurriedly towards the nearest door. It was opened from the inside and he saw Min Yoongi peeking up from the car.

“Hop on.” The lawyer said with a soft jerk of his head.

Jimin quickly slid into the black, sleek car and closed the door beside him.

“Good evening, Park Jimin.” Min Yoongi greeted him properly with a lazy smirk; the same lazy smirk having made Jimin tingling all over during the previous time they had met.

“Go—good evening, Min Yoongi-ssi.” Jimin stuttered.

Min Yoongi looked handsome. Okay, when wasn’t he? But, tonight he wore more casual clothes rather than neat, ironed blazer and white button down shirt like previous time. Tonight he also wore the same type of shirt but it had white pattern on its dark base color (was it Prussian blue? Jimin couldn’t really make it in the darkness), sleeves rolled to his elbows and he wore skinny jeans paired with ankle boots. There was chain necklace hanging on his lean chest with a complicated carved pendant. His previously tousled black hair was now falling naturally over his forehead and eyebrows. He looked so much younger like that and it made Jimin self-conscious in his baseball jacket over a plain shirt and a pair of jeans with trainers.

“Where are we going?” Jimin finally asked after gathering some courage, “I hope I’m not underdressed…”

“No, you’re not. You’re cute like that.” Yoongi answered casually; as if he hadn’t just made Jimin’s heart stop at the praise, “We’re heading to my favorite café. Don’t worry, it’s not all uptight, it’s a common one in Gangnam.”

Gangnam. Jimin gulped as he counted the remaining bills in his wallet mentally (courtesy of Jung Wheein who had shoved the bills to him forcefully during her scene at the canteen) and hoped there was enough money to, at least, buy himself a drink. He didn’t want to look like that pathetic.
The chauffeur pulled over in front of a (thank God) small café and Yoongi told him to follow him. They walked up to the second floor and Yoongi found the table with a folded car which had his name written on it. Apparently, the lawyer had made a reservation.

“Let’s order first before we start, okay? We can do that while waiting for the food.” Yoongi asked.

“Ah, alright.” Jimin nodded as he scanned the menu, looking for the cheapest drink.

“Good evening, Min Yoongi-ssi. Long time no see!” The waiter greeted the lawyer familiarly, “I see you have companion tonight.”

“Ah, hello.” Jimin nodded politely.

“This is Park Jimin, my date for the night.” Yoongi said (which sent Jimin’s heart almost jumped off his mouth once again) and chuckled as he saw Jimin’s wide eyes, “I was kidding. We’re here for his assignment.”

The waiter gave them both an understanding nod and pulled out a device from his bag tied around his hips, “Are you ready to order?”

“You know mine already.” Yoongi said and then turned to Jimin, “What about you, Jimin?”

“I’ll take veggie juice.” Jimin said softly, “Thank you.”

“Only juice?” The lawyer raised his eyebrows.

“Uhm, yes.”

Yoongi narrowed his eyes looking at him and Jimin felt like an open-book, he hoped Yoongi wouldn’t know that he was a broke student.

“Okay, veggie juice and sirloin steak, medium, mushroom sauce with mashed potatoes.” Yoongi closed his menu and then snatched the menu from Jimin’s hands before giving them back to the waiter.

“Alright. Please wait ten until fifteen minutes.” The waiter bowed and then left their table before Jimin could give his objection.

“Min Yoongi-ssi—” Jimin tried to argue; his money! His money! He didn’t have that much money!

But, Yoongi held a hand in front him, successfully silencing Jimin up, and smiled, “My treat. I know how it feels to be a college student living separated from parents. Don’t worry, I’m not that inconsiderate. Now, Park Jimin, let’s get started with your—I mean Jung Wheein’s assignment.”

Jimin scrambled to find his note book and set the recorder on his phone. After taking a few deep breaths, he started asking Yoongi from the beginning of the question. And fortunately, he was more prepared this time so the interview went smoothly. Yoongi gave him different answer than the previous time he had told Jimin about the love life question, of course. He gave Jimin that boring answer that he also usually gave to other magazines this time, but Jimin knew better since the secret Yoongi had told him wasn’t exactly easy to forget.

By the time their food came, Jimin had gained the last answer for his last question. He gave a closing statement into the recorder and then turned it off.

“It’s done?” Yoongi asked before sipping his bluish cocktail.
“Yes, thank you for giving me a second chance and,” Jimin gestured the tasty-looking food in front of him, “this.”

“Don’t sweat it.” The lawyer chuckled, “Dig in.”

Min Yoongi was surprisingly easy to talk with. Out of his professional attire, he wasn’t that different from a caring hyung and friend. They talked aimlessly about his professional job and Jimin’s unfortunate life (yes, finally he opened up because he didn’t see what harmful by doing that). They finished the meal and Jimin sighed in satisfaction; it had been a long time since the last time he had eaten steak.

“It was tasty. Thank you, Yoongi-ssi.” Jimin chirped.

Yoongi hummed and sipped the last drop of his cocktail. He leaned back on the backrest of the chair and then started looking Jimin up and down. At the gaze, Jimin couldn’t help but shrink.

“Is there something wrong?” Jimin asked timidly.

The lawyer shook his head, “No, I’m just checking you out. You’re pretty gorgeous for an ordinary college student.”

Jimin felt his face heating up and he looked down to his veggie juice, “Thank you.”

“You said you were evicted and kind of looking for part time jobs?” Yoongi said.

“Yes.” Jimin nodded, “I have to pay tuition fee. But, I have to find ones which out of my schedule. The assignments are piling up non-stop and it makes it hard to find one.”

“And whose apartment it was when I picked you up?”

“My hyung, uh not biological hyung. He’s a hyung from my childhood days and still friending with me until now.” And then Jimin grimaced, “He’s kind enough to give me food and roof, I should really earn some money and move out.”

Yoongi hummed, biting his thumb softly thoughtfully as he kept staring at Jimin’s face.

“To be honest, I have a vacant job with flexible time.” Yoongi said after a while. And then he sent a smirk to Jimin, “And I really think you’ll suit this job so well.”

Widening his eyes, Jimin leaned closer to the table with hopeful expression, “Really?? Oh my God! Please tell me!”

“I’m not sure you’ll like it though.” Yoongi smirked wider.

“I need money, Yoongi-ssi. It doesn’t matter how tough it is! As long as I can earn some money to feed myself and the time is flexible!”

The lawyer contemplated for a while and answered, “Be my sub.”

Blinking, Jimin frowned, “I don’t think I heard it right, Yoongi-ssi. What was it again?”

“I want you to be my sub, Jimin.” Yoongi repeated, “Be my sub and I’ll guarantee all your needs will be fulfilled.”

Jimin wasn’t particularly experienced in this kind of field, but he had rough idea what it was supposed to be. The feeling was dull at first before it developed into anger and humiliation. Jimin
leaned away and whispered in disbelief, “Are you just asking me to be a—a *prostitute* for you?”

“No, a sub is different from a prostitute.” Yoongi remained unaffected as he explained even though Jimin was showing his malice, “It’s far much different. A prostitute means you have to sleep with whoever willing to pay your body. A sub means you just have to sleep with the dom you sign the contract with. And being my sub isn’t all about sex, for your information.”

“But, it’ll be about *sex* eventually and I’ll gain some money from that—that scenario.” Jimin scrunched his face, “I don’t see what’s so different from a prostitute then?” He chuckled bitterly and then he huffed regrettably. He should’ve known Min Yoongi wasn’t all perfect and he should've known this guy had planned this entire scene since the first time they had met. He felt like a fool now.

“I really thank you for agreeing this interview and giving me a second chance.” Jimin said while pulling whatever crumpled bills he could find in his wallet and slammed it on the table. And then he glared at the man in front of him, who was still having his unaffected flat expression, it fueled more anger in Jimin. He stood up then, “I know my money’s not enough to cover my food. So, I’ll also thank you for the food. But, I don’t think we should meet again. Bye, Min Yoongi-ssi.”

Without waiting for Yoongi’s response, Jimin turned on his heel and left the café as fast as his legs could bring.

Until he remembered he didn’t have any more money and had to ask Namjoon for a pick-up.

Chapter End Notes

COME AND HIT ME UP ON **TWITTER**! I DON’T BITE!

Comments and Kudos are such honors for me guys! (Having achieved 80+ Kudos for first chapter only is beyond expectation! I’ll make sure your love would never go waste!)
Chapter Summary

It had been a month since he got kicked out of his room. It had been a month since the first day he had stayed at Seokjin’s place. It had been a month since he had lashed out in front of Min Yoongi and his stupid idea. And Jimin was still jobless, moneyless and stressed out as ever.

Chapter Notes

i am back with another installment! this is shorter than previous chapters, but kind of important with all narration? lolol i hope you enjoy reading jimin with mental breakdown here because i enjoyed writing it!

mild warning: detailed contract which (also) made me squirming in embarrassment writing it lolol

See the end of the chapter for more notes

It had been a month since he got kicked out of his room. It had been a month since the first day he had stayed at Seokjin’s place. It had been a month since he had lashed out in front of Min Yoongi and his stupid idea. And Jimin was still jobless, moneyless and stressed out as ever.

Okay, Jimin had to admit that he had been pretty much wrong with the whole idea of dom/sub scenario Yoongi had offered to him that night.

The lawyer had been right, being a sub didn’t mean you slept with one particular person and then did whatever strangest fantasies the dom had and fucked like libido-overloaded bunnies every day. No. Being a sub meant you would be taken care of and you would have your own rights to decide the dos and don’ts during the scenario. Jimin also had found a forum discussion about the most vanilla scenarios until the most extreme ones. And every scenario was based on consent from both parties. There was some who became subs without being paid, it was more like their preferences to fulfill their sexual desires. There was some who were paid but not with money, it was more like being given clothes, food or anything the sub needed as a human being (he vaguely recalled Yoongi saying about fulfilling his needs if he had agreed). And there was also some who got together with their doms romantically after a while of contracts.

Besides that, Jimin also did some research of examples of the contract which turned out, much to his surprise, so complex and detailed. The contracts had some clauses which clearly stated about boundaries between the dom and the sub, what they gained during their contract, what they shouldn’t do and also it had legal force. And either party wasn’t allowed to break the rules. Usually both parties would have negotiation over this before signing the contract up. Remembering about Yoongi being a lawyer meant he wouldn’t do anything against the contract which would’ve been made if he had agreed.

Although he clearly understood about that, the idea of fulfilling his needs in exchange of sleeping
with someone was still unsettling. But, he had been reconsidering it once his one-month pledge had been surpassed and he wasn’t making any progress, even though Seokjin had always told him that it’s okay to live here, goddammit, Park Jimin whenever he apologized once in three days.

Until one day, Seokjin had collapsed and had been brought to the hospital. The doctor had given her verdict about the elder’s exhaustion and fatigue, and it had snapped the last string of Jimin’s pride to not go straight to Yoongi’s law firm.

So now, Park Jimin was standing in front of the same building he had visited a month ago when Wheein had asked for his help and just…staring at it until some passerby looking at him strangely.

It was real. He was going to do this. He was going to apologize to Min Yoongi and ask if the offer was still valid because he was desperate to earn some money and he didn’t see any other choice (no, graveyard shifts at convenience stores was annulled since he didn’t think he could survive even for a month without proper sleep, he wasn’t a robot).

Jimin wasn’t virgin per se; he had had some casual hook-ups in the past, so he had been using the same reason to reassure himself that it would be okay. The only thing different was hook-ups just for one night stand, quick fix when he had been stressed out, no kinky shit, messy and fast. But, Jimin knew the contract he would sign with Min Yoongi wasn’t anything like that (come on, he had seen some fetishes the dom might have on his research) and Jimin was inexperienced in that field (he had choked the first time he had read about Shibari).

The receptionist was still the same from the previous time and she greeted him with the same polite, smiley greeting once he leaned over the counter.

“I’m Park Jimin. I’m here to see Min Yoongi-ssi.” Jimin stuttered.

“Did you have appointment, Sir?” The receptionist asked.

Jimin pressed his lips in a thin line, “No, I haven’t.”

“Please wait a minute, I will tell his secretary first.”

The boy nodded and nervously tapped his fingers on his forearm on the counter while the receptionist talked with hushed voice into the intercom. Jimin was praying that Yoongi would have him in.

“Sir?”

“Yes?” Jimin shook his thoughts away.

“Min Yoongi-ssi is about to hold a meeting but his secretary said you are allowed to wait in his office.” The receptionist gave him the visitor card, “Do I need to guide you the way to your destination?”

“No, I know the way. Thank you.” Jimin gave her a polite nod before bolting out towards the small gates lined up near the elevators. He went through the same procedure he felt like it had just been yesterday and reached the eleventh floor with ease where Yoongi’s secretary was waiting for him with a smile.

“Welcome back, Park Jimin-ssi. Please.” She gestured him to follow her and he did. Not like the previous time, she didn’t knock the double-door first, maybe because Yoongi wasn’t inside, and pushed them open.
“Please be comfortable. Would you have a drink, Park Jimin-ssi? We have tea and coffee.”

“No, thank you.” He didn’t think he could leisurely drink goddamn tea at the time like this but she didn’t have to know that. After bowing politely, Yoongi’s secretary left him all alone, sitting on the leather sofa, with tension all over his body.

He was reconsidering to fly out and back away and just go home to bask himself with Seokjin’s unlimited generosity selfishly when suddenly the double-door was pushed open, revealing the fair skinned lawyer walking into the space. Spontaneously, Jimin jolted onto his feet, gripping the hem of his sweater tight.

But, Yoongi walked around the sofas to reach his wooden desk without even greeting him and he felt alien, standing jittery in the middle of the lawyer’s private office. Just like the previous time, Yoongi draped his blazer on the backrest of his armchair and then rolled the sleeves of his button down shirt, sage colored this time, leisurely to his elbows.

Jimin looked down at his shoes and tried to recall the reason he had come to Yoongi’s office in his frantic head.

“I thought you weren’t going to see me again.” Yoongi’s raspy voice came and Jimin lifted his head little just to watch the other man leaning casually against his desk through his bangs, “I wonder what made you come today.”

His first mental reaction when he saw Yoongi’s trademark lazy smirk blooming slowly on that handsome face was fuck, fuck, abort mission but he managed to inhale a lungful of oxygen to calm his inner thought down.

“Istheofferstillvalid??” Jimin said quickly in high-pitched voice.

Yoongi’s eyebrows furrowed slightly, “What was it again?”

The boy raised his shoulders up to his ears, hoping it could hide his red face (of course not), and repeated softly, “Is the offer still valid?”

The lawyer’s lips broke into a wolfish grin and crossed his arms, “What offer?”

“You know what, Yoongi-ssi.” Jimin replied. God, he would die soon in mortification.

“About being my sub?” Yoongi asked, earning a nod from the younger, and then he drawled, “I thought you said no.”

“Oh, God!” Jimin groaned, “Okay! Never mind! Just—just forget I ever came here, yeah?”

He was stomping towards the double-door but suddenly a force came to pull him backwards and turned his body around.

“No. I do mind.” Yoongi said and then sat Jimin down on the leather sofa before taking the space of another one across, “Speak.”

Jimin bit his lower lip and then observed Yoongi’s no-expression face for a while, looking for some mocks or jeers, but he found none. Swallowing his nervousness, Jimin finally started apologizing,

“Okay, I know I was a dick before and I’m really sorry for bitching at you. I admit that the fault is on me, I ranted like I knew about what you were talking about when the fact was I didn’t have any idea. And now, I’m wondering if you’re still up with the offer.”
“And what if I am?”

“I’ll—I’ll say okay?” Jimin squeaked as another rush of blood running to his face, “I’ll do it.”

Opposite to what Jimin had expected, Yoongi frowned, calculating what Jimin had said to him, “You said no before and you’re saying yes now. What’s your reason?”

He just needed to spill the beans, right? Right. So, he told Yoongi the continuation how he couldn’t take them all generosity from Seokjin since he had exhausted the man up and he just needed a job (making the bold point with the grimace on his face).

“But, you have to know that I—I’m mostly inexperienced in this field. I mean, I did have sex before. And I also did some research before finally volunteering myself to you. But, that’s all. I’ve never done anything like this. If you’re up to it, I think—I think I need your guidance.” Jimin ended his speech with meek, “Do you mind?”

Yoongi’s smile bloomed and it turned into light chuckle, “You’re so adorable you know that? I can picture you being my sub already.” And then he leaned back to the sofa, “I don’t mind, Jimin. I’ll help you and guide you slowly in your pace. This is not all about me. You have to gain some pleasure from this scenario too. I don’t want you to force yourself to me, I don’t want to hurt you.”

Yoongi’s last words brought an unfamiliar fluttering feeling in his stomach. Looking at how tender the elder was looking at him, Jimin suddenly felt guiltier for having accused him something terrible although he had apologized about it.

“Okay.” Jimin decided to settle with that.

The lawyer stood up and then opened his drawer. Rummaging it for a minute, he came back to sit on the same sofa with Jimin, but to Jimin’s surprise, managed some distance so he didn’t make the boy uncomfortable.

Yoongi handed him papers, clipped together, and then asked, “You said you did some research before?” Jimin nodded. “So, maybe you know about the contract between a dom and a sub, right?”

“Yes,” Jimin answered, recalling what he had read, “It’s usually made to draw certain boundaries of dos and don’ts for both parties?”

“Correct.” Yoongi smiled wider and then pointed the papers in Jimin’s hands, “This is the rough draft of the contract. I want you to read it thoroughly first and then we can discuss what you don’t know or what you don’t want to do. This is, however, by no means to intimidate you. Even if you want to cancel this after you take it home, I won’t mind.

I’ve always treated my sub as my partner, my companion, not some kind of sex slave. So, if you have any uncomfortableness towards what we’ll do, you can always discuss it with me. The purpose of this contract is so that our arrangement to be mutualistic, not only advantageous for me, but also for you.

But, before that, I want to make sure first, you don’t have any romantic feelings towards me at the meantime right?”

Jimin looked at Yoongi’s serious face and shook his head hesitantly, because he hadn’t expected such question. He was indeed admiring the older lawyer, but he didn’t think it as a romantic feeling.

“No?” Jimin replied, “Why?”
“Open the third page.” Yoongi ordered. Jimin did what he had been told and Yoongi pointed one sub-clause, “Read this."

“The Submissive is not allowed to feel romantic emotion towards The Dominant. If the situation occurs, The Dominant may revoke the contract without further discussion.” Jimin raised eyebrows and turned to Yoongi, “I’m not allowed to fall in love with you during the contract, is that what you mean?”

The lawyer nodded.

“Why so? Isn’t it natural to fall in love?” Jimin frowned, “I’m not saying that I’m going to fall in love with you, but love isn’t something we can control, is it?”

“Nothing’s wrong to fall in love in common circumstance. But, it is wrong to do so during our contract. I’ll elaborate about that later if you decide to sign it up.

Just like I said, I just wanted to make sure. And since you said no, then we can move on with further discussion later after you finish reading all of the clauses and appendixes.”

Shrugging off the weird statement, Jimin nodded, “I understand. I’ll bring this home first and contact you about my decision or if there’s something I want to ask. Should I contact your office or?”

“No, give me your phone. I’ll add my number.” Yoongi raised his hand and Jimin gave his phone obediently. The lawyer tapped in his number and then gave the device back to Jimin. “Done. I should be added to your kakaotalk soon and we can communicate privately. Is there anything else you want to ask?”

Jemin hummed, recalling that he had done everything, and then shook his head, “I think it’s okay. I’ll be leaving first for now.”

“Okay.” Yoongi stood up first and then reached his hand out for Jimin to take. The boy looked at the gesture and hesitantly put his hand on Yoongi’s letting the lawyer to guide him towards the door.

“See you later, I guess?” Jimin said.

Chuckling, Yoongi leaned a little bit closer, saying, “See you soon, Park Jimin.” And then planted an unexpected kiss on Jimin’s cheek.

The boy gasped, clutching the cheek he had been kissed with wide eyes.

“You’ve got to be used to it if you sign the contract up since we’re going to do more than a kiss on your cheek.”

“I—but—I—wha—”

“See you later, Jimin.” Yoongi pushed him out of the room gently and closed the door in front of his flabbergasted face.

“Park Jimin-ssi?” Jihyo, Yoongi’s secretary asked, “Are you okay?”

“I am!” Jimin squeaked and then bolted out of the building as fast as he could, with hand still clutching his cheek while the other one clutching the papers on his chest.
He hadn’t read it right away. Jimin had put the papers on his study desk first, glaring at them like they had offended his mother, and left to finish his assignment due to Monday. He hadn’t even touched it for the rest of the week and he hadn’t even made effort to read the first page.

Jimin had almost forgotten about that when suddenly he had been reminded by Seokjin’s check-out from the hospital.

So on the next Saturday, Jimin spent the night reading the contract and he had to admit that Yoongi’s contract was far easier to read than the examples he had found on the internet. Each clause was short and compact. He had no trouble comprehending them all until he reached the appendixes part. Apparently, Yoongi went for more detailed dos and don’ts there.

“Hmm,” Jimin pursed his lips and then started reading the first paragraph.

**Obedience:**

*The Submissive will obey any instructions given by the Dominant immediately without hesitation or reservation and in an expeditious manner during the scenario, conformable with what has been discussed and agreed. The Submissive will agree to any activity deemed fit and pleasurable by the Dominant excepting those activities which are outlined in hard limits (Appendix 2).*

“No problem.” Jimin muttered, drawing a check beside it. And then he continued to the second one.

*Any necessities needed by The Submissive, including food, sleep, clothes etc., to be discussed.* Jimin read and hummed thoughtfully, “Does this mean he’ll be willing to provide me my own space?” Grinning at the chance to stop disturbing Seokjin’s household any longer, Jimin wrote down the detailed question about where and how he would live, he would discuss it with Yoongi later, before continuing the next one.

He kept checking the points until he reached the punishment, *Failure to comply with any of the above will result in immediate punishment, the nature of which shall be determined by the Dominant.* Blushing, Jimin drew a check for that.

The hard limits, including anything harmful such as anything involved blood and fire and any unwanted pain, were so reasonable, so Jimin checked that too.

But when he reached the soft limits, he couldn’t control the blood swirling to his face. Everything on the point was so detailed. He knew it meant for his safety and consent but he couldn’t help but felt mortified.

Which of the following sexual acts are acceptable to the Submissive?

- Masturbation
- Fellatio
- Anal intercourse
- Anal fisting
- Edging
- Overstimulation
- Mild spanking
- Multiple orgasms
- Breath play

“No!” Jimin whined, “No fisting!” He crossed that point and left the others as they were. He
continued the other point.

Is swallowing semen acceptable to the Submissive? (Which he wrote yes shakily).

“Is the use of sex toys acceptable to the Submissive?” Jimin looked at the detailed points below the questions and frowned as he found one which he didn’t know, “What the hell is penis plug?” He took his phone and googled the said sex toy. And the result was shocking he almost threw his phone away (it seemed he had felt that often lately) and groaned into his pillow. “Fuck—okay, calm down, Park Jimin, there’s no one here watching you.” He breathed in and breathed out, “No for p-penis plug, what the hell, that looks fucking painful!”

Feeling bothered all over suddenly, he decided to take a brief break and got himself some water from Seokjin’s kitchen. When he was stepping out of his room, he saw Seokjin and Namjoon kissing lazily on the couch in front of the poor forgotten TV and he scrunched his face; he felt like watching his parents.

“Gross.” Jimin stated while passing the couch nonchalantly.

“Jumin!” Namjoon flustered, “I thought you were asleep!”

“Come on, dad one, it’s Saturday night and it’s only 11.” Jimin answered and was about to chug the water down directly from the bottle when he heard Seokjin’s voice.

“Use glass!”

Jumin looked at the bottle in his hand and grimaced; how the fuck Seokjin knew he wasn’t using glass even though they were far separated by wall was beyond his comprehension.

“Alright, dad two.” Jimin muttered and took the glass from the cabinet above the counter. He poured a right amount of water and then drank it in one-shot. After quick-washing it and put it upside down on the drying rack, he walked back towards the living room.

“Why am I dad two while Namjoon’s dad one?” Seokjin pouted, “Am I not your favorite hyung anymore?”

“Hmm, not like that. I just put it based on your arrangement, you know?”

Namjoon raised his eyebrows, “Arrangement?”

“One is basically above two. And it’s pretty obvious Namjoon-hyung’s often the top for your bottom, hence, dad one.” Jimin shrugged and then ran into the safe haven of the guest room when Seokjin roared “Park Jimin!!!” while throwing cushions to his direction.

That he had a good laugh and calmed down, Jimin climbed back into his bed and then continued from where he had left; about bondage now. Gone the calmness he had a few seconds prior, replaced by another wave of heat on his face.

He didn’t mind bondage as long as it wasn’t suspension or gagging, so he wrote as that. And for punishments, he drew crosses next to paddling, whipping and caning.

That it was finished, Jimin threw the clipped papers to the corner of his bed and buried his already heated face into his pillow.

“I can’t believe I’m doing this!” Jimin cried, flailing his legs into the air. And then he sat up abruptly as he remembered he had to tell Yoongi about that. Reaching for the phone he had shoved under the
pillow, Jimin found Yoongi’s contact on his kakaotalk and clicked it to create a new chatroom.

**Park Jimin**: Good evening, Yoongi-ssi.

**Park Jimin**: I’ve finished reading the whole contract.

**Park Jimin**: I’m wondering when you’ll have time to meet and continue for further discussion since I have some questions.

Sighed, Jimin locked his phone and laid spread on his bed, looking at the white ceiling as he waited for the lawyer to reply. But, after a few minutes without any answer, Jimin gave up waiting, assuming Yoongi was asleep since it was midnight already, and walked into the bathroom to brush his teeth and get prepared to sleep.

When he got back, apparently there were a couple of messages Yoongi had sent him. Kneeling on his bed, he unlocked the phone and started reading.

**Min Yoongi**: Evening, Jimin.

**Min Yoongi**: Okay. When will you have time next week? I have a couple of trials on Tuesday and Thursday, other than that I’m free as long as it’s past 6pm during weekdays and 1pm during weekends.

Jemin pulled the crumpled time-table from under his thick modern kanji dictionary to check whether there was vacant slot during the weekday evenings and found one right away.

**Park Jimin**: I’m free on Wednesday evening, if you don’t mind?

**Min Yoongi**: I don’t mind. I’ll pick you up around 7pm at the same apartment complex?

**Park Jimin**: Ah, thank you, if you don’t mind, could you pick me up at my campus?

**Min Yoongi**: Alright. See you in a few days, Jimin.

Chapter End Notes

talk to me on twitter! i'm a good girl! promise!
also, if you're observant, i'm sure what kind of shit is going to go down in the future from this chapter :3

see you on next chapter!
“I almost forgot.” Yoongi suddenly said, tapping his chin with a pen, “We have to set a safe word.”

“Safe word?” Jimin asked, “What’s it?”

“Safe word is used when you think you can’t handle it during sex. For example, when I use toy on you but you don’t like it, or you feel too much pain, or anything that makes you so much uncomfortable. You say the word, I’ll stop it immediately. I’ll add that to our contract also, so it’ll be nice if we set it one now. You can choose something simple like your favorite color, or food, or book, so it’ll be easy to remember.”

The student frowned, trying to find a good word, when suddenly he remembered his favorite Ghibli’s movie, “Totoro.”

Chapter Notes

/sighs/ i enjoy writing this story too much.

by the way, i really thank you guys! i can't believe i've got so much love for this fic asdfghjkl! your kudos and comments are what make me keep going with this story, you don't have any idea how much it mean to me. i'm so grateful guys, i love you so much!

let's stop with my cringey but honest confession and proceed to the new chapter, hihi-

warning: we won't watch totoro at the same way again, sorry to crush your innocent mind guys.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

“Chims! I’m going to have dinner together later together with Yongsun-eonnie, you up?”

Jimin looked up to see Wheein bouncing hopefully on her chair and shook his head with apologetic smile, “I’m sorry, Wheein. I have appointment today.”

Wheein pouted, “Since when you have appointment with other people? It’s not like you have other friends other than me, Yongsun-eonnie, Seokjin-oppa and Namjoon-oppa anyway. Oh, wait, and that hot instructor from Dance, what’s his name again?”

“Hoseok-hyung and he’s not hot, you thirsty kid.” Jimin sighed and then pouted back, “Hey! I have other friends too!”

“Really? Who?”

“Tae and Jungkook! You forgot about them!”
“Ah!” Wheein tapped her fist on her palm, “Those cuties from your high school? Who go to Kyunghee University?”

“Why are you always referring my friends as cute or hot?” Jimin muttered.

Ignoring question, the girl continued, “You’re going to meet them?”

“No.”

“Then who are you going to meet?” Wheein whined, “Why are you keeping secret from me, Chims?! Are you secretly hiding a wife and kid somewhere?! Ooh! Scandal! Sordid affair! Unblessed marriage!”

“You should’ve taken Cinema Production as a writer.” Jimin pushed her twinkling face away, “And none of those, what the hell?”

The girl started pouting again, “A hint, please?”

“No!” Jimin groaned and shouldered his bag, “You! Stay away from me and bring you filthy scenario away!”

And then he stormed out of the canteen.

Sighing in relief when he didn’t see Wheein any longer, Jimin walked towards the front entrance of his university where Yoongi had promised to pick him up at. He was still a little bit early and he leaned on the brick wall, tapping his foot nervously to kill the time.

Yoongi had told him that he would bring Jimin to his place to discuss the contract. To his place.

Which meant Jimin would see what kind of place Min Yoongi lived at and more like the place he would get to be familiar at when he signed the contract up since there was no way Yoongi would bring him out every time they met in the future.

And the vision of him waiting obediently in one large bed for Yoongi was enough to make him turn his body to face the wall and to bang his forehead on it. He was sure his forehead would get red from the force but he just needed to get the dirt out of his mind.

“What are you doing?” A familiar raspy voice was heard so fucking close to his ear that he jumped and hit something blunt with the side of his head. The same voice groaned.

“Oh, my God!” Jimin panicked as he realized he had just headbutted Min Yoongi on the chin, “I’m sorry! I’m sorry! I was startled!”

Yoongi chuckled, rubbing his chin softly, “What was your head made from? A rock?”

Jimin grimaced.

Snorting, the lawyer jerked his head and said, “Come on.”

They slid into the black, sleek car, and then Yoongi instructed the chauffeur to go home.

Jimin didn’t dare to lift his head just yet, feeling embarrassed to have such a dirty mind. But then, he felt a hand touching his shoulder. He looked to his side to see Yoongi’s frowning face. The lawyer reached up to turn the lamp on and then scooted closer.
“Yoongi-ssi?” Jimin squeaked.

The lawyer then swiped Jimin’s bangs backwards, holding the hair with his hand so it didn’t fall back over the boy’s face, and pursed his already pouty lips, “Your forehead is red. Might be from how hard you banged it to the wall.” And then he raised his eyebrow mischievously, “What were you doing anyway? You haven’t answered.”

“Let’s drop the topic.” Jimin replied with awkward chuckle as he pushed Yoongi’s hand away and fixed his bangs to cover the sore spot.

Yoongi hummed as he scooted to his previous spot and turned the lamp off again.

It was so cliché and predictable that Yoongi lived at the penthouse of one prestigious apartment complex. Just like the drama he used to watch together with his mother when he had been a kid every Sunday morning. The thing was he was now the lead actress and Yoongi was the lead actor.

The penthouse, surprisingly, was decorated in same pattern and color like Yoongi’s private office; wood and merlot. There was small, modern crystal lamps hanging in the middle of it. The penthouse was also dominated by glasses all around, so he could see the city light started lighting up in the dark. No divider walls, repeat, no divider walls, except ones that seemed to be bathroom and walk-in closet built near the hugeass bed leaned on the center of furthest wall, which meant if anyone walked into the penthouse during their the do, they could see his bare ass directly. Fancy.

The living space in the middle had steps since its surface a little bit lower than the rest, with massive sofa shaped half-rectangular and a luxurious home theater. Move to the kitchen at the left wing, it was dominated with stainless steel and dark color. As for the right, he only found a wide wooden desk with computer on top of it, just like one Yoongi had in his office, might be the lawyer personal working space. And, surprisingly, a grand piano. Did Yoongi play piano? Wow.

But the luxury aside, Jimin felt the penthouse a little bit—empty? Like, it was huge and wide and beautifully decorated, but he couldn’t find any warmth he usually felt at Seokjin’s place, or his home back in Busan or anyone’s home in general. Was Min Yoongi, the most desired bachelor, the successful young man, the cool and calm persona, lonely? He took a glance to the man who just finished kicking his court shoes and entered the space. Jimin immediately put off his own shoes and followed the older male.

“Just sit down and make yourself comfortable.” Yoongi gestured at the living area, “I’ll bring you some drink. Do you want soft drink or water or tea?”

“Okay. And soft drink is fine.” Jimin said softly and sat down on oh-fuck-so-soft sofa.

Yoongi walked back with two cans of coke and put one of them in front of Jimin before popping his can open. After they had settled comfortably with faint sound of music playing from the TV the lawyer had turned on, Jimin pulled the contract out of his bag and then put it neatly on Yoongi’s side of table.

“Ah,” Yoongi realized and then he put down his can before taking the contract. Jimin knew how much the lawyer was experienced in this when he flipped the papers straight to appendixes part. As soon as he saw the question mark Jimin had drawn next the necessities point, he turned his head to face Jimin, “What’s that you want to discuss about this?”

“Well,” Jimin squirmed under the lawyer’s curious gaze, “first, you’ve known I’m currently freeloding at my hyung’s place, so I’m wondering if you can give me a shelter? It doesn’t have to be huge or something, a small room or anything I can use to sleep is fine. I can usually spend my day
outside anyway.”

“A small room?” Yoongi tapped his knee in contemplation for a while and then hummed, “Do you have any problem with a roommate?”

“No?” Jimin replied, “I’m fine with a roommate, why?”

“You can stay here if you want.”

Flabbergasted, Jimin stuttered, “He—here? With you?”

Yoongi nodded, “I can provide you one more bed, your food is guaranteed and you don’t have to live alone. But, I’m not forcing you or anything. I just think it'll be nice to have someone around to liven this cemetery up while we’re at it.”

Jimin had been right after all, Min Yoongi was kind of a lonely man.

“Okay.” Jimin said softly, “And you don’t have to provide me a bed, I can sleep on this sofa.”

“I can’t let you sleep on the sofa, Jimin.” Yoongi frowned, “You’re my guest.”

“Yoongi-ssi, this sofa is nicer than my previous bed, so it’s really okay. Maybe it’ll be nice to have a blanket, if you don’t mind?”

“I’d ask you to share a bed with me, but I’m afraid it’d be too fast for you.” Yoongi sighed as Jimin gave him an apologetic, agreeing grin, “Okay then. But, if you feel the sofa isn’t that comfortable anymore, you have to tell me. Understood?”

“I will.” The boy promised.

“Then this point is settled.” Yoongi took the pen from his chest pocket and drew a circle. He scanned the next points and then smirked at Jimin, “Swallowing semen is okay for you?”

“Oh, God.” Jimin hid his face in mortification in his elbow.

“Hey, hey,” Yoongi held his shoulder, stroking the sliver of skin peeking from Jimin’s collar with the knuckle of his finger, “don’t be ashamed. We have to discuss this thoroughly. Jimin, look at me.”

The boy let out high-pitched, incoherent whine, muffled by the sleeve.

“Baby, look at me.”

Lifting his face from his elbow abruptly upon hearing the nickname, Jimin gasped, “Baby?!”

“At least it worked.” Yoongi chuckled, “But, I do love addressing my sub as baby whenever we’re alone and calling them with their first name when we’re in public. So, if that’s okay for you, I’d like to address you the same.”

The boy bit his lower lip, he had read about this particular kink, and he wasn’t sure if he wanted to call Yoongi Daddy. Nope. No, thank you.

It didn’t stop him from asking though, “Does it mean I have you call you—uh—call you—”

“If you’re worried whether you have to call me Daddy, then you don’t have to be,” Yoongi interjected, amusedly watching how Jimin’s face kept changing to find the right word, “Daddy kink’s not my department. But, it’ll be lovely if you can call me by my first name.”
“First name?”

“Try it. Call me Yoongi.” The lawyer urged.

Jimin smiled shyly, “Yoongi.”

“That’s it, baby.” Yoongi smiled and gave Jimin’s hand a second long squeeze before the warmth was gone as he flipped the next page. “No penis plug? Reasonable. Most of my previous subs weren’t into that thing also.” He drew circle for that too. He scanned the next points and drew circles beside it until the last page and then closed the contract when he finished.

“Ah, also, we’ll get you medical check-up to see whether you’re clean or not.” Yoongi said again, looking at Jimin with a small smirk, “I love barebacking more than protected sex, for your information.” And then he laughed when Jimin fell into another incoherent splutter. He stood up and ruffled Jimin’s hair, “I’ll revise this first, okay? Wait here.”

Jimin nodded meekly and Yoongi walked over the wooden desk, turning on his personal computer. The boy couldn’t help but swooned to see Yoongi putting on glasses and started working on their contract. He had never seen the mogul with glasses before and they gave him more adoration of how handsome Yoongi had been born. Somewhere along his observation, suddenly Yoongi lifted his face, meeting their eyes together. Jimin felt embarrassed to get caught staring and gave the elder an awkward grin.

“I almost forgot.” Yoongi suddenly said, tapping his chin with a pen, “We have to set a safe word.”

“Safe word?” Jimin asked, “What’s it?”

“Safe word is used when you think you can’t handle it during sex. For example, when I use toy on you but you don’t like it, or you feel too much pain, or anything that makes you so much uncomfortable. You say the word, I’ll stop it immediately. I’ll add that to our contract also, so it’ll be nice if we set it one now. You can choose something simple like your favorite color, or food, or book, so it’ll be easy to remember.”

The student frowned, trying to find a good word, when suddenly he remembered his favorite Ghibli’s movie, “Totoro.”

Yoongi laughed at that, “Totoro?”

“Yeah,” Jimin nodded firmly, “Totoro.”

“Fine, Totoro, it is. Note on your mind so you don’t forget, okay?”

After Jimin giving a nod, Yoongi went back revising the contract diligently. The boy fiddled with his fingers to kill the time and only looked up when he heard the printer running. In a minute, Yoongi had got back to sit next to him with revised contract in his hands. He gave Jimin a pen and then opened the first page.

“Here. Write your name here.” Yoongi pointed an empty space with *(The Submissive)* written below it. So, Jimin did what he had been told. “And then you have to write your initial on every page to show that you’ve read everything before finally,” The lawyer flipped the last page and pointed a signature space at the end of it, “sign this and write your full name. I’ll do the same procedure on my parts and then we’re done.”

“Okay.” Jimin nodded and started writing his initial on every page. He signed the contract up and put his full name under his signature and gave the pen to Yoongi. The lawyer started writing his name in
an empty space with (The Dominant) written below it, put his initial next to Jimin’s on every page also, and sign the contract up with his full name written below.

“There,” Yoongi closed the lid of his pen and smiled at Jimin, “we’re done.”

“Okay.” Jimin squeaked, now what?

Yoongi laughed as he saw the tension on Jimin’s expression. He reached out his hand to pat Jimin’s head, saying, “I almost forgot you’re so inexperienced in this field. Don’t be too tensed, baby. We’ll take it real slow, okay? Remember, don’t be afraid to tell me when you think the pace is too fast or I do something that makes you uncomfortable. This isn’t all about me, it’s also about you. Say it.”

“This isn’t all about you, but also about me.” Jimin repeated and smiled at his hands, “I like how it sounds. It feels good to know I’m not only here for your relief and how you give me right to control our pace. I found some contracts were out of control, even though not many. But, I don’t think you’ll break our contract to know that you’re a lawyer. It’s—well, it’s assuring to me.”

