The one about hopes and broken illusions
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Summary

From when you try to make your relationship public, but nothing goes according to plan.

Notes

This is the first part of our first series. We won't explain much during this chapter, all you need to know is that during the different chapters you'll learn about Yoongi and Jeongguk past, present and future. Some more things related to the other ones, also, but mainly SugaKookie. Just before we begin with the story... One of us is writing Yoongi's part and the other one is writing Jeongguk's one. We won't tell you who is who and I won't point when there's a change of narrator. But I think you'll be able to discover it easily. Enjoy!!

See the end of the work for more notes
We’ve been here since earlier, Kookie is doing this little effort for us, and even though I feel like every cell of my being will burst, I’m still here. The pollen still lingers in the air, though it’s been raining (damn allergies). And even if I sneeze from time to time and they bother me retouching my make-up every time, I’m trying my best to put a nice expression. My head is killing me, so are the lights.

"Suga-ssi, smile please" the photographer is really annoying. If I wanted to receive orders I’d rather stayed at home.

"Hyung, smile please. Like this, look" Kookie shows me his bunny smile, having him in front of me is what makes me smile, watching him doing all of this just to make it clear that we’re together since the beginning. However, even with his charm and beautiful smile, it looks like him and the rest of the world conspire against me. He pinches me, pulls my hair and tries to tickle me.

"Kookie, enough, I’m a bit..."

"Hyung! It’s our third anniversary, smile, please?" the assistants give him a glass full of red wine, every single move is a new take. Kookie seems to be enjoying all of this, it seems that he also enjoys annoying me, he laughs and jumps everywhere.

I just want to know which moment he decided to hug me while he holds a glass full of red wine. I want to know why he was careless that precise moment. I would also be good to know who the fuck decided we should be wearing white shirts. The glass falls to the floor, breaking in pieces. The wine splashes us. The silence in the room is heavy, I don’t know if I want to scream or try to disappear even more.

"Hyung... I’m sor-"

"Why can’t you keep still Jeongguk?! You fucked our clothes, I don’t even want to do this shit anymore! You’re so childish..." the cold liquid makes me feel dirty, I start to unbutton my shirt carelessly and when I take it off I throw it to his face "I’m done... I got enough of you! I don’t want to be with you anymore, I’m so done!" I’m sure my voice is louder than ever. The staff looks at me and tries to stop me, but they can’t. I’m gone before they notice it.

The bathroom appears to me like a dream; just now I feel the cold against my skin. I enter to a cubicle and sit over the WC, I’ve had enough from the world for the day and it’s not even eleven o’clock. I want to be home, I didn't want to be like this, I want to sleep.

I can’t choke back the tears anymore. Gravity makes my head and my eyes heavy, so heavy I can’t keep myself straight. The weight of what had just happened finally drives me unconscious.

When I notice, Yoongi-hyung is no longer in the set. He ran out and I don’t know where he went. Though I want to move myself, his words still linger in my ears and I’m still in shock, my legs don’t seem to respond. I can’t help the tears flowing over my cheeks.

I don’t know when Hobi-hyung came from the edition room, but suddenly I feel him grabbing me by my shoulders and asking me “Where is Suga-hyung?”. I’m not sure if I answered him that I didn’t know or if I just start to whine and cry louder, hugging him stronger. The glance of Hoseok makes me feel absolutely helpless.

"Give me a moment, Jeongguk-ah, I’ll call everyone so they can help us to find him" I nod and
remain seated on one of the couches. The voice of hyung sounds far away when he calls Namjoon-
hyung outside the set. "...I'm telling you we don't have any idea where he went- Yeah, he was here
two minutes ago. No, I don’t know what happened. Yeah, but- Alright. Please, hurry up, I’ll be here
with Kookie" hyung ends his call and sits on the couch with me.

I feel his warm arms embracing me in a comforting hug while we tells me everything’s going to be
ok. In that moment, the weight of the little box inside my bag seems too much. Six months ago, I
decided to buy it, Ha-neul helped me to pick it. The simple pattern of the jewelry piece would look
perfect on Yoongi’s manly hand. Today would be the day I'd finally ask him to intertwine our lives,
an especial event on an important occasion. What a best way to make our relationship public than
asking him to marry me in the last take?

"...gguk, Jeongguk!" I hear the voice of Hoseok calling me.

"Sorry, hyung" my voice sounds nasal, my completely red eyes can’t cry any longer "What were
you telling me?"

"Everyone’s here" I nod "Stay here while we seek him. Jin-hyung will keep you company" a new
tear sheds and I don’t move or answer. I feel Seokjin sitting by my side, laying my head on his
thighs.

"My poor baby..." I hear him, while he combs my hair with his fingers. It’s ironic he still believes
I’m his baby when I’m twenty three "What happened? Why is Yoongi shirt on the floor, Jeongguk-
ah?" I look at the floor, where his white shirt stained with wine lays.

"I ruined everything, hyung..." my words are barely a whisper "I don’t know why Yoongi-hyung
was so angry, it was all an accident, hyung..." Jin doesn’t say anything else. The weather is cold
enough to make him insist wordlessly that I should put a sweater on. After that, he lets me keep
crying until Jimin-hyung brings news, and I get up.

"We couldn’t find him, hyung" he’s talking to Seokjin. My face surely reveals the pain I’m starting
to feel in my chest, I can’t breathe. Hobi-hyung is holding me by my waist.

"Jeongguk-ah, go refresh yourself. We’re going to the dorm and there we’ll decide what to do"
Namjoon tells me and helps me to straighten. I walk to the bathroom, not paying attention to the
road. I hear everyone’s voices speaking.

When I enter the bathroom, I see legs dressed with black trousers outside of one of the cubicles. I
immediately recognize those Kumamon socks, and the first thought in my mind is worrying
"Hyung!!" I walk fast to the door, opening it and looking at him at the floor, he looks like he fainted. I
kneel by his side and touch his bare torso. It’s frozen. Without hesitation, I take off my sweater and
cover him with it. "I’m here, hyung, you’ll get better" I carry him bride style and take him to the set
where everyone’s waiting for me.

Hoseok finds me halfway. The first thing he does is running towards me "What happened to him?! Is
he alright?!" he sounds worried.

"I’m sure he is, hyung. It seems like he fell asleep. I found him on the bathroom floor. He was so
cold I put him on my sweater. Let’s go home. He needs to rest” Hobi-hyung just nods and
accompanies me with the others.

"You found him!" Seokjin stands up to ensure Yoongi-hyung’s fine. His black hair falls softly over
his forehead. "It’ll be better to take him to the dorm now" all of us nod and I hold him closer to my
body, trying to warm him up.
Getting him into the elevator is not as frustrating as protect him from the cold and put him on the van. Yoongi-hyung uses to curl on anything when he’s cold, and this time is not the exception. On the way, he almost achieves to make Taehyung fall. The idea was to lay him down the backseat, so he can be comfortable. But hyung likes to do everything his way, even when he’s asleep. So he has to be over my thighs the whole trip, hugging my neck. Myheartbeat races, I want to kiss his lips, but I resist the urge and just removes some locks of hair, pressing my cheek against his. In my mind, his words are still present and I can’t help more tears to escape and wet his lips. I stay still hoping he doesn’t wake up.

That’s when we arrive to the dorm. Jiminie-hyung has to open the door for me, I’m still carrying Yoongi-hyung. I get out of the van. I almost fall twice on the stairs; Jimin and Taehyung are the ones who avoid it.

When I enter to the dorm, Jin and Joonie ask me to take Suga to their shared bedroom. I look at them sadly, nodding though. Surely Yoongi doesn’t want to see me, and all this emotional circus had left me exceedingly tired, so I give up and leave over their bed, while I head to our own bedroom. The only thing I manage to do before die in my bed is to leave the little box with the ring over the bedside table. I lay down in his side of the bed, smelling his shampoo until I fall asleep "Hyung..." is everything I say as my eyes close, with tears still falling. I don’t think it is one o’clock yet.

Some hours later, V is on the room with some food "I’m not hungry, hyung" but he insists that I should eat. Without wanting to, I take the ramen he gives me. V observes me while I’m eating and when I finish, I give him the cup and the chopsticks and lay down again "Is Yoongi-hyung still asleep?" I ask to hyung, closing my eyes. Taehyung denies knowing anything.

"I’m not sure, Kookie. It’d be better if you try to rest some more"

"Fine, hyung" he combs my hair before leaving the bedroom. I sleep once more.

I remember I have felt this pain before in my life, but can't relate it with any specific time, maybe my tree-climber-self or my high-places-explorer-self. It’s hard to wake feeling so uncomfortable, this is not my bed, not my place. I can’t find my scent anywhere, this is not my bedroom. It’s so hard for me to open my eyes, but eventually it occurs. I take my hand to my head, noting there’s a spot that hurts me.

"Morning, Yoongi-hyung. You’re home now" Namjoon and his clumsy smile are the first thing I see, I don’t want any of this, not when I just wake up.

"Morning Joon-ah, would you explain me-?"

"Nope. YOU explain me what the hell did you do to Kookie, hyung" what I did to him? Where’s he? Ah... fuck, yeah. I did that to him, I couldn’t stop myself...

"I... I did something I can’t repair..."

"Hyung, I don’t have any fucking idea of what happened in that set, neither I know what happened between Jeongguk and you, but there’s no way that if you love him you have to make him suffer this much. I don’t think is fair, for neither of you"

"You don’t have an idea of what I did, Joon-ah, You-"

"I don’t want to have an idea, shit! I just want that, whatever it had happened, you must do something, you fucking moron. I remember you wanted to take care of him more than anything in the world and now it seems like you want the opposite hyung... Ah..." he sighs "You can stay here
all the time you need, you can talk to me whenever you want, I’ll be on the studio. Sleep hyung, It’ll make you well" and I believe him, rest some more and calm my heart and clear my thoughts. Thinking about it seems easy, but doing it it’s harder than anything.