The lawyer slid his hand down from Jimin’s head to cheek and caressed the soft spot under the boy’s eye with his thumb, “Don’t worry, baby. I’ll treat you well.” And then pulled his hand back to stand up and put the contract in the drawer of his desk. “Are you hungry? It’s about dinner time.”

“Kind of.” Jimin answered sheepishly, holding his softly grumbling tummy.

“I usually call the caterer, but since we’re going to share a space from now on, I’d appreciate some suggestion.” Yoongi said, casually leaning on the desk.

Jimin hummed thoughtfully, “Pizza?”

“Pizza?” Yoongi amusedly repeated, “Really?”

“Well, we can find another choice if you don’t like it?” Jimin grimaced, “I didn’t have many options about food, so.”

Smiling tenderly, Yoongi walked closer and patted Jimin’s head, “Pizza is fine, baby. It’s been a while since I ordered one anyway. I’ll let you choose the topping.” And then he handed Jimin his phone after opening Domino’s Pizza’s page.

Grinning widely, Jimin chose Doublecrust Cheesemelting, large.

They chatted casually here and there over pizza and carbonated drinks, trying to get to know more about each other’s background, and threw jokes occasionally. Jimin was grateful that Yoongi really did go slow, following Jimin’s snail speed over their new found relationship. He was glad he had made a right choice to let Min Yoongi throw the fireworks into his poor, boring life.

Unfortunately, it was getting late and Jimin couldn’t afford Seokjin to call the cops about him missing because his hyung could be so vehemently worried like that. So, half-heartedly he told Yoongi that he had to go home for the night.

“Are you sure you don’t want me to walk you back to your door?”

They had reached Seokjin’s apartment with Yoongi driving Jimin back. No chauffeur. The vision of Yoongi driving with his loosened formal attire had been such a torture, the sweet one it was, and Jimin had been trying hard not to squeal because Min Yoongi was so goddamn hot it should’ve been illegal.
“It’s really fine, Yoongi.” Jimin smiled to the older lawyer, unbuckling the seatbelt before taking the bag he had dumped onto Yoongi’s backseats.

“Oh, well, if you say so.” Yoongi sighed, unlocking the door, “Text me when you reach your room, yeah baby?”

“Aye, Sir!” Jimin saluted playfully, earning a chuckled from the lawyer.

“Don’t forget to tell me when you’re ready to move in. I’ll help you with your stuff. Do you need me to rent a truck for that?”

Remembering he had disposed most of his stuff except his clothes and books, Jimin shook his head, “I just need to pack my clothes and books. And I just need to find the right time and reason to tell the hyungs. They’re kind of protective.” And he ended it with a face.

Yoongi hummed, “Well, I got where they came from. It’s kind of hard not to be protective over you.”

“Are you?” Jimin asked teasingly.

“I can be.” Yoongi narrowed his eyes playfully, “Moreover, I can be so possessive. You’ve got to be aware not to touch my bad side, baby.”

Jimin gulped at the threat, he couldn’t help feel excitedly owned when Yoongi said that. “I won’t.”

“Good boy.” The lawyer said, reaching out to pinch Jimin’s chin softly, “Off you go. You better not to worry your hyungs more.”

“Good night, Yoongi.”

Yoongi’s eyes softened, “Good night, baby.”

With that way, Jimin hopped off the car and closed the door carefully with a soft thud. Yoongi rolled the window so he could wave Jimin off and the younger returned it with much vigor. He practically ran into the room, not forgetting to exclaim ‘I’m home! Hi, Hyungs!’, and then he peeked through the window just to see Yoongi’s car still at the same spot where he had left it.

He fished his phone out of his bag and opened his camera. After taking a selfie of him grinning wide to the lens, Jimin opened his kakaotalk to his and Yoongi’s chatroom.

**Park Jimin**: [IMG_712.jpg]

**Park Jimin**: Reached my room safe in one piece!

**Min Yoongi**: Glad to know. Now I’ll go home in ease.

**Min Yoongi**: Talk to you tomorrow, baby.

Giggling, Jimin locked his phone and plugged it to his charger. After changing his clothes into the comfortable set of loose shirt and boxers, deciding to skip the shower since it was so late already, he walked out from his room to join his hyungs watching some action movie.

“You seem glowing.” Namjoon stated, “Did something happen today?”

Jimin felt his cheek heating up. He raised his hands to cup his face and shook his head, “Nothing.”
“Something definitely happened.” Seokjin snickered, “What was it? You know you can tell hyungs, right?”

“I know.” Jimin grinned, “But, maybe later when it’s the right time.”

“Fine.” Seokjin rolled his eyes, “Have you eaten dinner? I have some leftover in the fridge.”

“I have, hyung.” Jimin pulled his knees to his chest and leaned on Namjoon’s shoulder, trapping the tallest of them in the middle of him and Seokjin, “What are you watching?”

Chapter End Notes

i was gonna use 'spirited away' but it was too long so i settled with 'totoro' instead. well, i love all ghibli's movies so~  
but i mean WHO USES TOTORO AS SAFE WORD FOR SEX, our cute park jimin apparently. yeah. that's so cute.  
imagine jimin yells 'totoro!' when he couldn't handle yoongi during their dirty deed. fancy.

comments and kudos are sooooo loved! <33 until next chapter!
Lonely Toothbrush Had a New Friend

Chapter Summary

After brushing his teeth, Jimin hung his toothbrush beside Yoongi’s at the hanger, and felt in awe looking at it. How domestic. How warm. Now Yoongi’s toothbrush didn’t seem lonely anymore, with Jimin’s white-orange one beside it. It gave Jimin’s heart a flutttery feeling and butterflies started moving in warm billows inside his stomach.

Chapter Notes

updating faster because i have announcement at the end of this chapter!

and also, from this chapter on, this story is going to be beta-ed by my lovely jy (sugaz) or sugahyungi on twitter! thank you so much for your hard-work! you made my story better to read!

warning: TOOTH-ROTTING FLUFF AHEAD! don't blame me if you get diabetes after this (or after this story in general because yoonmin is akafhn)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

It had been a week and half since he had signed the contract, yet he still hadn’t found a suitable reason to tell Seokjin about his arrangement to live at Yoongi’s house. There was no way he would go to his hyung and say “Yo, hyung, I got myself a dom so I’ll live with him from now on”. No. Definitely a big no. He didn’t know how Seokjin would react if he knew about the contract he had signed with Yoongi. God, he didn’t want to think about that, Seokjin might get a heart attack and everything would get messy.

He found it insane that Yoongi was patiently waiting for him, not once asking about the move-in arrangement. They had had dinner dates and Yoongi still treated him well, not forcing him to go faster and out of his snail pace, which made him feel guilty. Yoongi not only patiently waited for him, but also led their relationship in a lively atmosphere and prevented anything that would make Jimin uncomfortable.

How perfect could a man be, goddammit.

“Something worrying you, baby?”

Jimin snapped out of his train of thought and saw that Yoongi had leaned a little bit closer, waiting for him to answer the question. For a second, he almost forgot that he was dining with the lawyer. They were at a café around Hongdae but no one paid attention to them so Yoongi had freely used the nickname they had agreed on to check on Jimin’s off behavior.

“Ah, no.” Jimin shook his head, dropping his fork carefully at the edge of his plate.

“Hey,” Yoongi called him, tapping the back of Jimin’s hand with his finger, “you know you can
Biting his lower lip, he looked down at his lap and sighed, “I’m sorry, Yoongi. And yes, something’s bothering me.”

“Want to talk about it?” Yoongi asked.

“It’s about the move-in arrangement.” Jimin said, “I don’t know how to tell it to Seokjin-hyung. I don’t think he’ll take it well if I say I’ve signed contract with you. But, on the other hand, I really want to move out from his place as soon as possible.”

“Why are you so in a rush though? Do you not feel at home there?” Yoongi asked again.

“No, no! His place is so nice! But,” The student sighed, “because I’ve lived at his place for almost two months now and I’ve arranged to move in with you. I don’t want to burden him more and I don’t want to delay the arrangement we’ve made. But, I don’t know how to tell him!” Jimin groaned softly, “This is driving me crazy.”

“Don’t be like that.” Yoongi chuckled, nudging Jimin’s knee with his under the table, “I’m sure your hyungs don’t mind having you longer at their place. And you don’t have to worry about our arrangement, baby. I told you we could go slowly. I’m not forcing you to immediately move in with me. Just relax and the right time will come for you to tell them about it. Or do you want me to pay you a visit and tell them myself?”

“What excuse will you make if you come?” Jimin asked back.

“I haven’t thought about that.” Yoongi pursed his lips in thoughts, “Relative? I can tell them I’m your cousin or something?”

Jimin chuckled, “Yoongi, your face has appeared on the magazine that Seokjin-hyung subscribes to, he will recognize you.”

“Oh, well,” Yoongi frowned, crossing his arms on his chest, “that’s an inconvenience.”

“Yeah.” Jimin sighed and looked at the dancing flame of the candle in the middle of the table.

“Baby?” Yoongi called him until he lifted his face again, “Just tell them you’ll stay with me.”

“And if Seokjin-hyung asks about who you are?”

“Just tell him I’m your boyfriend, if you’re okay with that.” The lawyer smiled.

“Will you be okay with that?” Jimin asked, “I mean, I know you have a reputation to uphold. Is it okay to tell them your sexual orientation?”

Yoongi frowned, “Are they homophobic or?”

“No, oh my God!” Jimin laughed, “They’re the gayest gays in Korea. I mean, these hyungs are dating, Yoongi. Haven’t I told you that?”

“No, you haven’t.” Yoongi’s smile made a comeback, “So, I don’t think we’ll have any problems. I’m sure your hyungs won’t tell every passerby about my sexual preference, will they?”

“I’m sure they won’t. They can keep secret.”

“Then, I don’t see any harm in telling them. As long as they can keep it a secret.” The lawyer took
Jimin’s short and chubby index finger, between his longer and bony thumb and index finger, massaging it softly, “I’m sure it’ll go smoothly.”

Getting the assurance he needed, Jimin maneuvered his hand and took a gentle grip around Yoongi’s finger instead, “Okay. But, maybe I’ll give them hints first. Dropping the news about me having a boyfriend all of a sudden would raise suspicion. Seokjin-hyung’s kind of observant and he knows how I’ve been coping fine without romantic relationships for a long time.”

“Anything that makes you feel okay, baby.” Yoongi smiled, “I’ll be there if you need me.”

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_Park Jimin_: Hyung, I’ll be crashing at my friend’s.

_Park Jimin_: I’ll go home tomorrow.

_Kim Seokjin_: Okay! Be careful, Jiminnie!

_Kim Seokjin_ sent a stamp.

“I got an okay.” Jimin showed the display of his phone to Yoongi with a grin.

He read the chat for a few seconds and broke into a smile, “I’m sure it’ll be okay.” He looked down at the pile of pillows and comforter at the end of the sofa, “Hmm, what else do you need?”

“Can I borrow your clothes?” Jimin asked and then chuckled awkwardly, “I still need these clothes for tomorrow, so.”

“Nonsense.” Yoongi shook his head, “You can wear my clothes tomorrow too. I have some hoodies and jeans and our size isn’t too different. Oh, I have a spare pack of unused briefs. Do you need those too?”

“Can I?”

“Of course.” He beckoned the younger to follow him towards the walk-in closet. It was so wide that Jimin’s jaw fell open. The walls were covered with hangers, shoe racks and neatly folded clothes. In the middle of the space, there was a glass display where Yoongi stored his accessories; neckties, cufflinks, necklaces, rings, earrings.

Wait, earrings?

“Earrings?” Jimin asked out loud, “Wait, you have piercings?”

“I have.” Yoongi confirmed and then tilted his face to show Jimin the three pierced spots on his right earlobe, covered with transparent cover. They were barely visible, that was why Jimin hadn’t noticed them before. “I don’t wear them during work though, talking about professionalism.” The lawyer chuckled, “But, I do wear them occasionally. Why?”

“Ah, no,” Jimin unconsciously touched his own piercing, “I just didn’t think you had them.”

“I was a delinquent, baby, I have a tattoo too.” Yoongi raised one of his eyebrows.

“Seriously??” The boy gasped, “Where??”
The lawyer pinched Jimin’s chin and smirked, “It’s somewhere you can’t see when I’m clothed.”

Upon hearing that, blood rushed into the boy’s face, making his lightly tanned skin darker in blush.

Laughing, Yoongi pulled his hand away, “Let’s save it for later, yeah, baby?”

“Okay.” Jimin squeaked.

Yoongi continued walking towards the corner wardrobe and opened the doors to show where his night outfits were. He turned to Jimin and smiled, “Please feel free to choose whatever you like.”

Jimin approached the wardrobe and took a loose tee and shorts randomly. And then Yoongi beckoned him to the bathroom.

“You can take a shower first and then change your clothes.” Yoongi stated and squatted as he opened the cabinet under the counter to pull out a sealed toothbrush. “Here, you can use this and hang it here beside mine when you’re done.” He pointed at the toothbrush hanger stuck beside the mirror. Yoongi’s white-green toothbrush looked lonely hanging alone there.

“Can I use your body wash and shampoo?” Jimin asked.

“Baby,” Yoongi bopped Jimin’s nose, “we’re going to share a space together. If you like the scent, you can use them anytime. You don’t have to ask. You can cook in the kitchen, watch the TV and even sleep in my bed if you want. I also have piano if you know how to play it.”

“I don’t play piano.” Jimin chuckled, “But, I want to watch you play sometimes.”

“Okay.” Yoongi agreed, “Let’s do that sometime. But for now, I’ll let you take your sweet time showering first.”

Jimin nodded, “Thanks, Yoongi.”

The lawyer only smiled and then closed the door to give the boy privacy. Jimin locked the door, out of habit, not because he didn’t trust Yoongi, and then got undressed. The body wash and shampoo were located at the corner rack beside the shower, and he realized that he would smell like freshly-showered Min Yoongi later. He giggled in embarrassment, but it didn’t stop him from reaching for the tube and pouring the perfect amount of it, enough to lather his body and clean the dirt from his whole day of activity. He did the same with his hair and the shampoo, and stepped out from the shower after he was done.

After brushing his teeth, Jimin hung his toothbrush beside Yoongi’s at the hanger, and felt in awe looking at it. How domestic. How warm. Now Yoongi’s toothbrush didn’t seem lonely anymore, with Jimin’s white-orange one beside it. It gave Jimin’s heart a fluttery feeling and butterflies started moving in warm billows inside his stomach.

Jimin hung the towel on the hanger behind the door and stepped out from the bathroom. The steam from his warm shower escaped a little.

Yoongi had his back towards him currently. He was writing something on the kitchen counter and only turned around when Jimin cleared his throat. He watched as Yoongi checked him out from head to toe with unreadable eyes. He looked at himself and frowned.

“Is there anything wrong with my appearance?” Jimin asked carefully. He was in Yoongi’s loose tee which was really loose and the collar kept slipping down (he secretly wondered how it would look like on Yoongi, he didn’t think he would mind more display of that pale skin, really) and also a pair
of comfortable shorts. He didn’t think there was anything wrong with how he looked.

“Damn, baby,” Yoongi whispered.

Jimin blinked upon hearing the profanity next to his nickname.

“Do you know how good you look in my clothes?” The lawyer asked, eyes going hooded. The look gave Jimin’s heart a jolt. “I really want to kiss you right now.”

The boy bit his lip and then stared at his bare feet, saying, “Well, you can kiss me if you want.”

Yoongi deserved it anyway, he had been so patient and Jimin was sure it was about time to step up to the next level of their arrangement.

He felt another shadow joining his on the floor and he heard Yoongi ask, “Are you sure?”

Jimin braced himself and looked up to see Yoongi’s hopeful face in front of him before his lips broke out into a shy smile, “I am.”

It was enough to make Yoongi raise his hand to Jimin’s neck, caressing the soft skin under his jaw tenderly. Another hand slipped around Jimin’s waist to bring their bodies closer until there was only thin air separating their chests. Yoongi was so close now that Jimin could smell the minty scent of candy they had eaten before in Yoongi’s warm breath, fanning against his anticipating lips. The pink, wet tongue wetting the lawyer’s lower lip was the last sight Jimin had seen before he closed his eyes, giving in completely to Yoongi’s lead.

The kiss was soft, really. It wasn’t more than a press of two pairs of lips. Yet it made Jimin’s body feel like he was burning in flames. Yoongi pressed the hand on Jimin’s back to close the small gap between them and then curled his other hand around the younger’s nape, tilting his head slightly so their lips could slot together better in the new angle.

Yoongi leaned away a little and asked whisperingly, “Okay?”

Jimin had to swallow the lump in his throat before giving a breathy reply, “Okay.”

And then they kissed again. This time Jimin locked his arms over Yoongi’s shoulders as the lawyer pressed their lips a little bit deeper.

When Jimin felt the hot tongue tracing the seam of his lips, he didn’t hesitate to part them, letting Yoongi explore his cavern. It traced Jimin’s palate, teeth, inner cheeks, everything, and when it made soft contact with Jimin’s own tongue, he couldn’t help but whimper into Yoongi’s sinful mouth.

The elder pulled away slightly to try a different angle and Jimin followed his lead blindly. That tongue, Jimin couldn’t get enough of that tongue. Yoongi knew how to pull and push and how to make Jimin chase his pace for more, more. It was teasing and frustrating but it was addicting and intoxicating.

The younger was sure he was clawing Yoongi’s shirt by now, and he was also aware how Yoongi’s hand on his back going a little bit lower before stopping at the curve of his waist. But he didn’t want to stop, God, he couldn’t fucking stop. This kiss was sweetly maddening, like a drug.

When the raging flame was about to explode, Yoongi was the one pulling away. The string of saliva connecting their lips seemed so sensual and intimate at the same time, it made Jimin’s head reel with sudden passion. Yoongi broke the glistening thread off by nipping Jimin’s lower lip before brushing a thumb over it to wipe off the remaining saliva.
Wow, damn, okay, Min Yoongi really knew how to kiss.

“You okay, baby?” Yoongi asked.

Jimin leaned to press his forehead on Yoongi’s shoulder and breathed, “Yeah, I’m more than okay.”

He felt Yoongi’s lips on his neck for a brief second, then the warmth enveloping his body was gone.

“I need to shower,” Yoongi stated, pulling Jimin’s wrist towards the sofa and sitting him there, “You can watch something. Get yourself a drink and be comfortable, yeah?”

Jimin nodded and with one last smile and Yoongi left for the shower, leaving the younger craving for more kisses from those thin, pouty lips. Sighing when he heard the shower started running, Jimin turned the TV on and got up to fix himself a drink; Milkis.

It wasn’t long until Yoongi emerged from the bathroom again, in a comfortable t-shirt and sweatpants. He took a can of coke before sitting down next to Jimin, draping his arm around Jimin’s shoulders as if they had been doing that all along.

Basically, Jimin wouldn’t call his relationship with Yoongi a romantic one; they weren’t boyfriends to begin with. But somehow, the feeling of being pulled close against the lawyer’s side, the warmth sharing, cuddling in front of TV on the sofa just to feel each other’s presence, was the closest thing to a romantic relationship in Jimin’s dictionary. Even his previous boyfriend hadn’t fancied cuddles that much. And with Yoongi, everything just fell into place, as if they had been accustomed to it for a long time. Jimin knew he should’ve been worried about that. Yoongi was ultimately a stranger to him even though they had spent dinner dates together, but for some reason, he felt okay to bask in whatever Yoongi provided him with.

Well, he might as well enjoy everything because YOLO.

He put his chin on Yoongi’s shoulder so that he could study the lawyer’s soft curves and edges better. Feeling eyes on him, Yoongi looked down in silent question.

Jimin let the corner of his lips curl up, “Kiss me again?”

Yoongi put the can down on the table and grabbed each side of Jimin’s head between his hands before diving in for another kiss.

He was woken up by the alarm on his phone, blaring Big Bang’s Bang Bang Bang. Groaning, Jimin blindly reached for his phone and turned the alarm off. He pushed himself up half-heartedly and rubbed at the sleepiness hanging on his heavy eyelids.

“Good morning, baby.”

At the greeting from the raspy, low voice, Jimin realized he wasn’t at Seokjin’s. He swore he almost broke his neck from how fast he turned his head, to see Yoongi leaning on the kitchen counter with a mug nestled in one hand; Jimin bet it was black coffee because Yoongi seemed to be that sort of man.

“Good morning.” Jimin greeted back, scratching his nape in an attempt to hide his blushing cheeks,
“How long have you been up?”

“How long have you been up?” Yoongi said. “I usually get up early to ensure I have what I need for work. You have such a cute sleeping face by the way.”

“Don’t tell me you were watching me sleep from over there?” Jimin chuckled, “That’s creepy, Yoongi.”

The lawyer shrugged, “I love watching you sleep. You look so young, it reminds me that we have a huge age gap.”

“We’re only six years apart, don’t talk like a gramps.” The younger cackled and he got up, stretching his limbs with a satisfied moan, walking towards the bathroom to brush his teeth and wash his face.

“What time will you be going for college?” Yoongi, who had followed him all the way to the bathroom, was now leaning on the doorway with arms crossed on his chest.

“I have class in two hours.” Jimin answered, voice muffled by the toothbrush in his mouth, and turned his face, “The offer for lending me some clothes is still valid, right?”

“Of course.” Yoongi smiled, “Also, I’ll give you a ride to your college.”

Jimin gave him a wide grin of gratitude and continued brushing his teeth. By the time he finished drying his face, Yoongi was standing behind him and sneaked his arms around Jimin’s torso. Jimin watched the reflection of Yoongi peppering kisses from his clothed shoulder to his bare neck, simple ones that made butterflies flutter in his veins. Deciding to stop the one-sided attention, Jimin turned his body and locked his arms behind Yoongi’s nape, scratching the soft hair with his fingers. Yoongi’s arms were now caging him in between his warm body and the cold marble of bathroom counter.

There was a silent request in Yoongi’s eyes, so Jimin leaned closer to plant a brief peck on Yoongi’s lips. Taking it as a green light, the lawyer brought their lips together and started another rally of breathtaking kisses. One of Yoongi’s hands somehow found its way to Jimin’s hip and a thumb slipped under his shirt to draw a circle pattern on the younger’s hipbone.

“I’ll never get enough of kissing you.” Yoongi breathed after leaning away slightly, pressing their foreheads together.

Jimin laughed softly, “We’ve only kissed for a few times. You can’t know that yet.”

“I don’t think I’ll ever want to stop though.” The lawyer said, nipping Jimin’s lower lip softly, “I love your lips. Keep using whatever product you use to keep them soft. Bless whoever made that.”

“You’re ridiculous.” Jimin threw his head back for a real laughter. Yoongi took the chance to nip at the exposed skin, though he didn’t do it hard enough to leave marks.

“We should get ready.” Yoongi said against Jimin’s skin.

“Well, maybe we can start by you letting me go first.”

“Stop seducing me, Park Jimin.”

“Excuse me, Sir, who started caging me in here again?”

Snorting, Yoongi finally let Jimin go, but not before another kiss. He left towards the walk-in closet,
leaving Jimin to play with his slightly swollen lips with a stupid grin on his face. He then followed the lawyer to the closet to choose his outfit for the day.

“I’ll just borrow whatever hoodie you have and the briefs. I’ll wear the jeans from yesterday.” Jimin stated, “And maybe I should start dropping my clothes here, what do you think?”

“That’s a good idea.” Yoongi said, pulling out a maroon hoodie and a box of briefs, handing them to the younger, “Now get changed, we can get breakfast on the way if we leave early.”

“M’kay.” Jimin nodded, taking the hoodie and box from Yoongi to the bathroom.

When he finished getting changed, Yoongi had also finished, dressed up in his usual formal attire. Oh, how Jimin wanted to mess that styled-up hair and neatly tied necktie. Yoongi waited for him by the door with his briefcase and Jimin hurriedly snatched his abandoned backpack from the feet of the sofa and his phone from the coffee table.

Another no-chauffeur day today it seemed as Yoongi slid into the driver’s seat, not that he minded really. So Jimin slid into the passenger seat, fastening his seatbelt.

The trip to his university didn’t take long, they even had time to drop by the nearest coffee shop to grab breakfast, and Jimin felt a little bit disappointed when it ended. He didn’t want to part with Yoongi yet, but he couldn’t afford to skip class since graduating was his reason to sign the contract with the lawyer in the first place.

“See you next time, I guess?” Jimin said hesitantly.

“Hmm,” Yoongi grabbed a folder from the dashboard and raised it to the level of their heads so their faces wouldn’t be visible through the front glass, and planted a surprise kiss on Jimin’s unguarded lips. It was fast and Yoongi had leaned away before Jimin could kiss him back. “See you tomorrow, baby.”

Oh, damn, Jimin didn’t mind having that every morning.

Chapter End Notes

soooooooo, about the announcement.

i have a week trip starting tomorrow so i don' think i'll be able to update next week. i am really sorry for your inconvenience :( but i'll update as soon as i come back! so i really hope you won't leave me (sobs) that's it. that's the announcement. haha i'm sorry if it's too dramatic, i just wanted to let you know that i'd be back (singing 2pm's song)

comments are kudos are my encouragement to keep going guys! thank you for so much love <3
until next week! have a nice weekend!
Next Level, Thanks Tuition Fee

Chapter Summary

Their level of physical interaction somehow wasn’t moving up. The furthest they went was kissing with Jimin pressed up against the kitchen or bathroom counter, which he was sure didn’t count as a proper make-out even. Yoongi was taking a snail pace with Jimin, but the younger thought it was too slow. He didn’t know since when, but he had been craving for more for a while now. More in Jimin’s mind wasn’t anything like mind-blowing, ass-breaking sex or anything, at least not yet, he wasn’t that dirty, okay? He just wanted Yoongi’s hands on his skin, touching him, worshiping him. He needed more contact, yet he didn’t have courage to ask for it even though he knew Yoongi was waiting for his green light.

Chapter Notes

AYO! KEY IS BACK!
how have you been guys? i hope all of you are fine and good! i had a very nice yet exhausting vacation but now i’m back to update! woohoo! i hope you enjoy this chapter also!

psst, does anyone miss me?

Jimin was having his lunch break with Wheein when an announcement came through the speakers, announcing that he was to go to the Dean’s office. Parting with the girl in confusion, Jimin walked alone through the deserted hallway towards the office. A faint ‘come in’ was heard after he knocked on the door three times.

“Park Jimin,” The Dean greeted him with a pleasant smile, “please, sit down.”

“Thank you, Ma’am.” Jimin bowed and then sat down on one of the chairs in front of her table.

“Do you know why you got called here?”

Shaking his head, he answered, “I’m afraid I don’t, Ma’am.”

The Dean sighed and pulled out a paper from her drawer, “Listen, Jimin. You have not broken any rules, you have not failed any classes, overall, you’re really a good student.”

Jimin grimaced. He heard a ‘but’ in her words and he realized what this meeting was about, “Is it because of the tuition fee?”

Taken aback by the sudden reply, the Dean smiled apologetically, “Yes.” She flipped the paper, pushing it across the table to Jimin so he could read it, “This is the detailed payment that you have to pay, by the end of this month.”
The boy sighed bitterly; he had a big debt to settle, “And if I can’t pay by the end of the month?”

“We will have to put your education on hold.”

“On hold??” Jimin lamented, “Oh, no!”

“I wish I could help you. But the administration office has to go by the book, and unfortunately you don’t have a scholarship.” She gave Jimin a sad smile, “I’m so sorry, Jimin.”

Folding the paper into half and putting it between pages of his book so it wouldn’t be crumpled, Jimin managed to send the dean a tight smile, “It’s okay, Ma’am. It’s my responsibility to pay on time anyway. Is there anything else?”

“No, you may be dismissed.”

The boy gave her a bow and then left.

The paper barely weighed anything, but somehow, Jimin felt his bag weighed a ton. He walked into his next class unable to focus on the lesson, and spent the whole hour doodling on his note book, mind heavy with thoughts.

He knew Yoongi would help him if he asked, but he didn’t know how to. There was this shame holding him back from asking for Yoongi’s help, even though the lawyer had assured him that he would help him with his financial troubles.

Upon reaching the library, Jimin put his old laptop on the table and turned it on. While waiting for it to boot up, he opened his chat with Yoongi. He was going to ask for the lawyer’s help, but he backspaced everything once he had typed it. The screen of his laptop came to life and Jimin could see his faint reflection on the screen. Deciding it would be better if he asked Yoongi in person, he opened his latest file and started working on his unfinished assignment.

He typed and typed and typed until his eyes got blurry, and he knew it was time to stop.

Yoongi had told him earlier that day that he would finish late since something had come up. He had apologized to Jimin for not being able to pick him up, and Jimin had assured him that he was fine with it. It wasn’t Yoongi’s duty to drop him off and pick him up everyday. He needed to go back to Seokjin’s place anyway, to pack up his clothes.

Speaking of Seokjin, the older man was getting suspicious about his frequent sleepovers, but still hadn’t inquired about them. Jimin had started sleeping over once every two days, getting more comfortable waking up to Yoongi’s eyes on him while he leaned against the kitchen counter sipping his coffee (and Jimin was right, Yoongi was a black-coffee type of man).

Their level of physical interaction somehow wasn’t moving up. The furthest they went was kissing with Jimin pressed up against the kitchen or bathroom counter, which he was sure didn’t count as a proper make-out even. Yoongi was taking a snail pace with Jimin, but the younger thought it was too slow. He didn’t know since when, but he had been craving for more for a while now. More in Jimin’s mind wasn’t anything like mind-blowing, ass-breaking sex or anything, at least not yet, he wasn’t that dirty, okay? He just wanted Yoongi’s hands on his skin, touching him, worshipping him. He needed more contact, yet he didn’t have courage to ask for it even though he knew Yoongi was waiting for his green light.

Sighing for what seemed like the umpteenth time for that day, Jimin went back to Seokjin’s place. The elder was as usual, watching TV together with his boyfriend when he arrived. Dumping his bag in his room, Jimin rummaged through the dresser and took out some clothes. When he checked, he
only had a few remaining; the next time he brought his clothes over would be the last.

Jimin was folding his clothes when Seokjin appeared at the doorway. From the serious look on his face, he knew the elder was finally going to ask him about his recent disappearances.

“Can we talk?” Seokjin asked, motioning towards the living room.

“Uhm, sure.” Jimin said, shoving the last shirt into his bag, then following the older man.

“So,” Seokjin started once they gathered in the living room, TV off, “Jimin, you know you can be honest with me, right?’’

“Yeah, of course.” Jimin replied timidly, somehow feeling guilty.

“Then, will you tell me where have you been all this time? You’ve rarely slept here lately, where have you been sleeping, honestly?’’ Seokjin frowned but then his face softened, “Please don’t think that I’m restraining you, Chims, I just need to know that you sleep somewhere safe when you don’t sleep here.’’

Jimin fiddled with a loose thread on his shirt, biting his lip, “I—I’ve been sleeping somewhere safe, hyung, don’t worry.’’

“And where is it? Please, I have to know about this at least, right?’’

“Yes, hyung, of course.” Okay, this was it, Jimin took a deep breath and continued, “I’ve been sleeping at my boyfriend’s.’’

“Your what??” This time, it came from Namjoon, “Boyfriend?? Since when have you had one?? Why don’t I know about this??’’

“Joon, baby, I didn’t know about it too.” Seokjin patted Namjoon’s head and turned to Jimin, “Your boyfriend’s?’’

Jimin hummed.

Seokjin went silent for a while, then chuckled, “So, boyfriend, huh? Why didn’t you tell me sooner?’’

He wanted to reply that it was because they weren’t boyfriends, but smiled instead, “I’m just shy, I guess? You know how I cope with this kind of stuff.” He mentally awarded himself an Oscar Award for his acting, even though he felt a little bit guilty for lying.

“Oh, Jimin,” Seokjin brought him into a tight hug, “I’m happy that you got yourself a boyfriend. Will you introduce him to me?’’

“Uhm, maybe later? I don’t know if it’ll last, I want to make sure this is not a quick fling.’’

“Okay!” Seokjin chirped, “Just tell me when you’re ready then.” And then he pulled away, “So, you decided to share a flat with him?’’

_A penthouse actually— “Kind of?’’_

“I see,” Seokjin sighed, “you should’ve told me sooner. Honestly, I was expecting bad news, that you were selling drugs or something (“Hyung, please...”). But, I’m glad it’s a boyfriend involved here. Does he also feed you?’”
The younger nodded, “Don’t worry. He helps me survive.” He chuckled, “He’s a good guy.”

“I trust your judgement. Well, well, Joonie, it seems our Jiminnie has grown up!”

Namjoon pursed his lips and then nodded, “Don’t forget about protection.”

Jimin embarrassingly yelped “Hyung! What the hell?!” at the same time with Seokjin’s “Is that all you got from his story, Joon? Unbelievable.”

Oh, well, at least it had gone smoothly.

Now the only thing he had to worry about was the paper in his bag, hidden securely between his textbook’s pages. He had to make sure neither Seokjin nor Namjoon found it or they would nag him, or worse, pay the tuition fee without Jimin’s consent.

The next day, he got a text from Yoongi telling him that he would be home late because there were circumstances that he had to fix, again. He also told Jimin to go back to their home (he squealed into the pillow at this, because Yoongi just called his penthouse their home) safe and to not forget to eat. Jimin told him okay and that he would be a little late since he had dance practice.

The practice had been so tough that his legs felt like they would give in any time, but it had been fun nonetheless. He just wished Yoongi could’ve picked him up so he didn’t have to ride the packed subway, but he scolded himself mentally. Yoongi was busy and he shouldn’t start acting like a clingy spoilt child just because he was tired to the bones.

Yoongi wasn’t home when he arrived, despite how late it was. So Jimin made himself at home with a bag of potato chips from Yoongi’s cabinet, a glass of water and his laptop, deciding to finish one of his assignments.

When he took out his textbook for reference, a paper he had forgotten about flew, and landed not far from the spot where he was seated on the floor. Leaning over the stack of books to reach it, he unfolded the paper to check what it contained and was reminded of the burden. He checked the total he had to pay by the end of the month, which was in ten days, and sighed audibly. Deciding not to stress himself more since he already had a handful of assignments due the day after tomorrow, Jimin threw the paper carelessly onto the table and turned his laptop on. Once he opened the file, he drowned himself in it, until he fell asleep...

“Baby, wake up.”

Jimin flinched a little when he felt someone shaking his shoulder gently. Blinking the sleep from his eyes, he lifted his head and groaned in pain when he felt a hard crack in his neck bone. Apparently, he had fallen asleep on his laptop and it had made a long line of random characters on his file, courtesy of the weight of his head on the keyboard.

A gentle massage on his neck made him sigh contentedly.

“Your neck must be hurt from how you fell asleep.” Yoongi’s voice became clearer as Jimin shook the haziness from his brain. “Are you okay?”

Not only at his neck, he also felt stinging pain on his cheek, it must have been from the keyboard.
“Yeah, I guess I am.” Jimin replied, voice dry, “What time is it?”

“3am. Come on baby, get up and sleep properly. Do you want to sleep on my bed for tonight?” Yoongi offered.

At that, Jimin was suddenly more awake than ever, blushing lightly, “No, it’s okay Yoongi. I’ll sleep on the sofa.”

The lawyer sighed, “Okay then.”

Yoongi helped him up and laid him down on the sofa, covering his body with the comforter. Then he took the empty bag of potato chips Jimin had finished and the glass the younger had used. He disposed of the package and put the glass in the sink before going back to the sofa, sitting by Jimin’s side. His warm hand came to stroke Jimin’s hair and brushed some strands away from the student’s face.

“Did you just get home?” Jimin asked, enjoying the small, tender gesture from the lawyer.

Yoongi nodded, “I was surprised that you could sleep in that position.” His hand then moved to the side of Jimin’s neck, rubbing the stiff muscle there, “Are you sure you’re okay? I have some ointment if you want.”

Jimin shook his head slightly, “It’s okay Yoongi, really.”

The lawyer patted Jimin’s arm on top of the comforter, “Go to sleep, baby. You must be tired.”

Smiling, Jimin took Yoongi’s hand in his, and then planted a kiss on the bony knuckles, “Good night, Yoongi.”

Laughing softly at the gesture, Yoongi leaned over Jimin and kissed the younger’s lips softly, nipping the lower lip a little bit longer, before pulling away again to bid, “Sleep well, baby.”

And then he stood up, turning off the lights, while Jimin, once again, knocked out.

Somehow, Yoongi was still home when Jimin woke up for the second time. The lawyer had came home so late, yet he was already up and working. Yoongi was working on his computer, glasses perched on the bridge of his nose. He looked so serious, one hand playing with his lower lip while reading whatever was on the screen with slight furrowed eyebrows. With soft sunlight coming from the background, creating a halo around Yoongi’s head, Jimin thought it was unfair that the elder could look so gorgeous with just a thin long-sleeved pajama shirt hanging loosely on his lean body.

Jimin didn’t know how long he had been watching Yoongi work, before the elder seemed to feel his eyes on him and turned his head to see Jimin’s half-asleep face.

“Good morning, baby.” Yoongi said with a small smile but then chuckled, “Well, nearly afternoon actually. I was wondering if you had class but you looked so exhausted and you didn’t set your alarm, so I thought it was safe to let you sleep in. I didn’t make you miss class, did I?”

The student shook his head smiling, “I don’t think so. I have class at 1. What time is it?”

“10.20.” Yoongi replied, taking off his glasses, and stood up to walk over to Jimin on the sofa, “You’d better get ready. I’ll drive you.”

“Thanks.” Jimin smiled sheepishly, “I’d like to kiss you right now, but my morning breath isn’t too appealing. So, I think I should go brush my teeth first.”
Yoongi laughed at his remark and kissed his cheek instead, “There. For now.”

Giggling, Jimin got up from the comfortable sofa to go get ready for the day. Yoongi had changed into a casual black shirt under a leather jacket paired with chinos when Jimin walked out of the bathroom. He was surprised to see that Yoongi had three silver earrings hanging on his earlobe. He reached out for them and traced them with his fingers.

“You look good with these.” Jimin said, “I hope I can see you with them more often. You don’t need to go to work today?”

The lawyer hooked an arm around Jimin’s waist and pulled him closer to press their lips together.

“I’ll wear them whenever I’m not at work in the future then.” Yoongi mumbled on their lightly pressed lips. “And no, I get to work from home today.”

“I like that idea.” Jimin breathed and let Yoongi claim his lips once again.

“I’ll wait for you at the basement while you pack yeah?” The lawyer said once they parted.

“Okay.” Jimin nodded.

Then Yoongi left, with a muffled thud of the front door. Jimin quickly packed his papers, books and laptop into his backpack, then realized he didn’t see the tuition fee paper. In a panic, Jimin crawled around the floor, trying to find the stray paper, but found nothing. He also checked between pages of his books, to no avail. Huffing, Jimin stood up, hands on his hips, and looked around from the higher angle, hoping he would catch a glimpse of it, but he didn’t. It wasn’t like he couldn’t ask for it again from the administration office, but he just didn’t want Yoongi to see it, not yet at least, he wanted to ask the older man properly. He searched around some more, yet his attempts to find the paper were fruitless.

Giving up because he would be late for class if he didn’t go now, Jimin shouldered his backpack. He left, but not without giving one last glance towards the sofa, trying to reassure himself that maybe, it was still stuck between pages in one of his books.

“You seem quiet today.” Yoongi commented during the drive to Jimin’s university. He took a hand off the steering wheel to hold Jimin’s smaller, chubbier one in it. “Is there something wrong, baby?”

“Oh, nothing.” Jimin chewed his bottom lip, turning his hand, palm facing up, so he could intertwine their fingers together.

The lawyer pulled over in front of the gate and tugged Jimin a little bit closer, saying, “Baby, you know you can tell me what’s bothering you, right?”

“I know.” Jimin nodded, feeling a little guilty, “I’ll tell you later, at home, okay?”

Yoongi hesitated for a while before nodding, “Okay.” And then he left a kiss on Jimin’s cheek, “Off you go. Tell me if you want me to pick you up. I’m free today anyway.”

With a nod, Jimin slid out of the car and closed the door. He watched as the black car drove off and sighed. He decided that he would tell Yoongi about the tuition fee tonight. Adjusting the bag on his shoulder, he walked through the gate and towards his class.

Wheein was surprisingly (or unsurprisingly?) bouncier today and she announced that she had gotten an A for the interview assignment that Jimin had helped her with. She insisted that she treated Jimin to lunch and he had no reason to refuse. After the loud lunch scene at the cafeteria, they parted, since
Wheein had her own class, and Jimin had to go to administration office to ask for his tuition fee statement.

“Excuse me, Ma’am.” Jimin leaned over the counter.

The lady sitting behind it stood up with a smile, “Yes, can I help you, Sweetheart?”

“Could I get the bill for my tuition please? The Dean gave me one, but I lost it.”

“No problem.” The lady gave him a paper and a pen, “Write your full name and your student number here.”

Jimin nodded and wrote them down, then passed it to the lady. She sat down on her chair and typed something on the computer.

“Park Jimin from Japanese Studies?” She confirmed.

“Yes, that’s me.”

She frowned, “But, you don’t have any bill left. You’ve paid everything.”

Blinking, Jimin leaned closer, “But—are you sure?”

“Park Jimin from Japanese Studies, right? Yes, I’m sure. It was paid this morning.”

Jimin felt his heart pick up speed because he had an idea of who had paid his bill.

“Ma’am, could I—could I get a copy of the receipt then?”

“Sure, let me print it out for you.” The printer in the back sounded and then the lady passed him the receipt, “Do you need an envelope for that?”

“No, it’s okay.” Jimin gave her a smile, “Thank you.”

Then he walked away from the counter to lean on a wall, unfolding the paper.

Just like what the lady had said, the bill had been settled, and there was no remaining amount needed to be paid. He scanned the writing, trying to find the name of the payer. And he found one, at the bottom left corner.

Paid by: Min Yoongi

Even though he had expected it, he couldn’t help but gasp. He re-read the receipt once again and he was sure it was Yoongi’s name written on the payer space. Folding it carefully, Jimin tucked the paper in one of the books he had and fished out his phone. He was about to type something to Yoongi, but hesitated. He thought through it for a moment, then shoved the device back into his jeans pocket; if he wanted to thank the older man, he would do it properly, not via a kakaotalk chat.

The day went excruciatingly slow for Jimin after that. He just wanted to go home quickly and kiss the daylights out of Yoongi. Hoseok scolded him for the thousandth time because he kept messing up the choreography as he was so restless and jittery. When he finally dismissed the class, Jimin ran towards the shower and scrubbed at the residue clinging onto his skin hurriedly.

He bid Hoseok goodbye and ran out of his university. He could ask Yoongi to pick him up just like the lawyer had told him in the morning, but he wanted to surprise the elder. The old woman sitting next to him on the subway kept giving him the stink eye for bouncing his foot impatiently. And once
the subway arrived at his station, Jimin ran off quickly. Not forgetting to give the security a simple
greeting, Jimin entered the elevator and pushed the button of Yoongi’s penthouse.

Yoongi was sitting at the kitchen counter with a book and a mug in his hands when Jimin skidded
into the space.

“Baby?” Yoongi looked up from his book in surprise, “Why didn’t you—”

Jimin didn’t give Yoongi time to finish his question. He threw his bag down and launched himself at
Yoongi’s body, smashing their lips together like there was no tomorrow. Yoongi’s surprised yelp
was muffled by Jimin’s messy kiss. Somewhere during the sloppy movements, Yoongi managed to
put his mug and book down, encircling Jimin’s waist in his arms, pressing their bodies closer, before
responding to the kiss with the same vigor as the younger.

“What happened?” Yoongi panted out once they parted.

Jimin cupped the lawyer’s face with his hands and peppered kisses all over Yoongi’s face, “You
paid for my tuition! I was going to ask you about it, but you beat me to it.”

Chuckling, Yoongi brought one hand to Jimin’s cheek, “Is this what it is about? Baby, you don’t
have to feel obligated to do this because I paid for it.”

“But, I don’t feel obligated. I wanted to do this. You, Min Yoongi, are full of surprises.” And then
Jimin pressed their lips together again, without giving Yoongi a chance to reply, “Why are you so
perfect? How can you be so flawless?”

“Everyone has their own flaws and I’m not perfect.” Yoongi said, nipping Jimin’s bottom lip softly,
“I did it because I wanted you to have the chance to pursue your education. You should’ve told me
about it sooner baby. I’ve promised you.”

“I will, I’ll do that if I ever need anything.” Jimin breathed.

The next kiss was softer. Their lips glided together in more composed movements. After the first
kiss, Jimin realized that Yoongi had a thing with biting his bottom lip. Yoongi’s skillful tongue
slipped into Jimin’s mouth at the same time that his hand went to the curve of the younger’s lower
back. But, he stopped there, thumbing the sliver of skin from Jimin’s ridden up shirt. Jimin felt
unsatisfied. He wanted more than that, not yet sexual, but he wanted Yoongi to step up to the next
level, to be bolder to explore his body. So, he traced his hands down from Yoongi’s face, to his
neck, shoulders, arms, forearms and when he reached the lawyer’s wrists, he pushed them down to
his rear. The movement resulted in Yoongi jerking away from their kiss, eyes widening in surprise.

“This far is okay for now.” Jimin mumbled shyly and chased for Yoongi’s lips again.

The lawyer hummed approvingly and started pushing Jimin backwards to, what he assumed was the
bed. Yoongi climbed on first and sat down with his back leaning against the headboard. Then, he
patted his thighs, beckoning Jimin to climb on top of him. Throwing whatever shyness he had left
out of the window, Jimin threw his jacket to the corner of the bed and climbed on.

Yoongi pulled Jimin closer again once the younger straddled him, both knees on each side of the
elder’s thighs, and they started kissing again. Jimin had one arm around the back of Yoongi’s neck
and another one was holding his position, supported with his forearm on the wall. He let the lawyer’s
hands roam freely over his body.

The friction between his knees and skinny jeans was getting uncomfortable. He half-heartedly pulled
away and kicked the annoying fabric off, leaving his legs bare with only his boxers, before climbing
back to straddle Yoongi’s thighs. With no jeans, Jimin could feel Yoongi’s cold hands on his legs, sliding up as far as they could, below his boxers, before sliding down again to his lower thighs. After a while, those hands raised up to his rear again. Jimin couldn’t hold in the low whimper that escaped into their kiss when Yoongi started kneading the supple flesh of his ass with precise strength that made his head dizzy with desire. But, suddenly, the feeling of one of Yoongi’s hands disappeared only to reappear in the form of a mild slap. The impact of it sent Jimin’s hips colliding with Yoongi’s and he moaned, although it was muffled by Yoongi’s lips on his.

Yoongi leaned away slightly and stroked the spot he had hit gently, “Surprised?”

Jimin hid his burning face in the juncture of Yoongi’s neck and shoulder, humming his yes.

He could hear the smirk in Yoongi’s chuckle, “You liked it; yes or no?”

Gulping, the younger pulled his face away from the older man’s neck to press their foreheads together before breathing out his answer, “Yes.”

“Great,” Yoongi licked Jimin’s lip, “I will use that for future reference.”

And then he carefully flipped their positions to their sides and hugged the younger close. Yoongi peppered small kisses all over Jimin’s face before planting a chaste kiss on his plump lips, contradictory from what he had done to Jimin’s ass a minute ago.

Unconsciously, the younger yawned into the kiss, finally feeling the fatigue from his long day taking a toll on his body. Good thing he was wearing a t-shirt and boxers and didn’t need to get changed.

“So it seems my baby is sleepy.” Yoongi cooed, nuzzling his nose in Jimin’s hair.

“It’s been a long day.” Jimin nodded, “I should move to the sofa and sleep.”

“Just stay here.” Yoongi whispered, tightening his arm around Jimin’s waist, “Sleep with me here from now on.”

After an ephemeral pause, Jimin nuzzled back onto Yoongi’s jugular with a soft ‘okay’. That earned a contented sigh from the lawyer and another kiss on his head. They bid goodnight to each other and fell into satisfying sleep in each other’s warmth.

Chapter End Notes

now that i updated! i'll go back to the gentle hug of my bed and sleep! good night (or afternoon? morning?) buddies! mwah!
The Dominant

Chapter Summary

“This is what you’re going to do, baby. Go stand next to the bed, strip yourself, and wait for me like a good boy.” Yoongi said in sudden authority that Jimin had never heard before, “Do not touch yourself, you hear me?”

Chapter Notes

WARNING: prepare tissues

(not for your eyes, fyi.)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Yoongi got a job overseas for a week

Look, even though Jimin was an inexperienced, small, innocent-looking student, it didn’t mean he didn’t have sexual urges. Moreover, he shared a space with the oh-so-goddamn-hot Min Yoongi. He was a healthy young man with needs that could not be fulfilled by only his right hand (not that he ever had time for it at the penthouse anyway), and the said Min Yoongi wasn’t helping by slowing their pace down. Jimin bemoaned the slow pace more and more as the lawyer started becoming the lascivious object of his desire.

Jemin was barely hanging onto the last thread of his sanity, only having occasional make-outs in the lawyer’s bed. It was not enough. And now he was forced to part with Yoongi for a freaking week. They were once again, making out in the lawyer’s bed, hands roaming over each other’s body teasingly, pushing and pulling, when Yoongi suddenly dropped the news.

“A week?” Jimin repeated in disbelief to the young lawyer hovering above him, whose hand was currently hot against the skin of his thigh.

Yoongi hummed, diving down to leave soft kisses on Jimin’s shoulder, and at the same time sliding his hand under Jimin’s shorts towards the edge of the younger’s briefs. Yoongi’s lips glided hotly against his, tongue chasing the flavor in the younger’s cavern.

“You’ll be okay without me around for a week, right baby?” Yoongi asked, licking the younger’s exposed neck.

“It’ll feel lonely.” Jimin admitted, hiding his face in Yoongi’s jugular.

“I know, baby. I’m sorry.” Yoongi sighed, kissing the crown of Jimin’s head, “But we’ll keep in touch, okay? I’ll send you messages. Everyday.”

“Alright.” Jimin smiled and let Yoongi claim his lips once again. Then he whispered, “Yoongi?”

“Yes, baby?”
“After you get home, could we—could we—”

Yoongi pulled away slightly, trying to comprehend the incoherent sentence Jimin was trying to say.

“Could we what?”

“—have—have sex.” Jimin finally whispered.

The lawyer went silent for a while before chuckling, “You want to have sex, baby?”

Jimin nodded timidly against Yoongi’s shoulder.

“Okay baby, let’s do it once I get home. But for now, let’s get some sleep. My flight isn’t until noon, but I still have to get up early to prepare.” He nuzzled Jimin’s neck and kissed the younger’s forehead, “Good night, baby.”

Coming home to a vacant penthouse made Jimin feel empty inside, just like what he had expected. It wasn’t only because of his stupid sexual frustration, but also because there were no kisses, no touches, no warmth and just no Yoongi’s presence in general. The house felt so maddeningly big when he was the only one, alone, in the house, and he started wondering if it was what Yoongi had felt like before he had started living with him.

It had been four days and Jimin started to get fidgety.

Yoongi sent him messages and occasional selfies via their chat room just like he had promised, but it wasn’t enough. The bed, which was usually warm, felt so cold without Yoongi sleeping next to him, cuddling him throughout the night.

Jimin tried to distract himself from Yoongi’s absence by busying himself with assignments, only coming home late after spending time at the dance room, sometimes staying out late with Wheein at a cheap diner, but nothing worked. He thought it was scary how the presence of a man who he had never dreamed of meeting before, could become so important to him.

He used to be reluctant to let himself accept generosity, from Seokjin or Wheein or whoever had offered, because he thought he would’ve been a burden. He hated to burden anyone. But, with Yoongi, all he wanted to do was to let the man shower him with attention and care, he didn’t feel like he was a burden at all. And four days without any of it was excruciating. He swore he would make Yoongi pay attention only to him, and coddle him all day once the lawyer finished his job.

When the seventh day rolled by, Jimin practically flew through the gate of his university to get home after his dance class, hair still dripping wet from his shower.

He arrived at the same time as Yoongi got out of the shower. The corners of the lawyer’s eyes crinkled slightly when he sent his trademark gummy smile to Jimin.

“Hey, baby.” Yoongi greeted him, opening his arms wide to let Jimin launch himself into his warm embrace.

“I’ve missed you,” Jimin whined against Yoongi’s shoulder, “so much.”

“Me too, baby, me too.” Yoongi whispered softly, kissing the side of Jimin’s head. He pulled away,
“Change your clothes first. I’ll prepare drinks.”

Jimin nodded, taking off his jacket and throwing his backpack at the corner of the sofa. He then jogged towards the closet to change into more comfortable clothes. When he stepped out, he saw Yoongi sitting on the sofa, a can in one hand, and another arm on the backrest, legs spread comfortably while watching TV. Calming his rising nerves, Jimin walked over to the lawyer and stood between Yoongi’s legs. The lawyer looked up then, raising his eyebrows till they disappeared behind his bangs. Jimin just stood there doing nothing, too shy to do what he had always wanted to do. Yoongi leaned closer to bury his face in Jimin’s clothed stomach, and at the same time, reached behind him to put the can down on the coffee table.

“What’s wrong, baby?” Yoongi asked, hands creeping up around the back of Jimin’s thighs.

The younger shook his head, “Nothing, I just—”

Instead of finishing his sentence, Jimin straddled Yoongi’s legs and leaned down to kiss those pouty lips that he had missed the past few days. The elder hummed approvingly, hands rising to Jimin’s nape to press their lips together deeper. It wasn’t long before the kiss turned into a hot, open-mouthed one. Both tongues explored each other’s cavern, finally tasting the sweetness after being separated for a week. Yoongi tasted like the beer he had put on the coffee table, but it was delectable nonetheless. Jimin whimpered when Yoongi’s lips started trailing the length of his neck, leaving a burning trail with every kiss. He felt the lawyer’s hands grazing down his torso before going to his bottom and, like usual, giving him a nice squeeze that made him gasp silently.

Deciding he had had enough with the kisses and chaste touches, Jimin gyrated his hips down, pressing their hips together. The younger threw his head back in a silent moan at the same time that Yoongi let out a breathy, low grunt against his chest. It felt so good, but it still wasn’t enough.

“Yoongi,” Jimin breathed, “Yoongi, do—do you want—want to—now?”

Yoongi hummed questioningly, mouthing Jimin’s collarbone, “Should we do it tonight?”

“Yes,” The younger choked back his moan when he felt Yoongi’s hand touch the side of his semi-hard length over his shorts, “Yes, please.”

“Okay.” Yoongi pulled away and stared into Jimin’s hooded eyes, “This is what you’re going to do, baby. Go stand next to the bed, strip yourself, and wait for me like a good boy.” Yoongi said in sudden authority that Jimin had never heard before, “Do not touch yourself, you hear me?”

Jimin nodded dumbly at the change of tone, shivers running all over his skin. Right, he almost forgot that this was Min Yoongi, his dom, the one who he should obey. Yoongi’s hand came up to his chin, startling him from his thoughts.

“I want you to use your words.” Yoongi whispered warningly.

“Ye-yes, Yoongi.”

Leaning away with approving smile, Yoongi released his chin and tapped his thigh, “Good boy. Now get moving.”

Jimin stood up wobbly on his feet before retreating carefully towards their sleeping area while Yoongi was still seated on the sofa, waiting for Jimin to get undressed.

He felt his face burning when he started pulling his shirt over his head, baring his torso for the lawyer to see. From the corner of his eyes, he could see Yoongi lick his lips and it sent a tingling feeling
down to the southern part of his body. Gulping down the lump in his throat, Jimin started pushing his shorts down, leaving him exposed, only left with black briefs. Then he hugged himself, self-conscious with Yoongi’s eyes on his body.

“What I meant when I said ‘strip yourself’ was all of your clothes off.” Yoongi said, tone so low it made Jimin shudder, “And keep your arms on your sides.”

Reluctantly, Jimin pushed his briefs past his ankles, shutting his eyes tightly to suppress his embarrassment. He only opened his eyes when he felt a presence in front of him.

Yoongi was surveying his body up and down with a small, lazy smirk on his handsome face. His hand reached out to graze a finger over the outline of Jimin’s developing abs and it made him twitch. He wasn’t that sensitive, but Yoongi’s touches did something to him. Yoongi then spread his warm palm on Jimin’s stomach and started sliding it up towards his chest. When his index finger touched one of the younger’s nipples, Jimin whimpered. Satisfied with the response, Yoongi glided his hand up Jimin’s neck and pulled him closer into a heated kiss. When Jimin’s hand unconsciously clutched Yoongi’s shirt, the lawyer slapped it lightly and pulled away completely.

“I said arms on your sides.” Yoongi warned.

“I’m sorry.” Jimin apologized, voice shaky.

“Good boy,” Yoongi said, licking a stripe over Jimin’s lower lip, “Now climb onto the bed and lay down in the middle. Spread your legs wide while you wait for me, I want to see your hole once I come back.”

Jimin felt his face heat up more, if it was possible, hearing the explicit words coming from Yoongi’s usually guarded lips. He did what he had been told to do when Yoongi turned around to walk into the closet. It took a minute for the lawyer to come back with a long, black piece of silk and a bottle of lube. Jimin chewed his lower lip again as Yoongi threw them beside his head. Then he pulled his shirt off, revealing the smooth, unblemished, pale skin Jimin had always wanted to see.

Yoongi wasn’t toned like Jimin; he was lean and slender with a hint of muscle under his skin, but behind the beauty, those onyx eyes didn’t accept any domination over him, they showed Jimin dominance instead. And as those hooded eyes stared at Jimin’s vulnerable state on the bed, the student trembled under the intensity.

“You look beautiful like that.” Yoongi said, running his pale hand through his midnight hair with a smirk, “All obedient for me to fuck.”

Jimin had to hold back a moan at that. He hadn’t expected Yoongi to be a dirty-talker, but boy, how wrong he had been. It was the first time he heard crude words spilling from those thin, pouty lips, and he didn’t mind it at all.

The lawyer climbed over him then, pulling both of his hands above his head. With the black silk he had brought, Yoongi secured Jimin’s wrists together in a noose. It wasn’t too tight, but tight enough that Jimin couldn’t move his wrists apart. Yoongi took a pillow and ordered the younger to lift his hips so he could tuck the pillow below, raising the younger’s hips slightly higher than his head.

Yoongi slipped back in between Jimin’s legs and started kissing him slowly, lazily, drawing soft gasps and whimpers from the younger with the touch of his tongue. Yoongi leaned back to admire how his sub was lying helplessly beneath him, at his mercy. Jimin knew he was quite a sight to behold, from how Yoongi narrowed his eyes in lust, taking in every inch of his body. It made his chest bubble with pride.
Yoongi raised his leg higher and Jimin moaned as the elder gave the skin of his inner thigh a stinging kiss, which he was sure would bloom into a hickey later. Yoongi did that several times, painting his thighs in love bites. Jimin sighed when the lawyer dropped a soft kiss near his hipbone. Yoongi went up again to capture Jimin’s lips in another kiss, hands roaming over Jimin’s skin, exploring every curve and edge, hard or soft, every bump and plane. Jimin wanted to touch Yoongi too, wanted to find erogenous spots which would make the lawyer moan and sigh in pleasure, but his tied-up wrists were preventing him from doing so.

“Yoongi.” Jimin whined softly, he felt the foreplay was getting too long.

Chuckling, Yoongi stopped kissing him and nipped the sensitive spot near his jaw, “My baby is so impatient.”

Jimin was about to reply when he heard the bottle being uncapped. He closed his mouth at that. The younger watched as Yoongi coated his fingers in cyan, translucent liquid, rubbing them together to warm it up.

“I’ll start prepping you.” Yoongi warned at the same time as his slick finger started circling Jimin’s rim.

The student breathed shakily, hating how he became a mess only with Yoongi’s finger at his entrance. It seemed that Yoongi loved his response because he smiled sweetly before easing his finger carefully into Jimin’s tight heat, earning him a surprised gasp from Jimin. Yoongi took his time, slowly pulling it out and pushing it in deeper so his sub could adjust. When the entire finger was inside, Yoongi drew it back, only to push it in again with the second digit.

“Ah—” Jimin gasped audibly, feeling the weird sensation he had almost forgotten, since the last time he had sex had been a long time ago.

“Does it hurt?” Yoongi asked, caressing Jimin’s thigh to soothe the younger down.

“Not—not really, but it feels weird.” Jimin panted, “It’s been awhile since I’ve had sex so…”

“I got it. Don’t worry.” Yoongi said, peppering kisses on the younger’s hip, “I’ll make it feel good soon, baby.”

Two fingers started thrusting in and out and Jimin could feel himself getting adjusted. The dull sting turned into slight pleasure after a minute. Yoongi asked him if it was okay to add another finger, Jimin said yes and groaned into the silk around his wrists when the pain came harder than the previous moment.

“Hold on, baby.” Yoongi said, pumping Jimin’s hardened length slowly, to distract him from the pain.

He felt himself loosen up around Yoongi’s fingers and the pleasure building up slowly. When Yoongi crooked his finger up inside him, brushing the bundle of pleasure, Jimin cried out, clawing the bedpost by his head to hold his sanity intact. The lawyer kept touching it until a dollop of pre-cum leaked onto Jimin’s twitching abs and then he pulled the fingers out completely with an obscene squelching sound and Jimin’s silent whimper.

“Look at you,” Yoongi said, parting his butt-cheeks to show how his entrance was slick with lube and fluttering without anything to clench around, “You’re so hot like this, baby.”

“Stop—” Jimin whined, hiding his face in his arm in mortification.
There were kisses trailed all over his torso and Jimin gasped as Yoongi’s mouth latched onto one of his nipples. His voice turned into a mess when the lawyer sucked on it, hard enough to leave it swollen and red. When Jimin didn’t feel Yoongi’s warmth over his body, he uncovered his face and watched as the lawyer hovered above him, hungry eyes admiring the masterpiece he had drawn on Jimin’s skin, red roses and purple irises blooming on a golden canvas.

Yoongi got off from the bed then, to kick his sweatpants off, throwing them to join the pile of Jimin’s clothes. The lawyer might be lean and slender, soft edges and curves, but his cock was huge, with prominent veins on its side. It was standing proud, curving towards the lawyer’s stomach, red and angry with arousal. At the base of it, neatly trimmed pubic hair spread, as dark as Yoongi’s natural midnight hair, contrasting with the paleness of his skin. Jimin felt his mouth watering at the sight. He couldn’t wait for Yoongi to fill him up.

Jimin watched as Yoongi poured the water-based lube on his palm before coating his hardened length until it glistened under the bright light of the penthouse. Yoongi let out a breathy moan, hissing slightly as the hand around his cock created delicious friction. Jimin’s head was dizzy because the performance was so hot, it left his own cock aching for more, begging for release.

“Yoongi,” Jimin finally gave in to his desire and whined for attention.

The lawyer looked down at him and smirked, “Eager much, baby?”

Jimin whined again; a confirmation one this time.

“Patience, baby. We have the whole night.” Yoongi warned lightly and climbed back onto the bed.

He spread Jimin’s thighs as wide as the student could take and then positioned himself behind Jimin’s buttocks. He raised one of the student’s legs, letting the weight get supported by his shoulder, then positioned his cock with his free hand.

Jimin huffed when Yoongi teased his entrance by swirling the head of the cock around the rim slowly. Chuckling as he saw the impatience in Jimin’s expression, Yoongi finally pushed into Jimin’s tight heat slowly, carefully. It made the younger gasp as he felt his body being penetrated in a delicious way. He could feel Yoongi’s length twitching excitedly in him, and he felt proud when Yoongi threw his head back to curse through gritted teeth.

“So tight, baby, so hot.” Yoongi praised.

Yoongi felt bigger than he expected and Jimin started wondering if the entire cock would even fit in him. The dom stopped when the head of his length disappeared in Jimin’s body and then he took the lube, uncapped the bottle, and poured it down on his length, which caused it to trickle down to where their bodies were connected and the sheets. The coldness made Jimin’s flinch but it wasn’t unwelcome if it meant Yoongi could continue to tear him apart with his delectable girth.

The lube, indeed, made the friction slicker so Yoongi could continue his way into Jimin’s body until he was all bottomed out, his testicles trapped between his thighs and Jimin’s ass. Looking up, Jimin was awed by the sight of Yoongi hovering above him, hair falling down softly, moving with every breath the lawyer took, and skin glistening in sweat. Yoongi looked so regal like that, making Jimin wonder how he was so lucky to meet such a perfect man.

After leaving a simple kiss on Jimin’s parted lips, Yoongi straightened his back, running his hand through his slightly damp hair, and started rocking his hips slightly. The movement made Jimin throw his head against the pillow, moaning softly. Yoongi took his sweet time rolling his hips, trying different angles to find which one would send the younger into a wrecked mess. Jimin cried out loud
as Yoongi’s cock hit his prostate and without wasting time, the lawyer started thrusting in the same angle. It made Jimin moan in staccato ‘ah’s every thrust, which became louder as the time went by. He was sure there would be his nail prints on the bed post from how roughly he clawed it. His leg on Yoongi’s shoulder fell down, giving up to the force that made his body move back and forth, so the older man shifted it to hook it around his waist instead. Jimin locked his ankles together around Yoongi’s backside to steady his position.

Yoongi stopped rocking and leaned down to capture Jimin’s lips in a deep kiss, full of teeth and tongue. Saliva connected in a thread, and only broke because Yoongi leaned away to take a firm grip on Jimin’s hips, that would leave bruises later. Jimin watched as the man above him took a deep breath, eyes hooded in lust, and fuck, it was the most sexy thing that Jimin had ever seen.

“Brace yourself, baby.” Yoongi breathed, “I’m going to wreck you.”

With that, he started powerful thrusts, filling Jimin’s body up to the brim. He could feel tears gathering at the corner of his eyes because his senses were overloaded with Yoongi’s everything. He didn’t know what kind of words were spilling out of his lips by now, because all he could remember was Yoongi’s name. The hard cock in his body kept hitting his sensitive bundle of pleasure at the precise angle and strength and Jimin knew he wouldn’t last long.

The familiar wave of heat was coiling in his lower stomach, a sign of his approaching climax.

“Yo—Yoongi—I want to—ah—ah—please—”

“You want to come, baby?” Jimin nodded frantically in reply. “I want you to come untouched, baby.”

“So—deep—Yoongi—I’m close!”

Yoongi encouraged him by thrusting rougher and stronger into his sub’s body, “Come on, I want to feel you tighten around me.”

He was so close.

So, so close.

Jimin could hear himself scream when he climaxed, white, thick strips of sperm splattered all over his chest and stomach; he came untouched just like Yoongi wanted him to. His walls tightened up around Yoongi and the friction made him delirious. He could hear Yoongi grunting something, but his senses were overloaded and he couldn’t register a thing. His body felt numb, yet sensitive as Yoongi hadn’t stopped abusing his prostate yet. Everything became too much, too hot and too unbearable. He felt something warm in him and he knew Yoongi had finally reached his climax, filling Jimin’s body with his sperm. The lawyer rocked his hips lazily to milk his orgasm until the last drop, before stopping completely. He fell forward, breathing harshly next to Jimin’s ear, and slowly everything became clear again.

“So good, baby boy.” Yoongi whispered, kissing the younger’s neck and nipping at the frantic pulse under the skin, “You’re so good, baby.”

Jimin was too drained to reply in coherent sentences so he just hummed.

Yoongi straightened up again, not long after catching his breath, and then said, “I’ll pull out, yeah, baby?”

The younger let out a weak moan when the length in him disappeared and he clenched around
nothing. Yoongi kissed his inner thigh softly before shifting next to Jimin’s limp body to loosen the tie around the younger’s wrists. Then he moved to kneel so he could see how beautifully wrecked his sub was, and it was all because of him.

“So, so gorgeous.” Yoongi praised, giving both Jimin’s reddened wrists a kiss.

Jimin felt the other’s warmth disappear but he was too tired to ask. He knew his dom would return back to his side soon anyway. And he was right, Yoongi climbed back onto the bed with warm towels. He was too exhausted anyway, so he was so grateful that Yoongi cleaned the sweat, lube and sperm clinging onto his skin. The lawyer also gave a gentle massage to his arms, so his blood could circulate better. Yoongi didn’t forget to plant a kiss on each of Jimin’s knuckles, before tucking the younger under the comforter.

“Where are you going?” Jimin whined when Yoongi was about to get off the bed.

“I’ll take a shower, baby, I’ll be back.”

Jimin pouted and grabbed Yoongi’s wrist weakly, “Just—just do it tomorrow? Can you stay here?”

Chuckling, Yoongi slipped back into the bed next to Jimin’s body, “I can’t believe you’re so soft after sex. It’s cute. I love it.” Then he hugged Jimin’s waist. Jimin felt Yoongi’s hand on his tailbone, giving it a rub. “Does it hurt?”

“It’s sore, but it’s okay.” Jimin giggled against the skin of Yoongi’s chest.

Yoongi hummed, “What do you think of our first time?”

“Yoongi!” Jimin complained, “It’s not something I want to talk about!”

“Why?” Yoongi smirked, “I just want to know your honest opinion. For me, it was amazing. You are amazing. You are the tightest sub I’ve ever had sex with.”

“No!” Jimin cried out, pushing Yoongi away, and throwing the comforter over his head to hide his red face.

Laughing hard, Yoongi pulled burrito-Jimin back into his arms and kissed his head over the comforter.

“Baby,” The lawyer cooed, “let me see your face.”

Jimin peeked out from under the comforter and was greeted by a soft kiss against his forehead and a sweet smile from the older male. Sighing, Jimin pushed his head out completely and leaned closer to chase Yoongi’s soft, swollen lips for a kiss.

“Sleep tight, baby.” Yoongi whispered against Jimin’s lips.

Jimin replied with something muffled, which sounded like ‘you too’.

Chapter End Notes

...../twitches helplessly under my blanket
Of Jealousy Marks

Chapter Summary

“I said I could be so possessive and you have to avoid my bad side.” Yoongi stated, walking around Jimin to fix his posture so his back was upright and his head was forward, “Did I or did I not tell you that?”

Exhaling shakily, Jimin replied, “You did, Yoongi.”

Chapter Notes

hello! i’m back with another smutty chapter! lol please read the warning below first!

warning: shibari, rimming, breathplay, sex toy, face-fucking and rough, jealousy sex. for those who find these kinks uncomfortable, please skip this chapter and you can ask me the summary of it on comment section. i'll gladly tell you about it. and for those who are okay with the kinks, dude, let's go for a wild ride together! keep your tissue box close, yeah?! (still not for your eyes by the way, or is it?)

AND ALSO! oh my god, guys! look at the hits and kudos and comments i've received so far! i'm so grateful that all of you find this fic readable enough for your taste! it's such an honor to be loved by you guys all! my sweety baby darlings! i love you all!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“You look beautiful.” The raspy voice, thick with lust and desire, whispered into his ear.

They were standing in front of the full-body mirror in Yoongi’s walk-in closet with the lawyer’s hand wrapped loosely around Jimin’s throat, covered in a black choker with a small silver pendant at the front. The candy apple shade of red cotton rope, which was tied over his torso and back, created a beautiful pattern of lines over the golden skin of his body. The rope which bound his forearms to elbows together over his back was preventing him from straightening his back. Instead, it made his body arch up forward. The position made him so vulnerable and at Yoongi’s mercy, he loved it. The rope ran between his buttocks before parting at the front for his cock, free between two lines of rope towards his strained abs. In short, Jimin was all tied up and bound and the only limbs he could move freely were his legs.

Jimin was whimpering now. He hadn’t thought the same Shibari that had made him choke on his protein shake during his research could make him so aroused, the friction of the rope on his skin felt unbelievably hot. Yoongi had tied it in an artistic pattern and yes, Jimin thought it was beautiful. He had never expected that the candy apple shade of red could look so good against his slightly tanned skin. And when Yoongi’s pale hand reached for his torso from behind, he couldn’t help but think about how pretty those colors were, blended together like a painting.

“You like it?” Yoongi asked as he saw the dreamy smile on Jimin’s face, “The colors are beautiful, aren’t they?”
“Yes.” Jimin sighed.

Yoongi chuckled and peppered kisses on Jimin’s shoulder before pulling the younger out of the closet and pushing him onto the bed. The momentum sent Jimin’s body bouncing on the soft mattress. He didn’t waste time and pushed himself to the middle of the bed. Swallowing his embarrassment, Jimin pushed his hips up so his bottom was up in the air. His breath came out in short puffs against the sheets when Yoongi’s hand came into contact with the supple flesh of his rear.

“Did you clean here just like I asked you to, baby?” Yoongi asked, circling the puckered rim between the younger’s butt-cheeks with his thumb.

“Ye-yes.” Jimin gasped out as the thumb pressed a little bit harder, but not hard enough to push past into the inner side.

“Good, because I want to eat you out.” Yoongi said and he parted the cheeks with his thumbs.

At first, Jimin didn’t feel anything other than the puff of warm air of Yoongi’s breath. But, when something hot and wet touched his entrance, he keened into the sheets under him. The sounds Yoongi produced as he ate him out were so lewd and dirty, it made Jimin’s own cock leak with pre-cum.

“Ah—” Jimin moaned when the tongue pushed into him, body twitching at the feeling. His fists clenched and unclenched around the rope because that was the only thing he could do to hold himself from bursting.

Yoongi didn’t take long before leaning away and prepping his sub with expert fingers in efficient time. And when finally Jimin felt Yoongi’s hardness press into him, he moaned. They had had sex several times, but he still couldn’t get used to how big Yoongi was, tearing him apart delectably.

The pace was set and he felt the rope around his torso being tugged up by his dom from behind, making his upper body hang in the air. Without the support of his arms, his back arched so far backward, Yoongi was able to thrust deeper into his body.

It seemed that Yoongi’s arms couldn’t hold Jimin’s weight after a while, so he tugged the rope backwards again until his sub sat on his thighs. Yoongi’s hands came forward to hold Jimin by his torso and started rocking his hips again.

“Yoongi—Yoongi—ah—too deep—” Jimin cried out as the gravitation eased him down so Yoongi’s cock reached the deepest spot in his body. His neck gave out and he lolled his head back until the back of it rested on Yoongi’s shoulder. The lawyer didn’t let it go waste. He tilted his head to what his sub was offering to him and left soft marks on Jimin’s neck, faint enough so it would disappear by tomorrow, and left the vivid ones on his shoulder since it would be covered by the younger’s shirt.

“I’m going to choke you, yeah baby?” Yoongi warned, hand creeping up from Jimin’s torso to the exposed neck. He carefully pressed his thumb on Jimin’s throat, blocking the larynx. It wasn’t too hard, but enough to make Jimin short of breath. It made the younger dizzy and aroused at the same time.

Eventually, Jimin gave into the lack of air, the jabs on his prostate, the bites on his shoulder and the grip around his cock, letting himself explode into the most intense climax he had ever had, blacking out for a few seconds. When he came to his senses again, his face was on the sheets. The length in him had disappeared, but he could feel Yoongi still kneeling behind him. And then he felt a warm substance squirting all over his ass and back; his dom had come on him instead of in him like usual,
but damn, it wasn’t any less hot.

“Goddammit, baby,” Yoongi cursed, spreading his palm over Jimin’s back to smear his sperm, “You’re so wrecked. I love this sight.”

Jimin let his knees slide flat on the sheets so he could lower his hips. He sighed into the sheets, trying to regain consciousness. He could feel Yoongi drop a kiss on his shoulder, and the bind which tied his forearms together came loose. Besides the mind-blowing sex, the next thing he loved the most about Yoongi was aftercare, making sure his sub was okay and uninjured.

“Do you want to take a bath?” Yoongi asked, mouthing Jimin’s reddened forearms softly, “I can fill the bathtub and give you massage.”

“Hmm, I’d like that.” Jimin smiled tiredly, pulling Yoongi’s hand to kiss the bony knuckles.

He let the lawyer help him up and sit him on the cold surface of the toilet lid. While waiting for the bathtub to be filled by warm water, they rinsed away the dirty substances on their skin. Yoongi was particularly careful when he lathered Jimin’s skin with the body wash. He made sure to give Jimin’s strained muscles enough pressure to remove the tension. He didn’t forget to clean the inside of Jimin’s ass, sending the younger to pant helplessly against the tiled wall with Yoongi’s fingers in his already abused hole. He knew it was necessary, so there wouldn’t be any lube left behind (because as hot as the sex had been, the used lube was gross, okay?).

When it was Yoongi’s turn to wash his own body, for the first time, Jimin had a chance to observe the tattoo Yoongi had been talking about before. It wasn’t huge or anything. It was simple, cursive writing on his left shoulder blade in black ink. Jimin couldn’t help but lean down to kiss it.

Yoongi made a sound of exclamation from the back of his throat.

“Life is ecstasy.” Jimin read the writing and then asked, “Why so?”

The lawyer hummed thoughtfully, “Because I only feel ecstasy when I’m alive.”

“What kind of ecstasy?”

His dom turned around and leaned closer to him, whispering with a teasing smile, “The you kind of ecstasy, Park Jimin.”

“Why are you so cheesy?” Jimin whined but blushed nonetheless, earning delightful laughter from the lawyer.

The tub was filled and their bodies were clean. They entered the warm water with Jimin leaning back on Yoongi’s lean chest. The lawyer didn’t stop giving him attention, kissing his shoulders, knuckles and nape, it sent a wave of warm feelings through his chest.

“I forgot you had class tomorrow.” Yoongi admitted, tone filled with guilt. He rubbed a thumb against one of Jimin’s reddened forearms and sighed, “I’m sorry you have to cover this with a long sleeved shirt. I know the weather’s getting warm.”

Chuckling, Jimin interlaced their fingers together and turned to give Yoongi’s cheek a kiss, “It’s okay, don’t worry. I have a thin one which isn’t too hot but can cover these completely.”

Yoongi nuzzled Jimin’s shoulder then, “I really want to mark you somewhere visible though, so I can show people you’re off-limits.”
“Don’t.” Jimin warned with a pout even though his heart bubbled a little, “It’ll be hard to explain if Wheein asks. She’s so persistent.”

“Wheein?” Yoongi asked, “Wheein, as in Jung Wheein?”

The younger hummed.

“Speaking of her, I should thank her, don’t you think?” Yoongi chuckled.

Turning his head, Jimin frowned, “What for?”

“If it wasn’t for her, I wouldn’t have met you.” Yoongi whispered, kissing the frown on Jimin’s forehead.

The statement tugged at something in Jimin’s heart, it made him melt some more into Yoongi’s arms. A silly, shy smile bloomed on his face as Yoongi looked down at him and smiled at him with tender eyes and a soft expression. Jimin closed his eyes and let himself be kissed in the gentlest way, which made his chest warm and his stomach flutter.

He wanted time to freeze so he could enjoy the warm feeling forever.

“And five and four and three, two—no!” Hoseok groaned, “Once again! Come on, guys! If we want to win this one, you have to focus! Jaehwan, your position is too close to Minah! And Jimin, stop scooting to the side! You’re the center which means you have to stay in the middle!”

Jimin threw back his head and glared at the spotlight above him. Hoseok had been the worst today and he had scolded each of his students at least four times. And being the center, Jimin had received more scolding than the rest. He could understand where Hoseok was coming from though.

Hoseok had brought news about their university joining a prestigious national competition. This meant that they would have to face other teams from different universities all around South Korea. Among many of Hoseok’s students, Jimin had been chosen to be the center of the team, which brought him more spotlight and a solo dance break.

Jimin loved dancing, really. It was like a sweetener for his life. But, these periods of time always made him rethink his decision to add Dance as minor. His major was making him so exhausted already (Who was Nobunaga Oda? What was the most popular novel written by Akutagawa Ryunosuke? How many strokes does kanji character for waist have? Jimin wished he had an external memory card for his brain) and now dance added more to the exhaustion, especially since they had to be more focused for the competition.