The sound of Namjoon leaving the room makes me shiver, it seems like he’s really angry.

If I pay attention, I still can hear the rain; I don’t think it’ll stop soon. I don’t like dreaming that much. Sometimes I remember the kind of person I am when I’m away from the cameras, this person that hurts and breaks, aggressive and clumsy. I’d rather forget everything and cease of exist for the minutes/hours I sleep.

Right now I hate my demi-consciousness, I hate I can feel my limbs, I hate the cold I can’t bare... I hate to wake up. To stay static with my thoughts has never been something good, but I don’t want to get up, I just want to... hug him, feel his warm beside me and maybe his hands between my hair, he’s the only one who knows how to make me feel better when I feel like this. It’s really late and I won’t be able to sleep anymore

Our room is no longer ours because just solitude is there. He’s not there, my throat closes. I see it. It finally makes sense in my head. Taking out the cigarettes was my mistake this time. On the bedside table is a little box with a pretty, pretty ring. I’m letting it slips this time. Kumamon and a cigarette will keep me company. The breeze enters from the living room balcony. I always loved to smoke while it’s raining.

The view of the raining city is beautiful, I wonder if Kookie is looking at the same landscape. "Lighter..." I lean on the small balcony, the breeze hits me. Kumamon and the cigarettes box are under my arm, with my other hand I look for the lighter in my uncomfortable pants nobody could take me off. And my lighter’s still there. I usually have one with me, what for? I don’t know... Maybe burning something or whatever... Shit, I’m so clumsy sometimes (I burned my finger).

The sweet flame seems to wrap my face with his warm, the wind takes away the smoke from the first drag and before I’m able to put it on my lips again, someone stops me, throwing the cigarette to the wet floor. "What the fuck-?"

I’m so angry (he promised me not to smoke anymore), the cigarette still on is on the floor, turning off after some moments because of the rain. I can’t see Yoongi-hyung's eyes and my face is looking to the other side of the balcony, avoiding him seeing my tears. "Do you feel better, hyung?" my voice is barely a whisper. I’m afraid that if I speak louder, my emotions will betray me and my voice will break.

I wait for an answer that never comes and I sigh. More silent tears fall, but I don’t say anything to break this atmosphere. The balcony smells like tobacco. On the corner of my eye, I can see hyung’s resentful expression for taking away his source of relief, but he doesn’t do anything to light a new cigarette.

"What’s on the table, Jeongguk?" hyung asks me, I know he’s looking at me, waiting for my answer. His voice is distant.

"It’s nothing anymore..." I sound tired. I’m not brave enough to look at him while I answer, I know my tears will shine under the public 3 a.m. lights of Seoul.

"Is it for her?" he sounds so hurt that this time my eyes wander all over his face, noticing a constant flow wetting his cheeks and his neck. His jaw is so tense I’m sure I can hear his teeth grinding. I look confused "Will you leave me for her?" this time he sounds angry.
"Who the fuck are you talking about, hyung?" my own voice seems angry. It hurts me that hyung thinks I have someone else.

"The girl on the photos! The girl you've been shopping with" I can't help it and I start to laugh softly. It seems to make Yoongi angrier, but I just can't stop "Don't laugh at me, just tell me... So I can be calmed" he pushes me against the balcony wall, furious. I keep laughing. It's so hilarious Suga-hyung is jealous of my cousin, the girl who helped me to choose his ring. He's still crying and I stop laughing, I get closer and take his face between my hands, wiping his tears with my thumbs. Yoongi-hyung takes away my hands and then clings to my chest, whining "If it is for her, I want to know..." he looks so broken "But please, stop hurting me" the laugh that abandons my lips is sad.

"I know you're not curious hyung, but you should have checked it" I can't control my moves and without thinking it, I carry him and put him over one of my shoulders. He creams and kicks me to put him on the floor, while I walk to our room, trying to ignore his protests. When we arrive, I lay him on the bed. I can't see him clearly because of my tears. I know I'm shaking.

Hyung starts throwing me things and I understand his hatred. I can't harm him in any way while there are pillows, a clock, shoes, clothes and a glass flying over our room. The glass breaks when it collides against the door behind me. I don't know when I took the ring and knelt in front of the bed, covering my face with one arm. When there's nothing else Yoongi hyung can throw at me, he breathes agitatedly and lets a little whine escape.

I open the little box, looking at the floor, without hiding my tears "Marry me" I barely hear myself. I don't get any answer so I look at him, my eyes locked in his surprised and hoping gaze, his fists so tight they are turning white, his facial expression seems to say 'Don't you dare to play with me'. Hopeless and tired, I yell "Marry me, hyung!" not caring it's ten past three in the morning and everyone in the dorm is sleeping.

The rain still pours outside.

End Notes

I hope you liked it.
Reviews and comments will be very appreciated, feel free to let us know what you think about it <3
This is the link to the other site where we publish our story in Spanish, if your interested: https://www.wattpad.com/465431384-issues-disclaimer

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