“Okay, we’re done for the day!” Hoseok announced when the clock hit 11pm.

It was so late and Jimin was exhausted to the bones. Most of the students decided to ditch the shower and go straight home drenched in sweat. Jimin was tempted to do that too but Hoseok dragged him to the showers since he was a scaredy-cat who was afraid to shower alone. So much for being the older between them, seriously.

Jimin had messaged Yoongi to pick him up before entering shower with Hoseok, since he wasn’t sure he would reach home without falling asleep along the way.
He was lathering his body when he caught Hoseok staring over the short divider between showers.

“What?” Jimin asked.

Hoseok suddenly shrieked and leaned over the divider to carefully rub Jimin’s arms, “Oh, my God! I was wondering why the hell you were wearing long-sleeved shirt when it was so hot! Jimin! What happened to your arms?!”

The younger cursed mentally for forgetting about the rope marks along his forearms.

“Oh, it’s okay, hyung.” He chuckled awkwardly and retreated his arms slowly, “It was just—”

“Are those hickeys?” Hoseok suddenly uttered, squinting his eyes to get a better look at Jimin’s shoulder.

“Fuck!” Jimin cursed out loud, slapping his hand over the vivid hickeys Yoongi gave him, trying to cover them.

Hoseok blinked once, twice, like he was putting the pieces of a puzzle together, before his frown smoothed and Jimin could almost hear something click in his instructor’s mind.

“Oh.” Hoseok’s flat expression bloomed into teasing smirk, “Oh.”

Jimin groaned and hurriedly finished his shower so he could get away from Hoseok’s teasing. The instructor gave everyone hard time when it came to teasing and Jimin knew Hoseok wouldn’t let him go before he told him the whole story. He needed to escape!

“So, our little Jiminnie finally got laid.” Hoseok giggled.

“Ugh! It’s not like I was a virgin before this anyway, hyung.” Jimin huffed, pulling a clean shirt from his sports bag.

“But, I assume you enjoy bondage now? And to think you were the one who was tied up—”

“Hyung!” Jimin wailed in embarrassment. He slammed his locker shut after shouldering his bag and hurriedly stormed out of the locker room, with Hoseok clinging onto him.

“Aww~ Jiminnie! Tell me! Tell me! Tell me! Who’s the lucky dom girl?”

“As if it was a girl to begin with.” Jimin muttered.

“Oh~ who’s the lucky boy then?”

“Hyung, get off!” Jimin groaned.

Hoseok’s eyes twinkled in mischief, “I’ll get it out from you, brat.”

Jimin screamed as Hoseok started tickling his sides. He laughed so loud, but at the same time cried for his hyung to stop. A hand slipped under his shirt and the tickles were getting merciless. Jimin was struggling to get away from his hyung, but Hoseok’s other arm around his waist was preventing him from doing so. He really wanted to cry because he was ticklish and Hoseok was such a jerk.

“Park Jimin.” A familiar raspy voice echoed around the gym and the both of them froze on the spot; Jimin with his hands on Hoseok’s chest to push him away and Hoseok with an arm around his waist and a hand under his shirt.
Jimin saw familiar black hair and pale skin and his breath hitched. He pushed Hoseok away until the older male fell backwards on his butt.

“Yoongi!” Jimin whined. Somehow he felt guilty to be caught red-handed in such a provocative position, even though there was no way he would do anything with Hoseok (ew, *gross*). He was afraid that Yoongi would think he was an easy guy. He was afraid that Yoongi would hate him.

Those pouty, thin lips curled up into a smile but instead of warmth, Jimin shivered to see Yoongi’s cold eyes.

Shit.

“Let’s go home.” Yoongi’s icy voice said.

“A-alright.” Jimin squeaked and then looked down at his hyung who was still sprawled on the wooden floor, “Bye, hyung!”

“Wa—Chims—”

Jimin had started running towards Yoongi who had walked away without waiting for him. And when he caught Yoongi’s figure in front of him at the parking lot, he felt scared, because now he was left alone with his dom. From how cold Yoongi’s eyes and voice had been, Jimin knew he was screwed. Even though they weren’t in relationship, he felt like Yoongi owned him. And he didn’t like the feeling of being caught like a cheater even though he hadn’t meant it like that.

Yoongi unlocked the car and slipped into the driver seat. Jimin followed and sat on the passenger seat. The engine wasn’t turned on right away. Jimin looked to his side and watched Yoongi staring—more like glaring—at something outside the front glass. His pale hand which gripped the steering wheel was tight and Jimin could see the blue veins under his skin strained.

Well, yeah, Jimin was sure he was screwed.

“Yoongi—”

“Who was that?” Yoongi cut him off with the same icy voice.

Gulping, Jimin looked down at his loose fists over his thighs, “It was Hoseokkie-hyung. He’s the instructor of my hip-hop dance class.”

“Yeah? I thought a dance instructor was supposed to teach their students to *dance*, not shove their hand under their students’ shirts.”

Tightening his shaky hands, Jimin answered, “He—we—we’re just close. He has been my close friend even before he graduated and was hired as instructor.”

“Well, I can see you’re close.”

Jimin flinched as he heard the sarcasm in Yoongi’s tone. He wanted to look up and see what kind of expression Yoongi wore on his usually soft face, but he was too scared.

The engine was turned on and the car started moving but Jimin still had his eyes on his hands. Only after they had passed a few junctions was Jimin finally brave enough to look up.

“Yoongi, a-are you mad?” He asked cautiously.

The car stopped at another crossroad as the light turned red. Yoongi held Jimin’s hand in his and
gave it a hard squeeze, one that made Jimin flinch. He turned his face away from the road and smiled at Jimin, not his usual smile, but a kind of smile Jimin had never seen, full of authority and sugarcoated darkness, it made the hair on his nape stand, “Why would I be, baby?”

Jimin seriously wanted to run away.

Before he could answer, the light had turned green and Yoongi released his hand to steady the steering wheel.

The car pulled over and parked at the designated spot at the basement but neither of them moved even when the engine was turned off.

“This is what you’re going to do, baby.” Yoongi broke the silence, and nearly sent Jimin jumping three meters, “You go first to our home and strip yourself. Stand next to the bed and stay there until I ask you to move.”

Jimin nodded silently. Suddenly a hand gripped his face from under his chin, squeezing his cheeks, forcefully making Jimin to face the lawyer’s scary face.

“I’ve told you so many times already. Use your words.” Yoongi hissed dangerously.

“Ye-yes, Yoongi.” Jimin whimpered, muffled by his puckered lips.

Yoongi leaned and smashed their lips together, so hard that Jimin was sent backwards from the impact and felt a slight copper taste on his tongue.

“Now move.” Yoongi ordered after releasing the younger’s face.

Jimin hurriedly unbuckled the seatbelt and ran towards the elevator. He could see Yoongi watching him from the blurry reflection of the metal door, but he didn’t have much time as it opened for him to ride. His breath was erratic and short all the way to the last floor where Yoongi’s penthouse was located and his skin was tingling both from fear and wicked excitement.

He nearly tripped on one of his shoes as he quickly kicked them off. His bag was dumped on the sofa and he rushed himself to stand next to the bed. His embarrassment had been long gone so he easily pulled his shirt off and sent all of his clothes to the corner, abandoned. The air was warm from the oncoming summer, but his skin was covered in goosebumps.

The front door beeped, the sign of being unlocked when Jimin was busying himself by playing with his fingers when Yoongi appeared. The dominant aura emitted from the lawyer made the younger’s knees weak, but he tried to hold on, fists clenching so hard his knuckles turned white. The indifference on Yoongi’s face only made Jimin squirm more.

“Did you touch yourself?” Yoongi asked, removing his polo shirt, displaying his glorious pale skin for Jimin to drink in with his eyes.

“No, Yoongi.” Jimin whispered.

With a short, approving hum, Yoongi disappeared into the walk-in closet. Jimin was familiar with the whole procedure, he was sure the older male was going to come back with lube and whatever things he would use on Jimin during sex. Deep down, he was scared. This was the first time Yoongi was going to take him with anger in his veins, it made the younger wary.

Yoongi came back with a familiar bottle but before Jimin could see what else the lawyer had in his hands, he had thrown them on the bed.
“Kneel down.” Yoongi ordered.

Snapping his neck to see the lawyer’s stoic face, Jimin asked him to repeat what the order was.

“Kneel. Down.” Yoongi repeated, emphasizing each word.

Jimin obeyed and lowered himself to his knees.

“I said I could be so possessive and you have to avoid my bad side.” Yoongi stated, walking around Jimin to fix his posture so his back was upright and his head was forward, “Did I or did I not tell you that?”

Exhaling shakily, Jimin replied, “You did, Yoongi.”

“Then why did you let your Hoseokkie-hyung touch you in that way?” Yoongi said, standing in front of the younger and lifting Jimin’s chin with his finger so he could look up at the lawyer’s face properly, “Do you always do that? Let other people touch you like that?”

“No!” Jimin cried out, “No, Yoongi! I swear! It was just—”

“I don’t need excuses.” The older male interjected, “Tell me your safe word.”

Jimin’s breath hitched. After months sleeping with Yoongi, never once had they used the safe word and never once, had Yoongi asked him before having sex. The younger was aware of what kind of treatment he would face. It was his punishment, but still, it was scary.

“Totoro.”

“You better to remember that, baby. Maybe you’ll have to use it tonight.” Yoongi smirked slightly before releasing Jimin’s chin and ordered, “Get on the bed.”

Wobbly, Jimin did as he had been told. Yoongi came beside him and took his semi-hard length and gave it a few tugs. The younger moaned quietly, closing his eyes as he felt himself getting harder at the attention. He snapped his eyes open when he felt something tightening around his cock and testicles. Supporting himself on his elbows, he looked down to see a black band around his genital; a cock ring.

“Yoongi?” Jimin squeaked.

“You don’t come until I give you permission.” Yoongi said with a smile, a haunting one. But all fearful thoughts flew away as the lawyer started pumping him again.

Jimin gasped when Yoongi gave one of his thighs a mild slap and rubbed the reddened spot gently. There was a kiss to his abdomen before he felt something cold trickling down his perineum to his entrance. But instead of a familiar feeling of a finger, Jimin felt something blunt nudging his entrance before easing in. Gasping at the width of the object, Jimin clutched the pillow under his head because of the pain. The object was bigger than a finger that Yoongi usually used first to stretch his rim. That wasn’t the only thing that made him jump in surprise, it was the vibrations inside him, nudging his prostate so deliciously that he keened.

Yoongi took the vacant space beside Jimin’s trembling body and leaned on the bedpost. He gave his sub a show by tugging his cock to full hardness, with ragged sighs and moans. When his length was standing proud, curving towards his flat stomach, he got off from the bed and stood beside the bed.

“Come here, baby. Keep lying on your back, but hang your head on the edge of the bed.” Yoongi
Jimin crawled to the spot and laid on his back, his head falling off the edge. Upside down, he could see Yoongi stepping closer. The thick cock nudged his lips so he parted them obediently. It wasn’t his first time sucking Yoongi off, but it would definitely be more than fellatio, Jimin was sure Yoongi would fuck his mouth.

“Relax your throat, yeah?” Yoongi warned.

Jimin hummed, making the lawyer grunt at the vibration around his cock. Yoongi started rocking his hips slowly then, letting Jimin’s throat adjust to the length. It had been shallow at first, but it was getting deeper as Yoongi started moving faster. The hand around his throat was gentle, so different from how rough Yoongi was fucking his throat. The vibration in him wasn’t helping at all, making him moan on the lawyer’s cock whenever he shifted, causing it to hit his prostate. Jimin felt tugs around his cock at the same time of Yoongi’s thrusts, and he felt himself getting closer to orgasm. He released Yoongi’s cock from his mouth and started moaning against the smooth skin of Yoongi’s thigh instead. When the orgasm hit him, it hit him dry because of the cock ring.

Yoongi silently turned Jimin’s limp body around so the younger was on his front and then pulled his hips up. Jimin was already sensitive from the first orgasm and he couldn’t help but wail when he felt Yoongi start thrusting the toy in and out. His cock was twitching every time Yoongi pushed the vibrator in and he felt himself getting hard again. His length hurt from the previous dry orgasm.

The lawyer finally had mercy on him as he pulled the vibrator out. Without giving the younger time to rest, Yoongi started pushing his own cock into the tight heat of Jimin’s body and set the brutal pace which sent Jimin sliding back and forth on the bed.

Jimin felt his throat hurt; both from deep-throating Yoongi and screaming. His prostate was overstimulated and he was getting dizzy from it. All rationality was gone as Yoongi kept pounding into him like a beast. Just when he felt another dry orgasm approaching, the lawyer suddenly stopped completely, letting him breathe a little.

“Who do you belong to?” Yoongi asked in a low voice, thrusting shallowly with each word.

Since his head was still hazy, Jimin only managed to reply in a weak voice, “Yuh-you…”

Unsatisfied with his answer, Yoongi clicked his tongue and pulled out completely. Jimin panicked when Yoongi got off the bed.

“Yoongi!” He called, “Where are you going??”

The lawyer looked down at him with a stoic face, “You can stay like that until you admit loud and clear who you belong to.”

On impulse, Jimin started wailing, “You! I belong to you, Min Yoongi! Only you!”

“Good boy.” Yoongi smiled down then, “That’s what I wanted to hear.”

Carefully, Yoongi turned Jimin’s body so the younger laid on his back. He slipped between Jimin’s legs and kissed the younger’s trembling lips tenderly, drawing a relieved sigh from Jimin.

The student moaned when Yoongi pushed into him again. The lawyer left fleeting kisses all over his neck and shoulders, contradicting with the deep thrusts into his body.

The second orgasm was gradually approaching again and Jimin felt pain in him, on him. Tears
trickled down his blushing cheeks, because it was too much, and it was beyond the limit he could handle.

“Yoongi!” Jimin sobbed as his cock became too painful, “To-totoro—”

Yoongi stopped moving completely and then cradled Jimin’s face, “Ssh, baby. Stop crying. Tell me, you want me to stop?”

“No, but—but it hurts.” Jimin whimpered, “Can you take the cock ring off, please? I really want to come. I promise I won’t let Hoseok-hyung or anyone touch me like that again. Please.”

“I got it.” Yoongi peppered kisses on Jimin’s chest, “I got you.”

He carefully pulled the band off and set it aside.

“You want me to pull out too?” Yoongi asked.

Shaking his head, Jimin pulled Yoongi by the neck, clinging onto him, “It’s okay. We can continue like this.”

Yoongi started again slow, not wanting to hurt the younger more. When Jimin started moaning in pleasure instead of pain, he increased his speed. His slipped one hand between their stomachs to pump Jimin’s cock at the same time as his thrusts.

Jimin screamed on Yoongi’s shoulder when he reached his orgasm, body shaking spasmodically upon the long climax. Yoongi hadn’t reached it yet, but he didn’t want his sub to be in pain, so he pulled out to jerk himself off and came all over Jimin’s twitching abs.

“I hope you keep your promise not to let anyone to touch you like that anymore.” Yoongi said after cleaning both of them, hugging Jimin close against his chest.

The younger hummed, “I will, Yoongi.”

Jimin felt the lawyer’s mouth on his neck then. But instead of soft kiss Yoongi always left there, it was a stinging one. It was unusual for Yoongi to leave marks somewhere exposed due to the younger’s request, but Jimin could understand this time. He had been the cause of it after all.

“Mine.” Yoongi whispered after that, nuzzling against Jimin’s damp hair.

The statement brought another tug at his heart, it wasn’t admiration or respect, it felt much deeper than that, and it made him weak again. Jimin almost gave in, but he was reminded of the contract somewhere in Yoongi’s drawer, the sign of separation which could happen anytime if Yoongi wanted to stop. It made him swallow it off, reassuring himself that it was only the impulse caused by how Yoongi was showing his rare possessiveness over him.

Though, it wasn’t stopping him from responding, “Yours.”

Chapter End Notes

phew! what a ride! /shoves tissue to my nostrils to stop the blood/

how did you find that guys? i hope you also like this chapter!
two chapters of smut back to back! how did it make you feel?! i hope you feel happy!

yes, please be happy!

because the roller coaster is about to hit the slope
/cackles evilly/

by the way, i can't help but add some japanese studies reference since i, myself, graduated from the said major (hello, is there japanese-speakers here? let's talk so i can improve :3)

talk to me on twitter! if you've followed me but i haven't followed you back, please mention me! i don't mind to be mutual with my readers! much love for you guys!

KEY, SIGNING OUT! see you on next chapter!
Chapter Summary

Yoongi was a famous lawyer. He was one of the most eligible bachelors and any woman would kill to be with him. Jimin knew he should’ve considered himself lucky that he knew Yoongi personally. But, he had somehow forgotten that he was only an ordinary student the world didn’t even know existed. If Yoongi were to be in a relationship, he wouldn’t be the one chosen to be the lucky partner. Yoongi would pick a young, beautiful partner with a great education and many achievements, and it wouldn’t be him.

Chapter Notes

you see those two new tags i added? yeap. something’s gonna hit the fan soon. /cackles evilly while sipping banana milk/

also, i have something to share at the end of this chapter, on the note section. if you think you don't need to read that, it's okay, really. it's not really that important. i just wanna share a little bit about dominant role from the research i've done before writing this story.

oops, don't let me hold back your ride any longer.
enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Clasping and unclasping his hand around his neck, Jimin sighed as he gave up. The hickey on his skin was too near his jaw he wouldn’t be able to cover it. It was a silent warning which told anyone interested in him to get the fuck away because he was happily taken. Well, even though it wasn’t particularly like that. People wouldn’t ask him about the hickey anyway.

“Goddammit, Chims! Is that a hickey?”

—except Jung Wheein.

“No, my dog bit me.” Jimin answered sarcastically.

“Don’t give me that sass, young man.” Wheein huffed, “Seriously, I thought you told me that you were too busy for clubbing.”

“Well, I still am.” Jimin replied again, pulling out his books and setting them down on the table.

“That doesn’t answer my question about your hickey though.”

“Someone gave it to me.”

“Of course it was someone, I didn’t think it was a hamster. But my question is, who?”
Groaning, Jimin banged his head on the table and whined, “Can we drop this discussion please?”

Wheein went silent and it made Jimin turn to see his best friend. The girl had a frown on her usually cheerful face, lips pursed.

“I’m just—” Wheein sighed, turning to him, “I’m just concerned, Chims. First you have red marks all over your forearms, and now you have a hugeass hickey on your neck. If you told me you had someone, I wouldn’t be mad, y’know? I’d prefer if you were honest with me. You’re my best friend, but you’ve been so distant and marks keep appearing on your skin. I’m not sure if you’re happily taken or abused or even involved in something dangerous, I don’t have any idea.”

Hearing the honest confession from his best friend, Jimin straightened his back, “Wheein—I’m not —”

“I’m sorry if I’m sticking my nose into where it doesn’t belong.” Wheein looked down, “I’m just—well, I feel worried.”

“Wait, how did you know I had red marks on my forearms?” Jimin asked, “I thought I covered them with long-sleeves.”

“You pushed them up to your elbows when it was getting hot. I saw them but I didn’t ask because I didn’t think I should pry. But, now, I don’t know. I hope you shed some light because I’m missing out here.”

Scratching his cheek, Jimin pulled Wheein closer by her shoulders, embracing her in a friendly side-hug, “I’m sorry, Wheein. I guess I should tell you what I’ve been up to since you’re my best friend.” He inhaled a lungful of oxygen before continuing, “First, I’m okay. I’m neither abused nor involved any dangerous crime. God, you sound like Seokjin-hyung. But, I don’t think I can call myself happily taken either. Well, I have been living with someone for months now, but—I don’t think we can call ourselves in a relationship? Ah, this is so hard to explain.”

Wheein opened her mouth to say something but was interrupted by the lecturer who came. Releasing the girl’s narrow shoulders, Jimin promised to continue his story later.

During the class however, Jimin couldn’t focus on his general course. His brain was working on how to tell Wheein about his contract with Yoongi. He could lie to her just as he had lied to Seokjin, but he didn’t think it was right. Even though Seokjin had been friends with him since childhood, Wheein had been the one who stayed with him through his ups and downs. She had always been the one giving him courage and brightening his mood. She had never judged him for his semi-introverted personality or his sexual preference. She had always helped him in every aspect and lying to her felt wrong. At the same time, he wasn’t sure how Wheein would take the news. What if she turned her back on him after he told her about the contract? Would she judge him as a cheap-lay?

Sighing, Jimin stopped doodling on his notebook and was surprised to see what he had written on the last page; the lawyer’s name. He was about to flip to the next page to hide the name, but Wheein’s hand stopped him. She was peering down with a frown on her face and turned to Jimin with a big question mark hanging above her head. Giving her a strained smile, Jimin carefully pulled his wrist from the girl’s hand and closed his book. He would tell her the truth.

“What’s this about Min Yoongi?” Wheein asked once they had settled down with lunch at their table in the college canteen.

Jimin chewed his fry slowly and swallowed it, with a lump forming in his throat, “Everything is about him.”
“What?” The girl leaned closer, “I don’t understand, Chims?”

“You know—something happened after the interview you asked me to help you with.” Jimin started squirming in his chair, “Uh, I—I signed a contract with him.”

“What kind of contract?”

Fiddling with the fork in his hand, Jimin started telling her the story. Opposite from what he had expected, Wheein didn’t give him a disgusted stare or show any sign of discomfort, but she did express her concerns.

“Listen, Chims. If you’re comfortable with whatever you’re doing together with Min Yoongi, I won’t judge you. But, the deal you made here is pretty dangerous, don’t you think? I’m not talking about your safety, I’m sure that guy’s not stupid enough to harm you physically in any way. But, I just want you to be careful because we don’t know what you’ll face in the future. Sometimes people get hurt, not because of others, but because of themselves.”

Jimin nodded, telling his best friend not to worry about that. At the same time, he was wondering if he would be one of those people, because he had given himself to the lawyer since day one.

“Here.” Hoseok gave him a sealed envelope at the end of their practice.

Jimin surveyed the object and questioned the older instructor silently with a raised eyebrow.

“It’s a VIP ticket.” Hoseok explained, wiggling his eyebrows, “You can give it to that famous lawyer you’re dating.”

Widening his eyes, Jimin slapped his hyung’s arm, “What the hell, hyung? We—we’re not da—

“Yeah, right, sure.” Hoseok responded sarcastically and left him to ponder about asking Yoongi to come to his competition.

After packing up his dirty clothes and equipment, Jimin waited for Yoongi to pick him up at the gate of his university. The black, sleek car came not too long later and he opened the door of the passenger seat, only to see the chauffeur seated in the driver’s seat. With an awkward ‘sorry’, Jimin opened the backseat door and found Yoongi slumped down, dozing off with his arms crossed on his chest and head lolling forwards. He seemed very tired.

Careful not to wake the lawyer up, Jimin quietly slipped into the backseat and put his bag next to him. He scooted closer to Yoongi’s side and fixed Yoongi’s head so that it leaned on his shoulder. With a smile, Jimin planted a kiss on his dom’s head secretly when the chauffeur wasn’t looking at the rearview mirror.

Jimin had almost fell asleep when the chauffeur announced that they had arrived. Rubbing his sleepy eyes, Jimin shook Yoongi’s shoulder gently to wake him up.

“Jimin?” Yoongi slurred, “When did you arrive?”

“Since your chauffeur picked me up at my college.” Jimin chuckled, “You seemed so tired, I didn’t
have the heart to wake you up. But, we’ve arrived at home and I don’t think I have any energy to carry you. Sorry for waking you up.”

“Ah, no, it’s okay.” Yoongi said and yawned, “You should’ve woken me up when we picked you up though.”

After dismissing his chauffeur and receiving the key of his car back, Yoongi led Jimin towards the elevator by the waist, nuzzling the younger’s head affectionately. Once the elevator closed, he started kissing his sub tenderly on the lips, savoring the sweetness of the younger’s mouth.

“The camera.” Jimin warned between kisses.

“Hmm, I don’t care.” Yoongi said.

“What if someone walks in?”

“I don’t care either.”

“You don’t really mean it.” Jimin chuckled, “You have a reputation to uphold, Mr. Lawyer.”

Clicking his tongue, Yoongi leaned away and pursed his lips. Jimin giggled and gave Yoongi’s shoulder a kiss.

“Ah, sleeping on the way made me not as sleepy anymore.” Yoongi sighed once he had showered and settled on the sofa with a can of beer in his hand, beside Jimin and his coke in front of the TV.

“Yeah,” Jimin nodded approvingly, “I thought I would crash right after I got home. But, I’m surprisingly wide awake now.”

“This is nice.” Yoongi said, putting his can on the table so he could cuddle the younger.

Jimin let his arm drape across Yoongi’s stomach and sighed contentedly with the lawyer’s fresh scent invading his nostrils. Then, he remembered about the invitation and pulled away from Yoongi’s warmth to find the enveloped ticket in his bag. He got back to the lawyer’s side and dangled the object in front of Yoongi’s curious face.

“What is this?” Yoongi asked, carefully opening the seal so he could get his hands on the paper inside. He pulled it out and read the colorful writing on it, “A dance competition?”

“Well, I was chosen to be the center of my team to represent my university at a national competition.” Jimin shyly admitted, “Hoseok-hyung said it’d better if I shared this with you. He thinks we’re dating.”

“Good, now he won’t touch you inappropriately anymore.” Yoongi snickered, “A national competition, hmm? Is it really okay if I come?”

“Why not?” The student shrugged, “I mean, if you don’t mind.”

“Of course I don’t! I won’t miss my baby’s performance.” Yoongi pulled Jimin closer again, “I’ll definitely come.”

Feeling the warm tug in his chest again, Jimin buried his face in Yoongi’s chest and giggled, “Thank you.”

“Speaking of dancing,” Yoongi said, “why don’t you give me a private performance right now?”
“Private performance?!” Jimin shrieked, pulling his face away from the lawyer’s chest, “Wha—what—you wa—want me to gi—give you a—a lap dance?!”

Yoongi blinked once, twice, then threw his head back with loud laughter.

“Ah, baby,” Yoongi said in between his laughter, “as much as I’d love for you to do that, no, not a lap dance. You said you wanted to see me play the piano, right? What do you think about dancing to my melody?”

Rubbing his cheek in embarrassment, Jimin replied, “You mean, you want to watch me dance while you play the piano?”

Yoongi nodded, “But please don’t give me a complicated piece so I can watch you. If it’s too hard, I’ll end up focusing on playing than your dance.”

“Oh, well, I don’t really know about classical, so I’ll just trust you to pick the song. I’ll try to do freestyle.”

“It’s possible to do that?” Yoongi raised his eyebrows in surprise, “Wow, you must be very talented.”

“I’m not,” Jimin shook his head and stood up, “I’ve danced ballet longer than hip-hop, so it’ll be easier to go with the flow.”

The lawyer gave him an impressed hum while walking towards the grand piano. He carefully pushed the lid up and ran his fingers lightly over the keys. Then, he sat down on the chair. Jimin saw some emotion play in Yoongi’s eyes, that he couldn’t really describe, but he understood that the piano was more than an instrument to the lawyer. He felt a surge of joy that he was able to see this side of Min Yoongi for his private memory.

When the first bar was played, Jimin could feel his body start to move with the flow of the song. It wasn’t something he had ever danced to and he wasn’t sure if the song was even a classic one. It was good and full of emotion. When he caught a glimpse of Yoongi’s eyes watching him moving gracefully to the wave of notes coming from the keys Yoongi played, he felt like he was melting under the intense stare.

When the song ended, Jimin opened his eyes he had unconsciously closed, turning his face as he heard applause behind him. The lawyer was clapping his hands with a soft smile gracing his thin lips.

“That was amazing, baby. Why did you even sign for hip-hop when you could do wonderfully in ballet?”

Jimin scratched his head, “I wanted to explore different forms of dancing. What was the song you played? I’ve never heard it.”

“It’s mine.” Yoongi replied, looking down at his hands, playing the song again, “I composed it.”

“Really?!” The younger gaped, “Yoongi—that—that was beautiful! Wow! I didn’t know you were so talented in music.”

Chuckling, Yoongi closed the lid of the grand piano and kissed the wooden surface lovingly, “Piano is my first love. It was what gave me strength to go through my hardest days, when I was younger.”

Jimin sat down on the floor and asked, “If you don’t mind me asking, why didn’t you pursue a career to be musician? I mean, I’m sure you had opportunities, with your talent.”
“Because I didn’t think I could make it big, baby.” Yoongi said, there was a hint of sadness in his voice. He threw his head back to stare at the ceiling and continued, “When you’ve been through a lot, you mature faster, and let go of your childhood dreams. I knew I would be able to enter the industry, but I needed to settle faster, I didn’t have much time back then. To have a settled place in the music industry, you need so much time to become successful. So, I gave up on it.” He turned to face Jimin, “Besides, it’s not like I don’t love my current job. I’m good at what I do and I don’t have any reason to leave.”

The younger had so many questions about what Yoongi had meant by how he hadn’t had much time, but he decided not to bring it up. Whatever happened in the lawyer’s past should stay in the past. It might have been hard, so he didn’t need to remind Yoongi about it. Standing with a smile, Jimin stood up to reach out for Yoongi’s hand, pulling the lawyer towards the bed.

The mood was good and he didn’t want to bring it down. He planted a long, passionate kiss on the lawyer’s lips, and led him to heated, satisfying lovemaking for the night.

Getting off at the bus stop in a neighborhood he wasn’t familiar with was nerve-wrecking. He checked the name for the hundredth time, making sure he hadn’t got off at the wrong place. He knew he was cute and didn’t want to be kidnapped by some predator who lusted after his young ass, thank you very much.

Summer break had come and he had planned this short trip since two weeks ago, when he decided he wasn’t going back to Busan. It had been a long time since he had met up with Taehyung and Jungkook, his close friends, and he had been waiting for this day to come. He told Yoongi that he would be staying at his friend’s house for a few days, and the lawyer told him that he would be lonely without him (Jimin’s heart had soared when Yoongi described him as the one who made his home warm).

Taehyung and Jungkook, to put it simply, were polar opposite personalities. Taehyung had the mindset of a child with unlimited imagination, while Jungkook was more mature, despite being younger. The only sign Jungkook’s age was when he smiled and let his cute bunny teeth poke out under his thin lips. Most people wondered how both of them had ended up dating, and Jimin was one of them. Seriously, how they managed to last such a long time was beyond Jimin.

“Ha! I knew it!” Taehyung cheered, punching the air with his fist, “I always win this game!”

They were gathered in Taehyung’s wide living room at the boy’s aunt’s house (the one he currently lived at during his study at Kyunghee University) and were playing games. Jenga was one of Taehyung’s specialties and Jimin should’ve known better than to agree to play. Well, technically, Jungkook was the best amongst the three of them (please, Jimin had known Jungkook since they had been neighbors in Busan and they had grew up together) but he knew the youngest was soft at heart, and let his boyfriend win every time (because Jungkook was a cheesy bastard).

“Yeah, babe, you always win, just like how you won my heart!” Jungkook cooed.

“Oh, god fucking dammit! I didn’t sign up for this sleepover just so I could be a third wheel. Keep your cheesiness down, please?” Jimin groaned.

“Don’t worry, babe, Jimin-hyung is just jealous because he’s a lonely man with so much loneliness
in his lonely life. He doesn’t even know what love is.” Jungkook said again.

Jimin opened his mouth to deny every accusation Jungkook had thrown him and to tell them he had Yoongi, but he closed it because he knew he would get into trouble for spilling the beans. He reminded himself again that even though the lawyer treated him like the most precious thing in the world, Min Yoongi wasn’t his boyfriend. So instead, Jimin grumbled about Jungkook being a brat and sulked while both of his friends laughed together.

Suddenly, his phone chimed, he had received a message. He unlocked his phone to read the whole message.

**Jung Wheein**: Hey, Chims. I know you’re having a good time with Jungkook and Taehyung, but I have something to tell you.

**Jung Wheein**: I don’t want to be that guy (girl?), but I really think you should check it out.

**Jung Wheein** shared a link.

With that, Jimin tuned out whatever the lovebirds in front of him were talking about and clicked the link, heart beating fast because he had a bad feeling about what he was about to read.

When Jimin saw the news, he felt his heart sink.

He knew he wasn’t anyone important in Yoongi’s life; he was only there for the contract. He knew he wasn’t supposed to feel anything, but, joke’s on him, he felt hurt.

Yoongi was a famous lawyer. He was one of the most eligible bachelors and any woman would kill to be with him. Jimin knew he should’ve considered himself lucky that he knew Yoongi personally. But, he had somehow forgotten that he was only an ordinary student the world didn’t even know existed. If Yoongi were to be in a relationship, he wouldn’t be the one chosen to be the lucky partner. Yoongi would pick a young, beautiful partner with a great education and many achievements, and it wouldn’t be him.

He knew he shouldn’t be jealous seeing the rumor about Yoongi and a beautiful, successful businesswoman who, apparently, had been Yoongi’s client in the past. The lawyer had told Jimin himself that he was gay, for God’s sake. Nonetheless, he still felt sorrow and bitterly admitted that Yoongi and the woman looked so freaking good together. If they ever got married, he was sure the children would all be geniuses and good-looking.

Jimin set the speaker on mute and watched the short clip of the woman laughing lightly, saying she didn’t have that kind of relationship with Min Yoongi, and that they were just friends (according to the captions). The expression she was wearing contrasted with her statement. She had a full-bloomed blush on her cheeks, and Jimin didn’t like it.

The student curled his knees up to his chest after locking his phone and pouted, hiding behind his knees, feeling defeated and out of Yoongi’s league. There was no way he would win against the woman. He was only a broke college student who let himself be taken to bed by the lawyer because of his desperation to live decently. The thought of Yoongi dumping him for a woman gave him such a sour mood and anguish.

“Hyung?” Jungkook shook his shoulder gently, “What’s wrong? Are you okay?”

He almost forgot that he was with Taehyung and Jungkook at the moment. Giving the youngest an
uptight smile, Jimin nodded, “Yeah, I think I just need a bathroom break. The amount of chocolate you force-fed me makes me nausea.”

Taehyung pouted, “We didn’t feed you much, Chims!”

“Yeah, yeah. Not everyone has a sweet-tooth like you, Tae.” Jimin snickered and then stood up, “I’ll be right back.”

Even though Taehyung was oblivious, Jimin knew Jungkook could see through him. The youngest didn’t say anything to him as he walked towards the bathroom, but he could feel his lingering stare on the back of his head, as if he knew about his conflicted, stinging heart. Even so, Jimin chose to ignore the maknae.

Locking the door, Jimin’s façade broke, he stared at his pathetic face in the mirror. He wondered how he could fake happiness in front of the two later. The last thing he wanted was the both of his friends finding out about his stupid contract, and his stupid crush on a certain sweet but maddening lawyer.

Scooping a handful of water from the tap he turned on, he splashed his face a few times before drying his skin with the towel hanging beside the mirror. Exhaling and inhaling for a while until he regained his composure, Jimin finally opened his eyes.

“Wake up, Park Jimin.” He mumbled to his reflection, “You can’t have any feelings, remember?”

Yeah, he really couldn’t, but why did his heart keep hurting?

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**Chapter End Notes**

So, I got a question via my DM on twitter from a person who wants to remain as anon, but her question made me realize there may some of my readers questioning about Yoongi’s and Jimin’s relationship here.

She told me about how Yoongi’s character here as a dominant is far different from what she has expected and eventually, she asked me about how role of dominant runs because Yoongi’s character here is far more too caring for a dominant. Oh, well…

**Dominant does not mean domineering.**

I’m no expert for this question, to be honest, since I’ve never been a dom or sub before, but I researched about a d/s relationship before writing this story (yes! I did some research! That’s how far I dedicated my love to write this story). But, I’d love to share about what I learned during my research here.

As for her question, I answered it by quoting from an essay about dominant: *There is one thing a good Dominant is not – and that is domineering. Sadly, as is often the case in real life, there are those who mistake a domineering means as a key element of being seen as a “Dominant”. Their attitude is brash and rude, their tone frequently crass and their treatment of submissive is generally negative and oppressive. Where the Dominant will demonstrate respect, understanding and self-control the domineering individual will demand that they are given respect, will show a lack of understanding of basic D/s precepts and exhibit a lack of self-discipline, resorting to inappropriate actions and/or threats towards Submissive.*
A Dominant exercises control not by being overbearing or through the use of threats or by belittling another, but rather by working on a more subtle level, influencing thoughts, desires, needs and hopes – and through the simple expedient of showing they care. While a Dominant is both authoritarian and powerful, they are ever mindful of those around them, exercising care and consideration for their subs, as well as acting with respect for others regardless of whether they are Dominant or Submissive.

That’s all I wanted to share, guys! If you need, these are some links I managed to bookmarked during my research as the base ground for d/s relationship:

http://www.submissiveguide.com/encyclopedia/dominant/
https://liberateone.wordpress.com/2014/02/13/how-should-a-dominant-treat-his-submissive/
http://www.seekers.org.uk/domsub.html
Love Hurts

Chapter Summary

God, he was too deep in love with Min Yoongi—had been for a while without him realizing it, maybe? Had been denying it also, maybe? Maybe.

Chapter Notes

oops! sorry for talking too long to update!
this chapter is unedited since my lovely editor is having exam! please cheer her up!
and also. hmm. did you read the summary? well, here is where everything starts hitting the fan.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Good thing Jimin had had Jungkook, who really had understood that he hadn’t wanted to talk about that yet, so the rest of sleepover had gone smoothly. In the end Jungkook had dropped him at the bus stop that would’ve got him to Yoongi’s neighborhood. And also, he had said to Jimin, “Hyung, if you ever need someone to talk to about anything, I’ll be right here.”

How Jimin loved that guy.

During his short trip back to the neighborhood he lived at, Jimin couldn’t stop thinking about him and Yoongi. To say he fell in love with the lawyer, perhaps, would be too deep and too fast. He didn’t think it had reached that extent yet. But, to say the feeling he had for the lawyer was far more than simple adoration was understandable. He had come to admit it and had been trying to suppress it down so it wouldn’t grow to be a bigger issue.

Jimin wasn’t ready to revoke the contract and move on from Yoongi, not yet. He kept reasoning because he was nowhere near graduation, even though deep inside he was aware that wasn’t the real reason.

“Welcome home, baby.” The familiar smile and raspy voice greeted him unexpectedly when he was walking through the doorway. Yoongi was at home and sitting on the armchair at his workspace.

Jimin blinked at the doorway for a while, drinking every curves and crinkles on Yoongi’s soft feature with his eyes. The emotions in him were conflicting; the warmth from how Yoongi smiled at him all teeth and gums and the heave of whatever feelings he felt towards the lawyer at the moment.

He was wondering if he could see that face and that smile forever. He was wondering what he would do when he graduated and got himself a proper job. Would he move out from Yoongi’s place? Would they burn the contract? Would they stop meeting each other?

The thoughts of him living without Yoongi’s warm smile and gentle touches brought another wave of pain in his chest that he clutched it over his shirt, trying to calm it down.
“Baby?” Yoongi called him again, bringing him back to reality, “Are you okay? You look pale.”

“Ah,” Jimin chuckled awkwardly, “I feel a little bit dizzy. Might be from the heat outside.”

Summer almost hit its hottest peak so he wasn’t really lying there.

“You should stay hydrated. Get yourself a glass of water, hurry.” Yoongi ordered in concern.

Jimin nodded, throwing his bag onto the sofa, and did what he had been told. Yoongi was by his side when he was putting the glass he had used in the sink, with a meaningful smile.

Ignoring the complicated feelings, Jimin managed to give the lawyer a smile back and a curious statement, “I’m wondering why you’re home at noon. I don’t think your law firm also gets a summer holiday like students.”

Chuckling, Yoongi leaned his hip on the edge of the counter and crossed his arms over his chest, “I had a half-day work since I had to renew my almost expired passport and the office only accepts the paper until 2pm.”

“What’s with the rush?”

“Well,” Yoongi pursed his lips, “I have another business trip.”

Jimin pouted, “I’m going to miss you again.”

“Oh, you don’t have to.” The lawyer grinned, “Because, I’m taking you with me.”

“Wait, what?!” Jimin exclaimed, “Really?!”

Yoongi hummed with a nod, “You can count that as a vacation. We’re going to Tokyo for a week. I’ll take care of my business for first four days, but after that, we’ll have time for ourselves. Do you have your passport with you?”

“Ah, no.” Jimin shook his head, “But, I can ask my parents to send it here to me via EMS!”

“Great, do you think they can send it by tomorrow? Because I need it to apply your paper first so we can go next week.”

Nodding cheerfully, Jimin chirped, “I’ll tell them that!”

The lawyer brought his hand up to ruffle Jimin’s hair, “It’ll be nice. This will be our first vacation together. I hope it won’t be the last. I really want to bring you to more amazing places.”

The man in front of him might be the source of why his heart didn’t stop stinging and craving. Yet, he couldn’t bring himself to disagree how he loved the sound of that; to spend more of quality time together with Yoongi. But, who was he to delude himself? One day everything would stop and they would part their own way. For now, he wanted to enjoy each second he could spend together with the lawyer, that way he could burn the memories down permanently to his mind, carving them to bleed in his heart, so he could replay it again even without Yoongi’s presence in his life in the future.

“Yeah,” Jimin nodded against Yoongi’s shoulder, “It’ll be nice.”

They spent the rest of the day cuddling in the soft bed, talking about anything and everything, exchanging stares and kisses once in awhile. Yoongi asked him if he had some destination he wanted to visit the most. Jimin told him he didn’t have one, particularly, but he thought it would be nice to
travel around the world with the one he treasured in his life. The lawyer replied sleepily to the statement, telling the younger that he hoped it would be him. And Jimin laughed it off, even though deep in his heart he wanted it to be true also.

“Okay, that’s it, guys! That would be the last practice before I send you off for your holiday! I’m sorry again that we had to practice even though the summer break has started, but let’s not forget that we have a competition waiting for us right after the holiday. Please don’t forget your parts and keep practicing whenever you can.” Hoseok announced and then he turned to Jimin pointedly, “Especially you, Mr. Center, I know you have someone to impress coming and you know you don’t want to give them crappy performance.”

Whistles and teasing coming from all around the dance team and because Jimin couldn’t punch Hoseok at the moment, he chose to pout on his spot instead.

As the closing of the last practice before the holiday, Hoseok suggested that they had to go for drinks and noraebang. Jimin decided to come because he had worked hard for his term and he thought he deserved some fun. Gathering in the cramped space despite having booked the largest room, Hoseok started off first, singing (or was it wailing? Banshee-ing?) to the trot song playing on the wide screen. Laughter coming from all people there, because Hoseok, even though he was older and the instructor, was the jester of their Dance class.

By the time the clock hit 1am, Jimin felt his phone vibrating in his pocket. The loud sound around him muffled his ringtone he had set only for Yoongi’s contact. Excusing himself for a while, Jimin stepped out of the room and closed the door so the loudness of his friends wasn’t escaping to the deserted hallway.

“Yoongi?” Jimin said to the speaker.

“Jimin? Where are you?” Yoongi’s voice came, “You didn’t tell me anything about going home this late.”

Ah, Jimin had forgotten to message Yoongi about his plan with his dance team since it had been decided in rush. Scratching his cheek, the student chuckled apologetically, “I’m sorry. It was rushed and sudden that I forgot to tell you. I’m at noraebang with my dance team right now. It was the last practice before the break so Hoseok-hyung decided it was nice to close it with a small party. I’m really sorry, Yoongi.”

Jimin heard Yoongi sigh on the other side of the line, “It’s okay. I was just worried. But, I’m glad you’re safe. I really need to knock some sense to your Hoseok-hyung’s head one day for bringing my baby around without telling me.”

The last line was being said playfully, so Jimin was sure Yoongi wasn’t even mad. But thing that made Jimin’s heart soar was how possessive Yoongi sounded when he said that. Even though it was a playful threat, the student felt surprisingly happy to have his dom worried about him. Really, he had never thought he was that kind of guy who enjoyed being paid attention to and coddled around, but he was—had become to since he had met Min Yoongi.

“I’ll try not to get home too late.” Jimin giggled, “But, I can’t promise you anything.”

“And not too drunk.” Yoongi said, “On the second thought, don’t even get tipsy. I don’t want you to
be taken advantage of by irresponsible bastards.”

“Yoongi! Who even wants to do that to me?” Jimin laughed, “I’m just a broke college student.”

“Have you seen yourself, Park Jimin? You’re too cute to be true. And I bet at least one of your friends want to hit on you.”

Jimin felt his face heating up at the compliment, “You don’t have to worry about that. Hoseok-hyung hinted to all my friends that I was taken today. Thanks to who dragged me out of the gym because he was jealous.”

Yoongi chuckled, “I’ll take this opportunity to defend myself. First, I didn’t drag you out. You followed me by yourself. Second, of course I was jealous. That guy had his dirty hand shoved down under your shirt. I don’t like to watch my baby being touched by other guy or girl or anyone. I’ve told you about that.”

The student smiled to himself, “Okay, you got the point.”

“Alright then. I just wanted to make sure you were alright. Come home quickly once it’s finished, okay? Our bed is cold and I feel lonely without you here, baby.” Yoongi ended it with a cackle.

“You’re sooo cheesy.” Jimin stated, scrunching his face at the orange wall across of him.

They bid each other goodbye and hung the dial up. Leaning on the wall beside the door to the room he and his friends had rented, Jimin looked up to stare at the colorful ceiling with a sad smile. His heart was skipping two beats, if not one, at how sweet Yoongi was treating him, but his brain was screaming because it was getting dangerous to feel like that towards the lawyer. He wouldn’t get tipsy just like what Yoongi had told him, but he just needed something to lighten his mood up. At the conflicting moment, Jimin decided to bring himself another glass of beer.

When he came back to the room, most of his friends had been knocked out except for some who were practically balls of energy, his instructor included. When he checked his phone, Yoongi had sent him a goodnight message and a selfie taken on his (their?) bed; showing the young lawyer with two fingers next to his soft cheek and sleepy eyes. Jimin sent him his reply with heart and kiss emojis and then shoved the device down into his pocket.

It was 4am when Hoseok (fucking finally!) ran out of his energy and collapsed on the pile of students having fallen asleep on the floor. It seemed they decided to sleep there (they had rented the room for a whole night anyway), but Jimin needed to go home. He needed to see his dom. Bidding his goodbye to all his friends who were still awake and Hoseok, Jimin shouldered his sport bag and stepped out of the building.

It took him an hour to reach Yoongi’s penthouse with the first train of the day and he felt so exhausted and sleepy that he almost fell asleep on the empty car. The lights, surprisingly, were on when he stepped into the space even though they were dimmed down since the sun had started showing its ray at the dark horizon and he saw Yoongi standing next to the huge glass window with a mug in his hand, looking through the glass at the city lights below which still sparkling in the dark canvas.

Yoongi smiled at him after turning around, “Welcome home.”

“You haven’t gone to sleep?” Jimin asked, “I thought you said goodnight.”

“Wrong.” The lawyer shook his head, “I’ve woken up.”
Frowning, Jimin walked closer to the lawyer, “You slept at 1am, Yoongi. You need to sleep more.”

The older male shrugged, sipping his coffee, and said, “It’s a habit to wake up early and without even setting my alarm, I got woken up by myself.”

Jumin took the mug from Yoongi’s hand to put it down on the desk and pulled the lawyer towards the bed.

“Then sleep with me?” Jimin offered.

“I need to go to work, baby, to instruct my staff what to do during our trip to Japan.” Yoongi said, “But, I’ll cuddle with you until it’s time for me to go, alright?”

“Alright.” Jimin nodded and let himself being pulled closer to the lawyer’s fresh-scented, warm body.

In the end, the student didn’t get to sleep at all with his dom in the bed. With the lead of small kisses, it had grown into something more heated soon and eventually Yoongi left him for work after a quick mutual handjob, not forgetting to change pajamas with a mess on the front of his shirt with his office attire hastily, saying that he was being late. Sighing against the back of his hand, Jimin got off from the bed to change the cum-stained shirt with something comfortable and got back into the bed.

Although his body was drained from the practice and the orgasm he had had earlier, Jimin couldn’t sleep. He had tried to relax himself and close his eyes, but it didn’t work. His mind and thoughts about the fair-skinned lawyer kept bugging him. Getting off from the bed again with an annoyed huff, Jimin decided to make himself a glass of warm milk, hoping it would bring him some relaxation so he could sleep. He poured the milk into the mug and put it in the microwave. After setting the machine to the right mode, Jimin left it to warm his milk up and walked around the penthouse to kill the three-minute time. Eventually, his feet brought him to Yoongi’s desk.

He knew he shouldn’t have touched anything there, since it was Yoongi’s work space, but he couldn’t help but opened the first drawer, the place where he recalled Yoongi had put their contract last time. The familiar brown folder greeted him and he took it out carefully, not to disturb other things inside. In his absent-minded state, his fingers flipped the paper to the third page.

“The Submissive is not allowed to feel romantic emotion towards The Dominant. If the situation occurs, The Dominant may revoke the contract without further discussion.” He read it softly. Chuckling weakly, he grazed his finger over the writing and sighed, “It’s not a deep romantic emotion. It’s just a small crush and it’ll go eventually, right?” He assured himself and then dazedly looking around the space he had spent together with Yoongi for past few months.

It was still dominated by wood and merlot and some glasses just like the first time he had come, but he could find his clutters here and there now; like the blue mug he had in the microwave instead Yoongi’s red mug he had used at the beginning of their arrangement, like he had his toothbrush hanging beside Yoongi’s in the bathroom even though it wasn’t visible from where he was sitting, like how his sport bag he had dumped a couple hours ago on the sofa or the other bags he had hanging on the hanger near the walk-in closet, Yoongi had bought it especially for him, like his shoes being lined neatly at the small foyer, like his books and paper scattering around on the coffee table, and every scent he had left around the space as if he had really lived there.

Sighing, Jimin threw his head back and stared at the wooden ceiling. His mind felt heavy with dilemma. It brought another wave of conflict in his chest and the only one pulling him out of his thoughts was the ding of the microwave, signaling him to take his milk.
Arranging the papers just like he hadn’t opened before, he closed the folder and shoved it back into
the drawer before walking away from Yoongi’s work space. He took the mug out the microwave
and nestled it in one hand. Then he walked away from the kitchen area to explore the penthouse
again.

The more he spent time walking around the space, though, the more of flashback came to his mind.
He stroked the surface of the sofa, recalling it was the spot where he had signed the contract up with
Yoongi for the first time, and the spot where Yoongi often held him and kissed him deeply,
passionately, before taking it further onto the bed.

Jimin sat on it and raised his mug up, inhaling the scent of warm, dairy beverage. The white, creamy
milk was still a little too hot when he tried to sip it, so he put it down on the table to let it cool off a
bit. Shrinking further to the cocoon of warmth of the sofa, Jimin stared blankly at the black screen of
the TV across of him. His reflection was faintly visible there and he could see how pitiful the state he
was in; body sliding too far that his neck bent forward and his chin touched his chest while half of
his rear was off the sofa, legs spreading in front of him while hands were piling over his stomach.
Blowing his too long bangs, feeling irritated in sudden, Jimin pushed himself up a little so his butt
wasn’t falling off even though his chin was still pressed down his chest.

The news Wheein had shared the previous week had burnt onto his mind, standing out like black
coal staining on white sheet. Yoongi hadn’t given out his statement regarding the rumor to media,
‘too childish’ and ‘what a waste of time’ Jimin had heard Yoongi telling someone (his secretary,
Jimin had assumed) accidentally when he had been walking towards the bathroom in the middle of
the night when Yoongi had been still up with phone between his head and shoulder, pressed on his
ear.

Call Jimin childish, but he really wished Yoongi would’ve told the media that the rumor had been
stupid so the student could’ve breathed better without feeling so jealous like right now.

Why was he feeling jealous anyway? He swore he had pledged himself not to fall for Yoongi since it
could give him negative result instead of sweet relationships like those people on the discussion
forum had. But, he couldn’t get a rid of the annoying, jealousy feeling clawing his heart out. Yoongi
had showed his jealousy over Hoseok and Jimin knew the lawyer wouldn’t mind if he showed his
too. But, the jealousy they had was far too different. While Yoongi’s had been more like
possessiveness towards his property, Jimin’s was far more too personal. And Jimin hated it because
he felt it restraining himself to go as bold as before to the older male.

In every touch and kiss Yoongi shared with him, there was spark of danger in the deepest spot in his
heart hoping for all of them to be forever. It left Jimin paranoid in every step. Let’s forget his stupid
reason the first time he had signed the contract up, he wanted to burn it away so he could get the fuck
away from this stupid arrangement, his other needs aside, he just knew he had been too attached to
the lawyer by heart. Every time Jimin tried to think how his life would be without the older male, his
mind fell into chaotic mess, not because he wouldn’t be able to fulfill his necessities but because if he
did that, he wouldn’t be able to feel Yoongi’s presence anymore. He didn’t think he would be able to
handle the pain of his heart once it happened.

Ah, how Jimin wanted to make the contract disappear. His feelings had been flooding and it had
broken the last wall of the barrier of his heart. Min Yoongi had successfully snatched his heart but
Jimin didn’t think he would get Yoongi’s in return. The sudden realization that his feelings towards
the lawyer had developed into a mutant giant and much deeper than he had thought got him teary on
the eyes. And he didn’t hold it in now, not when he was having the space for his own. The first
dollop of tear was burning and the others started following the lead heavily, wetting his face in the
shape of twin disarray rivers.
God, he was too deep in love with Min Yoongi—had been for a while without him realizing it, maybe? Had been denying it also, maybe? Maybe.

Jimin fixed his position on the sofa. Curling his knees to his chest and laying himself down on his side, he started sobbing into the cushion. The tears weren’t stopping even though he shut his eyes tight. The heel of his palms did no help either, even though he pressed them up over his eyes. His nose was blocked so he had to hardly breathe through his mouth. He knew his eyes would be puffy and ugly later and he knew the lawyer would ask him about it, but Jimin wasn’t able to bring himself to care about that, he could find something to lie later. But not now, it could wait. His heart was hurting like bitch was what mattered at the moment. All he could think to do from now was to watch himself crushed by his own stupid emotion until he couldn’t take it anymore. He hoped it would be fast so he could move on fast too.

Finally Jimin could sleep—fell asleep—with dried tears on his cheeks and too much exhaustion for both his physical and mental.

The milk on the coffee table was forgotten.

Chapter End Notes

ha...ha...ha

i suck at angst.

but, this is the beginning of shit going down.

HOLY SHIT!!! look at those comments, kudos and hits! guys! GUYS! I AM FEELING HONORED! YOU GUYS ARE THE REASON I KEEP WRITING! THANK YOU SO MUCH!

I LOVE YA! TILL NEXT CHAPTER MWAH :************
“Don’t ever do that again, please?” Yoongi said, lifting his head to see Jimin right in the eyes.

The younger spent a good minute to read the emotion in Yoongi’s eyes, which made him believe, believe for a while that the lawyer kept the same feeling with him. Waking himself up from the dangerous delusion he had made in his head, Jimin gave Yoongi a sincere smile, as sincere as he could at the moment, “I won’t do that again, Yoongi.”

Chapter Notes

i have bad news. they made me sad.

first, i lost my beta-reader. she has her own personal reason to stop being my beta-reader, and i respect her decision. but still, i feel sad (Jy, i love you :(((((( you've helped me so much even though it was such a short time). since i don't have any more beta-reader, i hope you don't mind bearing with my broken grammar since english isn't my first language <33

second, i've finished this story. and i've saved it. i was about to open the file again to do some checking but, boy, the file is corrupted and i'm still mad. i've tried any way i knew (command prompt, failed. sending it to email, failed. converting it, failed. fucking renaming it because i was so desperate, also failed. i gave up)

good thing is that i have chapters saved on google docs because i usually sent them to my beta-reader via google docs. it's not all of the chapters i've written, but i'm glad at least i've saved half of what i've done for next chapters. so, please forgive me if i take longer time to update because i have to rewrite half of them again :((((

but guys, your heart-warming comments and kudos and hits are making me alive again. you keep me motivated to write this story, and i really thank you guys. you are the best!

now that i've told you my stupid problems, please enjoy this chapter. the angst will get heavier later after this (but don't worry i'm not pro at angst so--) i hope i can give you the emotional wave lol

love ya all <33

See the end of the chapter for more notes
enough. And this seat was far too different with the seat he had had then. He was slightly disappointed that the flight was so fast. And they had reached Narita Airport in no time.

“Since you’re a Japanese Studies student, I assume you can guide me here?” Yoongi asked playfully.

“Are you kidding me?” Jimin pouted, “Of course, not.” Yoongi laughed and the younger felt needing to defend himself. “Hey! The classes and textbooks and syllabus have Korean words! Also the lecturers usually teach us in Korean even though they do slip Japanese words in occasionally. God, why do people always assume Japanese Studies student can actually speak Japanese fluently??” Jimin lamented. “This mindset has to be fixed, I swear to God!”

“Oh, Jimin, I got it! I’m sorry!” Yoongi laughed.

Jimin was actually taken aback for a few seconds after Yoongi had called him without his nickname. And when he heard a feminine voice chuckled behind them, he realized they were in public with Yoongi’s secretary in tow (Yoongi told him that later on that she would be the real translator since she had ever stayed in Japan for six years in the past). Still, it didn’t stop Jimin to feel a little bit disappointed. And, well, slightly hurt. He had to remind himself, for God knew how many times already, that he and Yoongi were not boyfriends. Jimin had to deal with this kind of Yoongi outside the penthouse or private dates.

“Oh, Yoongi-ssi, I think that’s the person your client has provided to guide us around.” Han Jihyo, Yoongi’s secretary, said.

Yoongi set a professional expression, dropping his gummy smile, and fixed his necktie. Without glancing to Jimin, he took long strides towards the man holding a banner with Korean character of Yoongi’s name on it.

Jimin knew where he stood. So, he silently put himself to walk behind Jihyo, putting a decent distance so he wouldn’t be a bother.

While he was watching the exchanged professional, polite greetings between Yoongi’s and Jihyo’s party with the client’s man, Jimin watched it all wordlessly. He saw how Yoongi sent the man a polite smile, flat and business-like, not the kind Jimin usually received every day. He saw Yoongi bow, giving the man his name card, and the man did the same at the same time. Jimin recalled one of the lessons in his Work Ethic of Japanese that it was a shape of professional greeting. And he was wondering if Yoongi had his researched about that since the lawyer was so flawlessly following the procedure.

Then suddenly they started moving forwards. Jimin panicked since he didn’t know if he was allowed to follow them or would be left behind. It was Jihyo who beckoned him to follow them with her manicured hand. To feel a little bit left out was understandable and Jimin tried hard not to sulk about that. This was Yoongi’s job. He couldn’t act like a spoilt brat every time.

“Are you okay, Jimin-ssi?” Jihyo asked him whisperingly.

Startled at the sudden question, Jimin managed to send her a tight smile, “Of course, Jihyo-ssi. Well, kind of having culture shock, maybe?”

“I can understand that.” Jihyo chuckled a little, “And if you don’t mind, Jimin-ssi, you can address me as noona. We’ll meet often anyway, since you’re Yoongi-ssi’s regular guest.”

“Alright then, Jihyo-noona, please just call me Jimin.” Jimin smiled. In the back of his head, he wanted to ask the woman why she referred Yoongi as Yoongi-ssi instead of Daepyo-nim, and he was
about to ask about it, when suddenly Yoongi stopped walking as they reached the van and turned around to glare at Jihyo.

“Be professional.” Yoongi warned sternly even though his voice was soft, “This is not a vacation yet for both of us, Jihyo. You should know your place to talk about anything unrelated with our work. Moreover, in front of our client. You’re lucky he doesn’t understand Korean.” And then he turned to Jimin and the latter felt like squirming under the serious look Yoongi gave him, “I know you’re here for vacation from today on, but please don’t distract her, or even me, from work for the first four days. Can you do that for me, Jimin?”

There was it; the tone Yoongi usually used on him whenever they were going to have sex. He wasn’t that dirty-minded to think right away about how satisfying the lawyer would do him after the orders he gave with the same tone, not until that extent, at least. But, he did felt small and shuddered just like he usually felt whenever he heard the lawyer using it. The question Yoongi had added in the end of his dialogue wasn’t a question. It was the subtle hint Yoongi had dropped on him that this is what you’re going to do, baby; the first line the lawyer usually said before giving Jimin an order to strip himself off his clothes.

Jimin nodded but then remembered how Yoongi hated to be answered without word, “Yes, Yoongi—Yoongi-ssi.” Then he glanced to Jihyo, hoping the woman didn’t catch his slip of tongue for a second time for the day. Having called Yoongi by his first name for a long time made it really hard for him to add the honorific at the end of it. But he had to adapt to it if he didn’t want Jihyo to pick up something from it. Honorific was such a great deal in Korea anyway. The secretary was busy bowing down her head with apologies on her red lips so Jimin thought he was safe. He had to be more careful.

“Good.” Yoongi nodded, but all Jimin heard was Good boy, baby and that sent Jimin’s head into messy debris with heat all over his skin. Goddammit, since when he had developed praise kink, he didn’t have any idea (kidding, he blamed it on Yoongi, all of it).

They carefully boarded onto the van and Jimin, once again, put himself far, on the last row of seats at the back.

Yoongi and Jihyo started talking again with the man. Jimin started tuned out all of the conversation and looked out through the dark window instead, watching the view passing by fast. But suddenly, the mention of his name brought him back to turn his head towards three people in front of him, who was watching him expectantly.

“Uhm? Pardon me?” Jimin asked Jihyo.

“He asked you about who you are.” Jihyo explained.

Clearing his throat, Jimin sewed the Japanese words he knew together in a sentence and sent his smile to the Japanese man.

“Nice to meet you. My name is Park Jimin and I’m a guest of Yoongi—” Jimin cursed himself for forgetting the honorific once again, but well since it was in Japanese, “—san.”

The man was taken aback, obviously, since he seemed not having expected him to introduce himself in Japanese. But, the next thing the man said was fast and blurry and Jimin’s ears hadn’t been prepared for that level of conversation. Looking the desperation in Jimin’s face, the secretary chuckled and seemed to explain to the man about Jimin’s level of Japanese. The man laughed then, giving Jimin a thumb up, and said something which Jimin vaguely could comprehend as ‘It’s okay! Good luck with your study!’ So he sent a grateful smile to Jihyo which she replied with a shake of
her head.

He was left out of conversation again after the intermezzo. And since it seemed the conversation was getting serious (Yoongi had his professional expression on once again), Jimin once again threw his face away towards the window to watch the view of passing the car. The greens outside the window were fascinating since it was in the middle of summer. So many bright, vivid colors were swirling around, blurred as abstract painting from the speed of the van, and Jimin, despite knowing he would be left out of the business during first four days, was enjoying himself. He tried to read the Japanese characters on the banners and billboards and smiled proudly when he could read most of them (well, he didn’t get the meanings most of the time, but it was such achievement, no one would judge him anyway).

When the conversation from his front had subdued into two persons; Jihyo and the Japanese man, Jimin turned his head just to see Yoongi glancing at him. He sent the lawyer a smile, which the latter returned with the same subtle one, and it was enough for Jimin to feel that Yoongi didn’t forget about him at all. With that way, they broke their exchanged looks again and Jimin sighed to himself.

Four days. He only had to wait for four days and he would have Yoongi for himself again.

They arrived at the hotel not long after. The Japanese man cleared all procedure until the rooms were ready. And they exchanged polite goodbyes later on.

Jimin had expected to have separate room from Yoongi, but it turned out he would room with the lawyer while Jihyo had her own room. Even though the beds were twin double-sized beds, Jimin was satisfied enough that he didn’t need to sleep alone.

As soon as they stepped into the room, Jimin ran towards the one closest to the window and threw his body onto it.

“I tagged this bed first!” Jimin chirped, rolling around the soft mattress.

Yoongi chuckled, putting his own suitcase at the corner of the room, “I’ll end up sleeping there with you anyway. You can’t get away from me.”

Smiling, Jimin pushed himself up with his elbows, watching as Yoongi loosened his necktie while approaching him, jacket nowhere to be found. Once he reached the bed, he nudged the younger’s legs open and slipped between them, diving down for a kiss. Jimin let himself being pushed backwards until his back was on the bed again and he hooked his legs around Yoongi’s waist, locking his ankles securely over the lawyer’s waist.

Jimin heard himself hum when Yoongi’s hand was tugging the hem of his button down shirt off his jeans, slipping a warm hand to touch his side.

“I want to fuck you so bad.” Yoongi whispered, “But, I have meeting in a couple of hours.”

“Already?” Jimin asked, “Alright, let’s stop then?”

“Who says I’m going to stop?” The lawyer smirked down on him, “I want to fuck your thighs first and paint you with my cum. That way I’ll be satisfied and ready to go.”

Jimin would never get used to hear how hot Yoongi sounded when he was dirty-talking, really. He moaned when Yoongi started rubbing his palm on Jimin’s clothed cock. And just like what he had promised, Yoongi fucked his thighs in fast pace. He could watch clearly Yoongi’s expression when the latter watched his cock going in and out between Jimin’s thighs from the position he was kneeling behind Jimin’s thighs. And even though he didn’t felt the same pleasure he usually felt
when Yoongi abused the certain spot inside of him, he couldn’t help but moaned to see how hot the lawyer’s expression looking down on him with hooded eyes, biting his lower lip. And when the climax exploded, Yoongi threw his head back with a low growl, baring his slender neck, and the splatters of cum running down Jimin’s thighs and lower abdomen, mixing with the translucent lube Yoongi had used to make his way between the younger’s thighs slick. A few tugs of his own cock later, Jimin’s cum joined Yoongi’s and he sighed into the pillow, satisfied.

“I’m going to get cleaned up and get ready.” Yoongi said, “Are you going to go out today?”

“I don’t think so.” Jimin yawned, stretching his body like a cat, “I’ll laze around. Maybe I’ll go out tomorrow, but for now I’m content with the bed and room service.”

Chuckling, Yoongi walked towards the bathroom to get himself cleaned and redressed. He left an hour later, not before giving Jimin a soft kiss and simple, “Take care.”

There had been strong gut feelings telling him to stay nearby the hotel when he had woken up in the morning. But, had Jimin ever thought over about it? No. Of course, no. That was why on the third day of his (supposedly) vacation in Japan he found himself lost somewhere in the middle of tall buildings and hustle bustle of Tokyo which seemed never fell asleep right in the middle of the night, without a wallet since he had purposely left it at hotel, only brought yens which he had run out by now and a phone with battery which was so low it was red.

Panicking was all he could do. From what he had seen, he was around Shinjuku Ni-chome. He had read somewhere about there was a red light area around the district with male prostitutes who worked to please other men. He was sure it wouldn’t be that bad? Right? Maybe. Still, he couldn’t help but feared for himself to be mistaken as one of them. What if he was kidnapped? What if he would be one part of human trafficking? He knew he was cute enough.

Jimin had been walking into every convenience store and used the mixed of broken Japanese and ape language to ask the workers if they had charger just to be left disappointed every time. So, in his tenth time reaching the convenience store, he decided to just stand in front of it. The lost boy had been trying to contact Yoongi, but the lawyer hadn’t picked up any of his calls. He was wondering if Yoongi was still at the meeting, even though it was too late at night. But having known the lawyer for almost half a year now, the probability was open, the lawyer loved to finish his work as soon as possible anyway.

Giving up calling Yoongi since his battery was blinking at him at 2%, he decided to share Yoongi his position and a text with a lot of crying emoji, telling the older male that he got lost without money. Right after he had sent it, his phone died. Good thing it wasn’t in the middle of winter or he might have begged to the worker inside the convenience store to let him in.

His stomach growled in hunger. The last time he had eaten had been this morning, just when before he had stupidly decided to explore Tokyo by himself without charging his phone first.

The night was getting late and across the street, the bar, which had been so loud for a while, was getting louder. He could see drag queens and mixed of people in costumes also men in suits going in and out. Jimin crouched down and hugged his knees with a huff. He just needed for Yoongi to pick him up or he would go there and ask for food. He was starved so bad.
Jimin didn’t know how long he had been crouching there, but his eyes looked up in alarm when he felt two shadows looming over him. Two guys, who reeked of alcohol and seemed out of their minds, slurred to each other. Feared of them, Jimin silently scooted aside, trying to get away. But, one of them caught his arm and started spitting something to him in slurred words he couldn’t understand a single of it.


One of them leaned in with a haunting, unfocused grin and Jimin forced himself to shut his eyes. The last thing he knew, someone yanked him aside and there was a low voice he had missed the most for past hours, saying in impolite Japanese, “Fuck off. He’s mine.”

Jimin peeked through his eyelashes and saw the drunken men walking away with a string of slurred curses. But well, at least they left.

“Yoongi?” Jimin looked at the lawyer beside him whose arm still circling his waist. Yoongi panted heavily, like he had been running, face which was usually stoic and calm even through his jealousy, was distorted in rage, his eyes were keenly watching the men fading away into the night. Jimin wanted to smoothen that frown between Yoongi’s eyebrows, wanted to kiss those pursed lips, wanted to kiss those cheeks, wanted to nip that clenched jaw—“You speak Japanese?” Wait, that wasn’t what he was supposed to ask.

The younger knew he had asked a wrong question when Yoongi snapped his face to him, still with the same rage.

“Idiot!” Yoongi suddenly yelled, “You nearly gave me heart attack back then! You sent me message saying you got lost without money and battery—who the fuck goes out without wallet anyway?! You said you needed me to pick you up and sent me your location! You fucking scared me when I found your phone had died and I couldn’t contact you at all! And all you’re asking me right now is if I fucking speak Japanese, seriously, Park Jimin?!”

“I—I’m so—sorry—“

Suddenly, Yoongi crouched down in front of him, dropping his head onto his arms on his knees, “God, thank God you’re okay.”

“Yoongi…” Jimin also crouched down.

“I don’t think I could forgive myself if anything bad happened to you.” Yoongi sighed heavily.

Feeling guilty for making the man in front of him worried, Jimin raised his hand and stroked Yoongi’s midnight hair, “I’m really sorry. I really am.”

“Don’t ever do that again, please?” Yoongi said, lifting his head to see Jimin right in the eyes.

The younger spent a good minute to read the emotion in Yoongi’s eyes, which made him believe, believe for a while that the lawyer kept the same feeling with him. Waking himself up from the dangerous delusion he had made in his head, Jimin gave Yoongi a sincere smile, as sincere as he could at the moment, “I won’t do that again, Yoongi.”

Yoongi nodded and stood up. The emotion from before had disappeared from Yoongi’s eyes once Jimin got straight on his feet, and he couldn’t help but felt disappointed.

“I bet you’re hungry, baby.” Yoongi said. As if there had been a cue, Jimin’s stomach grumbled, earning a chuckle from the lawyer. “Since we’re literally in front of a convenience store, do you
want me to buy you something? Just for the ride back to the hotel before we have a proper dinner there.”

“I’ll take that offer up.” Jimin whined, “I’m so hungry since breakfast was the last meal I had.”

“Make sure to bring some ransom before you get lost again then.” Yoongi cackled while stepping through the automatic door of the store.

“Very funny.” Jimin grumbled.

Chapter End Notes

getting lost without wallet is my personal experience tbh.

good thing i still had battery on my phone and my suica card (a kind of smart card you can pay for transportation fare and also buy something at convenience store) in the small pocket of my bag though.

well, in the end i survived after walking from ginza to seibu shinjuku station (almost 8 km or so in fucking wedge boots, in the middle of friggin' winter, i felt my legs like going to fall off) so i could ride the train which went straight to the station of the neighborhood i lived at with the small amount of money remaining in the card.

god, it was the worst experience ever!!!

why didn't i take taxi and pay the fare last when i had my wallet at home? boy, taxi fare in tokyo is seriously expensive! i'd be broke if i did that and i was such a broke college student barely hanging on to live in foreign country with graveyard shifts and broken language!

oops, now you know based on what jimin's characterization is here.

till next chapter lovelies!
The Sound of Rainy Day

Chapter Summary

The bouquet fell down at the same time Jimin ran away to wherever his tired legs could bring him.

Chapter Notes

omg guys! thank you for all encouraging words! you guys made my happy mood back! and i also appreciate the offering about being my beta, but since this story only has a few chapters left, i think i'll just do it myself, as much as i can. but really, guys, i appreciate it. and please bear with my broken grammar for a while hahahaha

and also, i have a new plot! new story! i'll start writing it when this story ends so i hope you can also give me some love on my upcoming fic ~ (i know i'm shamelessly promoting, but i can't help!)

like what i said, i'm not a pro of writing angst but just a little bit warning for this chapter; hugeass shit hits the fan. bye.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Awakened by the sound of shower running, Jimin pushed himself up and stretched his body with a satisfied moan. Yoongi was nowhere to be found so he assumed the lawyer was in the shower. Having no more barrier, Jimin walked into the bathroom without knocking, a little bit surprised that Yoongi hadn’t locked the door.

“Jimin?” Yoongi’s voice was heard from behind the curtain.

“No,” Jimin chuckled, “I'm Shrek.”

“Seriously?” Yoongi laughed and then the shower was turned off. After a while of rustle, Yoongi slid the curtain open, appearing with droplets of water and a towel hanging around his narrow hips.

Jimin let out a hum of appreciation looking at that from the reflection of the mirror while brushing his teeth.

“Take a shower. You reek of sex.” Yoongi said nonchalantly, slapping Jimin’s exposed ass along his way out the bathroom.

Jimin let out a yelp, almost choking on the toothpaste, and grumbled playfully, “I will, geez!”

When Jimin stepped out of the bathroom, Yoongi had dressed in casual outfit, consisting a white loose shirt and a pair of skinny jeans with snapback on his head, three silver earrings dangling softly in every move he made. The lawyer looked so much younger than his real age like that, the younger was sure his dom could be mistaken as one of students in his class if he went to Jimin’s class looking
like that. To be honest, Yoongi could be mistaken as a member of those frat boys gang.

Not wanting to overdress, Jimin put on a red shirt and denim shorts.

“You know what?” Yoongi suddenly said, checking his sub up and down, “I don’t know why. But, you look so good in red.”

“That was why you used that red rope to tie me?” Jimin asked amusedly.

“I know you suit red color, any shade of it.” Yoongi shrugged with mischief eyes.

Rolling his eyes, Jimin finished the last touch of his outfit with white sneakers and stood in front of Yoongi, ready to go.

The lawyer opened the door for him and then he let it close behind them. Yoongi decided not to use driver service the hotel provided; instead, he told Jimin that they would ride subways or bus to explore Tokyo. They bought Suica cards, the kind of smart card for all transportation services and non-cash money, from the nearest station from their hotel and charged it enough for them to start their small trip.

They visited several tourism spots around the city and took so many pictures together. Since it was summer holiday, all of the spots were crowded with tourists from different countries, it didn’t lessen their spirit to walk around though. They spent their time laughing together and sharing their snacks or exchanging ugly faces.

It felt nice.

It felt real.

It felt like a date.

But, it wasn’t.

The harsh realization came again when Yoongi left him to wait while the lawyer ran off to buy their drinks from the vending machine across the park they had decided to take a break at. Jimin watched Yoongi’s back fading into a small shape and sighed to himself. And he could feel his heartbreak all over again.

Sighing, Jimin looked up at the huge tree looming over him, hiding him from the harsh ray of afternoon sun. He closed his eyes and tried to fix his freefalling mood. He couldn’t let Yoongi to know about his feeling or he could be kicked out immediately. And he didn’t want it to happen.

Something cold touched his cheek and he jumped on his spot. Yoongi was laughing above him with a can of coke in one hand, the one Jimin assumed Yoongi had touched his cheek with.

Yoongi looked beautiful under the sun. The laugh he let to escape from his mouth was melodious, raspy, but melodious nonetheless. And Jimin couldn’t get enough to see those cute, small teeth and pink gums. God, if he could’ve, he would’ve captured this moment forever. So, he could replay this moment whenever he missed Yoongi in the future.

Upon the impulse he didn’t know where it had come from, Jimin pulled Yoongi by the waist and hugged him, burying his face on Yoongi’s clothed stomach.

“Baby?” Yoongi asked in surprise. And then he whispered, “We’re in public.”
“I know.” Jimin mumbled, inhaling the manly yet sweet scent which distinct of Yoongi, “Let me hug you for a while. It won’t be long.”

He could hear a sound of cans being put down on the wooden bench he was sitting at and then he felt a hand carding his hair carefully, gently. Another hand came on his shoulder, giving it a soft rub.

“I don’t know what’s wrong with you, but—”

“I know, Yoongi. I know I can tell you everything if I feel something bothering me.” Jimin chuckled, “I’ve heard that enough. But, nothing’s bothering me. I just felt like hugging you, so I did. You don’t mind, right? Just for a while, Yoongi, I’ll let you go after a while.”

“You silly.” Yoongi sighed, “You can hug me anytime you want, how long you want. But, not here. People will see and we both know we don’t want that to happen. We’re both men. And this is clearly not a brotherly hug.”

“Hmm, you’re right.” Jimin sighed in defeat and released Yoongi’s waist. He couldn’t hold back a disappointment showing on his face, and it seemed Yoongi noticed that too.

Yoongi looked around, to make sure no one was around, and then leaned down to press his lips in a soft, fast kiss on Jimin’s lips, leaving the younger baffled.

“I’ll give you more than that when we get back.” Yoongi whispered, “I’ll hug you and kiss you all night long later, yeah, baby?”

Smile bloomed on Jimin’s face and he lifted his face to see Yoongi properly, “Promise?”

“Promise.” Yoongi nodded, “But, now, let’s go. We still have a few spots we haven’t visited before it’s getting late.”

The rest of the day and the days after rolled by smoothly. Yoongi was taking care of him and made sure that he had enough enjoyment during their stay in Tokyo, even as far as buying Jimin souvenirs for him to give to his parents and friends.

But by the last day rolling by, Jimin woke up with heavy feeling of being reminded by the real life he would have to face once they went back to Seoul again. Yoongi had told him that they would spend their last day at Tokyo Disneyland, as if he had known how much a sucker Jimin was for amusement parks, and they would have an early flight the next day so they would have time to rest before Jimin’s class started the day after tomorrow.

Shrugging the heavy feeling off his shoulders, Jimin got off from the bed and started cleaning whatever residue clinging on his body caused by another satisfying sex he had had with Yoongi last night. Speaking of the lawyer, Jimin didn’t find Yoongi anywhere in their room. So, after he had got dressed, he checked his phone only to find a few messages from Yoongi, informing him that the latter was waiting downstairs at the restaurant.

“Good morning.” Yoongi greeted him as soon as he took a seat on the chair across of the lawyer.

“Unbelievable.” Jimin chuckled, “You, Min Yoongi, really need to learn how to chill.”

Yoongi raised his eyebrows questioningly, toast hanging between his lips.

“Why can’t you sleep in a little bit later?”

“I told you.” The lawyer said, “Habit.”
Rolling his eyes, Jimin stood up again to take his own breakfast, “Seriously, I’d have to teach you to sleep in during the weekends. Loosen up!”

“Go take your breakfast, baby.” Yoongi snorted.

They spent the morning by chatting over their breakfast and coffee, talking about random things they had experienced the previous days. Yoongi decided to move onto their next and last agenda though, since he said it would be a waste if Jimin didn’t get to explore the huge amusement park. So, they dropped their key cards at the receptionist and hailed a cab (Jimin knew taxi fare in Tokyo was expensive as fuck, but Yoongi swatted him off, saying it was okay. One of the perks to have a rich dom, it seemed).

They arrived at the said amusement park and Jimin could feel himself giddy to spend time with Yoongi there. Yoongi bought them two adult tickets and walked through the gate together with Jimin behind him. Once they got inside, Jimin started skipping to find what kind of ride he would choose first. And it turned out Yoongi was a weak of roller coaster and Jimin couldn’t stop laughing at his sick face. He got a pinch on his cheek because of that.

Both of them spent nice time together until the sun started setting and the lights were turned on, sparkling around the amusement park in cheerful colors. Jimin was exhausted yet satisfied. He knew they had to head back anytime soon and pack since they wouldn’t have time in the next morning for it.

“Should we head back?” Jimin asked Yoongi quietly when they were sitting on one of the wooden benches.

Yoongi checked his wristwatch and hummed, “I guess so. We have to pack, don’t we?”

“Yeah, you’re right.” Jimin nodded and shoved the last bite of the cone of his ice cream into his mouth.

“Well, pick one last ride before we go then.” Yoongi said as he stood up, pulling along the younger with him.

“Will it sound cliché if I say I want to ride ferris wheel?”

The lawyer laughed at that, “It will. But, I was expecting that from you, to be honest. It’d be weird if you didn’t ask for it.”

Jemin smiled at the sound of it, “Then, let’s go!”

Yoongi let out a hum and intertwined their fingers together, pulling Jimin to follow him. The younger looked at their joined hands with surprise.

“Yoongi?”

“Hmm?”

“We’re in public.” He said softly, shaking their hands to make point of what he was implying.

“Nah,” Yoongi shrugged, “no one will notice as it’s getting dark.” And then he turned to smile brightly at Jimin, “I’ve wanted to hold your hand since the beginning, anyway.”

The tug at his heart made it beat faster. Jimin bit his lower lip as he watched Yoongi staring at him with that stupid gummy smile of him and he didn’t want anything than to kiss those thin lips.
Whether he wanted or not, he knew his heart had fallen too deep to crawl back out from the dangerous feeling he felt for the older lawyer. And it hurt him. It hurt him so much because those lips, the hand in his, those eyes, *Yoongi*, weren’t his.

Holding back emotions threatening to show, Jimin smiled back and let Yoongi drag him onto one of the gondolas. They sat across each other, but Yoongi didn’t let go his hand even though the staff gave them a weird look. And when it was getting higher in the air, Jimin looked through the window to watch the fireworks exploding in the night sky, painting it prettily with sparks and glitters. When he turned back to Yoongi, though, he swore the pretty fireworks was no compare to Yoongi’s subtle smile and tender eyes, staring at him and only him. His heart screamed to reach for the lawyer’s warm body so he did.

Jimin pulled the older man by the back of neck and pressed their lips together in slow kiss. Yoongi kissed him back almost immediately, eyes shutting close. Their position was awkward, leaning forwards to meet in the middle, so with a chuckle, Yoongi released Jimin’s grip just to move to the younger’s side, before pulling the latter for another kiss. He could hear the lawyer hum into the kiss as he clutched the side of Yoongi’s shirt, and it seemed the gesture had accidentally encouraged the elder to deepen the kiss more, not like Jimin minded anyway.

When they parted, their breaths were heavy and short, eyes glistening hazily from the long kiss.

“*We should go back.*” Yoongi whispered, wiping the remaining saliva on Jimin’s lips.

The younger nodded, anticipating what awaited him in their hotel room, “*We should.*”

His dom handled him with so much care that night, and he loved every tenderness from it. When he came hard between their bodies, Jimin cried because of his stupid emotions for the lawyer, but the elder mistook it as the expression after sex the younger usually showed.

The truth didn’t need to come out to the surface.

“My baby mochi Chims!” Wheein greeted him loudly with a hug and squeezed the soul out of him.

Jemin laughed and patted the girl’s back, “*Yeah, yeah, I missed you too!*”

“How was summer break?” The girl asked, releasing him so he could answer her question.

The boy recalled every single scene from his holiday and nodded, “*Not bad, I guess.*” And then he clasped his hands together, “*Oh! I have something for you!*” He then pulled the box from under his table and shoved it to Wheein’s direction, “*I know how much you love Tokyo Banana since you never stopped talking about it when you got some from your cousin. So, I decided to buy you one.*”

Wheein looked at the box in her hands in wonder, “*What the fuck? Chims! You went to Japan or something?*”

Jemin scratched his cheek, “*Yoongi took me.*”

“Young as in Min Yoongi?” Wheein asked again, with softer voice this time.

When the boy nodded, she leaped out of the chair and exclaimed, “*He seriously took you there?! For*
“I swear to God, Jung Wheein! No one got married! Sit the fuck down!” Jimin hissed, pulling the girl to sit back down beside him. It seemed the regular students who always spent their lunch break with them at the yard near the college canteen had adapted to Wheein’s sudden outbursts because some of them sent Jimin a smile that said ‘be strong, dude’ in passing.

“So?” Wheein demanded, folding her hands over the box on her laps carefully.

“Well, he went to take care of some business. And because I was also on break, he decided to take me and we had vacation together after his matter had been done. It wasn’t that grand or anything, really.”

“This guy is serious, huh?”

“What do you mean?” Jimin asked back, frowning.

“I mean,” Wheein pursed her lips, “I don’t think anyone will just take anyone for a vacation overseas. And to think he had job first, I think you’re pretty much accepted in his life.”

“I literally live at his place, Wheein,” Jimin frowned, “Of course he accepted me in his life.”

“Ugh, that’s not what I meant.” The girl grimaced, “I mean, I’m sure he doesn’t only see you as his—what’s that called again? Sub?—yeah, I don’t think he only sees you as his sub. I think he considers you more than that. I mean, okay, I’m not going to lie. After you told me about your contract with Yoongi, I kind of did some research about that, and found out the rules and all shits that made me get a headache because, wow, there are so many of them and those kinks—I found out that—”

“Wheein, you’re getting out of track.”

“Right.” Wheein snapped her attention back to their conversation, “What I mean is that I didn’t find any dom so caring like Yoongi so I thought, maybe, he doesn’t only see you as a companion? Goddammit, Jimin, I’m telling you that maybe he likes you.” Jimin frowned and Wheein continued, “Romantically.”

Jimin groaned, “That’s not possible.”

“Why not?” Wheein shrugged.

“Because we have this clause on the contract telling me that I can’t feel any romantic emotion to him, which means it’s not possible for him to have one to me.” The boy sighed hopelessly then, “And it says, Yoongi can revoke the contract if he finds out I love him.” He turned gloomy and rested his head on his table, “I don’t want him to revoke the contract. I don’t want to part from him. Not this soon, at least.”

“Wait. Chims,” Wheein called him cautiously, “are you—God, do you love him?”

Jimin bit his bottom lip and looked away from Wheein’s awaiting eyes, not wanting to admit out loud the feelings that had been clawing his chest for a while.

“Oh, my God.” Wheein inhaled sharply, “Chims—Chims, you totally do.”

“I know I shouldn’t. But—” Jimin let out a heavy breath, “He’s just—he’s too sweet. He treats me so well, he treats me like I’m the most precious thing, you know? He treats me as if he loved me.” And
then he chuckled weakly, pressing the heels of his palms on his eyelids to hold back the tears threatening to fall, “But, I know it’s not possible.”

“Oh, Chims…” Wheein put the box on the table and gathered him in her arms.

“This is stupid.” Jimin sniffled, chuckling again, “I shouldn’t be like this.”

“Chims, I don’t know what to say.” Wheein said, “This is what I feared the most when you told me about the contract. You realize that even though you distant yourself from most people, you’re also too easy to attach, right? I don’t want you to get hurt.”

“It’ll go away. I promise.” Jimin smiled at the girl, “It’ll take some time. But, I’ll handle this. I’ve been through broken-hearts before, I know what to do.”

“You don’t make it sound any better.” Wheein pouted, “I don’t want you to be all gloomy. You’re the sunshine of my boring days.”

Despite his teary eyes, Jimin laughed wholeheartedly at that.

Jimin rocked back and forth on his heels, headphones stuck on his head as the remix song for their choreography was on the loop. He couldn’t stay still. He was nervous. And so were the rest of his teammates.

It was the D-day of the dancing competition and Jimin couldn’t get his head to focus. From the waiting area he was pacing back and forth around at, he kept trying to see if he could catch a glimpse of midnight haired lawyer at the VIP section, but so far, his attempts were still fruitless. If Hoseok noticed him, the instructor didn’t say anything, instead, he kept giving Jimin pats on the shoulder to tell him that everything was going to be okay.

By the time it was three more teams before his, Jimin was ushered towards the backstage to get ready. He ripped the headphones off his head and ruffled his already damp hair, trying to make it wild just the way their choreography was. From the place he was waiting at, he couldn’t see the audience, which meant he couldn’t look around to find if Yoongi had come or not anymore. Deep in his heart, he was praying that he would find Yoongi among so many people.

Suddenly, the roaring call was heard, calling the name of their dance team, and he had to forcefully throw away the thoughts of Yoongi as Hoseok pushed him onto the stage.

It was wild, indeed. It was loud. It was hot. It was amazing.

The spotlights felt so hot, glaring above his head. The bass thumping off the speakers was frantic, furious, encouraging him to keep moving, keep dancing, keep showing his energy. The exhaustion he had been through after each late practice at night had flown away, had been pushed away, there was only delirious feelings of how their bodies were moving together in synchronized choreography, along the rhythm of the song.

But, he still couldn’t find Yoongi.

The cheers were loud. Every single soul was screaming for him and his team. The MC was shouting into her microphone, encouraging the crowd to keep making noises, exploding the whole open field
with unbelievable loud voice. They were worshipping their dance team. They were voting for them. They were screaming for them. This was his and his dance team’s stage. They successfully killed it.

But, he still couldn’t find Yoongi.

Another wave of cheers was heard again and now, it was followed by explosion in the night sky, sparking the darkness with colorful burst of fire. The huge bouquet of flowers, the weight of the framed certificate and the coldness of the trophy in his arms felt so wonderful. The tightness of the embrace Hoseok gave him was warmth. The smiles and grins of his teammates were so bright and wide.

But, he still couldn’t find Yoongi.

The grass was dirty. The spotlights were still on, but they had been dimmed down slightly. The workers were chatting absent-mindedly, walking around him with metal poles, boards, and everything which had been used to build the stage in their hands. The banners and tents were started getting folded and stuffed into a huge chest.

But, by the time the lights were turned off, Jimin still couldn’t find Yoongi.

The stage he had stood up on before had been packed up and he still wasn’t moving from his spot, standing on the said dirty grass with leftover trash around him, in the middle of darkness of the open field. The first drop was almost unnoticeable. But the second was definitely cold. The rest of them followed heavily. It was raining, the sign of oncoming monsoon. The workers started running around, trying to save the electric equipment first.

That time, Jimin finally found Yoongi.

Jimin could sense him by his scent; the fresh smell of aftershave and the fragrance of expensive cologne. It was all over him, invading his private space as a thin arm hugged him across his shoulders and chest. The drops of water weren’t falling on him anymore, with the black umbrella spread wide above their joined bodies. But, the drops of tears spilling from Jimin’s eyes weren’t that easy to stop.

“I’m sorry.” The raspy voice whispered softly, soft lips brushing accidentally against the shell of his ear, “I’m sorry I couldn’t make it.”

Jimin didn’t say anything.

“You won. I’m proud of you. I’m really proud of you, baby.” The nickname that always brought him either warmth in his chest or flame under his skin now felt like a thousand of needles and frostbite.

“Baby?” Yoongi’s voice sounded desperate, “Please, say something.”

It snapped the last string of control Jimin had had over his aching heart and he felt his emotion finally took control as the self-defense to protect the gaping wound in his chest from getting more pain, and as the result, the rage came to the surface.

Jimin turned around and then shoved the ruined bouquet of flowers onto Yoongi’s suit-cladded chest, “We’re in public.” And then he looked up, managing a sarcastic smile to bloom on his trembling lips, “Thank you for coming, Yoongi-ssi.”

The bouquet fell down at the same time Jimin ran away to wherever his tired legs could bring him.
Chapter End Notes

/escapes quietly to hide under my bed and wails
Running Away from the Truth Is Cowardice (but Jimin Did It Anyway)

Chapter Summary

Min Yoongi: I begin to wonder if my absence at your competition wasn’t the problem at all.

Chapter Notes

i love every single comment from you on the previous chapter! you guys made my year! lol! some of you being like “YEAH YOONGI-SSI YOU’RE IN PUBLIC!” and being so agitated is my aesthetic, thank you guys! and also, the previous chapter became the most commented chapter! wow! you're so into angst guys istg!

enough with my gibberish, here is the new chapter! enjoy the roller coaster ride!

By the time Jimin realized where his legs had brought him to, he was standing in front of a familiar door of Jungkook and Taehyung. Unconsciously, his mind apparently had calculated that he would be found if he went to Seokjin’s place. Raising his fist up, he started knocking the door and waited for anyone to open the door.

“Hyung?” Jungkook greeted him with wide eyes, “Hyung, what’s wrong?”

“Hey.” Jimin gave the younger a strained smile, “Can I come in?”

“Of course!” Jungkook opened the door wider and let the shorter male in.

“Oh? Chims?” Taehyung came into the sight with a frown.

Jimin broke down, bursting into tears, and he knew he surprised the pair with his sudden cry. But, he was grateful that none of them demanded to explain. Jungkook simply put his arm around Jimin and brought him into the spare room. Taehyung fixed the sheet on the mattress while his boyfriend kept his role to be the wall for Jimin to cry onto.

Jimin was sat down on the bed and he was busy trying to stop the tears by pressing his palms over his eyes.

“You got us.” Jungkook cradled the shorter male’s head, “We’re here to listen whenever you’re ready. Please get some rest for tonight, okay?”

“O—okay.” Jimin said breathily.

After a few pats which Jimin assumed coming from Taehyung, the door was closed and he was left alone. Jungkook knew him so well that he needed time for him to cry his sadness away. His cry eventually subdued into small sobs and he finally laid his back on the bed, staring at the white ceiling with swollen eyes and blocked nose.
He knew he had overreacted and he felt ashamed of that. But, he just couldn’t hold his emotion anymore. Yoongi’s absence had been the last blow which had made him finally explode. He knew he was acting unfair to Yoongi, and he was sure the lawyer was now worried about his whereabouts, but he just needed time for himself, to mend his bruising heart.

His phone kept going off and it didn’t need effort to see it was Yoongi. Jimin pulled his phone out from his pocket and turned it off. He didn’t want to think about the lawyer for now. He just needed to sleep. He was stressed, and exhausted. The throb on his heart was dull, but it hurt nonetheless. God, he hated this feeling.

Maneuvering his position, finally Jimin could lay comfortably on his side without his legs falling off the bed. The sheet smelled fresh and it helped him relax and finally, after all tossing and turning, Jimin fell asleep into another restless slumber, forced to give into the exhaustion.

“Hyung, we need to go to campus.” Jungkook announced carefully in the morning, “Are you sure you’re okay by yourself?”

Right, the summer break had been over for nearly a week by now, he almost forgot about that. But he couldn’t bring himself to care about it for a moment. He needed a longer time to fix himself first. Missing a day or two wouldn’t harm, it wasn’t like he would be the only one prolonging the break anyway, counting that the some students also did that every year after the break.

“I’ll be okay, Kook-ah. I’m not a kid.” Jimin gave the youngest of them a smile, “I just need a little bit more time. I’ll leave tomorrow. Is that okay with you, guys?”

“Of course! Be free to crash here anytime, Chims! You know we’ll be happy to have you here!” Taehyung nodded.

“Thanks. You’re the best.”

“We’re leaving, yeah? Don’t forget to eat! I’ve left some money on the coffee table.” Jungkook waved. And the pair disappeared behind the front door, leaving Jimin standing with a sigh and the background sound coming from the TV.

He put the leftover from Taehyung’s homemade fried rice into the microwave to heat it up and then waited for it, leaning on the kitchen counter. Turning on his phone, he was bombarded by many messages coming from both Seokjin and the lawyer, both were worried. Ignoring the notifications from Yoongi, Jimin opened the chat room to Seokjin’s messages and grimaced to see how his hyung asking him whether he was okay or kidnapped because he hadn’t messaged the older for more than a week. Seokjin could be such a drama queen. Deciding it would be better to talk with his hyung by phone, Jimin pressed the green button of Seokjin’s contact and waited for the older male to pick his phone up.

“Goddammit, Park Jimin! I swear to God!”

Jimin chuckled upon hearing the profanity, “Hey, Hyung.”

“Don’t hey me, you ungrateful child! I thought I taught you better than to leave me worry about your wellbeing for more than a week! I thought you were kidnapped!” Seokjin hissed.
“I’m sorry, hyung. I—uh, I went for vacation with Yoo—boyfriend. I was kind distracted.”

Seokjin sighed, “It’s okay. Just worried. But, I’m glad you’re okay—you’re okay, right?”

No—“Yeah.”

“Very well, then.”

Jimin played with his hand and then said, “Hey, Hyung, will it be okay if I stay at your place for a while?”

He could hear Seokjin sigh on the other side of the line, “I knew it. Something happened, right?”

“Kind of…”

“You’re free to come anytime, Chims. When are you going to come? Where are you now?”

“I’m at Tae and Kook’s place right now, but maybe I’ll go there tomorrow? If that’s okay with you.”

Jimin pursed his lips, he really hated to burden his hyung but he didn’t have any more choice.

“Of course! I’ll drag you here myself if you don’t come here tomorrow, Chims.”

Chuckling, the student nodded even though he knew Seokjin couldn’t see him, “Thanks, hyung.”

After a simple goodbye, they hung up since Seokjin was at work, and Jimin was left alone again. He took the fried rice from the microwave and brought his meal to the living room. He kept changing the channel until he stopped on the news where he could see the lawyer giving his statement about the trial he was taking care of. He gave the media such firm answers and not giving them space to break his arguments. Jimin smiled softly as he watched how professional Yoongi was. After giving his heart enough pain, he turned the TV off and continued eating his breakfast in silence.

Staying at Taehyung and Jungkook’s flat alone was boring, so Jimin decided to take a walk and refresh his mind, yesterday had been a chaotic day anyway. And he remembered all his books were still at Yoongi’s place, there was no way he would go to his class without them. Glancing at the clock, Jimin decided he would go to Yoongi’s penthouse first, it wasn’t like the lawyer would be at home anyway. Taking the money Jungkook had left, Jimin took whatever shirt Jungkook had and Taehyung’s jeans, he would tell the pair later, he was sure they wouldn’t mind.

“Uhm, hey, Mingyu.” Jimin approached the bellboy once he had arrived at Yoongi’s apartment building.

“Oh, Jimin-ssi! Hello, good afternoon. What can I do for you?” The ridiculously tall boy smiled brightly.

“Is Min Yoongi-ssi home?” Jimin asked carefully.

Mingyu hummed, “I don’t think so. I saw him going out this morning. Wait, don’t you live with him though?”

“I crashed at friend’s place last night. Well, okay then. See you around.” Jimin smiled and the boy saluted.

Looking the penthouse around, it seemed Mingyu was right, Yoongi was nowhere to be found and Jimin exhaled the breath he had unconsciously held. He took the biggest travel bag he had and began gathering his books and papers, and the clothes he could manage to shove into another bag. He
shouldered the heavy bags and stood at the foyer to look around the penthouse once again.

He knew he was acting cowardice; sneaking into Yoongi’s penthouse and escaping with his belongings, but he just couldn’t face Yoongi and cut him off, not that easy. He was still trying to run his life without Yoongi’s presence, but at the same time he still needed a backup so when it felt too hard for him to handle, he could go back to Yoongi’s arms. Yeah, he was cowardice and selfish and basically the worst person in the world. But, it was the last thing he wanted to care about right now.

Jimin wasn’t a person who usually ran for alcohol when he was stressed. He usually sweated himself out until he dropped down at the gym with blasting speaker of remix songs and the hardest choreography. But this moment, he just wanted to get lost and get drunk, and if he was lucky, get laid. He knew his way to cope with his stress was bad and unhealthy, but he just needed something to forget about Yoongi’s sweet smile, Yoongi’s soft lips, Yoongi’s warm embrace—

_Goddamn, Park Jimin, stop!_

So, that was how he found himself all dolled up in front of the full-body mirror in the bathroom with Taehyung crossing his arms over his chest proudly because that kohl lining around Jimin’s eyes was absolutely smoky hot and the tight skinny jeans were so inviting, so tight like the second skin. Jungkook was late for his basketball practice and had left only Taehyung and Jimin at home. And when Jimin had told him he had been in the mood for club, the taller male had instantly jumped onto the bandwagon and volunteered to dress Jimin up.

Jimin smirked at Taehyung’s reflection, “Does Jungkook know you’re such a clubber?”

“Who says I am?” Taehyung asked back.

“Seriously? This is the proof you go to clubs often, Tae.” Jimin spread his arms to show himself.

Taehyung laughed, “We met at club, Chims.”

The shorter male raised one of his eyebrows upon hearing the new piece of information and stored it in the back of his head as blackmailing-Jungkook material.

“You look hot!” Taehyung gave his thumbs, “I’d like to join you if I didn’t promise Jungkook I wouldn’t go to club without him.”

“He’s worried about you, maybe?”

“Nah, he’s just a possessive bastard.”

“He’s your possessive bastard.”

Taehyung exchanged glances with Jimin and then both of them laughed.

“Yeah, okay, you got the point.” Taehyung wiped the tears from his eyes and then patted Jimin’s ass, “Get some fine dick but don’t forget protection.”

“Who says I can’t be top?” Jimin challenged.

“Okay, find some fine ass then.”
Jimin chuckled and hugged Taehyung, “Thanks, Tae. I owe you.”

“Nah.” Taehyung hugged him back and sent him off.

With the amount of money he had in his debit card, Jimin knew he couldn’t go for expensive club, but Taehyung had told him there was this club, college student-friendly or so what he said, and it had a great vibe. So, Jimin went there and he could hear muffled, loud music from the outside. Flashing his ID card to the bouncer barely looking at it, Jimin got stamped on the back of his hand and went into the building. And, wow, okay. He hadn’t been at club for a long time he could say he had missed the ambience. The sea of people was moving together on the dance floor, grinding and pressing together, and music was blasting all around the building in ear-breaking volume. Jimin was a little bit surprised that it was so full there even though it was weekday.

“Hey, what can I fix you with?” The bartender asked him with a lazy grin. Jimin had to blink for a few seconds because, shit, he was hot; built body, black hair with a hint of blue highlight, pale skin and plump lips.

“Surprise me?” Jimin said, sending a smile at the taller man.

“Oh.” The bartender took a bottle from under the counter without looking away from Jimin’s eyes and Jimin could feel the intensity from the stranger’s eyes. “I’ve never seen you around, are you new here?”

“You wouldn’t even recognize me even if I was a regular with the amount of people here.” Jimin shrugged, “But, yeah, it’s my first time here.”

“With face like yours?” The bartender chuckled while shaking the metal shaker expertly, “I don’t think I would miss it.” Jimin raised his eyebrow and the bartender grinned wider, “You have distinct features. And you’re cute.”

“Are you hitting on me? In my very first minute here?” Jimin challenged, “And what makes you think I’m into guys?”

The bartender only responded with a smirk and poured the cocktail into tall glass and put the garnish prettily on it. He pushed the glass towards Jimin, but also he was leaning over the counter to whisper, “On the house in exchange for you name?”

Jimin threw his head back in laughter. He grabbed the glass and leaned closer to the bartender to reply, “Jimin. I’m Park Jimin.” Then he took a glance at the bartender’s nametag, “Nice to meet you, Wonho.”

“Yeah, nice to meet you too, Jimin.” Wonho said, biting his lower lip while leaning away.

Jimin found the cocktail Wonho had made was tasty and he finished it in no time before ordering the second one. He exchanged flirty chit-chat with Wonho for good minutes before deciding to hit the dance floor when Wonho had to serve other guests.

It was hot there, crowded and burning, bordering claustrophobic, but Jimin loved the feeling how strangers were grinding over his body, feeling the bumps and wandering hands, and hot breathes. The alcohol had started seeping into his veins and he threw his head back to see the lasers dancing on the ceiling, painting it in sensual colors. He closed his eyes and let himself drowned into the rhythm of the EDM tracks, moving his body together with the people around him.

Suddenly, there was a strong arm around his waist, a hard chest against his back and a velvety voice whispering in low, seductive voice on his ear, “Enjoying yourself, Jimin?”
Jimin turned his head around to find it was Wonho behind him. He chuckled and put his hand against Wonho’s over his stomach, “Yeah, I am. Aren’t you supposed to serve guests or something?”

“I have a short shift on weekdays so I can go home and sleep. But, I hope I won’t get enough sleep for tonight.” Wonho answered, and Jimin swore he could hear sexual innuendo underlining Wonho’s words. And by the way those plump lips grazing the shell of his ear, Jimin knew what the bartender wanted.

“Yeah?” Jimin turned around and put his hands on the back of Wonho’s neck, “Why?”

He could feel the taller bartender’s hands sliding to his lower back, on the border to his rear, and suddenly Wonho’s plump lips came on the length of his neck, nipping the sensitive flesh there.

“Want to get out of here?” Wonho asked right after Jimin had let out a gasp.

“Yeah.” Jimin whispered.

It was kind of blurry and fast with the alcohol in his veins and Wonho’s teasing on his skin. He couldn’t remember how, but they reached Wonho’s place, and Jimin had a soft mattress on his back and hungry lips latching on his neck, shirt off. When Wonho leaned away just to throw his shirt to join Jimin’s on the floor, the smaller boy couldn’t help but looked in awe. Jimin was toned, yes, he had muscles under his skin from dancing for years and he was proud of his body. But, Wonho? Holy Neptune, Wonho’s body was like a Greek god. He had prominent abs and bulging biceps (Goddamn his biceps!) and shit, Jimin couldn’t wait to be manhandled.

“It seems you like what you see?” Wonho teased, lightly spreading his palm on Jimin’s torso.

Jimin spread his legs wider so the bartender could fit in between them and pulled Wonho by his neck to crash their lips. He could feel the bartender was hard against his thigh, and he could say the same with his own cock. With a swift move, Jimin flipped them over and continued marking Wonho’s pale skin with hickeys.

It was when he was about to work on Wonho’s jeans he heard, “Hmm, good job, baby.”

He stopped his hand mid-air as soon as the familiar nickname escaped the bartender’s lips, sobering him up from the tipsiness. He lifted his head to see the other man and felt his blood run cold. It seemed Wonho also knew something wrong from how Jimin looked at him with wide eyes because he immediately pushed himself onto his elbows, looking down with a frown.

“What’s wrong?” The bartender asked.

“I—” Jimin breathed, pushing away from Wonho, and got off the bed.

“Jimin??”

“I’m sorry—I’ve got to stop—I—” Jimin frantically looked for his shirt and put it on. He snatched his phone and wallet that he had dropped along their foreplay. “I’m really sorry, Wonho.” He said again and stormed out of the flat, ignoring Wonho’s confused call. He knew he left the man with blue balls, but Jimin couldn’t bring himself to care as he kept running away from the building.

He knew it was only an expression. He knew Wonho didn’t mean anything by that. But still, he felt disgusted to himself because it hadn’t been Yoongi calling him that. He wanted to move on, didn’t he? He wanted to get his life without Yoongi back, didn’t he? So, why did he feel like cheating? Why did he feel guilty to hear other man calling him by nickname Yoongi had usually called him? It wasn’t like the nickname exclusive only for the lawyer, right?
God, what had Min Yoongi done to Jimin’s life?

After a few minutes of running, Jimin stopped somewhere he assumed far enough from Wonho’s apartment building and leaned on rolling door of a closed store, panting heavily. He slid himself down, crouching on the hard pavement, and covered his face with his hands.

“This is getting ridiculous.” Jimin muttered to himself with bitter chuckle. He stayed there for a while just to regain his composure and then stood up to head back to Jungkook’s flat.

Jungkook asked him if he had gone to club once he opened the front door just to find the pair watching anime on TV and Jimin replied with a tired smile and a simple ‘yeah’. Taehyung didn’t say anything but he did something mischievous with his eyebrows that made Jimin roll his eyes. They didn’t have to know how his supposedly one-night stand had gone to south. He took a glass of water after cleaning all make-up and changing his clothes into his pajamas and then bid goodnight to the pair. He threw himself on the bed and sighed.

Jimin wanted to cry but he was fed up of bawling his eyes out every time he remembered about Yoongi. Now the ache had become a dull throb of his heart which was annoying yet not be able to remove. It was scary how strong the impact of Yoongi’s non-presence could fuck him up, and honestly, he couldn’t believe he had let himself to drown in the lawyer’s charm despite his knowing about how he would’ve been broken.

Damn, his life was messed up. He had just wanted to finish his college, to graduate and then to have a stable job, how the hell everything had gone to hell in the span of half a year. His graduation was around the corner and yet he couldn’t even focus on his education. His essays and assignments were piling up on his table.

His phoned chimed again and he saw a notification from Yoongi. And he wasn’t surprised to see what the lawyer had sent him:

*Min Yoongi*: I begin to wonder if my absence at your competition wasn’t the problem at all.

Jimin chewed his lower lip as he stared at the screen of his phone until it was automatically locked again. Yoongi hadn’t become an excellent lawyer for nothing; of course he would catch what was wrong with Jimin sooner than later. He had ignored the lawyer’s apology messages but he didn’t think he could escape this one too. He was going back to Seokjin’s place and university soon; it was about time until the lawyer found him, if he was to find Jimin, of course.

Contemplating for a few minutes, Jimin finally unlocked his phone and went to his and Yoongi’s chat room to reply Yoongi’s message.

*Park Jimin*: You’re right. But, I need time.

Yoongi usually took time to reply, so when the yellow ‘1’ next to his message disappeared as soon as he had sent his reply, he knew Yoongi was waiting for him to answer, and it made Jimin feel bad for ignoring the lawyer. He knew Yoongi could be so worried about him, and yet he had disappeared without news.

*Min Yoongi*: Whatever it is, baby, we can talk about this, okay?

*Min Yoongi*: I’ll give you time if you need it, I’ll respect your space for a while and wait for you to be ready to tell me what I’ve done wrong.
Min Yoongi: I'm glad you’re safe, baby.

Jimin curled himself into a ball, laying in a foetal position with his phone clutched on his chest. The dull throb in his heart felt like a knife now. Min Yoongi was too good to be true. He was too perfect. Look what he had said to Jimin even though the younger had been such a worst jerk in whole universe. And that was what made it harder for Jimin to move on. He preferred Yoongi to hate him and yell at him and call him bad names so he could get over it. But no, life chose to be a lot crueler and Jimin was falling more for Yoongi, the man he was never to have.

“Why are you being like this to me?” Jimin whispered to no one.

Chapter End Notes

/sings in dan reynolds' voice/ I TORTURE YOUUUUU~ I'M JUST A SUCKER FOR PAIN~
Chapter Summary

In the closet, Yoongi had hung the oversized hoodie he had accidentally left but not cared enough to get back for it on one of the racks, and it was when Jimin broke down.

Chapter Notes

yeay! i'm here! how have you been guys? i hope you've been fine because i want all my readers to be healthy and happy, bless you guys! here is another installment! if you have a weak heart, i suggest you to prepare some tissues! but if you're a sucker for pain, oh well, you might like this one (angst angst angst DRRAAAAAMMMMAAA~!) enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Min Yoongi: Good morning. How are you today?

Min Yoongi sent a photo.

Min Yoongi: Baby, I hope you're fine and eat well. Please take care of your health.

Min Yoongi: Good night, sleep well.

Min Yoongi: The bed’s cold without you. I mean it.

Min Yoongi sent a photo.

Min Yoongi: I miss you.

Jimin gritted his teeth as he saw the last message from the lawyer. I miss you. Those three words, he wanted to say them too. He missed Yoongi too, so fucking much his heart hurt.

Yoongi hadn’t been absence to message him every day despite his lack of response. He kept telling Jimin to take care and asking about the younger’s day and sending pictures of him on the bed, at the office, on the car. And Jimin just wanted Yoongi to stop, please, because it was getting harder and harder every day to resist temptation to run back to Yoongi’s embrace, the embrace which would disappear either he let himself drown in it or not.

Jimin hated this feeling.

“You know what?” Wheein said quietly beside him as she was watching her best friend getting
gloomier by days, “I think you should just message him back.”

“And what? Getting myself fall for him some more?” Jimin asked with a bitter smile, “He’s acting too sweet and I hate it. I want him to hate me, Wheein, I’d rather him to act cold and cut me off his life. I want him to stop treating me as if his feeling was real.”

“What if…” Wheein halted and bit her lip, “What if he really loves you?”

“What part in The Submissive is not allowed to feel romantic emotion towards The Dominant you don’t understand? He wants us to be no string attached. He wants us to be fake. This is all fake, Wheein.”

“But, I think his attention to you is far more sincere than being fake.”

“Stop.” Jimin replied weakly, “Don’t say that, please? Don’t let me hope for something impossible. It hurts enough for me to bear with him being like this. I don’t need some more poison to delude myself that he loves me, because he doesn’t. Please, I beg you.”

The girl let out a long, frustrated sigh, “Alright. I’m sorry.”

Jimin locked his phone and ran a hand through his hair, “Just please help me to get through this. I’m fed up being an overreacting, broken-hearted bitch all the time. I’m tired of crying and hurting.”

“Oh, Chims.” Wheein pulled him into her arms and he let her soothe him because he needed this, he needed some consolation since he wasn’t strong enough to let Yoongi go alone. He needed his friends to get through this.

Jimin was no stranger to broken heart, but this one was definitely the most painful one.

The rest of the day had gone slowly but he couldn’t remember how his day had gone by because his head was full of scenario he had to face when he met Yoongi later. And the last thing he knew he was in the shower with Hoseok in the stall next to him. He knew Hoseok knew something wrong was going on with him and he was grateful that Hoseok kept his scolding and teasing into minimum towards him because he was sure he would’ve gone lashing out if someone or something had annoyed him.

In the end of the day, they parted and Jimin decided to take bus to reach Seokjin’s apartment. He knew bus would take longer and he had to transfer to another one later because there was no bus going directly to Seokjin’s neighborhood, but it was what he was seeking. He needed a solitude time to contemplate and also Seoul in the night was pretty, he could find some solace to soothe his heartache and headache.

Jimin reached Seokjin’s apartment just to find it empty; Seokjin was still at work and Namjoon was still at studio. It was lonely and Jimin couldn’t help but let his mind wander to Yoongi. Did his penthouse feel really lonely without Jimin? Did the penthouse feel cold? Yoongi had told him that he always made the penthouse a home, but in this extent, Jimin didn’t even know if it had been true or not anymore. The words on the third page of their contract were haunting him to his dream and he was tired.

Suddenly, he felt the door behind him hit him on the shoulder, the impact made him stumble forwards and fall on his knees with a groan.

“Oh, shit!” Namjoon’s deep voice came, “I’m sorry, Chims. I didn’t know you were there. What are you doing in front of the door anyway? Did you just get here?”
Jimin glanced at the clock and realized he had spent good half an hour just standing at the foyer like an idiot. No wonder his legs felt a little numb from not moving.

“Yeah,” Jimin lied and kicked his shoes off while he was on the floor, “I just got here.”

Namjoon reached out a hand to help Jimin stand and put off his own shoes, “Jin is going to be late. He said he has something to take care of. I’m a disaster in the kitchen so I bought some food. Or you can have take-out if you don’t like Chinese food?”

“I’m okay with Chinese food. Here let me help you, hyung.” Jimin reached for the white plastic bag in Namjoon’s hand, “Do you want to take a shower first or?”

“Yeah, or do you want it first?”

“I’ve showered after dance class.” Jimin shook his head, “I’ll heat this up while you shower.”

“Thanks, Chims.” Namjoon grinned, “And let’s eat it in front of the TV. Seokjin usually don’t let me eat at the living room, but well, men could enjoy a night without being so uptight, couldn’t they?”

Jumin barked laughter, “Will it be okay though? Won’t Seokjin-hyung be angry if he finds out?”

“Then don’t let him find out.” Namjoon said with mischief grin, “You can keep your mouth shut, can’t you?”

The younger made a zipper gesture over his lips and pretended throwing the lock out of the window, “My lips are locked forever.”

Namjoon ruffled Jimin’s hair and continued walking towards the bathroom, whistling with huge towel on his shoulder. Jimin watched his hyung until the bathroom door closed and dropped his façade. He sighed inwardly and looked at the bag in his hand. He was hungry and the food in the plastic bag smelled so good. So, Jimin didn’t wait his time and started heating the food up.

All contains of the boxes had been served on the plates when Namjoon finished the shower and he helped Jimin to bring all the dishes to the living room. Rice was hot as Jimin took it out from the rice cooker and everything looked good. Namjoon brought two bottled flavored vodka-mix drinks and poured it into the glass with ice cubes. With a low volume noise from the TV to make it a little bit livelier than the both of them, Namjoon and Jimin started eating.

“Oh, damn, this is delicious.” Jimin moaned at the tasty flavor hitting his tongue.

“I know right?” Namjoon chuckled, “This was from my and Jin’s favorite restaurant.”

“You guys have a great taste.” The younger said and took another huge bite.

They kept chatting over their meal, throwing jokes or talking about Seokjin occasionally, and when they had washed the dishes and the cans of beer were in their hands, the laughter subdued into small chats.

“I’m glad you feel better.” Namjoon suddenly said.

Jimin looked up from his beer, “What do you mean, hyung?”

“You’ve looked so gloomy and sad past few days and both Jin and I thought there must be something wrong going on with you. But, you look a little better now.” The elder elaborated with a small smile, “You know Jin’s so worried about you, right?”
“Yeah, I know.” Jimin sighed, feeling guilty for making his hyung worried.

Namjoon halted for a while to observe Jimin’s forlorn expression and pulled the shorter male into side-embrace, “I’m probably not a right person to say this, since you’re clearly closer to Jin than me, but I just want you to know that it’s okay to lean on your friends when you need strength. Whatever bothering you, you can always share it with me or Jin or your other friends, we’re willing to help.”

Jimin pressed his lips together and snuggled closer to Namjoon’s warmth, “I know.”

The front door suddenly slammed open and Seokjin walked into the flat, raising his eyebrows at both younger males on the couch, “Do I need to get jealous or?”

And both of them pulled away with disgusted ‘ew, no’ in choir, the oldest laughed at their priceless faces.

Green leaves turned into brownish orange. Flowers withered away and the temperature dropped. Autumn drizzles started coming more often than not. Outfits changed. Season changed. People changed.

Jimin was no longer sensitive about Yoongi and he could recall his time with the lawyer without feeling like crying every time now. And Yoongi’s messages came lesser than before, once in every two or three days. Yes, it still hurt, but after a little bit more than a month Jimin felt more like himself. His graduation was planned to be in February next year, which meant he had to finish his final thesis, at least, in the end of December, around three months from now. He didn’t have postponed assignments, his tuition fee was all clear, the mentor for his thesis was kind and he didn’t have any remedial to do. Wheein had a boyfriend now, a junior from her faculty called Changkyun or something, because she was such a sucker for noona-love kind of romance. And although she spent her time with her boyfriend a lot, she also always had time for Jimin, no one could replace their time together during lunch, not even her boyfriend, and Jimin was so glad since he didn’t have that many of close friends.

It was the end of September and Jimin decided that he had to finish his problem. He couldn’t run away from Yoongi forever. It would hurt like a bitch not to see the lawyer’s smile again, but he could rely on his friends to raise him up from the ground when he fell, he was sure of that. And also he thought he was getting better to cope with whatever Yoongi-related.

“You’ll help me to get through this, right?” Jimin asked Wheein during the lunch time, playing with the soup in his bowl on the table.

There was a halt before Wheein could register what he had said out of sudden, but then she smiled, “That’s what friends for, Chims.”

Having the reassurance he had known he would’ve got without him asking, Jimin nodded and took his bag, “I’m going, Wheein.”

“That fast?”

“I want this over fast. I’ve run away long enough.”

Wheein gave him an encouraging pumped fist and a pat on his shoulder and Jimin left the university,
a certain destination he had thought on his mind.

Mingyu, the bellboy, seemed genuinely surprised to see him there. Of course, it had been a while since the last time he had stepped into the luxurious building. Jimin didn’t give Mingyu enough time to greet and to ask about it, though, as he took the elevator and pressed the familiar button.

When he reached the floor where Yoongi’s penthouse was, there was small voice in him begging that the password he had remembered and wouldn’t forget anytime soon was wrong so he wouldn’t be able to enter the place where the lawyer lived. But of course his prayer was futile, the blinking red light turned green with a soft beep after he had punched the number, and then there was a click from the door telling him that it had been unlocked. Sighing, Jimin pushed the door open.

It hadn’t been *that* long since he had left, but the rush of longing suddenly felt so overwhelming he choked back tears. He thought he had got over it, he had been so, so wrong.

Nothing had changed from Yoongi’s penthouse, but it surely felt much lonelier and colder there, far more than the last time he had sneaked in, and more just like the first time Jimin had entered the space to sign the contract. There was tug in his heart when he saw his blue mug, or the mug used to be his, on the small flower-shaped mug holder on the kitchen counter. He was surprised Yoongi hadn’t thrown it out after all he had done to the lawyer. Moving on, Jimin realized Yoongi also still kept the hanger for his bags that the lawyer had bought for him and placed it near the walk-in closet. Also the small silly figure of Donald Duck he had bought at Disneyland during their vacation in Tokyo, and placed on top the TV. And when he walked into the bathroom, he bit his lip as he saw his toothbrush still hanging beside Yoongi’s. Well, the lawyer had changed his to the new one, with different color, but Jimin recognized his since it was the only thing had orange color he had.

In the closet, Yoongi had hung the oversized hoodie he had accidentally left but not cared enough to get back for it on one of the racks, and it was when Jimin broke down.

He didn’t cry, not yet. But he crouched down in front of the rack and breathed heavily against his knees, hands clutching his jeans.

Why was it there? Why did Yoongi keep it? How far would the lawyer keep this act? Until Jimin was broken to the extent he couldn’t be fixed? Until Jimin disappeared and left with so much sorrow and anguish and longing in his heart? Or until Jimin begged for Yoongi to have him for real relationship Jimin would never have? Until what? Until when?

Crying inwardly over his bruising heart, Jimin walked out of the closet and threw himself into the bed; the bed which smelled like Yoongi yet felt cold without his presence, the bed where they had sex for so many times, the bed where Jimin let himself foolishly fall over, over and *over* again for the other male, the bed which became a silent witness of his broken heart. The tears almost broke out once again, but he could hold it in with all his might. He wouldn’t cry, not here.

He swore. Jimin swore it would be the last time he would let himself hurt over his feeling to Yoongi, the man would be impossible to have. He swore, God, he swore this was the last time and he would move on. After this over, he would be free, he would be back to *the* Jimin before he had met Yoongi, he would move on and find the right person for him, and he decided he would forget about Yoongi, and his sweet smile, and his raspy yet soft voice, and his warm embrace, everything. Jimin would forget everything about Yoongi. He would try hard to throw the memories with Yoongi away. He had wanted to keep them at first, but now he just wanted to dump them away so his life would go on peacefully. He knew it was impossible to do it instantly; it would take time, a while, or months or even years, he wasn't sure, but he would heal. Jimin swore he would heal.

With the thoughts written boldly on his mind, Jimin fell asleep with Yoongi’s scent surrounding him,
lulling him into the deepest slumber he had after a while.

Jimin was awakened by a hand on his head, stroking his hair in such familiar gentleness, and his heart screamed all over the place. When he opened his eyes, he could see Yoongi looking down at him with tender eyes and small, uncertain smile on his lips which Jimin was aching to kiss but he couldn’t. Gathering his power, Jimin pushed himself up and Yoongi’s hand fell down naturally to his cheek, caressing the small spot under his eye just like the lawyer had often done before all the drama had happened.

He knew he should say something. He knew he should talk to Yoongi about them and their contract, but his voice was suddenly stuck in his throat when Yoongi leaned in just to rest his forehead on Jimin’s shoulder. Yoongi seemed so tired and Jimin hoped it wasn’t because of him, because the last thing he wanted was to make Yoongi stressed because of his stupid, childish self. He could feel Yoongi breathe him in and Jimin finally let his guard down a little bit so he turned his face to bury his nose in Yoongi’s soft hair.

“I’m so happy.” Yoongi said suddenly.

“Hm? Why?” Jimin whispered back.

“Because you’re here now.” Yoongi explained, “Because you came back. Because finally I can see you again, hug you again. I can feel you again. I was so worried because you rarely replied to my messages. And whatever I’ve done to you, I was wrong, I’m sorry. If you don’t want to talk about it, it’s okay, I respect your choice, just please forgive me, baby. I’ve missed you so much.”

Jimin let out a shaky breath upon hearing the confession. He knew he was weak to Yoongi’s sweet talks, he was weak whenever the lawyer showed him treatment which showed him how much Yoongi treasured him. But he also knew everything was faked. It was all an act. Yoongi had a duty to take care of him and protect him. Yoongi had a duty to make Jimin feel accepted and loved, although all of it wasn’t from the lawyer’s heart. Yet Jimin couldn’t help but fell over and over again for Yoongi’s charm. It was exhausting and painful.

Fueled by the strength he had gathered during his time away from Yoongi, Jimin finally closed his eyes and swallowed the lump in his throat.

“Yoongi,” he said whisperingly like he hoped Yoongi wouldn’t heard that, “let’s stop.”

Yoongi’s hand which had been stroking his side stopped and he heard Yoongi say, “What?”

Sighing, Jimin pulled away from Yoongi’s arms and dared himself to see directly to Yoongi’s beautiful eyes, saying, “I want to stop. Let’s stop—let’s stop us, Yoongi.”

Jimin could see Yoongi clench his jaw. And then suddenly Yoongi stood up just to walk away from the bed, making the younger just want to pull Yoongi back so he could feel the other’s warmth and making him want to take his words back. The lawyer stopped in front of the huge, glass wall facing the Seoul night view.

“So, this is what you want?” Yoongi asked, back still facing Jimin’s position, “To stop?”

The younger heard the shake in Yoongi’s voice but he shrugged it off, reassuring himself that it was
only a part of him hoping the lawyer to show the mutual feeling, which he still thought impossible to happen. He looked down to his laps and said, “Yes. You said on the contract that I could stop anytime I want in the beginning. So now I want to stop. Let’s stop.”

The lawyer didn’t reply right away and the silence was so heavy Jimin could feel his shoulders drop in fear. He really hoped Yoongi wouldn’t get angry to him because parting from Yoongi without mutual agreement was the last thing Jimin wanted. Even though his heart ached, he still didn’t want to let Yoongi go with anger. He didn’t want to make a bad, last impression.

“I see how it’s come.” Jimin heard Yoongi say and his heart clenched to hear such a cold voice.

When Yoongi turned around to see him again, though, Jimin couldn’t help but flinched because the Yoongi he had known was gone, replaced by Yoongi he had met at the very first time Jimin had come to his office for the interview. There was no warmth in Yoongi eyes. There was no softness in Yoongi’s expression. All he could see was professional mode Yoongi had shown him when he had talked with Jihyo, his secretary, or the man having picked them up in Japan, or whenever Yoongi had spent all weekends morning awake and reading whatever thing related to his job on his work desk. All business. And by now, Jimin was sure what he had thought was true; Yoongi only cared for him and showed him how precious he had been during their contract. It was all an act. And it burnt Jimin’s hope to the ground, into ashes. Oh, Wheein wouldn’t believe it if he told her later.

Holding back the tears, not wanting to show the lawyer how weak he was, Jimin nodded, repeating his request, “Yes. I want to stop.”

“I understand.” Yoongi nodded curtly, “I’ll contact you when I finish with the revocation letter. During the time, you can stay here or anywhere else you find suit the most.”

Jimin bit his lower lip and took the bag he had abandoned at the foot of the bed, “I’ll stay at my hyung’s place.”

Yoongi nodded again, “I’ll take you there.”

“You don’t need—”

“The part of the contract also said I had to take care of you during the time of it. It’s still not officially revoked yet and it’s too late for you to go out alone.” Yoongi said, walking towards the glass bowl near the TV, where he usually put all keys, and took his car key before turning to Jimin, “So, I insist to take you there.”

The statement was caring and simple. It was just Yoongi being a good dom like usual. But if he had loved how Yoongi had been so caring about his wellbeing before, now he felt degraded. He knew Yoongi didn’t mean any harm by saying that, he knew Yoongi just wanted to help him to get Seokjin’s place safe, yet Jimin took it as an offense.

Jimin gripped his bag tight to hold himself from lashing out and said through his gritted teeth, “Yes, I’ve been your submissive for half a year. And yes, I’ve let myself being manhandled around. But, it doesn’t mean I’m weak. I’m still a man and I can take care of myself.” And then he adjusted his bag on his shoulder as he walked towards the front door. He turned around just to see Yoongi still standing on his spot, car key still in his hand, with such unreadable expression.

“You should throw my stuff away. It’s not like I’m going to use them again anyway.” Jimin added and then he bowed politely, “I’ll be waiting for you to contact me, Yoongi-ssi.” He then left with a dull thud of Yoongi’s door behind him.
The drizzle started when Jimin was walking fast towards the station where he could take a subway straight to Seokjin’s neighborhood. While people started running around to find shelters, Jimin stopped on his track, feeling the droplets start getting heavier on his body. He turned around to see the luxurious building once again and his eyes were getting blurry.

Whether it was tears or raindrops on Jimin’s face, no one would know except him.

Chapter End Notes

WAE NAE MAMEUL HENDEUNEUN GEONDE~WAE NAE MAMEUL HENDEUNEUN GEONDE~
/dances away/
The paper wasn’t as complicated as the contract; it only contained a page and explanation about how everything that had been agreed on the contract would be all revoked and invalid on the day the revocation letter was signed by both parties. Holding on his hand from shaking, Jimin pulled out a pen from his bag and signed it without any more words, right above the line where his name had been written. And then he gave the paper back to Yoongi so the lawyer could sign his part.

Every routine moved like an auto-pilot after that. He had thought he had been himself again before, but he realized he was getting worse after his meeting with Yoongi. He didn’t get any troubles from his absent-mindedness, he was grateful for that, but everything moved so fast and blurry for him. Despite the low temperature outside, the gym felt heated. The music kept blasting from the speakers, encouraging Jimin to keep moving. Hoseok had long gone home. All his classmates had also gone home. He was the only one staying at the gym, sweating his stress out. The mirrors were fogged and cooled vapor sticking on them started beading into water and sliding down onto the wooden floor.

How long had he been there? 5 hours? 6? What time was it? Jimin had no idea. But he wouldn’t stop as long as his body still could keep up. He would stay until he dropped.

It was getting maddening each day waiting for Yoongi to fucking contact him. He was still being hung on the edge of their contract, the only string connecting them, yet he was done with his duty as Yoongi’s sub. It was getting frustrating because it was the second week now and there was no message from Yoongi.

Two weeks! Jimin had been waiting for two weeks and Yoongi still wasn’t settling with the revocation of their contract. While he thought he could get over it and move on, the truth was bitch, and here he was, still not brave enough to pick up some casual sex or even getting himself a real relationship because he was still stuck with Yoongi, still stuck with his feeling to Yoongi. He was wondering what made Yoongi taking so long? It wasn’t like typing the revocation for their private contract would afford a legal bureaucracy, was it?

A part of him told himself that it was his payback for hanging Yoongi for a while before finally he had appeared out of nowhere at Yoongi’s penthouse just to stop everything. But on his defense, he had been hurting! Yeah, okay maybe he hadn’t replied to the lawyer’s messages that often and it had been his fault. But was Yoongi really that shallow to do that to him? Of course no. Even though he
was hurting, deep inside of his heart, he knew Yoongi was a good man, and the lawyer wasn’t as childish as him. It was just the childish part of him denying his feeling to Yoongi and how a good man Yoongi was truly was because he wanted to hate the lawyer instead of loving him so it would hurt less.

Wheein had told him to message Yoongi first, but as a man of pride he was, Jimin had refused, telling her that it would’ve been ridiculous if he had done that. And now he was reconsidering his choice as he was getting agitated each day.

Jimin finally stopped dancing just because he slipped on his own puddling sweat on the floor and fell on his butt. Groaning, Jimin pulled off his damp beanie and threw it to the mirror across. His breath was yet to calm, and he knew it would take awhile for him to regain his composure so he could go home, hence he laid down on his back, staring—glaring—at the bright lights above him.

In the haze of frustration, Jimin stomped his feet on the floor so hard to stand up and transferred all of his conflicted rage by ruffling his messy hair into messier shape. He walked towards the beanie he had regret throwing away so far because it made him to waste more energy to fetch it. When he was bending down to reach the beanie, eyes watching his exhausted face on the mirror, he caught something he shouldn't have seen in the reflection of the mirrors of the gym. Jimin turned his head so fast that he almost cracked his neck off its joints, just to see that what he had seen on the mirror hadn't been his pathetic hallucination, but a reality.

It was Min Yoongi.

The lawyer was leaning casually on the wooden wall, crossing his arms over his chest. There was a brown folder in his hand, half-hidden by Yoongi’s other arm, but still peeking underneath, and Jimin’s head reeled, in a bad way that made him feel like throwing up.

Thinking about Yoongi’s face was painful enough, hence when he saw Yoongi in real life, it knocked his breath out. He wasn’t ready for the lawyer’s sudden appearance. The longtime of yearning and longing hit him like a tidal wave and he felt his knees buckle. He almost fell down onto the floor from both exhaustion and shock, but fortunately, he was fast enough to hold himself from falling. God, the nerve!

Jimin started panicking when Yoongi walked closer towards him in attentive steps, but his brain wasn’t fast enough to let him think a reason to run away. And before he knew it, Yoongi had stood in front of him, close enough for him to smell Yoongi’s distinct scent; fresh with the hint of expensive cologne.

“Long time no see, Jimin-ssi.” Yoongi started politely, reaching out for a handshake. The honorific made him flinch. Again. He noted he really needed to get used of it.

He then looked at the awaiting hand of Yoongi with hollow emotion. Jimin should slap that hand away, he should shove Yoongi away and tell the lawyer he could fuck off, or he should just show Yoongi he was fine and great without handshaking—Jimin took Yoongi’s hand as if he had been hypnotized and let the lawyer to help him up because God, God, he had missed the warm of Yoongi’s skin against his so fucking much and when their hands came in contact, Jimin just wanted to pull Yoongi into a hug and not to let go and kiss him softly against those thin, pouty lips—but he didn’t do any of it.

Kicking the thoughts aside, Jimin shook Yoongi’s hand, “I’ve been fine. Thank you, Yoongi-ssi. I see you’re doing fine yourself.”

The lawyer nodded curtly as the response, the hand around his tightening and the younger couldn’t
help but wondered why that was.

Jimin bit the inner side of his cheek, “How did you know I'm here?”

“I've learned that this is the place where you spend most of your time alone.” Yoongi smiled a little, “It was a random gamble. But, I was right.”

“Ah, I see.” Jimin managed to say.

It seemed the lawyer feel the awkwardness from Jimin, so he suggested, “Should we sit down first?”

Instead of answering with his words, Jimin nodded because he knew how Yoongi disliked to be answered like that. It wasn’t like Jimin would stay with Yoongi any longer anyway, so he didn’t particularly pay much attention to what the lawyer approved and disapproved. He knew he was acting like a five-years-old. He didn’t care.

They sat down across each other and it reminded him to when he had interviewed Yoongi, the first time they had met. Deep inside he felt like blaming Wheein for choosing him as her replacement that day, even though he had said it hadn’t been her fault when she had blamed herself for leading Jimin into this whole dramatic mess. He knew Wheein hadn’t meant to, and he would regret it later for thinking like that.

Jimin watched as Yoongi put the folder down in front of him and said, “This is the revocation letter. You just need to read it and sign it and then we’re done.”

Pressing his lips together, Jimin opened the folder and pulled the paper out to read it.

The paper wasn’t as complicated as the contract; it only contained a page and explanation about how everything that had been agreed on the contract would be all revoked and invalid on the day the revocation letter was signed by both parties. Holding on his hand from shaking, Jimin pulled out a pen from his bag and signed it without any more words, right above the line where his name had been written. And then he gave the paper back to Yoongi so the lawyer could sign his part.

Yoongi took the paper and put it on the table. He then took the pen out from the pocket of his button down shirt; the kind of expensive pen a CEO Clichèly had, and pulled off the lid. He then bent down, pen hovering over the space above where Min Yoongi, The Dominant had been written, but much to his Jimin’s surprise, Yoongi didn’t sign it right away.

“Yoongi-ssi?” Jimin said quietly. He could see Yoongi’s jaw tightening before the tip of the lawyer’s pen touched down on the paper, but the lawyer had yet to move.

“I can’t.” Yoongi suddenly said, throwing his pen to roll off the table and fall with echoing knack, “I can’t do it. Not like this.”

Yoongi stood up and ran his hand through his hair, frustration clearly attached on his face, but Jimin didn’t understand. Why wouldn’t Yoongi sign the revocation already so they could part their own way in peace?

“I don’t understand, Yoongi-ssi.” Jimin said quietly. Deep inside, he was panicking, because if Yoongi didn’t want to revoke the contract, Jimin would still have an obligation to to stay with Yoongi, and being around the lawyer with his stupid feeling was hard he wanted it to stop.

Ah, Yoongi was confusing him.

“I can’t do it, okay?” The lawyer let out a frustrated sigh, “I need you to tell me. What did I do
wrong? What have I done? If I accidentally hurt you, or I did something that made you offended in any way, let me know, Jimin!” The younger was surprised as Yoongi dropped the honorific and called him by his first name. “Just—just please tell me. So I can make it right again, so I can fix it.” And then he lifted his head just to look right in Jimin’s eyes, “Let me keep you, Jimin.”

“Don’t.” Jimin threatened, standing up and startling the lawyer. He gritted his teeth to calm the flaming coal in his blood and said, “Don’t ever you say that.”

“But, why?” Yoongi demanded, “Why won’t you let me keep you? This is too absurd! Too sudden! I don’t know what I’ve done that made you like this! It wasn’t like everything we’ve done going wrong!”

Jimin finally lost the last composure he had been trying to hold. As the result of the kept out emotions, the sleepless nights he had spent crying over Yoongi, the sadness, the unrequited love, the broken-heart, the pain, the memories, everything suddenly accumulating into a massive ball of rage, he shouted, “Because I love you! And that's what's fucking wrong!”

He could see Yoongi’s eyes widening and he realized he had made a mistake by let his mouth run off uncontrollably. But it would make Yoongi sign the revocation, and that was what Jimin had wanted, hadn’t he? It was okay, right? It would make the lawyer sign the revocation, yes, but it wasn’t okay. He hadn’t wanted Yoongi to know about his feeling. He felt stupid enough for falling for a man he would never have and confessing, in this kind of complicated circumstance, wasn’t what he had planned. Yet he had let his emotions he had been holding on break through and now Yoongi knew about his feeling. It made him feel so pathetic in front of the object of his feeling.

“You what?” The lawyer asked.

Jimin knew he couldn’t get away from the shit he had accidentally made. Letting the heavy breath escape his lips, the younger fell back down on the couch, “I love you, Yoongi—have loved you for a while by now. I love you so much. I know I shouldn’t have to, but I do, okay? And to think you would revoke the contract if you found out was killing me.

I’ve been trying to hold this feeling in, trying to keep this out from getting bigger that it has already been, but I couldn’t help but fell for you deeper whenever you always treated me like I was the only one special for you even though the fact I wasn’t. I am still not.

Do you know how much it hurt to be around you, Yoongi? It hurt. So much. It sliced my heart open and just fucking ruined me. That was why I ran away! So I didn’t have to have to get rejected and thrown away!” And then Jimin chuckled bitterly, “You’re unfair, Yoongi. You couldn’t—” Jimin took a sharp breath to hold back his tears, pressing the heel of his palms over his eyes, and whimpered, “You couldn’t just say that you want to keep me when you don’t have mutual feeling to me. It hurts me enough not to be able to have you.” The younger leaned back, looking at the lawyer through his blurry eyes, “I’m trying to move on from you, Yoongi, can you just please, at least, help me to get over you? It hurts to be around you.”

The halt forming between them was equal of grating nails on chalkboard; it was maddening and shooting pain. But then, Yoongi broke it by asking, “Have you, then?”

“Have I what?”

“Have you moved on? From me?” And then he turned around to see their reflection through the mirror.

Jimin cackled insanely, “Have you been listening to me? I’m trying! It means I have not! I can’t
even focus about it when part of you is still gnawing my heart like a cancer!”

Yoongi walked over the mirrors and whispered, audible enough for Jimin to hear, “You’re an idiot, Park Jimin.”

“Yes, I fucking know.” Jimin threw his face away from the reflection and gritted his teeth, “You don’t have to rub the salt on my wound.”

“I have story to tell.” Yoongi suddenly said, “Do you have time to hear me out?”

“What the hell, Yoongi?” Jimin snapped his attention back to the lawyer and was ready to lash out. But, Yoongi turned around from the reflection and stared right back in Jimin’s eyes, saying, “Please?”

There was something in Yoongi’s eyes that made Jimin hold back his rage and nodded instead.

Yoongi leaned on the mirror and looked down onto his sleek court shoes, “The first time I met you, Jimin, you reminded me of my old self.” Jimin raised his eyebrows and Yoongi sent a sad, small smile at him, “I used to be a broke college student and to be a sub too.”

Now, Jimin couldn’t help but let his jaw fall open. Yoongi chuckled at that and looked down again, “But the reason’s not the main thing I want to tell you.” The lawyer halted to sigh, “My dom, he was a married man.”

“What the—”

“I know it’s crazy, right?” Yoongi chuckled bitterly, “He was a married man with a daughter, a fucking daughter. He had a picture of what small and sweet and economically decent family looked like but he chose me as his getaway to transfer his hidden sexuality and raw desires. But he treated me well—more than well actually, he spoilt me, he always made sure I was taken care of enough, got proper education enough, fed myself enough, and,” The lawyer rubbed his hand over his face, “I fell for him. When I knew he wouldn’t risk his family only to love me back, it ended disastrous.”

Jimin let out the breath he hadn’t realized holding.

“That was the first story. I hope you’re not tired enough to listen to the second one.” Yoongi managed to let a soft chuckle before continuing, “Jimin, you’re not the only sub falling in love with me.”

The younger pressed his lips. Of course, it was obvious. There was no sane human being wouldn’t fall so hard for Yoongi if they experienced how sweet Yoongi could treat them.

“But, my sub,” Yoongi looked up at the high ceiling, “he was so sure I also fell in love with him even though I only carried my duty as a good dom for him. And when I told him as that, he threatened to expose our contract to the media.” And even from the odd angle, Jimin could see the lawyer grimace, “It could cause me lose my job and ruin my life, my family.”

“That’s horrible.” Jimin frowned, “How did you get away from him?”

Yoongi smiled sadly then, “He wasn’t bad in the first place, Jimin, he was a sweet boy.” Jimin felt jealous over a boy he didn’t even know and it felt ridiculous even for him. But, he kept his silence as the older man continue, “It wasn’t hard to convince him not to do it. And I knew he only threatened me because he didn’t want to part with me, because I couldn’t reciprocate his feeling. What made me hurt the most was because he finally let me go with broken heart. I hate hurting people’s feelings just
because I can’t love them back.” Yoongi looked at him, “Do you see the connection of both stories with our relationship?”

Jimin looked down at his hands. Suddenly everything clicked, “Were those experiences your reason to add that clause about your sub not allowed to feel romantic feeling to you?”

Yoongi smiled, “I know you have an excellent brain.”

The younger frowned then, “But I still don’t get your reason telling me this.”

“You know, Jimin, subs tend to fall in love with their doms when their doms treat them well and spoil them. But, not all doms want to be in romantic relationships with them. Some of them just want them to be no string attached, only a path for them to get off their desires.”

The younger sighed, “I know where this conversation is leading. You don’t have to explain everything, actually. It was just me being dramatic, and I’m sorry. I shouldn’t have confessed to you like that. You don’t have to feel guilty or burdened after this, don’t worry, it’ll get over soon.”

“I haven’t finished yet, Jimin. Would you let me continue?”

Jimin thought it was pointless to continue the whole explanation when Jimin understood what Yoongi wanted to tell him. But he nodded nonetheless, it wouldn’t hurt to hear the lawyer finish his story, would it?

“Yes, you’re right. I added that clause so it wouldn’t end up disastrous like my experiences. But, you know, something unexpected happened a while after our contract has been signed.” Yoongi looked away to other row of mirrors next to the one he was leaning on, “I fell for you instead.”

Jimin’s breath hitched. He wasn’t sure he had heard it right.

Yoongi then looked back to him with a small, uncertain smile that made Jimin heart pounding against his ribcage, not because of rage this time, but because something else; a hope.

The lawyer continued then, “I thought it happened because you reminded me a lot about my past. But later I knew I fell much harder for you than I’ve intended to.

“When you ran away that night after your competition and went missing, I felt myself crushed, Jimin. I couldn’t function well. I was working to tire myself out because if I haven’t done that, I couldn’t have fallen asleep, because I kept thinking about you. Do you even know how much your impact to my life? It’s enormous. And it’s overwhelming because it wasn’t supposed to happen.” Yoongi chuckled then, breathy and bitter, and Jimin watched as the lawyer break down, slumping on the wooden floor with head thrown back onto the mirror behind him, “I know I should’ve told you in the beginning about my reason to put that rule on our contract, but I thought it didn’t matter, I’ve never expected I’d fall in love with you.

“The last thing I know, I want to be the one you turn up to when you’re sad. I want to be the one who makes you happy. I want to be the one who touches you and kisses you like nobody else.” Yoongi let out a shaky breath, “I want to be the one you come home to.”

Jimin felt his chest relieved and tighten at the same time because Yoongi, Min Yoongi, the man he desired, the man he fell in love with and he had thought it had been impossible to have, the man of the aching source in his heart, the man he missed the most, had just confessed to him. Yoongi loved him. Min Yoongi loved him too. His feeling was reciprocated!

He knew he should say something! He should tell Yoongi how much he loved the lawyer too! But
the shock, the surprise and at the same time, the relief, the wave of affection, mixed into one and his throat tightened.

And hearing no response from the younger, Yoongi chuckled dejectedly, “I’m sorry to tell you all of it. I’m so sorry. I’m so selfish for wanting you to be mine, to keep you as mine even though you deserve a much better person than me. I know. And I’m sorry that I’ve given you so much pain that you said it hurt you to be around me. But, you have to believe me that I’ve never meant to hurt you. Never.” And then the lawyer sighed, standing up. He walked closer to coffee table and took the pen from the floor, “I’ll sign it right now. I’m sorry for taking too much of your time. And thank you, for hearing me out.”

But before Yoongi could sign the paper, Jimin held him by the wrist, asking, “Is that true? Do you really love me?”

The lawyer nodded firmly with no hesitation, “I do, Park Jimin, I love you so much.”

It was partly the impulse, but it was also partly because he had been longing for Yoongi too long that he launched himself into the lawyer’s unready arms just to kiss him hard. He could hear Yoongi’s breath hitch and he pulled away, cupping Yoongi’s cheeks with his hands.

“Idiot!” Jimin shouted between his chuckle, “Why would I want to kick you out of my life when I said I love you? Yes, you gave me so much pain, but I know it’ll heal over time. And hey, you love me too!” And then Jimin hugged Yoongi tight. He hugged the man he loved so tight like he was going to lose him again, whispering, “I want you to be the one I turn up to when I’m sad too. I want you to be the one who makes me happy too. I want you to be the one who touches me and kisses me like nobody else too.” And then he kissed Yoongi’s lips again, softly this time, murmuring, “I want to come home to you, Min Yoongi.”

It was Yoongi who pressed their lips passionately after that. “I’m glad.” A kiss. “I’m so happy.” Another kiss, before he leaned away to kiss Jimin’s forehead. When Yoongi leaned away again, Jimin could see how tender Yoongi looked at him and he felt so stupid he hadn’t realized that every intimate gesture Yoongi had shown him had been his true feeling. Jimin wanted to feel more of Yoongi. He wanted Yoongi. He had the lawyer for himself now and he wasn’t going to hold back anymore. So, he grabbed Yoongi by the nape and chased those pouty, thin lips for another kiss once again.

It was sloppy. It was desperate. It was how they showed how much they had been longing for each other’s presence. Jimin knew he was crying, but instead of the sadness and anguish he had felt for past few months, it was because he was happy, and relieved, and—and he just loved Yoongi too much. His feeling wasn’t scaring him out now though, his feeling now gave him so much hope to spend more time with the man in front of him, to share so much joy and to create more memories.

Yoongi left one last peck on Jimin’s lips before leaning away to show his gummy smile, the sweet one that always made Jimin flutter inside, “Should we go home?”

Home. Yoongi had just asked him to go home, to their home, the space where Jimin could share his time together with Yoongi, and God, Jimin loved the sound of that.

“Yeah, let’s go home.” Jimin grinned back but then he remembered, “Wait! Shit, I’m so gross! I haven’t showered yet!” He then pushed Yoongi away despite the elder’s resistance, “I have to shower first, Yoongi. I won’t be long.”

“It’s not like you’re sweaty, baby, all sweat’s gone.” Yoongi protested.
Jimin halted on his way to escape to the shower room and turned around in surprise, “Baby?”

Yoongi pursed his lips, looking uncertain once again, “What? I can’t call you baby now? I thought we had mutual feelings?”

Baby. Goddammit, everything was too much for Jimin. He didn’t think he could smile wider, his cheeks had hurt for a while but he couldn’t stop because Min Yoongi wanted him to be his baby again.

“God, no! Wait—I mean, no of course it’s not true!” Jimin shook his head to fix his brain from derailing, his head was a mess, “I mean! Yes, of course you can call me baby! Yes, God, don’t you know how much I love the sound of you calling me that? Fuck, why does it sound so good coming from you while I fucking dumped a guy with blue balls when he called me that?”

“You what a guy with what when he called you what?” Yoongi squinted his eyes.

Jimin laughed, “Oh, my God, I’ll tell you later, okay? I promise. Let me get showered first and then we can go home and I’ll tell you everything—shit, I can wait to tell you everything happened during our break!”

And then he hurriedly gathered his sport bag near one of the wall because he had put it there so he could have gone home without showering, yes, it had been his first plan before Yoongi had come and ruined everything. In a good way.

When he was jogging towards the locker room though, he heard Yoongi call his name, “Hey, Park Jimin.” He stopped on his track and turned his head to Yoongi direction, raising his eyebrows in question. Yoongi smiled then, looking so soft and loving, and said, “I love you.”

Jimin thought he might burst into fireworks.

Okay, explaining to Seokjin about him moving back with Yoongi would be one hell of a job, but it could wait.

Chapter End Notes

HAHAHAHA OH MY GOD YESSSSS! YES YES! FINALLY! FINALLY THE FUCKING MISUNDERSTANDING ENDED! I'M HAPPY, YOONMIN ARE HAPPY, ARE YOU HAPPY?????

and also some of you are curious about yoongi's pov, right? right? right! i have a present for you then:

the next and last chapter will be the epilogue where we can see yoongi's pov during this emotional roller coaster!

i hope you'll love me!

see you on the next (and last, sobs) chapter lovelies!
Epilogue; Yoongi

Chapter Summary

“Ah, yeah, by the way, we still have to sign the revocation letter.”

Jimin pulled away abruptly, face distorting in betrayal, “I-I thought-we-”

Chapter Notes

**YES!** finally, people, the longass epilogue is here! i’m so sorry to take such long time to write this, because well, it's long hahaha and also i want to leave a good ending for you all my lovely readers.

this is the last chapter for this long ride roller coaster, and you don’t have any idea how much your loves and comments and kudos mean to me, believe me, they mean so much. you gave me motivation to keep going with this story and to overcome the writer’s block. i really love you guys, each of you are amazing person, and god, i’m so grateful to have you as my readers.

at last, i really want to thank you, all of you, for your amazing presence. let me thank your parents too, for giving birth to you, because if it wasn't because of them, i wouldn't meet every beautiful human here.

i love you.

thank you so much.

excuse me, i got so emotional here.

please enjoy the last ride before we hit the station.

/plays 'See You Again' by Charlie Puth and Wiz Khalifa in the background)

Yoongi was 19 when his father fell sick. He was yet a mature adult and he was still enjoying being a youth. He knew he had talent in music and he was dreaming to make it big for him and his family. But when his father died, he knew he had to leave all of it and had to get stable job in his future because his mother was getting older and she couldn't be his family’s backbone forever. He dropped out from the music department of his university and changed his major into law.

Yoongi might give up his dream, but he still hoped to make his family live decently.

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Yoongi was 21 when he met the older man. He was broke. He had no money. And he would be dropped out soon if he didn’t pay his tuition fee. This man was a young professor of his course. And he was also the one calling Yoongi into his office to discuss the minimum budget Yoongi had to
educate himself. Long short story, the man offered him something he couldn’t resist, becoming the man’s sub, and Yoongi said yes with no hesitation.

Yoongi might lose his virginity to a married man, but he still wanted to provide his family live with more money.

Yoongi was 22 and about to graduate when he realized he fell in love with his dom. He all forgot that the man was married and had a daughter and he had let himself deluded by the caring treatments and soft touches and deep kisses and mind-blowing sex into something more than a contract. The man left Yoongi without a warning.

Yoongi might have his first heartbreak, but he still worked to move his family in a good house.

Yoongi was 26 and successful. His hard work was paid and he lived much more than decent. He had known his dominant trait for almost two years now and this boy was his third sub and he was delicate, soft-looking, just perfect. Yoongi treated him just like he had treated his previous subs, with care, with intimacy, with all facilities. He should’ve learned from his experience as one of them, he should’ve given the boy a warning about falling in love. He had forgot everything and the result was another disaster.

Yoongi might break a heart for the first time, but he still needed to focus on his family’s happiness.

Yoongi was 28 when he first met Park Jimin.

One thing he knew as soon as the younger stepped into his office was that the younger wasn’t Jung Wheein, he wasn’t stupid to buy Jimin’s lie about his parents had wanted a daughter, but he didn’t care enough to confront Jimin about that. And later, he decided to take a pity of the younger and put the interview into pause, because Jimin had been stuttering and it was getting pathetic. It was when he knew Jimin’s real name.

Jimin looked gorgeous and cute and warm in his cardigan. Yoongi knew the younger attempted to show up presentable, yet Jimin didn’t have formal attires, he knew, because he had been in Jimin’s position for so many times.

And Yoongi wanted Jimin to be his sub; he wanted to hold the younger, he wanted to give the boy proper life and education, he wanted to pin the boy under him, and he really wanted to sleep with Jimin, because fuck, he was sure Jimin would make a beautiful sound when Yoongi fucked into him.

Jimin lashed out when he stated his request later on their second meeting though. But deep inside, when he watched Jimin stomping out of the cafe with his pride, Yoongi knew Jimin would come
back. He had a hunch and his hunch mostly was right.

Jimin came back and said yes to his request.

As much as Yoongi wanted to take Jimin onto his bed right after the contract had been signed, he didn’t. He learned how inexperienced Jimin was about a dom/sub contract and he wanted to make the younger feel comfortable because the last thing he wanted was to give the younger painful experience. So he waited patiently, trying to hold the desire to feel Jimin’s body against his.

His patience was paid after a while, Jimin asked him for sex when he had just got back from his business trip and, he hadn’t been wrong choosing Park Jimin as his sub.

Jimin’s body felt tight and hot around him, pulsing against him that his blood boiling south to the most sensitive part of his body, nearly exploding him in such animalistic desire. Not like his previous subs, Jimin wasn’t all pliant and submissive for him, there was a hint of strength and challenge in the way he moved, and it made the sex more exciting, it made Yoongi want to wreck him in every way possible, it made Yoongi want to hear Jimin beg at his mercy.

And that night was the night Yoongi felt grateful to whoever Jung Wheein was, because if it hadn’t been because of her, he wouldn’t have met Jimin.

A human’s emotion was frightening. At least for Yoongi. It was scary how fast he got attached to Jimin; maybe because Jimin’s sweetness, or pettiness, or tenaciousness, or even because it was Jimin. It wasn’t scary enough to make Yoongi want to back out. Not in that way. It was scary because as someone who was a mature adult, he was foreign to the romantic term. After the very first and the most painful heartbreak he had experienced, Yoongi had distanced himself from anything romantic related. It wasn’t like he was against loving his sub, though. That clause about he would revoke any affection from both his sub and himself. It was just a precaution. Because when he had known his previous sub fall for him but he hadn’t had the same feeling, the feeling had been too deep. And the deeper the feeling, the more hurting it was. Yoongi didn’t want to be too late and end everything with disaster anymore.

At first Yoongi thought it was only him have particularly soft spot for Jimin because the younger reminded him about his past when he had had it all rough and tough. Maybe it would be too fast to call it love, but Yoongi surely didn’t mind to watch his sub asleep in his arms, with some vivid marks he had made the night before, snoring lightly like he didn’t care about the world, God, Yoongi wanted it all.

But, no it wasn’t love. Not yet. And Yoongi didn’t plan to hold back down anyway. He would let his feeling grow deeper, slowly, and he would show Jimin how precious he was. Yes, that was what Yoongi would do.

(Even though he was basically tying Jimin with him with a contract, he had a plan to revoke it as
soon as he knew about Jimin’s feeling towards him anyway.)

There was some distance between him and Jimin now and it wasn’t like he hadn’t experienced it with his previous subs. With how Jimin seemed quieter, gloomier, moodier, he assumed it was a subdrop. If his previous subs had usually cried or expressed their moodiness in some sort of exploding expression, Jimin seemed different. But Yoongi as a dom and as the one in love with Jimin (yes, the feeling had got that deep) would try anything to make Jimin happy.

So he brought Jimin to Japan during the younger’s summer break, to lift Jimin’s mood up.

He was glad that Jimin seemed more relaxed than uptight then. He was more being himself. He smiled a lot, lot more. And Yoongi loved Jimin’s smile. So much.

When Jimin went missing in Japan, and Yoongi got so panicked he couldn’t even think straight that his secretary had to handle it herself and asked for a favor to his client so they could get driven by his client’s driver towards the position Jimin had shared, Yoongi knew his feeling for Jimin had got so, so, so deep. He planned to confess when they were on the gondola during their date at Tokyo Disneyland. He wanted to. But then he saw a hint of sadness back in Jimin’s eyes, and Yoongi became uncertain. Cancelling his confession, he secretly planned another plan to tell Jimin about his feeling later, right after the younger finished the competition.

(With a hope he could make Jimin happier if the latter won, or he could make a little better to tell Jimin there was someone in love with him if the younger lost.)

Yoongi had a bad habit. A fatal bad habit. Whenever he was too engrossed to his work, he tended to forget everything around him. He always too focused on the case he had in hands and he even forgot to eat.

Han Jihyo, as known as his secretary, was also his best friend—had been best friend since he had been in rough and tough of college. She had been the one helping him with financial aid before Yoongi had found the married man who had been his dom. She had been there as long as Yoongi remember. She knew his weakness and goodness. She knew the dark secrets of his past and she knew his sexuality and sexual proclivity. But she had never judged him bad. She was the best of best friend he had ever had. So when her financial had got tight, Yoongi had accepted her into his firm, as his secretary, which why he refused to be called Daepyo-nim. He settled with her calling him Yoongi-ssi, instead.

(As much as Yoongi wanted Jihyo to call him by his first name like their college days, he knew there were some professional boundaries he had to draw, at least during their work time.)

Jihyo knew about Jimin, or about his feeling to Jimin, or everything, because Yoongi always told her his deepest secrets. And even he didn’t, Jihyo had been long enough with him that she could read him like a book. But he decided that Jimin shouldn’t know Jihyo knew about their contract because he was afraid Jimin would feel uncomfortable since the contract was supposed to be a secret in the first place. So he had told Jihyo not to said a word about her knowing.
It was so late at night, Yoongi knew, but he just wanted to finish the case in front of him first. He had trial in two days and he didn’t want to slack off. But then, Jihyo called him. It was unusual because she knew how he was when he was concentrating on a case. But if she called him during the moment like that, it might be emergency. Hoping that his best friend was fine, Yoongi pressed the green button and brought the device to his ear.

“Where are you, Yoongs?” Jihyo’s voice came, dropping the honorific they usually used at work.

“At firm?” Yoongi frowned, “What’s wrong?”

He could hear Jihyo’s long, frustrated sigh at the end of the line and he started panicking, did he forget something?

“I had a feeling that you were going to forget about Jimin’s competition. And I was right, wasn’t I?”

“Shit!” Yoongi stood up abruptly, sending his chair fly backwards and hit the glass window. He checked the wristwatch and snatched his belongings hurriedly, “Shit! Shit! Jihyo! I totally forgot! What do you usually bring to a dance competition??”

“I don’t think it’s important right now. I think it’s more important for you to rush there and pray to God you haven’t missed too much.”

“Fuck! I’ll hang up, okay?? Thanks, Jihyo!” Yoongi shoved his device into his pocket and started the engine of his car. He wanted to drive fast so he could make it to the competition, but it was weekend evening, which meant most people took the chance to go out and crowd the roads.

Yoongi had tried to contact Jimin for so many times, but the younger’s phone seemed running out of battery because he couldn’t connect. In the middle of frustration, Yoongi took the fastest route, not caring about how small the alley was, or how rough the road was, as long as he could reach the competition as soon as possible.

But as soon as possible wasn’t fast enough.

When he reached there, it was drizzling. He grabbed the black umbrella he had stored on his car for the emergency moment like this, and ran towards the open field, praying that he wouldn’t miss Jimin. But when he reached there, the staffs were running around with heavy equipment and there were no crowding people.

It was over. The competition was over and Yoongi was late.

Panting, Yoongi kept hoping and hoping and hoping he could catch a glimpse of the younger in the middle of chaotic staffs trying to save the heavy stuff. And fortunately he did find Jimin—silhouette of Jimin, actually, but Yoongi had memorized every single curves and edges of the younger that he could tell it was his sub standing in the middle of the dirty, empty lot with a ruined bouquet of flowers in his hand.

Yoongi felt his chest hollow. The guilt was getting stronger in every step he took to reach the younger. Yoongi had never blamed his habit to work himself out until he forgot everything because it always led him to a better result, but now he regret it. He blamed himself. He hated himself, even.

When he was standing close to Jimin, the distance within his arm reach, he could hear small hiccups coming from his sub and he could see Jimin’s shoulders shaking a little. Taking one bold step to close the gap between them, Yoongi hugged Jimin across his shoulders and chest from behind, resting his chin on the younger’s shoulder.
“I’m sorry.” Yoongi started, shutting his eyes to lessen the heavy guilt in his chest, “I’m sorry I couldn’t make it.”

He didn’t hear Jimin’s response though, so he continued, remembering the bouquet in Jimin’s hand, the sign of winning, “You won. I’m proud of you. I’m really proud of you, baby.”

Instead of turning his head or forgiving him, Jimin was only standing there unmoving. Yoongi had never been an easy-panic kind of a man, but this time he could feel the desperation billowing up in his veins and he couldn’t help but begged.

“Baby?” Yoongi choked out, “Please, say something.”

First, he could feel Jimin’s body going stiff in his arm and then suddenly the younger turned around and shoved the bouquet into Yoongi’s chest.

With his arm still reaching out between them, the ruined flower between his chest and Jimin’s palm, Yoongi could feel negativity coming from all Jimin’s gesture towards him, like Jimin was trying to keep him out, keep him away, keep him off, and the lawyer felt his heart like being punched.

“We’re in public.” Jimin said, in a shaky voice filled with anger and sadness. And Yoongi only wanted to pull him close and kiss him and beg for forgiveness, but the next thing Jimin said turned his mind in chaos, “Thank you for coming, Yoongi-ssi.”

When the bouquet fell down as the younger ran away, Yoongi knew he should’ve chased him, but instead, he looked down at the ruined bouquet near his feet and repeated how Jimin had just addressed him.

It wasn’t the first time Jimin called him with honorific, but it was indeed the first time Yoongi heard it filled with something that broke his heart in million pieces and he knew he had made a terrible mistake.

Yoongi knew he was losing this case. With all chaos running on his mind, he couldn’t bring himself to focus on the work in his hands. And really, this was the first time he was losing because he was slacking off. Even though he could manage the tough act in front of the camera, when he was alone at his empty penthouse, cold without Jimin’s warmth and laughter, he couldn’t bring himself to concentrate. He felt it scary to know his hard work from the beginning of his life could be ruined anytime soon at this extent. As much as he wanted to bring Jimin back to his life, he couldn’t afford to let his current life go. He still had a family.

With all his might, he started lessening his messages to Jimin; it wasn’t like the younger replied anyway. After Yoongi had got a message from Jimin saying that the younger had needed time, Yoongi tried to limit his messages and he was success.

It still hurt, of course, but Yoongi managed—he was an adult, a grown up one, he had learned how to control his mind to control his heart. Whether there was or not Jimin with him, his life still went on. He had to gather himself and focus on his life too.

After a while of downs, finally Yoongi managed to win the case, with thin line of score, which had been a rough ride, but won nonetheless.
Min Yoongi once again managed to keep his reputation of one of the most reliable lawyers in South Korea.

(By this time though, he had known for a while that the hint of the gloomy and moody moment of Jimin before everything went to hell hadn’t been subdrop. It was him. He had made a mistake far before the one when he had failed to come to Jimin’s competition, but he didn’t know what that was.)

His briefcase and blazer fell down with soft simultaneous thuds on his carpeted floor. Making sure he wasn’t desperate enough that he was hallucinating by rubbing his face, Yoongi was too far familiar to recognize the figure sleeping in his bed was Park Jimin.

Relief, happiness, all of positive feelings started gathering in his chest he almost exploded. Strolling quietly so he wouldn’t wake the younger up, Yoongi sat on the edge of his bed once he reached it, still trying to comprehend that it was reality, not kind of fucked up delusion.

Jimin looked exhausted even in his sleep, but still beautiful—heartbreakingly beautiful. Yoongi wanted to kiss those soft-looking lips, Yoongi wanted to hold that figure, Yoongi wanted to stroke that smooth hair. Settling with the former option, Yoongi’s heart felt full just by stroking Jimin’s hair. The strands grazed the sensitive nerves of his fingertips and Yoongi felt content.

It seemed Jimin feel his movement because he opened his eyes to stare at Yoongi—God, God , his eyes. Yoongi wasn’t a religious person, but when he saw how Jimin’s dark orbs met his, he couldn’t help but felt grateful to all deities above to have given a soul to a beautiful human named Park Jimin.

He was far too in love, he knew it.

When Jimin was shifting to sit up, Yoongi let his hand fall naturally to Jimin’s cheek—one of the soft twin subtle flesh he loved to kiss. He moved his thumb in small, loving gesture, just to soothe the younger from whatever conflict running in his brain, because Yoongi could see how Jimin’s mind seemed so full of thoughts.

Letting the heave of his yearning guide him, Yoongi let his head fall forwards onto Jimin’s shoulder. Yoongi’s heart burst in colorful flowers when he felt Jimin nosing his hair. All he could do was to pour his sincerity about how he had been longing for Jimin’s touch. He was trying to make his words perfect, but at this moment, he just needed Jimin to know his feeling when the younger had been away.

“Yoongi,” He could hear Jimin say after his confession, “let’s stop.”

The time seemed like stopping. And it was like a huge weight crashing down on him in just right after he had managed to shrug the previous one off his shoulders. He wasn’t sure if he had heard it right, so he asked to confirm, “What?”

There was a heavy sigh and Yoongi felt himself panic. Jimin suddenly pulled away, making him longing for the touch, and stared at him right in his eyes.

“I want to stop. Let’s stop—let’s stop us , Yoongi.” Jimin said and Yoongi’s head felt spinning in capricious, nauseating pace. Clenching his jaw, Yoongi stood up, trying to stable himself when he was walking towards the window glass of his—used to be their—sleeping area, looking through the
Taking a deep breath, Yoongi managed his voice not to sound too shaky, hoping Jimin wouldn’t hear his desperation, “So, this is what you want? To stop?”

“Yes. You said on the contract that I could stop anytime I want in the beginning. So now I want to stop. Let’s stop.” Jimin said.

Yoongi was, once again, a mature adult. He had to act like one. All he wanted was to lash out, to shout, to yell, to demand Jimin to explain his mistakes so he could fix it. But, no. Min Yoongi had been trained to hide his emotion as a professional lawyer. Within a few seconds, Yoongi managed to calm himself and control his expression.

“I see how it’s come.” Yoongi managed to say in a stable voice even though his heart was shaking in ailment. He turned around then, just to gauge the younger reaction. And instead of hesitation or even sadness, all Yoongi could find in Jimin’s expression was firm decision and a little bit of uncomfortableness; God, how could he be so blind? Since when had Jimin become uncomfortable around him?

“Yes. I want to stop.” Jimin added, like he wanted to make sure Yoongi get it, “Let’s stop.”

Yoongi didn’t need any more of it. He had understood everything.

With a curt nod, Yoongi said, “I understand. I’ll contact you when I finish with the revocation letter. During the time, you can stay here or anywhere else you find suit the most.”

Jimin took his bag and Yoongi knew the younger wasn’t going to stay even though Yoongi wished Jimin would’ve stayed, so he could have chance to show Jimin how much Yoongi wanted him to be with him. But with the readiness to bolt out of the penthouse overflowing from Jimin’s body language, he knew he wouldn’t have that chance.

“I’ll stay at my hyung’s place.” The younger stated.

“Please take me there.”

“You don’t need—”

“The part of the contract also said I had to take care of you during the contract. It’s still not officially revoked and it’s too late for you to go out alone. So, I insist to take you there.” Yoongi didn’t know why the hell he said that, maybe because he wanted a little bit more time to spend with Jimin since he knew it would be the last time they would drive together. But when he saw a little flinch on Jimin’s expression, he knew he had expressed it wrong.

Yoongi was about to fix his mistake when Jimin said, “Yes, I’ve been your submissive for half a year. And yes, I’ve let myself being manhandled around. But, it doesn’t mean I’m weak. I’m still a man and I can take care of myself.”

Jimin walked towards the front door and all Yoongi could do was watching him because he didn’t know what to react to the blatant rejection Jimin had just given him.

The younger turned around suddenly, and Yoongi, deep inside, hoped Jimin would change his mind. But what was said by Jimin later more struck him painfully on the chest, “You should throw my stuff away. It’s not like I’m going to use them again anyway.” And then he bowed politely, “I’ll be waiting for you to contact me, Yoongi-ssi.”
If Min Yoongi cried in front of an abandoned hoodie hanging on the rack of his walk-in closet for the first time after so many years after his first heartbreak, the owner of the hoodie wouldn’t have to know.

The paper in his hand felt so offending. The bold Revocation Letter written on the top of it was offending. The small, black characters typed all over the whiteness of the paper was offending. Everything was offending and Yoongi wanted to burn the paper and never see it again.

It didn’t take long to type the letter, never. He could even finish it within waiting range if he wanted to. It was a bullshit he had given to Jimin that he needed time to finish it. It was all bullshit because he had just wanted prolong their time together. Or even prolong the time so Jimin could have it to rethink his decision because he was still hoping that the younger would contact him and take the revocation back.

By the second week, though, he still didn’t receive any kind of message. Even the simple hello. Just nothing.

“It’s time for you to let him go.”

Yoongi glared at the owner of feminine voice he had just heard.

“Don’t look at me like that, Yoongi. You know you can’t keep this going. How long are you going to hang the poor boy up like this? He has life, you have life, both of you have duties to focus on rather than to waste your time to mourn in the anguish you know it futile.” Jihyo said in one breath.

It was harsh. Really. Typical suggestion from Jihyo. And even though it stung, Yoongi knew what Jihyo had just told him was right.

“Listen, Yoongi, I know it’s hard for you to part with him. But, since the beginning of your agreement, everything has been a contract. And even though you love him, you can’t keep him with you if he doesn’t feel the same way. He has right to love anyone else. It hurts, I know, but it’ll be more painful if you’re keeping him while you know his heart isn’t for you. Before your feeling go deeper than this, if it’s possible, and mess your life, I suggest you to cut the rotten root right away.

“This reality is harsh. But this is an adult life and you know life isn’t all about love. You still have your family behind you, Yoongi.”

Sighing, Yoongi stood up and slipped the paper into the brown folder he stored in his drawer, “Okay. I’ll go now.”

“Do you even know where he is?” Jihyo snorted, “Text him.”

“Don’t need to. I know where he is.”

“Ooh, talking about feeling.” Jihyo mocked.

“Shut up, Jihyo, before I shove this letter into your mouth.”

“Sorry, gag is not my kink.” Jihyo laughed, “But do you really know where he is?”

“I’m not sure. But, I know he spend a lot of time at this place, so I’ll try.”
The only place he had on his mind was the gym, where the first time he had got jealous over Hoseok for touching his baby. He knew how much Jimin loved dancing and knew how much time the younger had invested for the activity, so he had a feeling that Jimin might be there.

When he found out his guess was right, Yoongi stepped in as quietly as he could and placed himself at the far corner of the gym, watching the young man he loved dancing along the rhythm of the blasting EDM music.

Despite the energetic choreography, Jimin had a very conflicted expression in his face and Yoongi just wanted to smoothen the frown between the younger’s eyebrows and kissed it. Looking at Jimin’s youthful face gave him both happiness and sorrow. He was so glad Jimin looked healthy but his smile was missing from his face and everything felt incomplete.

When Jimin found him through the mirrors and turned around with surprise clearly shown on his face, Yoongi peeled himself from the wall he had been leaning on and walked over to reach the younger. He could see Jimin panic in every step he took, but Yoongi wasn’t going to stop. He had to clear it today.

Jimin’s eyes were wide, his hair was damp and sticking out all over his head, lips were gaping in shock, and Yoongi found the younger endearing. When hadn't he, really? Oh, how he had missed Jimin. So much. He wanted to reach out for Jimin’s hair and stroke it to smoothen the cowlicks. He prevented himself, though, since he knew Jimin didn’t want him anymore.

“Long time no see, Jimin-ssi.” Yoongi started politely, reaching out for a handshake.

There was a moment of hesitation before finally Jimin reached out for his hand, “I’ve been fine. Thank you, Yoongi-ssi. I see you’re doing fine yourself.”

No, I’m not. Yoongi wanted to say, unconsciously tightening his hand around Jimin’s.

“How did you know I'm here?” Jimin asked after a beat of pause.

Yoongi smile a little. Of course he knew. He had always known where Jimin ran off to when he had had free time without Yoongi, or even when he had been stressed out because of assignments. He knew Jimin too well. “I’ve learned that this is the place where you spend most of your time alone. It was a random gamble. But, I was right.”

“Ah, I see.” Jimin nodded.

It pretty stung to see how Jimin seemed not comfortable talking to him. So after another awkward pause, Yoongi suggested, “Should we sit down first?”

Jimin nodded then. If he had been in the past, he would’ve held the younger and said how much he had wanted Jimin to answer with words. But Jimin wasn’t his sub any longer, not yet officially, but they were getting there, weren’t they?

When they settled down on different couches, facing each other with the coffee table between their positions, Yoongi put the folder on the table and pushed it closer to Jimin, “This is the revocation letter. You just need to read it and sign it and then we’re done.”

Jimin reached for it immediately and Yoongi felt it hurt to see how eager Jimin to get away from him. After signing the paper, Jimin pushed it back to Yoongi and waited.

At first Yoongi wanted to show Jimin that he wasn’t affected by this. He pulled out his pen and let his hand hover above the paper, that was when his body stopped unconsciously. Reading his name
written next to Jimin, Yoongi felt the vertigo kick in and the small font looked swirling.

“Yoongi-ssi?” Jimin said, pulling Yoongi back to reality.

He leaned down and touched the paper with his pen, but once again, his body refused to cooperate. He couldn’t move, didn’t want to. After a few seconds, Yoongi threw his pen, “I can’t. I can’t do it. Not like this.” He knew his pen had fallen down and it was probably broken, but all he did was standing up and ran his hand to his perfect styled hair to mess it up in frustration.

“I don’t understand, Yoongi-ssi?” Jimin said again.

“I can’t do it, okay?” The lawyer let out a frustrated sigh, “I need you to tell me. What did I do wrong? What have I done? If I accidentally hurt you, or I did something that made you offended in any way, let me know, Jimin! Just—just please tell me. So I can make it right again, so I can fix it.” And then he lifted his head just to look right in Jimin’s eyes, “Let me keep you, Jimin.”

“Don’t.” Jimin threatened, standing up and startling the lawyer. He gritted his teeth and said, “Don’t ever you say that.”

Yoongi didn’t understand! Why was Jimin acting like this?

Instead of stopping himself, he kept pressing, “But, why?” Yoongi demanded, “Why won’t you let me keep you? This is too absurd! Too sudden! I don’t know what I’ve done that made you like this! It wasn’t like everything we’ve done going wrong!”

Yoongi could see dangerous glint flashing in Jimin’s eyes. For a second he was almost sure Jimin would punch him, spit on him even. But the next thing Yoongi heard was something he hadn’t expected.

“Because I love you! And that’s what’s fucking wrong!” Jimin shouted and Yoongi froze.

Had he just heard right? It hadn’t been his desperation playing trick on him, right?

“You what?” Yoongi heard himself breathed lamely.

Jimin fell back down on the couch, looking so tired and broken, and all Yoongi wanted to do was to gather the younger into his arms and soothe the younger. But his body was still in shock, he was still freezing, he needed to hear more about Jimin’s feeling.

And Jimin started telling him everything.

“I love you, Yoongi—have loved you for a while by now. I love you so much. I know I shouldn’t have to, but I do, okay? And to think you would revoke the contract if you found out was killing me. I’ve been trying to hold this feeling in, trying to keep this out from getting bigger that it has already been, but I couldn’t help but fell for you deeper whenever you always treated me like I was the only one special for you even though the fact I wasn’t. I am still not.

Do you know how much it hurt to be around you, Yoongi? It hurt. So much. It sliced my heart open and just fucking ruined me. That was why I ran away! So I didn’t have to have to get rejected and thrown away!” Yoongi flinched upon hearing the bitter chuckle Jimin gave him, “You’re unfair, Yoongi. You couldn’t—” Jimin took a sharp breath like he want to hold back his tears, pressing the heel of his palms over his eyes, and whimpered, “You couldn’t just say that you want to keep me when you don’t have mutual feeling to me. It hurts me enough not to be able to have you. I’m trying to move on from you, Yoongi, can you just please, at least, help me to get over you? It hurts to be
around you.”

“Have you, then?” Yoongi managed to ask in the end of it.

“Have I what?”

“Have you moved on? From me?” Yoongi knew the answer, it was as clear as water but he needed to hear it.

“Have you been listening to me?” Yoongi pressed his lips when he heard Jimin cackle, “I’m trying! It means I have not! I can’t even focus about it when part of you is still gnawing my heart like a cancer!”

Yoongi let the words absorbed into his heart and he could feel it shake with both guilt, for not noticing Jimin’s pain way too long, and for the painful hope that the younger loved him back yet wanted to get away from him.

He walked over the mirrors then, whispering, “You’re an idiot, Park Jimin.”

“Yes, I fucking know.” Jimin threw his face away from the reflection and gritted his teeth, “You don’t have to rub the salt on my wound.”

After a while observing Jimin’s frustration, Yoongi finally said, “I have story to tell. Do you have time to hear me out?”

“What the hell, Yoongi?” Jimin snapped his attention back.

Yoongi turned around from the reflection and stared right back in Jimin’s eyes, saying, “Please?”

When Jimin nodded uncertainly after a beat, Yoongi leaned on the mirror and looked down onto his sleek court shoes. And he started telling the younger every memory which had become the reason of his reluctant to give his sub a chance to love him during the contract.

In the end of his painful story, Jimin asked, “Were those experiences your reason to add that clause about your sub not allowed to feel romantic feeling to you?”

Yoongi smiled, “I know you have an excellent brain.”

The younger frowned then, “But I still don’t get your reason telling me this.”

Sighing, the lawyer explained, “You know, Jimin, subs tend to fall in love with their doms when their doms treat them well and spoil them. But, not all doms want to be in romantic relationships with them. Some of them just want them to be no string attached, only a path for them to get off their desires.”

“I know where this conversation is leading.” Jimin said forlornly, “You don’t have to explain everything, actually. It was just me being dramatic, and I’m sorry. I shouldn’t have confessed to you like that. You don’t have to feel guilty or burdened after this, don’t worry, it’ll get over soon.”

But, Yoongi didn’t want it end up like that. “I haven’t finished yet, Jimin. Would you let me continue?”

Jimin nodded then.

“Yes, you’re right. I added that clause so it wouldn’t end up disastrous like my experiences. But, you know, something unexpected happened a while after our contract has been signed.” Yoongi looked
away to other row of mirrors next to the one he was leaning on. This was it. He was going to confess for the first time after his first heartbreak, “I fell for you instead.”

Yoongi then looked back to him with a small, uncertain smile to gauge Jimin’s reaction and continued, “I thought it happened because you reminded me a lot about my past. But later I knew I fell much harder for you than I’ve intended to.

“When you ran away that night after your competition and went missing, I felt myself crushed, Jimin. I couldn’t function well. I was working to tire myself out because if I haven’t done that, I couldn’t have fallen asleep, because I kept thinking about you. Do you even know how much your impact to my life? It’s enormous. And it’s overwhelming because it wasn’t supposed to happen.” Yoongi chuckled then, breathy and bitter, and Yoongi let himself break down, slumping on the wooden floor with head thrown back onto the mirror behind him, “I know I should’ve told you in the beginning about my reason to put that rule on our contract, but I thought it didn’t matter, I’ve never expected I’d fall in love with you.

“The last thing I know, I want to be the one you turn up to when you’re sad. I want to be the one who makes you happy. I want to be the one who touches you and kisses you like nobody else.” Yoongi let out a shaky breath, “I want to be the one you come home to.”

One beat. Two. But the younger didn’t respond. Yoongi knew he was losing the battle. Jimin had gone in much hatred to him, beaten the love he had said. Yoongi knew he didn’t have a chance, not after all things he had done. He had lost. He would have to accept that he, once again, had to endure heartbreak.

Yoongi chuckled dejectedly then, “I’m sorry to tell you all of it. I’m so sorry. I’m so selfish for wanting you to be mine, to keep you as mine even though you deserve a much better person than me. I know. And I’m sorry that I’ve given you so much pain that you said it hurt you to be around me. But, you have to believe me that I’ve never meant to hurt you. Never.” And then the lawyer sighed, standing up. He walked closer to coffee table and took the pen from the floor, “I’ll sign it right now. I’m sorry for taking too much of your time. And thank you, for hearing me out.”

But before Yoongi could sign the paper, Jimin held him by the wrist, asking, “Is that true? Do you really love me?”

The lawyer nodded firmly with no hesitation, “I do, Park Jimin, I love you so much.”

The next thing happened throw Yoongi’s breath out of the window. Jimin’s lips pressing against him was soft yet rough at the same time, like Jimin had held it back for too long. Yoongi’s head was reeling, in happiness, in mixed emotions, because it was Jimin kissing him first.

Yoongi really wanted to chase those plump lips again when Jimin pulled away, but then the younger shouted between his chuckle, “Idiot!” Yoongi blinked. “Why would I want to kick you out of my life when I said I love you? Yes, you gave me so much pain, but I know it’ll heal over time. And hey, you love me too!” And then Jimin hugged Yoongi tight, whispering, “I want you to be the one I turn up to when I’m sad too. I want you to be the one who makes me happy too. I want you to be the one who touches me and kisses me like nobody else too.” And then he kissed Yoongi’s lips again, softly this time, murmuring, “I want to come home to you, Min Yoongi.”

The lawyer took every word, every gesture, everything Jimin provided him in and his heart feel lighter. He couldn’t help but pressed their lips together again, flowing every ounce of feeling he had for the younger.

“I’m glad.” A kiss. “I’m so happy.” Another kiss and then Yoongi ended it with a long kiss on
Jimin’s forehead, with a joy and affection. It seemed Jimin didn’t want it though, because he pulled Yoongi by the next for another passionate kiss on their lips.

It was desperate but perfect. Yoongi could feel how the younger’s lips moving against him like he didn’t want to part again. And Yoongi was content with that, he didn’t have thoughts to let Jimin go anymore too.

He wanted to hold Jimin, to bring him onto his bed and share his love with the younger male in his arms, so he pulled away, “Should we go home?”

Jimin looked daze for a second before nodding. “Yeah, let’s go home.” Jimin grinned but then he suddenly he panicked, trying to get away from Yoongi’s embrace, “Wait! Shit, I’m so gross! I haven’t showered yet!” Yoongi kept holding him in place, “I have to shower first, Yoongi. I won’t be long.”

“It’s not like you’re sweaty, baby, all sweat’s gone.” Yoongi protested. He would whine at Jimin in this extent but he didn’t care, Jimin loved him anyway.

Jimin halted on his way to escape to the shower room and turned around in surprise, “Baby?”

Yoongi pursed his lips, feeling uncertain once again, “What? I can’t call you baby now? I thought we had mutual feelings?”

“God, no! Wait—I mean, no of course it’s not true!” Yoongi gaped, so he couldn’t call Jimin his baby anymore? Then Jimin fixed his words, “I mean! Yes, of course you can call me baby! Yes, God, don’t you know how much I love the sound of you calling me that? Fuck, why does it sound so good coming from you while I fucking dumped a guy with blue balls when he called me that?”

Yoongi blinked once, twice, then he squinted, “You what a guy with what when he called you what?”

Jimin laughed, “Oh, my God, I’ll tell you later, okay? I promise. Let me get showered first and then we can go home and I’ll tell you everything—shit, I can wait to tell you everything happened during our break!”

And then he hurriedly gathered his sport bag near one of the wall. He jogged around to gather his belongings and it was endearing, it was cute, Jimin was his. So, Yoongi couldn’t hold back to call his lover, “Hey, Park Jimin.” Jimin stopped on his track towards the locker room, raising his eyebrows in question and Yoongi felt how much he loved that boy, he didn’t hold back to say, “I love you.”

The wide, happy smile Jimin gave him was worth every single pain he had been through.

“Ahh! I missed this place!” Jimin squealed as soon as he stepped into the penthouse and the owner only could watch how happy the boy was. Yoongi was happy too.

His cold, boring and lonely penthouse suddenly felt brighter when Jimin ran around the kitchen to find his blue mug Yoongi had bought only for him and used it to drink.

Yoongi couldn’t help to stand behind Jimin and hug him from behind, breathing in the younger’s
peach scent from the shower he had taken before they went back together to Yoongi’s place.

Jimin felt so warm and real in his arms. There would be no more sleepless night and cold bed. Jimin was here, with him, content and happy, and Yoongi felt so complete.

Finishing his drink, Jimin turned around in Yoongi’s arms so they could hug chest to chest properly.

“I missed you so much, Yoongi.” Jimin whispered.

“Me too, baby.” Yoongi pulled his face away from Jimin’s neck to have the addicting taste of Jimin’s mouth.

Jimin jumped onto the counter without breaking the kiss so Yoongi could step in between his legs, slotting their bodies together.

It was so familiar and domestic, Yoongi had learned all Jimin’s edges and curves, but still couldn’t get enough to explore more of the younger’s body. Yoongi pulled away a little just to change his angle and at the same time slipped a hand between Jimin’s ass and the marble counter to squeeze the supple flesh there. When Jimin let out a small moan into his mouth, Yoongi lost it.

“I was planning not to tire you out tonight, since you’re clearly exhausted from all dancing you’ve done. But fuck, Jimin, it’s so hard to restrain myself if you’re being like this.” Yoongi whispered hotly between their lips.

“Hmm, I don’t mind to get more tired.” Jimin giggled.

Yoongi pulled away completely and cupped Jimin’s face in his hands, “This is what you’re going to do, baby.”

“Ah, fuck yes I missed that.” Jimin moaned at the order and Yoongi felt himself overwhelmed by the wave of pride and domination; he wanted to wreck Jimin so bad.

“Strip yourself and stand next to the bed. Wait for me like a good boy and do not touch yourself.” Yoongi continued his order, “Understood?”

“Yes, Yoongi.” Jimin breathed.

“Good boy, baby boy,” Yoongi praised and stepped away to give Jimin space to hurriedly walk towards their sleeping area.

Yoongi followed quietly and walked into the walk-in closet to grab the bottle of lube. When he was walking out, he saw Jimin had done stripping himself and was standing so exposed near the bed. The lawyer couldn’t help but to rack his eyes on the exposed skin because, God, Jimin was the hottest and the most beautiful creature he had ever seen. None of his previous subs could compare Jimin. Licking his lips which suddenly felt dry, Yoongi shed his top while approaching the younger with predatory desire coiling hotly in his veins.

Jimin hummed when their lips touched, “I can’t even understand how I managed to survive without you.”

Yoongi chuckled, “The cheesiest thing I’ve ever heard from you.”

“I don’t want vanilla tonight, Yoongi.” Jimin whispered, “Need you so bad.”

And then he pushed Jimin until he fell to the bed, no, Jimin didn’t need gentleness, he knew as much
as inexperienced the younger had been in the beginning, he had learned that Jimin had been gradually becoming bolder to show what that made him turn on. And roughness was definitely one of them.

Yoongi then kicked his trousers to the corner of the sleeping area and smirked as he saw Jimin watching him with lust in his eyes.

“Spread your thighs for me, baby.” Yoongi ordered while pouring the lube onto his palm.

Jumin obediently spread his legs and Yoongi cursed inwardly to see what was hidden between them. Crawling onto the bed, Yoongi didn’t waste time to press a finger on Jimin’s entrance, not yet pressing in, just put enough strength to let Jimin know his finger was there.

Jumin had said he didn’t want vanilla, so it was what Yoongi would give. Sweet foreplay, slow sex could wait. But this time, he just wanted to get himself into the heat of Jimin’s body and make Jimin beg for more.

“Ah—” Jumin let out a small moan when Yoongi pressed his finger in at the same time latched his mouth on Jimin’s inner thigh, biting the flesh so it could bloom into hickey.

Moving up slightly, Yoongi left a long wet trail with his tongue on the underside of Jimin’s cock, earning breathless whimper, before engulfing the mushroom-like head with his mouth, and he heard Jumin keen, the walls around his finger flutter.

Yoongi gave Jimin’s cock a suck before pulling it out. With his lips still pressing on the head, the dom asked, “Did you sleep with anyone during your time away from me?”

“N-no, Yoongi.”

Humming, Yoongi swirled his tongue around the slit, earning another whimper from Jumin, and asked again, “What did you say about some guy calling you baby before?”

“Ah, I—I was going to sleep with him but—fuck!” Jumin arched his back without finishing his sentence when Yoongi pressed his tongue on the slit.

“Focus on your story, baby.” Yoongi chuckled, “But what?”

Jumin let out heavy breath and continued, “But I didn’t! I flew after he had called me baby.”

“Oh?” Yoongi stopped teasing his sub and waited for Jumin to continue right away.

Sighing, Jumin supported upper-half of his body on his elbows and looked down on Yoongi, “Okay, so I was stressed out, okay? I mean, I was really thinking that it was impossible to have you, because the clause. So on the verge on my sanity, I decided to get wasted and hook up with some random guy, which happened to be so fucking hot—ouch! Yoongi don’t pinch me!—and uh, in the middle of foreplay, he was kind of praising me while calling me baby? I bolted right away.” And then Jumin grimaced, “He was so hard and I left him with major blue balls. He must hate me so much.”

Yoongi put his chin on Jumin’s thigh and smiled, “So why did you run away because he called you baby?”

“I knew that nickname wasn’t exclusively for you then, but—” Jumin ran his hand in his hair, looking endearingly shy, “I don’t know, I think I felt guilty? Somehow someone else calling me baby sounds frightening? Disgusting? But when you call me that I—” The sentence was trailed off.
“You what, hmm?” Yoongi stroked Jimin’s thigh gently to calm him down.

“I feel safe. I feel loved. And when I still didn’t know your feeling towards me, it felt...it felt frustrating because I thought you only ran your duty as a good dom. So...” Jimin shrugged, “I guess my mind unconsciously had set that nickname exclusively for you.”

Yoongi felt his heart flutter at that. He crawled back up to capture Jimin’s lips in slow, loving kiss, savoring the distinct taste of his sub he had missed the most.

“Then don’t let anyone call you baby, yeah?” Yoongi whispered.

Jimin giggled, “I won’t.”

“Good boy.” Yoongi replied, nuzzling his nose on Jimin’s neck.

“Yoongi?”

“Hmm?”

“I hope you remember I don’t want vanilla tonight.”

Laughing, Yoongi squeezed Jimin’s ass and whispered, “Gonna wreck you so bad, baby.”

“Fuck, yes please.”

Continuing his ministration, Yoongi inserted his finger back in along with the second one, Jimin sighed into the air, body stuttering. It wasn’t long for the younger to be ready to take the third one, and when Yoongi crooked his fingers upwards, Jimin threw his face aside into the pillow and muffled his moan.

“Stop, stop,” Jimin panted after a while, “I’m ready, Yoongi, give me your cock.”

Yoongi licked his lips and positioned himself behind Jimin’s thighs. Arranging Jimin’s legs to bend and resting the younger’s feet on his thighs, Yoongi put one hand on Jimin’s knee and thumbed the tanned skin while his other hand guided his cock to press into Jimin’s rim.

“Fuck.” Yoongi panted when his head popped into Jimin’s tight body, feeling how hot the walls surrounding him was.

Jimin threw his head back, throwing a hand over his mouth to bite down his own flesh. The sound he produced was lewd and hot and Yoongi felt his head reeling in desire. He kept pushing in inch by inch, holding himself from coming so soon, until he was all bottomed up, balls pressing against Jimin’s cheeks. He bent a little, panting against Jimin’s knee, and shut his eyes as he felt how overwhelming the whole thing was.

“Baby,” Yoongi whispered, “you’re as tight as I remember.”

“Yeah?” Jimin chuckled breathily, “Good enough for you?”

“Perfect.”

“Then come on, fuck me, Yoongi.” Jimin pushed his hips up, “Show me how much you missed this.”

Growling slightly, Yoongi straightened his back and gripped Jimin’s knees, “I hope you’re ready.”
Jimin’s mouth opened to reply, but Yoongi didn’t give him chance as he pulled out until it was only the head of his cock remaining, and then slammed back in until Jimin’s body jerked upwards with a choked moan.

“Oh—fuck—yes—Yoongi, Yoongi!” Jimin cried, arching his neck to moan against the pillow.

In the middle of chaotic rhythm of primal lust and desire, Jimin’s feet on Yoongi’s thighs slipped by the force so the lawyer arranged Jimin’s legs around his waist before bending down to support himself with his forearms and he kissed Jimin’s messily.

And then Yoongi suddenly pulled out with a loud squelching sound.

“Yoongi?” Jimin panted.

The lawyer flipped them around so Jimin was on top of him and gave a nice squeeze on Jimin’s buttcheeks, “I want you to ride me, baby, can you do that for me?”

“Yes, yes, fuck.” Jimin cursed, shifting his knees into comfortable position, before lining Yoongi’s cock under his entrance. He threw his head back as he lowered himself. The new position gave Yoongi access to go deeper and, fuck, Yoongi felt his body burning.

When Jimin started bouncing on his cock, Yoongi had to bite down Jimin’s shoulder to hold himself from coming. It was too, too much. Jimin felt tighter around him, the sign of the oncoming orgasm, but Yoongi thrust his hips up to meet Jimin’s, breaking every resistance the younger's body had around his cock.

“Oh—” Jimin groaned. He leaned back to use Yoongi’s thighs as leverage and Yoongi could feel his cock hit the right spot that made Jimin scream so loud. With one hand on Jimin’s thigh, Yoongi pressed the thumb of his other hand above the base of Jimin’s cock with a precise strength, above where Jimin’s prostate was being abused inside, and he could faintly feel the movement of his cock in Jimin’s body under his finger. Fuck if it wasn’t the hottest thing ever.

“I’m close—Yoongi—” Jimin whimpered.

“You want to come, baby?” Yoongi asked through gritted teeth. Earning frantic nods from the younger, Yoongi chuckled, “Then, come baby, yeah? I want to feel you tighten on my cock.”

Using the same hand, Yoongi started pumping the younger’s cock messily, and within a few seconds, Jimin arched his back, coming so hard that his cum splattered a little on Yoongi’s chest. Flipping Jimin’s limp body back onto the bed, Yoongi continued chasing his own orgasm in erratic pace, making his sub writhing underneath him because of the overstimulation. And when the climax hit him so hard, Yoongi groaned on Jimin’s shoulder, coming so deep inside the younger’s tight heat. Moving his hips lazily to milk himself dry, Yoongi sighed in content, mouthing Jimin’s jaw.

“Shit, that was awesome.” Jimin whispered into the air in daze.

Chuckling, Yoongi pulled out, watching his cum trickling down from Jimin's body onto the sheet.

“We should clean up,” Jimin tried to sit up only to fall back down with a groan, “I’m so sore, Yoongi!”

“Then we can do that tomorrow.” Yoongi said, “I’ll do a brief cleaning. Wait for me.”

He then took small towels from the closet and then dampened them a little with the water from the tap in the bathroom, before going back and cleaned all liquid substance from his and Jimin’s body.
After that, he threw the towels carelessly and slipped back down next to Jimin’s body, hugging the younger close that he could feel their skin slide together.

“I’m so tired I won’t wake up early tomorrow.” Jimin yawned then.

Yoongi smiled and kissed Jimin’s temple, “Don’t you have class tomorrow?”

“Yeah, but I don’t care.” Jimin giggled, snuggling into Yoongi’s chest.

“Bad kid.” Yoongi said but he tightened his arm around Jimin’s body. And then he remembered something, “Ah, yeah, by the way, we still have to sign the revocation letter.”

Jimin pulled away abruptly, face distorting in betrayal, “I-I thought-we-”

“Ssh, baby, relax.” Yoongi pinched Jimin’s chin softly with a smile, “I don’t think boyfriends need a contract.”

Slowly coming into realization, Jimin bit his lip, cheek dusted in faint shy blush, “Boyfriends?”

“You don’t want us to be?” Yoongi grinned.

“Of course I want!” Jimin snuggled back into Yoongi’s awaiting arm, “I like the sound of that.”

Burying his nose in Jimin’s damp hair, the lawyer whispered, “I love you, baby.”

“I love you too, Yoongi.”

Yoongi felt his heart soar in happiness.

This was his happy ending. After all pain he had to endure, after all sacrifice he had to do, finally he had his happy ending. He knew it was the beginning of new journey, but he didn’t mind to share all of happy memories with the young man in his arm.

Sighing contentedly, Yoongi let himself being lulled to sleep by Jimin’s soft breath.

Only to be woken up again a few seconds later in surprise when Jimin’s jerk away and panicked, “Shit, Yoongi, I totally forgot to call Seokjin-hyung!”

Oh, well, seemed he couldn’t get enough sleep tonight.

For non-sexual reason, much to his chagrin.

Fin.